Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

10¢

JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE

BING
CROSBY
Tells
What Women Love

CONSTANCE
BENNETT
in
ROCKABYE
Read the Story on Page 44

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John Held Jr

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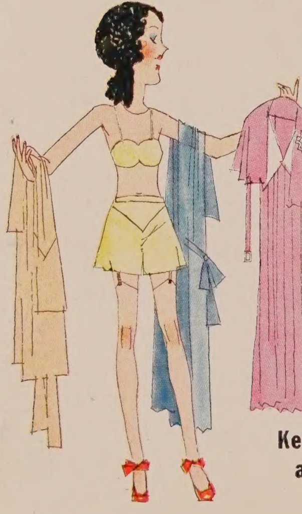

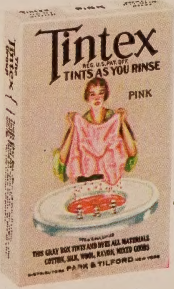

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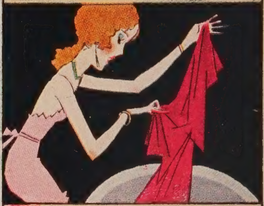

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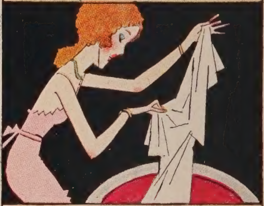

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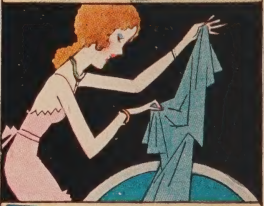

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FOX

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 3, No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1932

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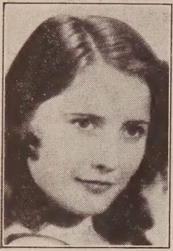
MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley



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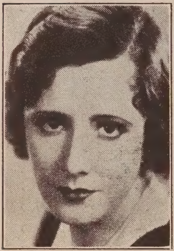

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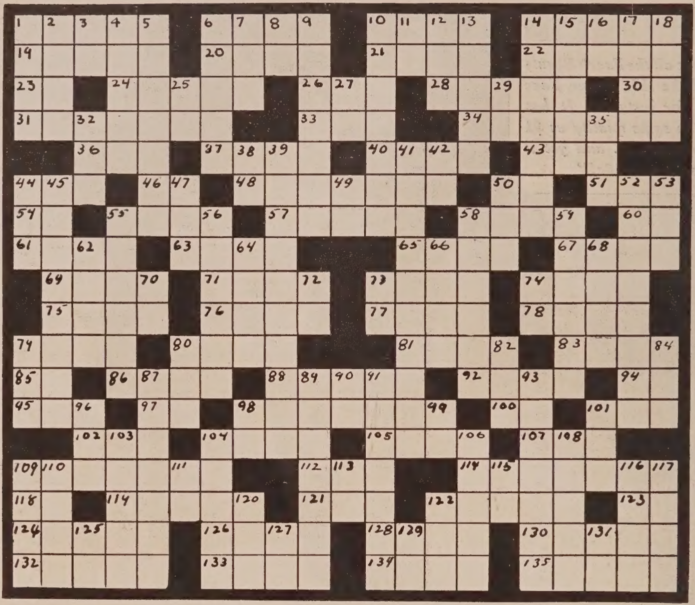

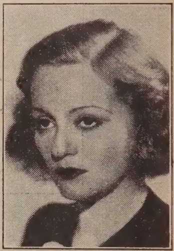

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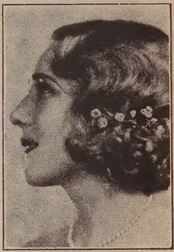

52 Down

ACROSS

1 The "It" girl.
6 Mrs. Doug, Jr.
10 A group, usually birds.
14 What stars sail to Europe in.
19 A spring flowering shrub.
20 Too.
21 Charles Lamb's pen name.
22 Star of "Unashamed."
23 Nearby.
24 Leading lady in "Cimarron" and "Back Street".
26 A truck in which furniture is moved.
28 Pained.
30 Greek letter.
31 German star of "Shanghai Express".
33, 34 Star of "Prestige" and "Westward Passage" (full name).
36 Uncle Sam.
37 This rolls down your cheek at a sad picture.
40 Formerly.
43 A small rug.
44 Recede (as tide).
46 What a green light signal means.
48 Elves.
50 Ma's husband.
51 Mineral spring.
54 Note of the scale.
55 Where pieces of material are joined.
57 Rhymesters.
58 To rave.
60 Part of to be.
61 To be acquainted with.
63 Sound.
65 A Norse god.
67 What you do to a cradle.
69 Part of what Dietrich is famous for.
71 Genuine.
73 Chief.
74 Where you wash the dishes.
75 Warmth.
76 Italian coin (plural).
77 Subtle emanation.
78 One of two equal parts.
79 A nuisance.
80 Star of "Dracula" and "White Zombie".
81 Depend upon.
83 Bebe Daniels' married name.
85 That old sun god.
86 To kill.
88 Star of "Strange Interlude".
92 Débutantes (slang).
94 Concerning.
95 Short poem.
97 Upon.
98 Record of profit and loss.
100 Hollywood slang for sex appeal.
101 A fruit drink.
102 To deface.
104 Let it stand.
105 To put away.
107 A gnawing animal.
109 The girl in "Tarzan".
112 Frequently.
114 Thieves.
118 A Swedish film comic.
119 What you drink your soda through.
121 What a sheep would say in a talkie.
122 Virtuous.
123 All right. (slang).
124 A wooden shoe.
126 Leading lady in "Scandal for Sale".
128 A horse of a certain color.
130 Former M-G-M leading lady who has been in a sanitarium.
132 Scene of combat.
133 The look the villain gives the heroine.
134 Residue.
135 Came up.

DOWN

1 A shell fish.
2 The mother of Chaplin's two boys.
3 The famous "Mammy" singer.
4 What the trains run on.
5 Number of acres.
6 Fox's best beloved star.
7 A common Swedish masculine name.
8 While.
9 M-G-M's Mexican star.
10 The star who married Gloria's ex.
11 Elevated railroad.
12 By way of.
13 What John Barrymore goes to sea in.
14 Director and actor in "What Price Hollywood".
15 M-G-M featured player who usually plays society rôles.
16 The, in Italian versions.
17 Janet Gaynor's home state (abbrev.).
18 Cozy.
25 Printer's measure.
27 Article.
29 Exclamation.
32 A massage.
35 Possessive pronoun.
38 Plural ending.
39 When a star appears in person at your local theatre, you call it this.
41 Where a star eats on the cook's night out.
42 Steamship (abbrev.).
44 A large deer.
45 Star of "Tarnished Lady" and "Thunder Below".
47 A cereal.
49 That is—business abbreviation.
50 What you like to go around a golf course in.
52 America's sweetheart.
53 Inquire.
55 Perspires.
56 Leading lady in "Washington Masquerade".
58 Star of "Arrowsmith".
59 Court room scenes in murder films.
62 Aces, in playing cards.
64 Leading man in "Two Against the World".
66 To engage or employ.
68 Merely.
70 And, in a French version.
72 French article.
73 Pa's wife.
74 What you say to your neighbor who talks at the movies.
79 The opposite of con.
80 To prohibit.
82 The heroine's final answer to the hero's proposal.
84 Born.
87 The ex-Mrs. Grant Withers.
89 Janet Gaynor's birth month.
90 International language.
91 A sauce that you eat on ham.
93 Star of "The Purchase Price".
96 Large Australian bird.
98 Preposition.
99 Toward.
101 Consumed.
103 Malicious burning.
104 Tangle.
106 Mistaken.
108 More capable.
109 Land, such as you see in Western films.
110 Having wings.
111 What a star says when he forgets his next line.
113 Note of the scale.
115 Conjunction.
116 Small deer (plural).
117 Snow shoe—variation.
120 Grief.
122 Leading lady in "Night World".
125 Part of to be.
127 Point of the compass.
129 Either.
131 What a yes man never says.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 84. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

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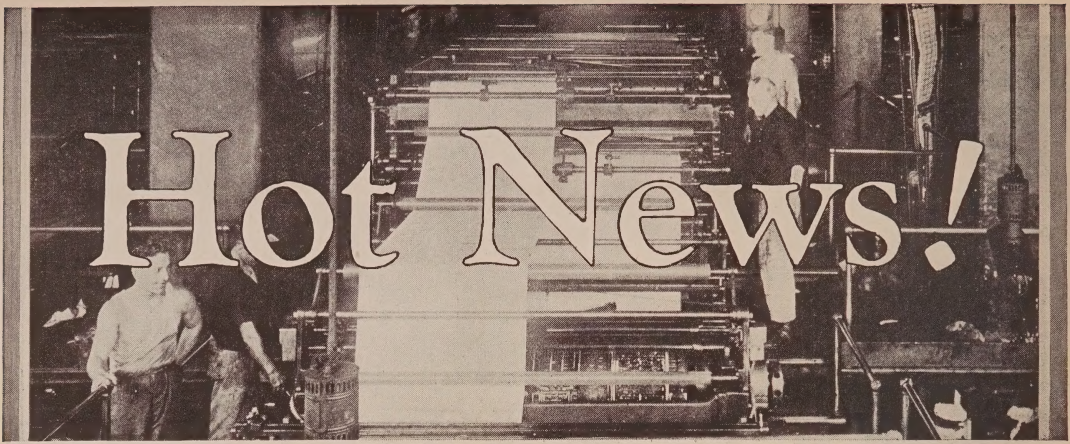

Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press:

Didn't we tell you last month that Charles (Pagliacci) Chaplin wouldn't sit idly by and allow his sons to become moompitcher actors . . . big question mark . . . Charlie was afraid pictures would ruin the lives of the youngsters . . . and Lita Grey said Charlie was just being selfish . . . the matter was thrashed out in the courts, and Charlie won . . . the court said that Lita couldn't put the children in pictures without Charlie's consent . . . Lita Grey is going to appeal the decision stop . . . Stork rumors are flying about that Mrs. Robert Montgomery will present Bob with an heir . . . or maybe it'll be an heiress stop . . . Richard (he-man) Dix also breaks down and confesses that there will be a Dix, Jr., come springtide . . . and won't that be just dandy question mark . . .

Those all-star casts are still going strong . . . Warners announce a big time array for "42nd Street" . . . with Warren (going great) William, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell, Ruby (Al Jolson's missus) Keeler, George Brent and Dick Barthelmess . . . d'ya suppose they've forgotten George (high tea) Arliss and Ruth (bridey-widey) Chatterton . . . might as well make it unanimous stop . . . Douglas Fairbanks isn't going to be the only traveling man in Hollywood . . . now Tom Mix is all steamed up over a world tour with his own wild west show . . . Tom thinks cowboys, Indians and horses would go big in Yurrup stop . . . Omigosh . . . wot's this . . . *two* platinum blondes in one picture . . . Gene Raymond will emote with Jean Harlow in "Red Dust" . . . there hasn't been such lavishness since they advertised "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with two li'l Evas . . . Clark Gable takes care of the brunette appeal . . . so maybe it will be all right stop.

And a New York producer is planning a number called "A Dozen Garbos" . . . think of it . . . twelve (count 'em) mystery women all in one act . . . Geraldine (no relation to Ann) Dvorak may be in it . . . Geraldine looks more like Garbo *than* Garbo stop . . . Before he got a break in the galloping shadows Andy (whispering) Devine applied for a job as lifeguard . . . now that he's going like a house-afire his application has been accepted . . . the pay is 45 cents an hour . . . Andy will stick to pictures and do you wonder question mark . . . Mervyn (good director) LeRoy says Hollywood gin is so strong they won't let you drink it until you strap on a parachute . . . Arthur (kiddish) Lake and pretty sister, Florence, will go big time vaudeville . . . and strut their stuff at the New York Palace Theater stop . . . Charlie Chaplin thinks "The Age of Consent" is the best audible fillum . . . RKO may now take a bow . . . oh, well, everyone to their own taste exclamation point.

They almost sent in a riot call when Lionel (etcher) Barrymore walked into the bank wearing his full Rasputin make-up . . . the cashier thought Jesse James was in business again stop . . . Mrs. Josef von Sternberg has called off her $600,000 suit against Marlen-ah (lovely legs) Dietrich . . . and now that *that's* all over they say that the German star is kinda bored with Joe . . . anyway Herr von Sternberg is in a n'awful humor . . . ah, well, so it goes . . . and goes exclamation point . . . James (battling) Cagney is back in town . . . if you see any meteors in the sky . . . or hear any explosions . . . it'll just be Cagney and the Brothers Warner snarling at each other over that contract question stop . . . The Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray . . . Constance (Hetty Green) Bennett to you . . . is Europe-bound on the *Ile de France* . . . she doesn't expect to visit Gloria Swanson . . . or did you figure that out question mark.

Al (Mam-may) Jolson tells one about the effeminate extra man . . . the director asked him to be a bit more manly . . . and the extra man queried indignantly . . . "whaddya want for $7.50 a day—a character man" couple of exclamation points . . . By the way, Al has a new Packard to the tune of 8000 smackers stop . . . Tempus does fugit . . . Virginia Lee Corbin is the proud ma of a seven pound son . . . seems like just yesterday when Virginia was the child star of "Jack and the Beanstalk" stop . . . The old and usually staid Pacific Ocean got mad and rose up and smacked Malibu Beach in its aristocratic face . . . highest water in years . . . it took part of Corinne Griffith's front fence, too stop . . . Don't tell Fox that you can't move the mountain to Mahomet . . . they've built swamps, bayous and lighthouses right out on the back lot for "Tess of the Storm Country" . . . Greta (flower of Sweden) Garbo's return flicker drammer at M-G-M is something called "Christina" stop.

There's to be a burlesque on "Tarzan" . . . and Edgar Rice Burroughs . . . who thought up the original character . . . is madder *than* mad stop . . . And Betty (smouldering) Brent says she is considering entering the next Hollywood dance marathon . . . says she can't sleep anyway stop . . . Greta (luscious blonde) Nissen has been staying at the home of a gal friend . . . while Weldon Heyburn went yachting all by his lonely. They've made up again, however, but for how (*Continued on page* 10)

YOU *must not miss* These Issues!

On November 5th the December issues of MOVIE MIRROR and LOVE MIRROR, the two sensational magazines that each month are establishing new records in the publishing business, will be on sale.

Don't put off buying your copies. Only a limited number of each issue is printed, and if you don't do your shopping early, you may be disappointed.

Mark the date on your calendar—make it a real red-letter day.

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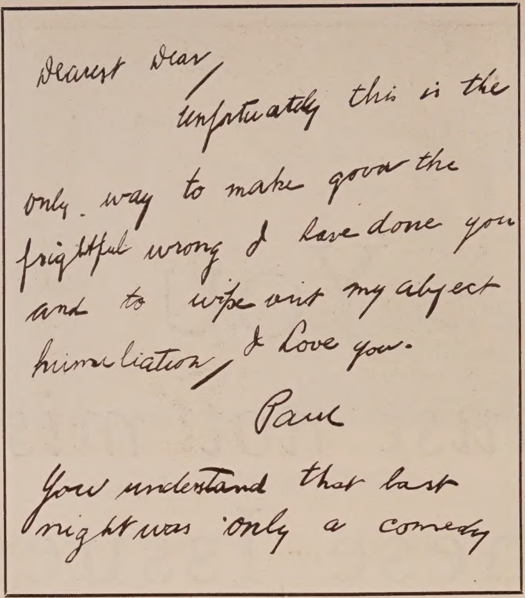

Dearest Dear,

Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation, I Love you.

Paul

You understand that last night was only a comedy

THE most tragic news as Movie Mirror went to press was the suicide of Paul Bern, Jean Harlow's husband. Above you see the note written to Jean that was found beside his body. Paul Bern was one of the finest men in Hollywood. He and Jean had been married only a little over two months, and their marriage was the culmination of a vivid romance. The reason for his act remains a mystery. Bern was wealthy, cultivated, held a high and superior position in the motion picture industry. He had been called the Father Confessor of Hollywood and the only thing he ever did in his whole life that might be called selfish was the final deed that caused his death. Movie Mirror extends its very real sympathy to Jean Harlow, his heartbroken widow.

(*Continued from page 8*)

long question mark . . .

You've never seen anything on land or sea like Buster (dead pan) Keaton's house-on-wheels . . . two motors . . . living room, kitchen, shower bath and sun-tan tent on the roof . . . Lew (man-about town) Cody and Buster are trying out the galloping bungalow on a trip to Lake Tahoe . . . and they say that Buster is going to get even with Natalie (ex-wife) Keaton . . . he's buying another yacht . . . these movie stars exclamation pernt . . . Now this seems to be the neatest trick of the month . . . Julie Haydon plays her own grandmother in "The Conquerors" . . . the Ann Harding-Richard Dix pioneer opera . . . Julie plays Richard Dix's ma in one sequence . . . and in the next appears as his daughter . . . *help* . . . call Thurston, the magician stop . . . Now someone has gone and spilled the beans . . . Una (daown saouth) Merkel is a direct descendant of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother . . . so what question mark . . . when that appendix operation belongs safely to history Robert Montgomery will star next in "Whistling in the Dark" . . . which was a swell stage play stop.

Ronald (quizzical) Colman is going gentleman hermit . . . Ronnie *would* be a gentleman . . . in a big way . . . he's bought several hundred acres of sea-girt land near Carmel (California) . . . and he's going to build his own empire . . . including a yacht harbor . . . incidentally, his beach is called "Wreck Beach" (no relation to Rex Beach) by mariners on account of so many sea disasters there . . . sounds like the plot of "The Most Dangerous Game" to us stop . . . Mae (merry widdy) Murray may be the girl with the bee-stung lip but Helen (heavenly) Hayes is now the girl with the bee-stung eyelid . . . in fact one eye is swollen shut . . . which is going Mae one better stop . . . Someone who sat right behind them at a Hollywood Bowl concert reported that Ruth Chatterton and George Brent held hands during all the pretty tunes . . . ah, dese ting called luv exclamation point.

This *is* news . . . Eric von Stroheim who used to spend millions of dollars . . . and take many months to complete a picture, if ever . . . is ahead of schedule on "Walking Down Broadway" . . . moreover he's kept within expenses . . . thus another tradition goes blooey . . . is *nothing* sacred any more question mark . . . And is Lupe (the loop) Velez all burny-burny . . . someone asked her why she didn't take a slice of bread, some mustard and make a sandwich out of her diminutive Chihuahua pooch stop . . . Whoopee . . . big bull-fight up at Pickfair . . . Charlie Chaplin explained the whys and wherefores of the sport . . . Mary (cut up) Pickford made some crepe paper horns and was the animal . . . Charlie, as the toreador, carried a red bath towel for a cape . . . in the cheering section were Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore, and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg . . . more durned fun stop . . . "Pansy," the big turtle in "The Bird of Paradise" is starting out on a personal appearance tour . . . no charge for the suggestion . . . why not team "Pansy" and "Leo," the M-G-M lion, question mark.

Omigosh . . . Connie Bennett says sniffing a certain kind of perfume inspires her to play a scene . . . light flower scents for comedy . . . heavy oriental smell-good for big chest-heaving moments . . . Louise (roly-poly) Fazenda says corned beef and cabbage inspires her at all times stop . . . James Gleason and Lucille Webster Gleason have just celebrated their 26th wedding anniversary . . . well, that proves that *some* people can stay married even in Hollywood stop . . . Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb have made up and won't be Reno-ed after all . . . Rudy won her back by calling her up at Reno over the long-distance telephone . . . says she quote It was just a silly quarrel . . . I was a little fool even to think of divorce unquote.

The Brown Derby . . . swell movie beanery . . . had another fire even if it *is* fireproof . . . no damage done except to the nerves of the stars who were dining there at the time . . . the waiters didn't even get the orders mixed stop . . . Mrs. George Jessel is in Reno severing the tie that binds with George . . . don't be surprised if Norma Talmadge is the next Mrs. Jessel . . . if ever she can get around to seeing about her *own* divorce from Joseph Schenck stop . . . Fredric (dignified sheik) March has a mad on at Paramount and may not re-sign . . . he's peeved because Gary (friend of a countess) Cooper got "Farewell to Arms" after it had been promised to Freddie . . . Another Paramount star calling quits is

Richard Arlen . . . displeased with his rôles stop . . . Joan (toast of London) Crawford bought a lot of feather boas in Paris . . . are *those* things in again question mark.

Damon (sports writer) Runyon has sold a story to Columbia called "The Marquesa of Queensbury" . . . all about a lady prizefight manager . . . wassamatter, is Hollywood going sissy question mark . . . Sixty thousand ambitious ladies responded to Paramount's contest to find a Panther Woman for the "Isle of Lost Souls" . . . the weeding out process now has the lethal ladies down to 18 in number . . . and *wotinell* is a Panther Woman question mark again . . . As if acting didn't keep him busy enough Norman (Colbert's hubby) Foster has upped and sold a stage play to Arthur Hammerstein . . . t'will be produced this fall under the title of "The Sun Worshippers" stop . . . And Groucho Marx was out hossback riding in the desert when he came across a big billboard advertising "Horsefeathers" . . . Groucho said the horse seemed quite surprised stop . . . That slight young feller doing the contortions at Santa Clara University football games will be Jack (without the i. e.) Coogan . . . Jack has been elected college cheer leader stop . . . Louise Closser Hale sobs that she disgraced herself the only time she ever dined with a duchess . . . individual quill toothpicks, wrapped in tissue, were served after the meal . . . L. C. H. thought it was a cigarette . . . and lighted it . . . was her face *red* question mark.

Well, "Secrets" has been put back into mothballs again . . . Mary Pickford has decided to film "Shanty Town" first . . . it's all right if Mary just promises not to sing that song on which all the radio crooners have been exercising their tonsils stop . . . Kay Francis steps into the rôle vacated by Ann Dvorak in "Cynara" . . . now called "I Have Been Faithful" . . . 'member Kay and Ronnie Colman in "Raffles" question mark . . . Wedding bells for Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and Nancy (fancy) Dover . . . betcha Cliff took his ukulele on the honeymoon stop . . . Two more screen comeback-ers before the fodder's in the shock and the frost is on the pumpkin . . . James (gone a long time) Hall and Mary (good as gold) Brian will be teamed in "Manhattan Tower" . . . James and Merna Kennedy are boiling again . . . The town's newest platinum blondes are Joan Marsh and (of all things) Mitzi (growing up) Green . . . first thing you know Mitzi will be marrying a producer stop . . . And not that it's very important but a newspaper columnist tells the pop-eyed world that Clive Brook weighed twenty pounds when he was born . . . now you don't suppose the columnist got confused with a circus story, do you question mark.

This just goes to show that you can get anything you want in Hollywood . . . if you don't want too much . . . playing the rôle of a detective of secret police in "Secrets of the French Police" is L. E. Anselme . . . once a member of the French sureté . . . he sent five men to the guillotine, too . . . Anselme should feel right at home in Hollywood . . . that "off with their heads" policy is in vogue in the studios stop . . . Just to prove to what depths scenarists are descending for new ideas . . . Universal is filming a drammer about a fly-bite . . . rully . . . "Naganya" is about sleeping sickness caused from the nibble of the African tse-tse fly . . . Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell are the bite-ees . . . why don't they change the story around and cast Bela Lugosi instead of a tse-tse . . . a fly hasn't got any box office appeal anyway. Gilbert Roland, who used to be Clara Bow's flame, has been chosen as her leading man for "Call Her Savage" . . . and will there be fireworks question mark.

Last Minute Review

✓✓ Bill of Divorcement (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *John Barrymore, Billie Burke, David Manners, Katharine Hepburn, Paul Cavanagh, Henry Stephenson, Elizabeth Patterson.*

It's About: *Insanity in a fine, old English family, and how it brings tragedy to a man, his wife, and their daughter.*

Dust off a brand new throne in movie-land. Katharine Hepburn is the most sensational screen discovery since Garbo.

In every respect this picture belongs near the top among the most distinguished offerings of the audible screen. The famous stage play has been retold magnificently in the new medium. There is a dazzling cast, and the direction is no less brilliant because of its quiet good taste.

John Barrymore has never given a more sincere or poignantly moving performance as the father, touched tragically with insanity.

But Katharine Hepburn is the big news. She gives one of the finest first screen performances in the history of mad Hollywood. Yes, she will make you think of Garbo, but she is decidedly a unique and tremendous personality in herself. Unmistakably she has the true feeling of the real artiste. If successive rôles are chosen wisely she is destined to become one of the greatest stars in Cinemaland.

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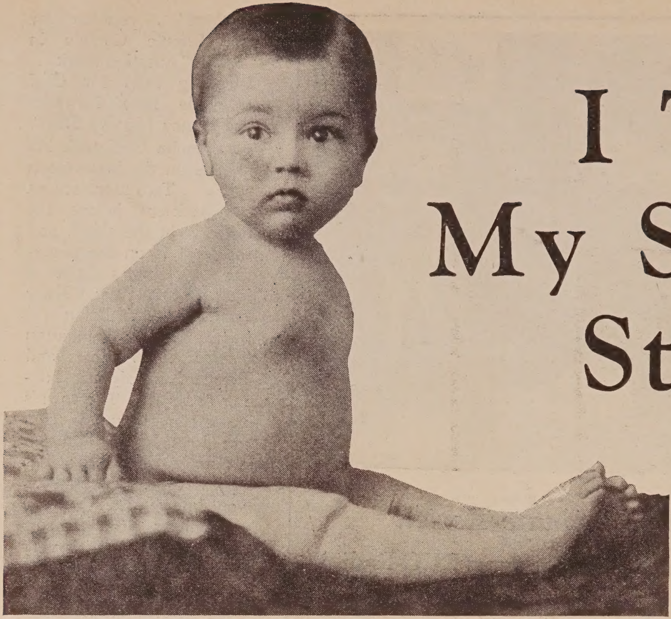


Our hero at the healthy age of one year, camera wise already

I Tell My Success Story

By
ROBERT YOUNG
as told to
Edward Churchill

AROUND Hollywood the camps are evenly divided. Some insist that I've played the lead in one of Horatio Alger's stories in real life. Others label me "Mister Cinderella." But, no matter which side is right, the story of my life to date has a perfect "Rags to Riches" theme.

It surprises even me. For a year and a half I've been pinching myself every morning to make sure I'm awake.

The editor of Movie Mirror has asked me to tell my story on the grounds that the things which actually have happened to me are the things which millions of boys and girls, young men and young women, hardly dare to dream might happen to them. I'm quite humble because I, myself, haven't as yet discovered *why* they have happened to me.

Certainly I am no prodigy. Nobody ever planted a laurel wreath on my brow or pinned a medal to my breast for spectacular achievement. I have never won a beauty contest. I have no special talents. I do not sing, dance, tell jokes well. I have not mastered the zither. I am not the life of the party.

At times I drag out my past and dust it off and say to it:

"Past, you are pitiful. You have no flaming headlines. You haven't even a skeleton to rattle. You cannot claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. You offer nothing but plain, garden grown facts. How can I be a big shot with a past like you?"

But the past just gives out flat facts. Here they are:

Robert George Young (note that middle name!), who played the lead in "The Wet Parade" and "Unashamed"—a lad who stood behind the ropes of countless other people to worship the stars as they attended premières up until two years ago—was born in Chicago, February 22, 1907. His mother, Margaret, was a housewife, and his father, Thomas E. Young, was a building contractor.

What kind of a past is that, I ask?

And to go on:

I feel that my life in pictures is just beginning. My only hope is to continue to improve and in this way hold the respect and affection of the vast audience of readers of Movie Mirror.

Robert Young

I was the fourth child in a family of five. The oldest son is Captain Thomas A. Young, 38. Joseph Irving Young is a bit player in motion pictures. Third in line is Mrs. P. H. Mallory, of Santa Monica. Arnette, the baby of the family, lives at home with mother in a little gray bungalow on a quiet Hollywood side street.

Do I hear someone walking out at the back of the house?

My father migrated with his family to Seattle, and thence to Los Angeles, arriving in Southern California when I was ten. I attended grammar school on Marengo Heights in East Los Angeles. Later, I was graduated from Lincoln High School.

The Young family was poor, so little Robert had to work. I got my first job sweeping out a grocery store at fifty cents a week. By dint of hard work, I became a newsboy. Later, I worked in a drug store.

I was thirteen when I started to work at that drug store. One strange thing about my life is that whenever I've worked, I've always been paying off debts which accumulated or have been paying the man I worked for something I owed him.

The first day I worked in that drug store, my bicycle was stolen. So I made a deal with my father whereby he made a down payment on a real bicycle, which boasted of—who doesn't recall 'em?—toolcase, spring seat, mudguards, headlight, motorcycle type handlebars, coaster brake and double-strength forks. I stayed on that job a long time—I had to. To pay off the installments on that bike.

I tried selling papers, on a route, but I gave that up because I was too kind-hearted, let the customers stall me, and never made any profits. So I got a job driving a delivery car for a cleaner and dyer. Three days after I got the job I parked the car on a hill. When I went around back to get a suit out of the delivery cabinet it rolled away. I said ten thousand prayers in ten seconds as the truck proceeded to wrap itself around a telephone pole.

I worked for the cleaner a long time to pay for the truck. Following this, I jerked sodas, got newspaper subscriptions and worked nights in an oil station.

While this was going on, I was going to high school. At the outset of my career, I wanted to be a scholar.

Here, ladies and gentlemen who have lingered this long, came achievement. I "made" the Alpha society for two years because I got "A" grades in all my studies! The main reason for this is that I was slow getting to know my playmates. In the third year my acquaintances increased and my marks decreased.

At the end of my second year I got movie-struck. Joe, my brother, was doing character work in the Sennett studios at Edendale and he took me along. I was seventeen and gangling. They paid me $5 for my first day's work and I wanted to give some of it back. What a day! I actually saw Billy Bevan, Ben Turpin, Alice Day and Ralph Graves! Could reach out and touch 'em! They were godlike. I never dreamed of achieving anything like that. Women in spangled gowns! Men with silver cigarette cases and cars covered with shining metal! It was another world.

I came back for more and that summer earned $75 at extra work.

In the fall I went dramatic. I played Robin Hood in "Sherwood" and Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew." My temperament broke out like a rash when I saw the mangy wig I had to wear. I refused. I went onto the stage in green tights and weighed 130 pounds. My hair was chopped short. The sight of me brought the house down. I must have been a riot.

I joined the Glee Club. Louis W. Curtis, a very fine musician, superintendent of music of the Board of Education, rehearsed the 25 voices. After five rehearsals, he said:

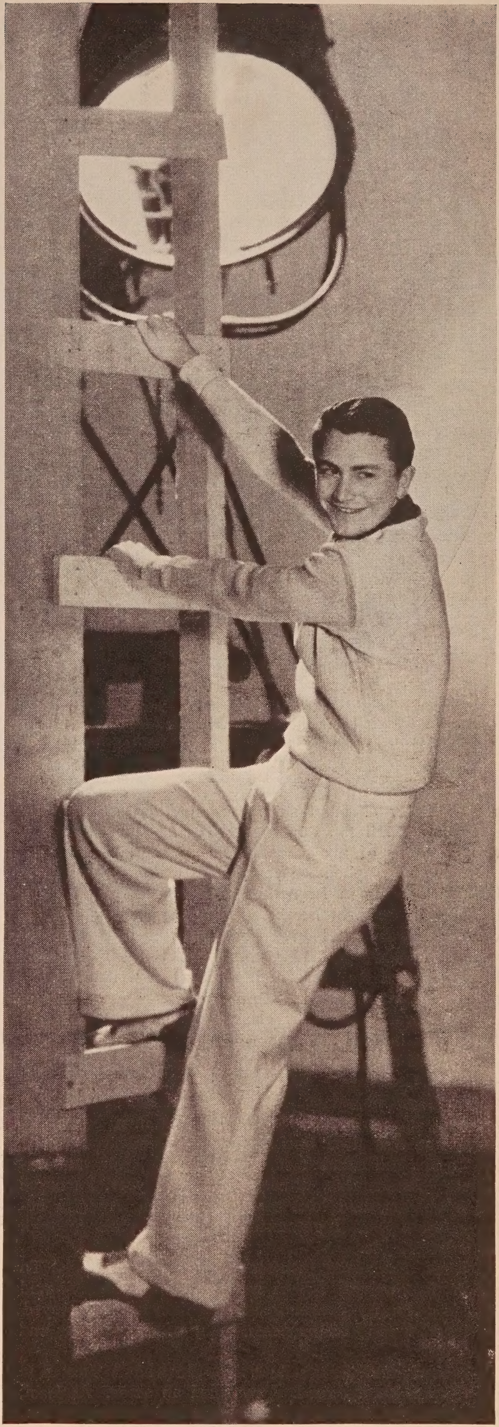
"Somebody's sung flat every time."

Next rendition I moved my mouth but didn't pipe a note.

"That's perfect," he said.

For the rest of the year I moved my mouth but never sang a note. That's the kind of a voice I have.

The following summer, I advanced myself in the motion picture business. I became a night watchman at Associated Studios for $4.00 a night, watching the costumes used in Von Stroheim's "Wedding March." The eye was eagle for the first two nights. Then the flesh went weak, I curled up in a velour drape, and slept. I



Robert Young today is the fastest climbing starlet in Hollywood, and there seems to be nothing to stop him. He did a great piece of work in "The Wet Parade". He's got looks, youth, acting ability. He's regular. And after reading this story of his you'll know he's got a grand sense of humor, too

Wasn't Bob high hat at six months? Snobbish, we calls it, but later the lad was to peddle papers, jerk sodas, work in a gas station and such, even as you and I

got $4.00 for a sound sleep each night for five weeks and got a swell tan during the day at the beaches. I was the envy of my schoolmates.

During my sophomore year, there was a wisecracking little girl sitting in front of me. I said she was fresh, but actually thought her clever. The reason I said she was fresh was that I envied her her ability to be smart when I couldn't be. Her name was Betty Henderson. More of her later. Suffice it to say that I managed to see quite a bit of her.

I was graduated. The class book predicted a bright future for me—as an actor.

I worked as an actor, so I thought—the opinions differ—at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena, for four years. I got no salary. Days, I spent the first year in a bank. For two years more I toiled in a brokerage office, but was fired during the stock crash because I had to act and couldn't stay around and figure out customers' losses nights. During the fourth year, I worked for a building and loan association days. And, in between these jobs, I got extra work sometimes through my brother, Joe.

At last, I received an offer. A cash money offer. To go on the road for fifteen weeks with a show. Should I be an actor for fifteen weeks and then be unemployed, or should I cling to the permanency of the building and loan job?

I thought and thought and then did what I wanted to do. I went on the road. I returned an actor. At least, I thought so. People had paid me cash money to act, hadn't they? I made the rounds of the studios. Now and then I got near enough to a casting director to shout:

"People paid to see me act, mister!"

"Horsefeathers!" came the disrespectful answer. And a studio policeman gently but firmly led me to the gates.

This sort of treatment gradually got under my skin, thick as it was.

"I don't believe they want me," I told Joe. "They've hinted as much."

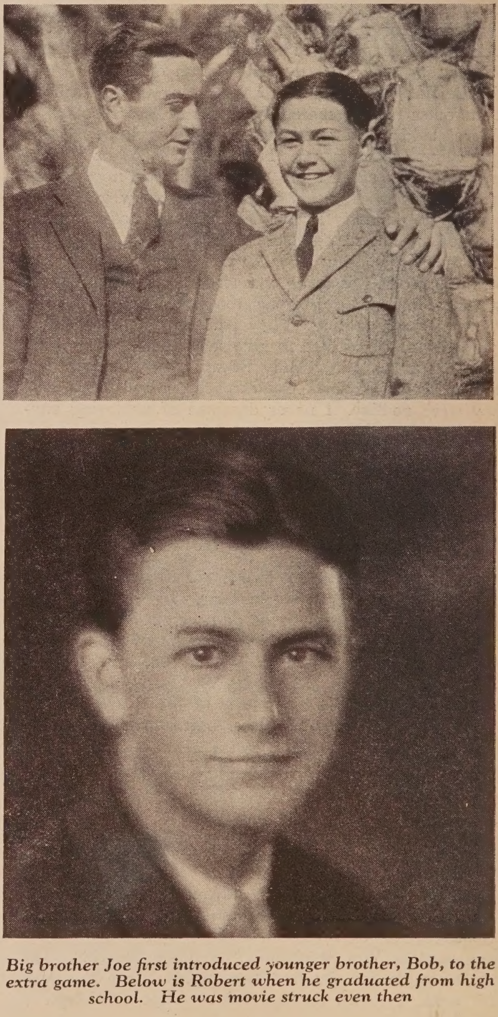
I'd visited Carmel-by-the-Sea on my road tour and had been struck by the beauty of the place, the intelligence of the people, and the fact there was a community playhouse there, too. A banker there had taken an interest in me. I wired him for a job and he wired back to come ahead.

Joe and I piled into my Ford and got as far as King City when it broke down. While we were waiting to get it fixed—that was seventy miles from Carmel—he talked me into going back to the toiling, moiling, Hollywood, and shouting a time or two more at the casting directors or anyone else who happened to be handy.

I wired my banker friend my deepest regrets and returned.

I spent three weeks wandering around.

Finally, a friend at the Pasadena Playhouse told me that an agent, Nat Goldstone, was trying to get hold of me. I had quite an argument with Goldstone. Right away, he said I was good. I told him I wasn't. But he sold me. I signed up with him. (*Continued on page* 81)



Big brother Joe first introduced younger brother, Bob, to the extra game. Below is Robert when he graduated from high school. He was movie struck even then

Movie Mirror

The Editor's Page

(Also Anita Page holding Movie Mirror's Birthday Cake)

THIS is Movie Mirror's birthday issue, hey, hey! With this issue Movie Mirror becomes just one year old!

I hope you've had as much fun reading it as I've had editing it.

Editing, particularly editing a motion picture magazine, becomes a bewildering job at times. Serious people are always murmuring about trends, truths and that dear old subject, art in the cinema. They say we ought to take such things up in a big way. Other magazines in this field boast of revealing the inside of Hollywood, which upon close examination seems to mean getting a heavy hammer and knocking everything, or dealing in dirt by the shovelsful.

Personally I believe you like the stars pretty much as they are, pretty much regular people like you and me, except endowed with more beauty, more talent, more energy than we have. Read Bob Young's life story in this issue. Sounds like the boy next door, doesn't it? Read about Wally Beery's charity. All of us who have been lucky have met a man like that sometime.

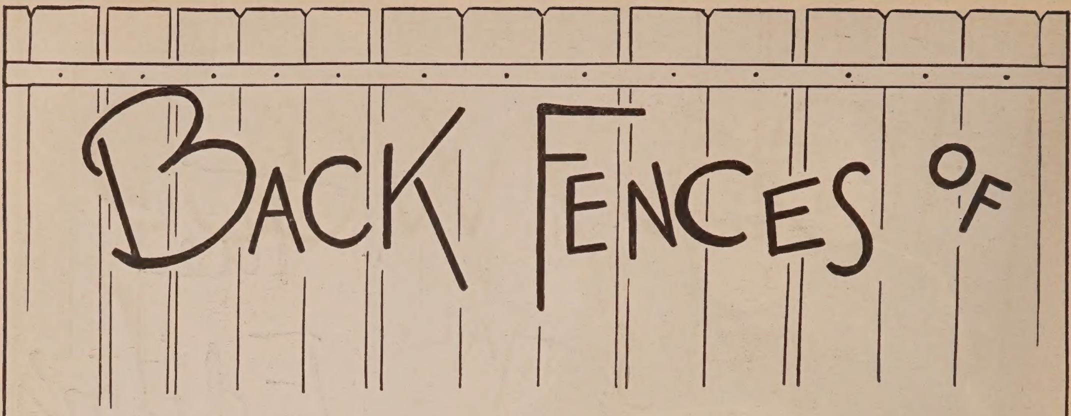
Folks like Wally and Bob are only one type of Hollywood people. There are others certainly. There are the no-accounts, the drinkers, the mean and the jealous. There are hundreds of them in Hollywood. There are similar hundreds of thousands in Dallas, St. Louis, Boston, Paris, or any city you choose to select. There are tears in Hollywood. There is poverty and unemployment. My only argument is that the tears are bigger, and the laughs are louder, and the beauty is more vivid and youth is younger and sex is pashier in Hollywood than anywhere else. And that's why I like it. I think that's why you like it. But if I'm wrong I wish you'd stop me.

I mean that. I'm so interested in what you'd like to see in Movie Mirror that I'll offer you prizes for suggestions. Please write me and tell me the kind of stories you'd like to see here in the future, the kind of pictures and of whom. Tell me, also, what features Movie Mirror has run that you've liked best, which interviews, which types of stories. I'd like to know the ones you've cared for least, if you can remember. Don't be afraid to criticize. I want to serve you.

For the best letter I'll pay fifteen dollars, for the second best, ten dollars and one dollar each for the next five.

Movie Mirror is just one year old this month and you remember that old saying about the second summer being hardest on the baby. So send in your letters, tell me all, and I'll be ever so grateful.

Ruth Waterbury.
Editor



BACK FENCES OF

WE all know, alas, that naughty little boys write profane things about sacred matters on the back fences of the world.

It isn't a pleasant thought but neither is it a pleasant thing to do.

The same kind of thing prevails in Hollywood. Naughty little boys and naughty little girls say things about sacred matters on all the back fences of Rumor and Gossip.

If the little boys and girls of Hollywood are told that a nice, golden star in the Milky Way *is* a nice golden star they will say "Phooey on that! *We* know better. That is not a nice golden star at all, it is a piece of poisoned brass with evil intentions towards the moon!"

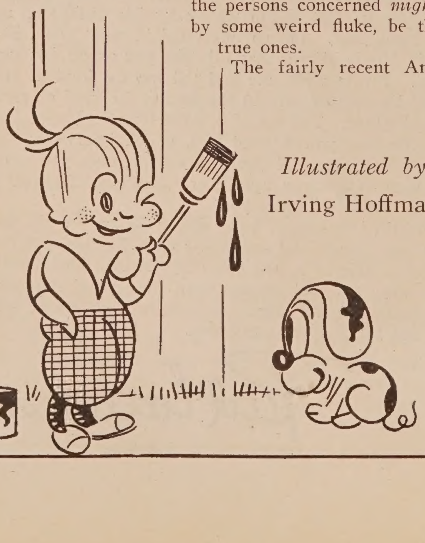
To be more specific, if a Hollywood couple decide to divorce for, it may be, decent and rather unsensational reasons, the boys and girls of Hollywood rush to the back fences and write thereon the most hideous reasons for that couple divorcing.

If a lady adopts a baby in Hollywood because, it just *might* be, she loves babies and believes that lovely old saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven..." If she happens to have been born with a maternal as well as a movie impulse—well, just *don't* adopt a baby in Hollywood if you want to be considered a lady and left offn' the back fences . . .

It simply never seems to occur to any of these back fence writing lads and lasses that the explanations given by the persons concerned *might,* by some weird fluke, be the true ones.

The fairly recent Ann Harding-Harry Bannister case is, of course, the most striking example of this sort of thing. Ann and Harry, with, doubtless, simple and honest intentions, gave their reason for the divorce to the world in the hope that the truth might be taken at its face value. And oh, into what a ghastly gargoyle was that face twisted! I, personally, know of no very good reason why their explanations shouldn't have been the true ones. I have more reasons than I am at liberty to state for believing that they were the true ones. If you had seen as many Mister Ann Hardings and Mister Gloria Swansons as I have you wouldn't wonder that a man on that spot would get off it if it broke his heart. I believe, I *know* that they tried to tell the sad, the simple truth that was in them. And what happened? Within twenty-four hours after the statements were made public the back fences of Hollywood were defiled with hideous gossip. Awful reasons were given for the divorce. The reasons given by the parties immediately concerned were blah-blahed into the ashcan. There were other men . . . oh, not one, don't be naïve—there were other women. If the separation itself did not bruise these two people badly, the reasons they read on the back fences would have.

Illustrated by
Irving Hoffman

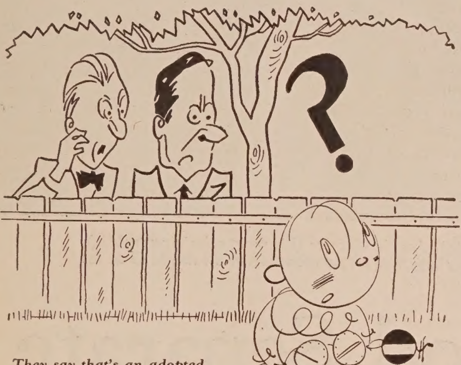


There appeared to be no one who even thought that the statements given by Ann and Harry held even a kernel of truth. If *you've* heard any of 'em—or you—or you—*don't believe them.* Now and then a pale gold star IS a pale gold star placed in the heavens, amusingly enough, by the hand of God. Just bear that in mind . . .

Some years ago Gloria Swanson adopted a little boy. She wanted a little boy because she *liked* little boys. More, she wanted a companion for her lonely little Gloria. The little boy looks to me—I've seen him many, many times—exactly like any other sturdy little American chap. But what does Hollywood say? Oh, what *doesn't* Hollywood say!! They murmur, of course, in the runways of the gutters and the sewers that the child is NOT, my dea-rs, ADOPTED. They happen to *know.* . . . Just how they know is not to be analyzed precisely. Back fence writing does not have to be statistically correct, it appears, to convince a multitude. Just exactly what they say is not exactly meat for a fan magazine. I'm afraid you can imagine. The one thing they do not say is that Gloria might have adopted a small boy because she is intensely maternal and because she wanted a little ready-made son. It does not occur to anyone that of all the people who might KNOW the origin of the little boy Gloria herself might be that one. And that birth certificates are public property and that vital statistics can be read.

HOLLYWOOD

BY GLADYS HALL



They say that's an adopted baby but . . .

The same back fence writing holds true of Connie Bennett and her little Peter. Connie's story is that the boy is the child of cousins of hers who were killed in a motor accident in England. Connie has plenty of money and an empty house. She might, she MIGHT, you know, have adopted the baby because he appealed to her. But what does back fence Hollywood say again? The one thing they DO say is that little Peter is NOT adopted. . . . His paternity is ascribed to several social registers. . . . And the same whispers were started about Miriam Hopkins' adopted baby and Barbara Stanwyck's, only those stories died a quick death because those lucky babies so obviously *were adopted.*

Now, mind you, I am not saying that sometimes, on some subjects, these back fence writers are not right. Unfortunately, they are—now and again. I am only saying that it seems curious, to put it mildly, that it never occurs to them that just now and then, the people concerned might be telling the truth.

It was the same story when Lilyan Tashman was seen here and there with her sister's son, a lad of some fifteen years. The back fences were covered with chalk writing. The boy, they said, was Lilyan's son, by an early marriage. She had given him over to her sister because she didn't want his age to make her seem older than she is. I don't even know whether there was an earlier marriage. If I ever did know, I've forgotten. . . . I do know that the boy is not Lilyan's. I know Lilyan well enough to state positively that if she had ever had a child, at any time, under any condition, she would claim that child as her own and the back fence writers could use indelible ink for all of her. In fact, she told me just that in just about the words I have used.

Marlene Dietrich said to me one day, "It is so peculiar here in your Hollywood—if I sneeze and someone hears me I read that the sneeze has some peculiar psychological significance. Usually, not a very nice significance. I can sneeze my head off in Germany and the sneeze is a sneeze, dust on my brain or a cold in the head—but a *sneeze—*"

It is a well-known fact that Marlene and Von Sternberg all but roll around on the floor with laughter when they read some of the accounts of their relationship. Perhaps some of these accounts have a germ of truth in them. *I* don't know. But *neither does anyone else.* It is certainly within the realm of possibility that they *might* be director and star. A director who has blazed a brighter trail for Marlene than she ever had before, a star who adds a further glory to Von Sternberg's diadem, if any.

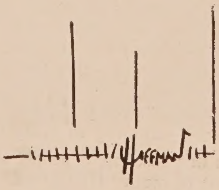
The reports of the stars' deaths do very well, too. It was reported, some years ago, that Swanson was dead. Even Gloria, announcing to all within vision that she was healthily alive, did not seem to be too convincing.

The same is said and written, not once but several times a month about Garbo. Letters pour in from all corners of the globe asserting that the correspondent has seen Garbo entombed. That a double is playing her rôles in pictures and that that is that.

If one of any married couple happen to step out of an evening with some male or female to whom they are not married—well, you couldn't put an anaemic comma on the back fences, so crowded they are with writing. Sometimes, for instance, a Ben Lyon may be working when Bebe, his wife, is not. She might feel inclined to go to a theater or to the Cocoanut Grove with some mutual friend. Ben has said to her, "Go on out tonight, dear, don't sit around all evening waiting for me." But if she goes. . . . You think she could *say* that the escort was a mutual friend, with the outing ratified by her lawful spouse? Oh my dears, you do not know your back fences if you think that!

The Clark Gable divorce rumors—and the fantastic reasons given for them—cover yards of back fence. It amuses the scriveners to have Clark firmly deny any truth whatsoever to these

(*Continued on page* 81)



Johnny's director, Johnny himself (at the top of the steps), Jackie Cooper (his most admiring public), Bobbe Arnst Weissmuller and Johnny's brother, all happy together a few months ago on the M-G-M lot

Did Hollywood Separate the Weissmullers?

By MARQUIS BUSBY

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER swam into everything that the world has given him. He swam into two Olympic championships, and his swimming broke more records than you could find in a couple of music stores. He literally swam into the life of Bobbe Arnst, the beautiful musical comedy dancer who became his wife. He swam into Hollywood and fame when he was chosen for the rôle of Tarzan over the picture colony's best he-men—and then Johnny was really in treacherous deep water. He's floundering about now for the first time in his life.

Unless a miracle comes to pass—and I have it on good authority those things only happen nowadays in C. B. DeMille pictures—Johnny and Bobbe Arnst have come to the parting of the ways. Johnny has asked Bobbe for a divorce. They have already talked the matter over with their lawyers. No suit has been filed as yet, but it seems inevitable that the divorce mills will soon grind out another decree. The grounds Bobbe will use is that one word, "incompatibility." It's an olla podrida sort of word—meaning so many things, and so little.

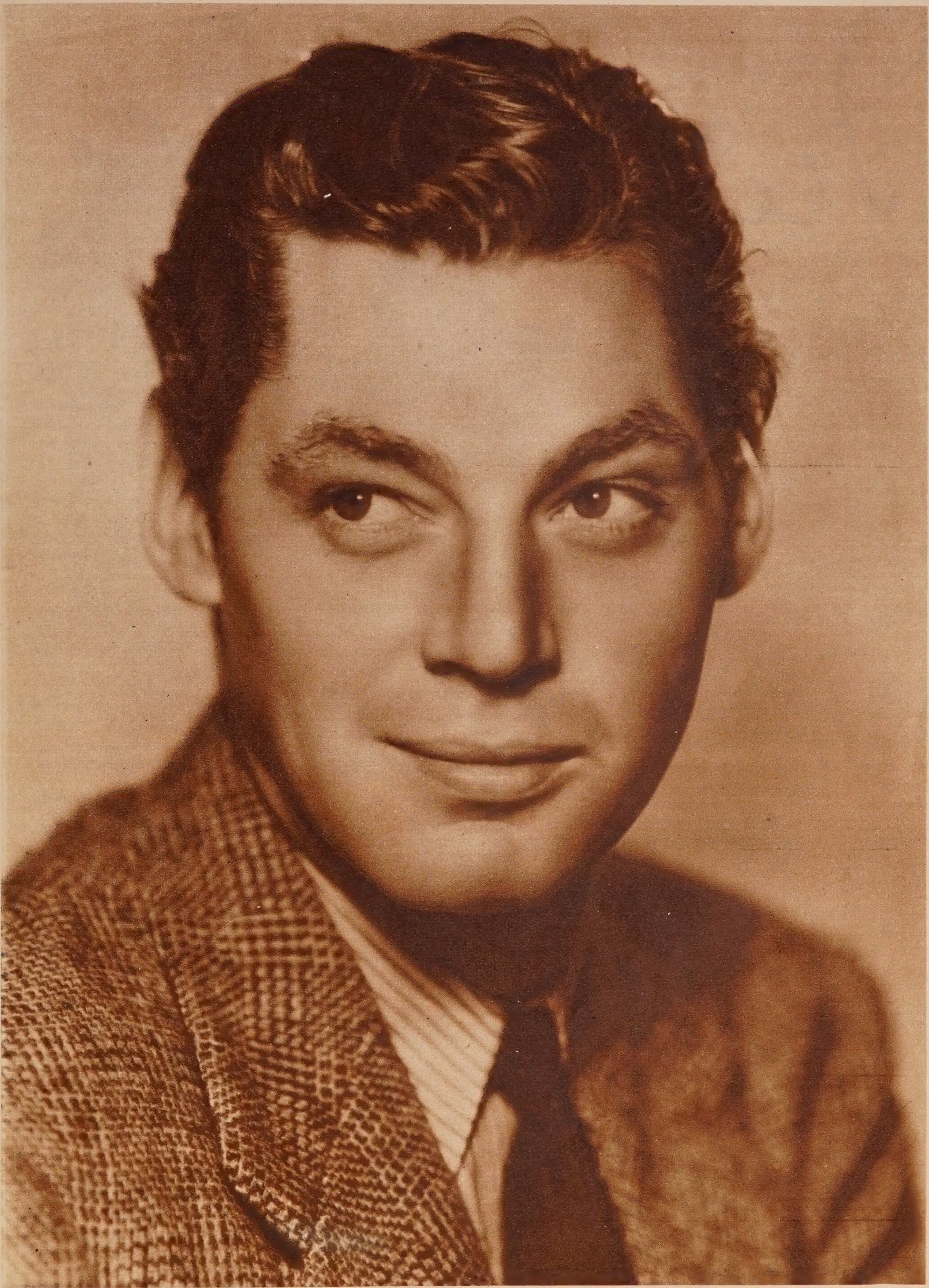
In this case, some people are saying, you might translate it to mean "Hollywood."

For Johnny and Bobbe were very, very happy when they first came to this town of a thousand heartbreaks. Theirs had been a whirlwind marriage just a year before. Both of them were twenty-six at the time. Bobbe had been dancing in a show in Miami, Florida, and had decided that she should really know how to swim. Johnny, a world's champion, and six-foot-three of stalwart, handsome manhood, was the teacher. Bobbe was as lovely a little lady as you could find in a roll-call of the theaters. The inevitable happened—two attractive youngsters, a potent Miami moon, and suddenly they were terribly in love. And so they were married.

If it hadn't been for Hollywood that familiar legend of the story books—"and they lived happily ever after"—might have held good. It takes wisdom and patience and understanding to keep happily married in this town. Gossip works with hammer and tongs to disrupt happy unions. There is a pitiless glare of publicity turned on the famous ones of this industry. Little rifts are invariably magnified into bitter quarrels.

Johnny might have escaped if he hadn't been a success. He was a sensation as Tarzan. The studio had expected him to be a riot with the small boys. Well, the youngsters adored him, but he was a veritable cyclone with the women fans. That was unexpected.

(*Cont'd on page* 94)



UNTIL he hit Hollywood, Johnny Tarzan Weissmuller was just a handsome lad who swam for his living. He hadn't a care in the world. He hadn't any particular future. Now he's got the future, and the cares, and mobs of feminine admirers. He's getting his freedom, too. What lies ahead?

Inside Stuff

Cute? She's a new discovery. Name, Phyllis Frazer. Company, RKO-Radio

WITH a grand gesture John Gilbert told the interior decorator to spare no expense in doing over his elaborate Beverly Hills mansion. Things are going to be pretty doggone swell for the new missus, Virginia Bruce.

Maybe it's rude to recall the past, but we can't help thinking of the time John had a suite all rigged up for Greta Garbo, during the old courtin' days. He spent thousands of dollars. One day Greta was invited to inspect the quarters she would occupy if she became Mrs. Gilbert.

Greta came, she saw, and then she shrugged indifferently.

"Garbo no like." And that was that.

"Jools" For Mary

Mary Brian is wearing a brand new diamond bracelet, and the fellow who bought the "jools" is Ken Murray. He was Mary's partner on that recent personal appearance tour. There's no use trying to cook up a romance. Ken has a perfectly good wife somewhere or other. They haven't lived together for years and years, but there has never been a divorce.

In the meantime the screen newcomer, Dick Powell, is impatiently awaiting Mary's return to Hollywood. Now that looks like *something.*

It sounds awfully easy—Lupe Velez's recipe for success on the stage—

"I sing—not good but loud. I dance—not good but I move around a lot. I stop the show."

Enter, a New Mystery Woman

Charles Chaplin is in the throes of another romance—ver-ry much in the throes.

Paulette Goddard, who makes her screen début in a small rôle in "The Kid From Spain," is the *cherchez la femme* in the case. She is blonde and what is best described as "striking in appearance." And Garbo has nothing on Paulette. She's another Hollywood mystery. She drives to the studio in a Hispano-Suiza. She wears pajamas, lavishly trimmed in blue fox. She owns a magnificent string of pearls with a very large diamond clasp. And her coiffure was designed especially for her by Antoine of Paris. It takes less than all of that to keep Hollywood guessing.

Nina Wilcox Putnam, the novelist and screen writer, is driving that magnificent foreign car which was once the prize possession of the late Rudolph Valentino.

One whole side of Ramon Novarro's living room is built entirely of glass. Now what is that about throwing stones?

Charles Chaplin, Jr., is left-handed, just like his famous poppa. Freudians can get busy from this point.

Somehow it seems sort of pathetic—the eastern football player who took out a beautiful movie actress during his visit to Hollywood.

Afterward a friend asked him how he liked her.

"She was nice," the football player sighed, "but, you see, she's sort of unreal, too."

Six of his own etchings have been sold by Lionel Barrymore within the last month. He's prouder of that than anything in the world.

What's this? What's this? A newspaper story says that when Ethel Barrymore plays the rôle of the czarina in "Rasputin" she is really playing more than just a rôle. She is enacting the life of a very dear personal friend.

It seems that Ethel actually met the czarina in London at the funeral of Queen Victoria. Alike in appearance, they became friends, and that friendship existed until the tragedy at Ekaterinburg.

So, you may be sure, Ethel will give her all to the rôle. And a Barrymore's *all* is not to be sneered at.

Incidentally, the Barrymores had a lot of trouble finding a director who would please all of them at the same time. They're on their second director now.

Meet Mr. and Mrs. George Brent, folks. Here they are just leaving the Justice of the Peace at Harrison, N. Y., where they were wed. The bride was formerly Ruth Chatteron

Were Their Faces Red?

Really, it was rather embarrassing for Estelle Taylor, the other night. Estelle, quite recently, has switched her affections from Edmund Burns to Lyle Talbot, the lad who did such a grand acting job in "The Purchase Price." Estelle and the new flame were having a good time at a local night club when an enterprising master of ceremonies attempted introductions. He did nicely with Estelle, but pulled a dreadful boner in introducing the boy friend.

"Folks," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Edmund Burns."

She was very plump and bulgy in all the wrong places. To make matters worse she was wearing beach pajamas. Lilyan Tashman saw her coming.

"O—oh," she cried, "a balloon smuggler."

They're telling another story on Lilyan this month. She saw Polly Moran looking that be-youtiful in her very latest evening clothes.

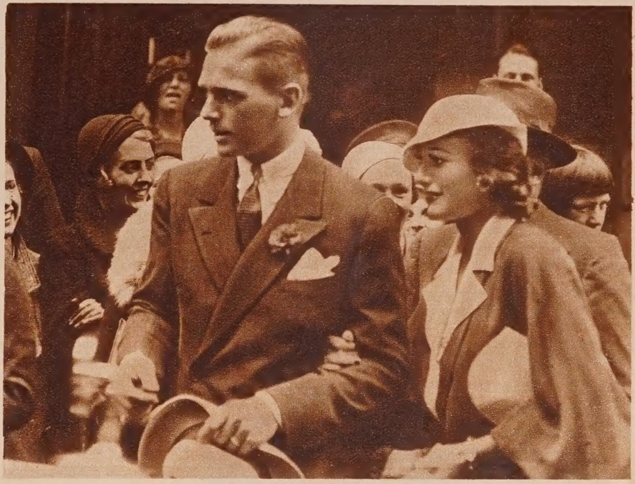
"My deah," said Lilyan, "you should wear earrings."

The next day Polly appeared with three large ivory balls, hung pawnbroker fashion, from her ears. And now you know that Lil is *really* the town fashion dictator.

This has got to stop. Now Mitzi Green has gone Garbo on us. When Mitzi stepped off the train in Los Angeles she wore a long coat, a slouch hat and dark glasses.

Score Another For Connie

Trying to get the best of a Bennett is like attempting to stem the wild waters of Niagara. The gateman at the studio could tell you that. He stopped Constance Bennett from going through the front



Joan and young Doug (last names on request) in London on their recent vacation. Isn't that a dashing little lid Miss Crawford is sporting?

He carries on, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. His old man died in August (and Rinty was very aged as dogs go), but Junior promises to follow in his footsteps—all four of them gate at the film factory. He explained that after nightfall the side gate must be used for entrance, and the front gate only for departure. After considerable palaver Connie went around to the side gate. She raced furiously through the studio grounds and up to the front gate. Somewhat puzzled, the man opened the gate for her to leave. She drove through, and like a flash, backed her car in again.

At last she was happy, and thus was the Bennett pride salvaged from the dust.

That Ina Claire gal is one swell sport. One of the first telegrams of congratulations to reach John Gilbert and the new bride was from Ina.

Practically no one in Hollywood enjoys a practical joke more thoroughly than William Wellman, now directing the Ann Harding-Richard Dix opus at Radio. Lots of fun was had on that set by wiring chairs with electricity. The unlucky victim would sit down, and then get up verra hastily. The payoff came when Wellman accidentally pressed the button and shocked himself. The joke ended right then.

And did you know that Ann Harding would like to retire from the screen? She is perfectly willing to sacrifice something like a quarter of a million dollars to get away from the mad movie town.

Well, nobody can ever steal Stu Erwin's watch and get away with it. Cause Stuart has the letters of his name where the numbers usually go. Snappy, what?

Another new discovery. Her name is Charlotte Susa. She comes from Germany and she's Metro's little import

Not For Harold

Harold Lloyd was watching an exceedingly rough game of Lacrosse during the recent Olympic games. It seemed miraculous that any member of the team remained alive for longer than five minutes.

"Want to referee?" a friend asked Harold.

"They don't need a referee," said Lloyd. "They want a coroner."

One of Groucho Marx's youngsters thought the Olympic announcer made a mistake. Argentine had just been declared a winner.

"Doesn't he mean Unguentine, papa?" asked the youngster.

Big title change over at the Goldwyn studio. The Ronald Colman film, "Cynara," has been changed to "I Have Been Faithful." The new title comes from the Ernest Dowson poem—"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion." It seems that a lot of people got confused over the original title and thought the picture was something out of Greek mythology.

The Glooms of Gloria

News rushed to Movie Mirror from the British front reports that Gloria Swanson is having more than her share of trouble on the new picture. Rowland Lee, the director, and Glorious Gloria have already had words and parted company. To make matters worse, things don't seem to be so hotsy-totsy between Gloria and the new hubby, Michael Farmer.

Michael is *not* going to act in the picture. It seems that an acting career is hardly in his line. There is one hilarious incident when he first attempted it at

Heigh-ho for the life of a movie star. All Clark Gable wanted to do was go to the polo matches outside of Hollywood and will you give a look to the crowd of autograph hunters who surrounded the poor man?

Gloria's wish. Michael was to figure in an outboard motor race. The other contestants were to go slowly so it would look as if Mike were just whizzing along. The race started, and the other men did go slowly indeed. Mike was even slower. In fact his motor wouldn't even start.

If everything goes well, Kay Francis expects to return to the stage in New York this fall. She will appear for only three months, but even before she does that she must make two more pictures for Warner Brothers.

Sometimes it pays to get good and mad at Hollywood, and leave the durned town flat. Vivienne Osborne, all burny-burny because she couldn't get anything but bad girl rôles, left for New York. When she arrived there a telegram awaited her, pleading for her to return. Now she is back, at double the salary, and with a grand rôle in the new Leo Carrillo picture, "Second Fiddle."

Super-Super On Way

"The Miracle," that magnificent spectacle of the stage, will come to the screen at last . . . and in Technicolor. Produced several years ago by Morris Gest, and staged by Max Reinhardt, it was one of the most elaborate spectacles of all time. Warner Brothers have acquired this valuable property, and Loretta Young wins the coveted rôle of the nun. Lady Diana Manners created the rôle on the stage.

It was rather amusing, the thing that happened at Constance Cummings' tea party. Several newspaper and fan magazine writers were present. One of the guests started a conversation with a young lady he had just met.

"I hear that there are quite a few writers here," he began. "Everyone is being so careful what they say. Those writers are terrible. They print the most awful things."

The young lady agreed, politely.

"And what do you do?" he asked.

"Oh, I write for fan magazines," she replied, as kindly as she could.

Jimmy Durante's
Stander
INNER

A prop boy with a prop nose made Jimmy Durante feel that mortified over at Paramount. But then, says Jimmy, he lacks my poisonality

Movie Mirror
10
LUCKY STRIKE

Will you please look at the beautiful sophisticated Kay Francis reading that elegant Movie Mirror right in the middle of Mr. Lubitsch's next picture "The Honest Finder"?

Hollywood Miracle Woman

Here's a great chance for some screen aspirant—if she's got the stuff. Of course the qualifications are pretty high falutin', but Fox wants a new face for "Broadway Bad." The lucky girl must be a combination of the Jeanne Eagels of "Rain," the Helen Hayes of "What Every Woman Knows," and the Barbara Stanwyck of "Burlesque." She must be between 20 and 26 and be able to register either age. She must have a million-dollar figure and be able to croon a blue song.

Now that's *all* they demand, and isn't it easy?

Out west where men are men, etc.—at a party the other night Charles Ray and Lew Cody, meeting each other for the first time in many years, kissed each other fondly on either cheek.

The Anita Page-Kane Richmond love duet begins to look serious. Incidentally, young Richmond is one of the first boys whom poppa Pomares, Anita's dad, has permitted to take dotter out alone.

And the new RKO starlet got all mixed in her stories recently. The publicity department had been heralding her as the graduate of a very exclusive, very expensive girls' finishing school in New York. The young lady told a reporter that she had modeled for a living before coming to Hollywood.

Lucille Webster Gleason has been pretty upset because son, Russell Gleason, wouldn't take his best clothes on that European trip.

Love has grown colder than an eskimo's nose between Lily Damita and her fiancé, Sidney Smith. They're not even speaking now. "Leely" says she is free-lancing. Her free-lance activities have already netted her an Olympic team badge, which admitted her to all events, and even to the dressing rooms of the women athletes. However, no one thought for a moment that Lily would bother to visit the *women* athletes.

On Page 21 there's Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. in London. Here they are back again in New York. Don't they both look as though they'd had a grand vacation?

Throw away your slave bracelets, girls. They're as old-fashioned as grandma's bustle. Dolores Del Rio has a slave necklace. It's a slim platinum chain, with a tiny pendant initial in diamonds. The initial is "C." But don't worry, Mr. Dolores' name is Cedric Gibbons.

Heart Throb Department

Instead of hanging crêpe on her hat because John Gilbert has married again, Ina Claire has gone and found herself a new boy friend—never a tough assignment for the charming Ina. He's one of the Olympic athletes and an honest-to-gosh celebrity. He's no less than Prince Ferdinand von Liechtenstein of Austria. Ina sort of eliminated Lily Damita from the running, although Lily was persuasive enough to get the prince chap to shave off his moustache. It *did* look something like a Fuller brush.

And still another new discovery, and once again RKO's, which seems to go in for them in a big gorgeous way. This girl's name is Elinor Post, society lass and all that

The first still of "Rasputin, the Mad Monk" which will star all three Barrymores. That's Lionel and sister Ethel and doesn't Lionel look interesting?

When Garbo came sailing home, tra-la, she was so happy she actually posed for the photographers. Here she is wearing a bright yellow knitted suit with a gray beret and gray shoes

Cupid's diary continues with Clarence Brown, the director, being attentive to Alice Joyce. The combination is a surprise to the film colony since Clarence, in the past, has preferred the exotics, per example, Mona Maris and Dorothy Burgess.

And believe it or not, you can't top the fact that a Hollywood Miss sends her boy friend an orchid a day. How's that for vice-versa-ing?

S. A. For Signboards

There's such a delightful uncertainty about motoring in Hollywood and Los Angeles. You never know what surprise is in store just around the corner. It may be anything from Washington crossing the Delaware to Joan of Arc, sizzling at the stake. The other night mobs gathered at the corner of Wilshire and Western where a billboard advertised bigger and better things for Paramount. A group of beautiful girls in scanties were the living figures on the board. It was the biggest exposé since the Teapot Dome.

Perhaps Paramount had no ulterior motives in mind—but its signboard was right across the street from Warner Brothers' grandest theatre.

A couple of years ago folks (*Continued on page* 73)

BING CROSBY *Tells What Women Love*

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN Bing Crosby sings a million or so girls drape themselves across the radio and go into emotional transports.

Bing is a god of the air and, only a little less, a god of the Screen. The youth of most of the fair maidens of the land goes up to him like April-scented incense.

I wanted to know just why.

I lunched with Bing—ah, thrice-blest me—in the Paramount Commissary where Bing was in make-up and in production for "The Big Broadcast."

I said to those wide blue eyes of his, "Bing, just what is it that the women of today most want? Is it Wealth? Is it Fame? What is it?"

And Bing said, "FUN. F-U-N is the most important thing in the lives of girls today. No doubt about it. Haven't you ever listened to 'em talk? They'll say, 'Let's go here or let's go there—it's the heck of a lot of fun.' Or they'll say, 'Let's go to the Beach Club and have some fun' or 'I don't want a date with him, he's no fun' or 'I don't know whether I want to go to college or not, it might not be any fun.' They describe the things they do as 'keen fun' and 'keen fun' is the ultimate praise. To say of a fellow, or a place, that it's no fun, or he's no fun is to give the raspberry, the go-by, the AIR.

"I don't believe I've *ever* heard a girl say that she wants to go out with a boy because he's well-read or because he's interested in Zoology or Law, or even because he's interesting himself. FUN is the predominating desire, the most popu-

He is the great god Bing of the air. Now he's coming to the screen for Paramount in "The Big Broadcast." A million women write him love letters but he's in love with Dixie Lee Crosby, his wife lar 'line' any well-dressed young man can carry.

"When I was a youngster at home in Spokane, for instance, and if I'd been going to a place like the Cocoanut Grove or the Biltmore for the evening, it would have been a Big Event to me and to any girl I'd taken. I'd have thought about it and planned for it for days in advance and I'd have dreamed about it and been satisfied with it for days afterward. It was the same with going to the Beach. When I was a kid a day at the beach was an Outing with a capital O. The girls and boys of today would feel more martyred than the Early Christians if life were not a perpetual whirl of Cocoanut Groves and Beach Clubs and dates and dances and things. Cars, radios, the movies have made life move so rapidly that any let-down from these things spells boredom. Entertainment, FUN is become as much a necessity as food, or drink or a bed to sleep in.

"Fun is more important to a girl than money or moonlight.

"A good laugh rates higher than a tender love scene anywhere, any time with—almost—any girl.

"Pep is more important than Passion. A snappy line is better than loot. *Girls are gag-diggers these days.* There aren't the gold-diggers there used to be. Perhaps this is because the girls of today are independent. They don't need to be gold-diggers any more. They can buy their own gold lockets and lollipops and sometimes even their own limousines. But they want their laughs handed to 'em—and handed to 'em *plenty*.

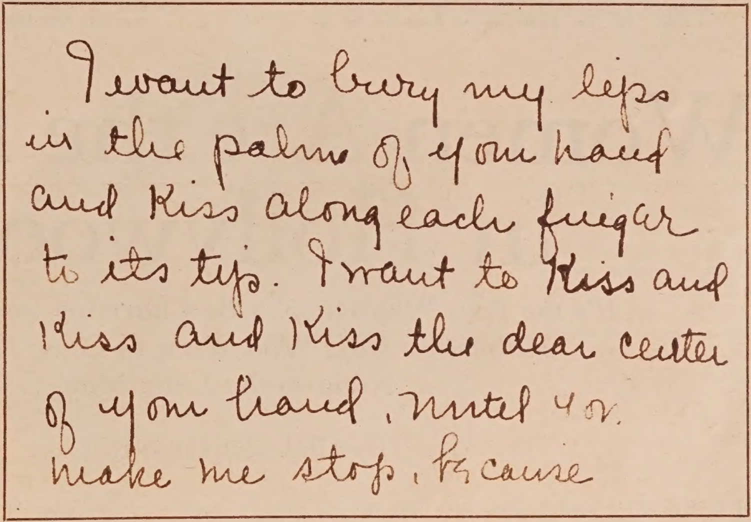
"Of course, *I like the girls the way they are.* Don't get me wrong. I'm not registering any complaint. Far from it. I always have had a yen for actresses and for women who *do* things. (Before I was married I had a yen for Joan Crawford and Lila Lee.) I never have gone in for the old-fashioned clinging-vine types, if there are any such left outside the pages of books and leaves of sheet music. Anything that clings can become annoying after a time. I'd like Dixie Lee, my wife, to keep on with her career. I'm always telling her so. But it's hard these days. A girl has to have a certain kind of hard business head in order to compete. She has to be able to fight for her own rights or to kid producers along or something of the sort. And Dixie's dumb that way.

"I think that the girls of today are so keen for fun because there isn't much of anything else for them to be keen about. There is no Great Ideal for them to suffer and die for. *Women have to do some suffering, you know.* Because that's fun, too, in its way. It's always the women who feel that they have had their money's worth if they can have a good cry at a matinée or a movie. It's the women who have gone so mad over the dark and sombre types like Valentino and Ronald Colman and Clark Gable. It's the women who like the sad and yearning songs. More women ask me for 'Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear' than any other.

"There isn't any Great Ideal for them to suffer for today and there isn't any Cause for them to make sacrifices for, to work their fingers to skin and bones for. *Women are martyrs at heart.* They have to cry or—*they have to laugh.*

"During the War, you know, it was quite different. Girls worked then and worked hard, showed the stuff they were made of and the strength of their hands and hearts. They knew, then, that life was grim and real and pressing, that there were things to be done that spelled Life and Death. When that was over, when there wasn't anything very hard or very important for them to do, when jobs became part of the routine, it was different. Housework is a cinch these days, thanks to mechanical devices. Women don't have babies in the quantity lots they used to—*my* mother had seven, you know, five boys of us and two girls—and so there isn't anything to do *but* have FUN—and so they have gone in for that, as they go in for everything, in a Big Way. It has become the gospel, the law and the only thing worth while.

"I know how they feel. I know both ways of feeling, if you get what I mean. I know the way I spoke of when I was in my 'teens, at home, all of us working and knowing that we *had* to work, all of us trying hard to get educations and to amount to something and all of us satisfied with a few Red Letter days. Then I know the way I was before I was married. I never settled down to anything in those days, except my work, which was fun, too. I did all the drinking I wanted to do and figured that only Today was important. I went first with one girl and then with another, sang the same songs to each one of 'em and never meant any of it and if one of my 'romances' lasted for more than two months it died, when it did, of old age.



I want to bury my lips
in the palm of you hand
and Kiss along each finger
to its tip. I want to Kiss and
Kiss and Kiss the dear center
of you hand, until you
make me stop, because

Here's a typical Bing Crosby fan letter. Bing gets them by the thousands every day

"I never really fell in love at all until I met Dixie. I never even *thought* I was seriously in love. The word Marriage never entered my head. There was one exception—my first sweetheart, when I was fifteen. I've forgotten her name. But that's all I've forgotten. I remember that I did dream of marrying her and living in a little vine-covered cottage and crooning the babies to sleep. But that was the first and only girl, I thought I was serious about, until—

"I think I always knew that *(Continued on page 91)*

He is married to a very famous star. He was divorced from another equally famous. He has a title. Do you know whose husband he is?

A nice young man who once was a lawyer and now has vague jobs about the studios. Married to a very nice little girl. Who are they?

Women Are the Bosses in Hollywood

It's the Boys Who Have to Be Charming and It's the Millionaire Girls Who Want to Come Home at Night to the Little Man

By CRUIKSHANK

IN days of old when knights were bold, the gals were even bolder. In some lands things came to a pass where the gentler sex seized the antique equivalent of a rolling-pin and chased the knights, in their nighties, into the night. So that they might rule the roost alone.

This government by women was called a matriarchy. A sixteen-cylinder word, but discard all except the first and second letters. It means simply that Ma was Boss. The headman was a woman. The gals wore the—er—trousers. They ran the works, tilled the fields, fought the battles and won the wars. They performed all the masculine functions. Did I say all? Well, all but one!

Occasionally the outcast boy-friends were summoned down from the hills. There'd be a night or two of whoopee. Then the lads would scram back to cloistered exile and sew on tiny garments until the gals whistled again. Following these strange interludes, the fair ones returned to the more serious affairs of life. Love was forgotten. They had their careers.

Careers!

That's a familiar word in Hollywood. And it bids fair to turn the normal relationship of the sexes topsy-turvy as when the Amazons used it centuries back. For Hollywood is a matriarchy. In Hollywood women rule, and men are treated as casually as their ancient ancestors who were admitted only as biological necessities. In Hollywood, too, the gals have their careers. And their careers come first.

In the lives of many millions, women keep the home. Men sally forth to catch the 8:27 train filled with a holy fire to accomplish great deeds for "the little woman." At night they return from the field of business warfare, and the wives of their bosoms minister to their needs. But things are different in Hollywood.

Imagine, if you can, coming home after a tough day at the office to a nice, hot dinner prepared by Marlene Dietrich! Asking Constance Bennett to rejoice over that five buck rise! Or getting sympathy from Clara Bow because the old salary has been slashed ten percent! It just can't be done.

For in Hollywood, where women rule, conditions are reversed. It's the Marlenes, Constances and Claras who scram off to work in the A. M., inspired, perhaps, to make this the best movie ever—for the sake of "the little *man!*" It is he who tarries at home to take care of the Hollywood equivalent of house-work, and to occupy his

Whose hand is this under whose chin? He is a fourth husband. And what are the gossip whispers already being circulated about him and his famous wife?

A second husband, discovered in Honolulu. Was a clerk, now a singer. His wife's first name is Dorothy. Can you supply the other two names?

A brilliant man, Paul Bern, married a lovely girl. Tragedy hit both of them and made them its victims

leisure as best he may. For at five o'clock, when the whistle blows, the *woman* of the family will return. She'll expect to find him sweet and fresh, ready to amuse her according to the moment's whim. If he fails, there'll be a job for another boy.

That's the situation!

What's to be done about it?

Ruth Chatterton, working out a $750,000 contract, couldn't be expected to play the little house-wife for Ralph Forbes. And how could Ralph, whose earnings never approached that figure, continue indefinitely to spend his days at polo and his evenings with a wife weary with the responsibilities of a big business woman!

The "career" rift, and that alone, split the Dempsey-Taylor ménage. The stalwart Jack wanted to come home to "the little woman." The glamorous Estelle couldn't see herself in that rôle while there were others to play. She would have been happy with the Champ as a tame cat. It couldn't be done.

Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert tried a fifty-fifty arrangement. But the hand-writing appeared when John thumbed a fan magazine replete with pictures of Leatrice. He hurled it from him in a rage. "Good God," he stormed, "don't they know that John Gilbert is in the movies!" He, too, wanted "the little woman."

Had that man's man, Joe Schenck, been an "amusing" type, the charming Norma would never have been kept busy denying or affirming divorce rumors. But Joe went out to play cards with the boys. And Norma, tired with twinkling as a star in the film firmament, wanted recreation off the set. That's the story.

Glorious Gloria, herself, producer as well as player, wanted companionship for lighter moments. Herb Somborn, Wally Beery sought the same. But neither found it in Gloria. Nor she in them. The Marquis Henri de la, etc., applied for the job and made good until he went to work for a rival firm. Now his place is filled by another boy, young Mike Farmer. There are plenty of whispers, however, that things aren't going too well at the Farmers' despite the new baby.

Odds are that the Dolores Costello-John Barrymore nuptials would have been dissolved long since had Dolores attempted to continue her career. Wisely, she has established a natural order of things. She is content to be a wife and mother—"the little woman" of the Barrymore household. The same holds true in the Harold Lloyd ménage. There it is Harold who battles in the marts of movie trade, while Mildred Davis keeps the home-fires burning. And Dick Arlen has found happiness with Jobyna Ralston under similar circumstances.

AT present Rex Bell is Number One boy with Clara Bow. Rex has been the winner of the daily bread since the Bow-Bell's retirement. And the Brooklyn

Hollywood's newest newlyweds, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. It's John's fourth marriage. Little Virginia adores him, but if she becomes a big success, then what?

Bonfire has taken on a load of happiness plus a lot of weight. But what's gwine happen when Clara makes her come-back in the Big Money class? The Sue Carol-Nick Stuart romance all but foundered when Nick insisted on being the man of the house and beggaring his bankroll to pay the big bills of a Hollywood star.

When Billie Seaman kidnapped Phyllis Haver from the screen it was for keeps. There was a pre-nuptial agreement that "Phyl" quit being La Haver and become Mrs. Seaman. She kept the pact, even parted with the peroxide insignia of stardom and let her hair "go natural." More than that, she enjoyed the luxuries of the Seaman board, and let diets go hang. The result is that Phyllis is happy being "just a wife."

Constance Bennett may wed a dozen titles, but she'll remain Constance Bennett to a million movie-goers. And Hank may be "Mr. Bennett" just as he was "Mr.

Mrs. Walter Morosco, Corinne Griffith to you. Walter has worked as Corinne's manager, the Mrs. always being distinctly the star of the home

When Billy Seaman married Phyllis Haver, Phyl agreed to leave the screen. She did, too, and they've lived happily ever after

Swanson." Perhaps, in time, he'll tire of it, just as Harry Bannister reached the point where he couldn't abide being "Mr. Ann Harding." A fact which smashed another "Hollywood's Happiest Couple" to smithereens.

Irene Rich thought it all out and decided she'd had sufficient fame. She tried to quit the Hollywood matriarchy in a marriage to David Blankenhorn, business man. But she had been Irene Rich—in lights—too long to become Mrs. Blankenhorn. Now she's back with her career. Where women rule—careers come first.

As long as Betty Compson was off the screen, and Jim Cruze grabbed the megaphone every morning, all went serenely on the Flintridge estate. Then Betty became imbued with renewed ambition, ceased to be a wife and resumed her stardom. With his mind full of pictures, Jim wasn't very amusing. Nor did he find Betty so. So another chapter ended.

Off hand—quick, now—what bright little girl or boy can tell me the married names of Marlene Dietrich, Helen Twelvetrees, Joan Bennett, Corinne Griffith, Anna Sten, Colleen Moore? There are six whose names are known to world's ends. Their husbands . . . well . . . how many can you call? And these are no exceptions. Name me the names of the men who married Evelyn Brent, Irene Dunne, Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Mackaill, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor, Dolores Del Rio, Jetta Goudal, Nancy Carroll, Esther Ralston, Leila Hyams . . . you know these girls. But their men are eclipsed completely as those fellows who were beckoned from the woods of oblivion for a night of Amazonian revelry.

Men have given much for love. Far more than women. But none gives so completely as a Hollywood husband. Not only does he sacrifice his career, all his masculine prerogatives and ambitions, but often his very identity.

For love of Janet Gaynor, Lydell Peck abandoned the practice of the law to be a movie subordinate. Dr. Eugene Frank left his architectural profession to follow Anna Sten to the Hollywood studios. Walter Morosco's life work is Corinne Griffith. Bob Ritchie quit Wall Street so that absence might not make Jeanette MacDonald's heart grow fonder of some other fellow. Rudy Sieber became a trans-oceanic commuter so that he might bob up in Hollywood for an occasional "family group" picture with Marlene Dietrich. Irene Dunne's physician husband is a married bachelor in New York, while his star wife glows in the Hollywood heaven. All strange stories from a strange land where women rule!

There doesn't seem to be any answer. It isn't difficult for a fellow to fall in love with Marian Nixon or Greta Nissen. It's been done time and again. But to marry a star means a plunge into the matrimonial sea without a life-saver or a sail in sight. You're sunk without a trace!

And what about the women in the case? It cannot be expected that the most luscious beauties any age has known shall be contented with a loveless life.

Helen Twelvetrees was very unhappy in her first marriage. Her second is blissful—but can you recall the gentleman's name?

But as time goes on, as time does, the day dawns when the spectre called Career intrudes, a gaunt, unbidden guest at Hollywood love feasts. The woman wearies of a bought-and-paid-for love. The bridegroom chafes under a yoke of unimportance that changes him from a man to a nonentity. Then comes the division of property, and in the star's window a brightly painted sign . . . "BOY WANTED."

Men must work and women weep, it seems. There's happiness in nature, and in a natural division of burdens. The Amazons have faded from the earth. They attempted to reverse a natural law—an infinite order of things. It can't be done. That's why there is no permanent happiness for either sex—where women rule.

Well past sixty, Marie Dressler has become the most popular woman in the world! She insists you get from life exactly what you give

The Rules for Becoming a Lady

Marie Dressler Knows Every One of Them and You Can Learn About Manners From Her

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

MARIE DRESSLER is one of the great ladies of the theatre. I do not mean "woman" and I do not mean "personality." I mean Marie is a lady in the most snobbish sense of that word. She has led—and still leads at sixty—one of the most interesting lives you can possibly imagine.

When she goes abroad, her trip becomes a sort of triumphal procession. She dwells among the great. She is entertained by royalty, by public officials, by celebrities of all sorts, in the great houses of whatever part of Europe she visits. She becomes an "unofficial ambassadress," dispensing friendship and laughter and good will. Steamship companies beg her to be their guests in the bridal suites of their crack liners. Famous hotels plead with her, by telegraph, to honor them with her presence. When she lived in New York, even in the days of her greatest poverty, she stayed at the Ritz and numbered among her intimates the very cream of the Social Register. She has known—and known well—nearly all of the great artists, musicians, men of letters, statesmen and famous actors of her day.

Does this seem an anomaly to you? Marie came from a poor Canadian family and left home to earn her way in traveling burlesque shows when she was fourteen. Her early associations in the theatre did not teach her to spell Art with a capital letter—and she has never learned. Her "line" was comedy—raucous, slap-stick and unashamed. She has earned her living, singing rowdy songs and falling upon her ample rear for fifty years! When she accumulated enough capital to go into business, she started a chain of peanut stands at Coney Island and emblazoned her name on every one of them! No dignified trust funds or refined lingerie shoppes for Marie!

She weighs two hundred pounds, there is always a smudge of powder somewhere on her kind, homely, red face, and she calls you "Dearie" in a voice which can be heard a block away. She violates every stuffy rule of what is supposed to be a lady. Yet there are a myriad well-born, intelligent and discriminating people in this world who will tell you that Marie is one of the true gentlewomen of our day.

So what is a lady? What makes Marie Dressler such a lady that those who can command anything from the world beg for her friendship? Well, in the first place, Marie loves people. Really loves them, I mean—*all kinds of people*. Messenger boys, Princes of royal blood, manicurists, insurance salesmen and presidents of Women's Clubs. She actually cares whether they are happy, whether their wives understand them and she is actually anxious when little Willie has to have his tonsils out.

"Friends," she will tell you, with her ripe, salty sentimentality, "friends, my dear, are the only things in life worth working to acquire!"

She believes that and she works at it and, according to her own standards, Marie is rich beyond the dreams af avarice.

She believes that a true gentlewoman is born—not made. But you can cultivate your natural tendencies . . .

"The prime requisites of a great lady," she told me, "are sincerity, tolerance, simplicity, graciousness, consideration of others, culture and poise.

Years ago, Marie made her social entry into New York's Four Hundred by agreeing to be a clown. She wore this splendiferous dress and was the hit of the evening

"Sincerity is the most important of all. If you pretend interest in someone, pretend friendship for him—your attitude is insulting. Don't ask your mailman how his poor old mother is—unless you really want to know! He can tell. And remember—there is a difference between genuine interest and the idle curiosity of small minds!

"Tolerance is important—not only to being a gentlewoman but also to any sort of mental growth. If you are intolerant of other people's opinions—if you condemn people who disagree with you—then they will decline to discuss things with you and you will lose your chance to learn and broaden. You *have* to be tolerant of other people's peculiarities if you want them to like you—and if you want them to be tolerant of yours. Heaven knows we all need other folks' tolerance—we are all so queer!

"Simplicity and graciousness go naturally together—and both are the marks of the true aristocrat.

"I remember one time when I was in Paris, I encountered a friend of mine in the Hotel Maurice. She was in the company of Royalty and she was very impressed with herself over it. So impressed that she failed utterly to recognize me—who had been her friend for years! But the Royalty recognized me—and rushed over to give me a big kiss and to shout, 'Hi, Marie, you old war horse and how have you been?'

"That, you see, is the difference between a real aristocrat and a sham one. Your *real* aristocrat doesn't have to pretend; he doesn't have to 'be careful' about selecting his friends. He can be himself. And he can do as he pleases. There is nothing more pathetic or more ridiculous or more *vulgar* than a snob!"

Friendship, Marie says, is expensive. You have to earn it. You have to spend time and energy and thought upon it. Often you have to spend money on it, too.

"Don't be afraid of doing too much for people—ever. Be afraid of doing too little. You get from people—and from life, itself—exactly what you give. If you want a great deal, then give in proportion." (*Cont'd on page* 82)

George Hackathorne was a star when he played the first "Little Minister." Now he isn't always sure of eating

The garage where George lives because the rent is cheap

The Fate of Forgotten Faces

The Stories of Those Once-Famous People Who Didn't Quit at the Top but Who Linger On in Hollywood, Always Remembering and Almost Forsaken

By JOHN ARNOLD

THIS was to have been a sob story. It can't be. Sobbing is done about the broken, the weak, the beaten. These whom you read about here are not spent, defeated. They are still fighting. Gloriously. Against great odds.

They are the people who three, four, five—ten years ago you saw on the screen, learned to know and love. The ones who didn't leave the screen at the top but who are still in Hollywood, still hoping, still playing—when they get the chance, any chance. That is all they want.

The last publicity given out about them was that they were in comfortable circumstances. That was when the producers were interested in them. Now, they have no publicity men. They have little more than nothing.

The other day I set out to find George Hackathorne. A great character actor at one time. You remember him. "The Little Minister" brought him to your attention. Then came "Merry-Go-Round," "The Turmoil."

I shall never forget him as the driver of a taxicab in "Human Wreckage." In those days, George made $1,500 a week, had a beautiful apartment, a house boy, a chauffeur, an automobile.

I stopped in at a studio and asked where I could reach George. I was given an address on Santa Monica boulevard. It was a very modest hotel.

"He ain't been here for two years," the clerk said.

"He came back a year ago to pay his rent and get his baggage. I ain't seen him since."

I picked up the trail again. It led to a battered boarding house. He hadn't lived there for a year. It needed a coat of paint. But I kept going. I found another smaller, cheaper, boarding house.

"You'll find George out back," said the landlady.

I did. He was living over a garage in a single big room. His shower was outside, in the open air. His only belongings a few clothes, a few books.

He greeted me graciously, cordially. Made me comfortable.

"My story's short," he told me. "Just as talking pictures came in I had a breakdown. This was followed by a second. When I finally got on my feet and went to work again, the pictures I did were not successful, or went into cans and were put on shelves. 'Queen Kelly', the Gloria Swanson picture, was an example. It was never released.

"I've had rebuff after rebuff. Producers have forgotten the rôles I played years ago. I've had them tell me I wasn't the type to do a part absolutely parallel to one I'd done with outstanding success a few years before. And, in the meantime, I've gotten broker and broker.

"I cook my own food here because it's cheaper than eating out. Sometimes I wonder that I get enough to eat. Sometimes the going seems a bit hard. I started in motion pictures in 1917. I'd had a little stage experience. I worked hard. I studied cameras and photography. Lighting. Make-up. I made a specialty of juvenile characterizations. I know the business from bottom to top.

"Things have been hard for two years. Recently I opened a photographic studio here. I broke even for a while. And then prices started to drop. I had to give that up. Lately, I've been writing. I've done a script, with continuity and dialogue complete. It may hit. If it does, I'll have a fresh start in a new department.

"Not long ago, Metro gave me a small part in 'Night Court'. Maybe there'll be more parts like that. I'd like to do another picture for Von Stroheim. I know that one good part would put me back to where I was. I'm the same George Hackathorne who was once in demand and, sooner or later, someone is going to find that out. I'm only 33. I'm a young man. I've a future.

"I don't hold anything against the producers. I'm not resentful. I don't run around telling people what I think is wrong with the product. I'm not a know-it-all. I don't look into the past. I look into the future.

"This lay-off period has done much for me. It has taught me stick-to-it-iveness. It has given me a sense of

Remember Margaret Mann, star of "Four Sons"? Here's the simple little cottage she lives in nowadays

BENEDICT
HEADQUARTERS

King Baggot was one of the first directors and stars of movies. He still gets fan mail—but very little work. That's Baggot in front of the desk

Monroe Salisbury was once Mary Pickford's leading man. Today he clerks in a Hollywood hotel

humor. It has taught me not to worry. When my chance does come, the producers will have a better George Hackathorne than they once had. And I know my chance will come. *I haven't stopped fighting."*

I left George. I started looking for Mary Carr, the immortal mother of the silent version of "Over the Hill." But before I tell you of the talk I had with her—if you want to drop George a line his address is 1728 North McCadden Place.

I went to the studios for the Carr address. I was given one. I found a beautiful old house. I was told that Mary Carr hadn't lived there for two years. I found another house, white and lovely against a mountainside. A spider had spun a web around the handle of the door. That's not "local color". It's true. I went to a real estate agent.

"The Carr family hasn't lived there for a year," he said. Then I found a man who drew a map showing me how to reach the Carr home on Odin Street, in Hollywood. It was a small house. Unpretentious. It was homelike. I'm quite sure that if I'd told Mary Carr that I was hungry and sleepy she would have found a snack and sent me off to sleep on a bed somewhere.

Three dogs played in the living room. Her husband, her six children and a grandchild whom she adores were packed into the tiny place. Once there were automobiles, and more than enough for anyone. Today, the next meal is a problem. When I found Mrs. Carr it looked as if she'd have her first rôle in almost two years —Buck Jones' mother in a western. In more than two years she has played in "Kept Husbands", "Honeymoon Lane" and a couple of Laurel and Hardy shorts.

Mary Carr's husband, Bill, was one of the first directors of motion pictures. She herself played in "The Merry Widow Hat" in Philadelphia in 1907 for Lubin. Her family is a theatrical family. Twenty-eight years in pictures and now she isn't in demand—

"I used to meet governors and presidents," she said. "People thought I got a lot of money after I made 'Over The Hill'. I didn't. I worked heart and soul for the company. But eventually my contract ended. There hasn't been a great deal since.

"I have six children all old enough to work. I've been criticized because I haven't made them get out and go to work. I wouldn't be that cruel.

"It so happens that they do work. Our family is run on a common fund. When anyone makes a few dollars,

Mary Carr, most famous of the movie mothers, finds work scarce these days but she keeps on. Here she is with her daughter and granddaughter whom she helps support it is pooled. Turns are taken to go for the groceries. There is a spirit of true helpfulness. My boys and girls have been raised to be actors and actresses. That is their life—the theatre. It isn't fair to ask them to go out and get laboring jobs. Digging ditches. Driving trucks. Being stenographers. Such work would take the heart out of them, would take from them the chance to be somebody in the work they want. You wouldn't haul gravel in a pleasure automobile, or use a race horse to plow with and expect to get results, would you?

"The youngsters walk from my house to United Artists, a distance of four miles, looking for work. They hike to Universal, two miles away. They are always looking for something to do in the field which they have chosen. They are not lazy. Tommy and Stephen worked in 'Hell's Angels' and 'The Dawn Patrol'. Others have had important parts. As long as they try to find work I can't complain.

Florence Lawrence was the first real star of pictures. Read what happened to her the other day when a director gave her a bit to play. Her home, like Hackathorne's, is over a garage

"I've been in pictures for almost thirty years. I'm going to take my belt up another notch and I'm going to stick, knowing that I can act, that I can be of benefit to producers, that I can play rôles which will bring money into their pockets. And if the youngsters want to stick, they can. I admire them for their courage."

And, ladies and gentlemen, so do I.

King Baggot was one of the first fine actors and directors. Today he lives in a modest room at the Christie Hotel in Hollywood. He'll play a bit, play an extra rôle, write a story, direct it, act as a technical supervisor. There's nothing that King can't do and do a swell job of. He's proved it for twenty-five years.

You remember the stalwart actor of twenty years ago—the man with the jet black hair with the streak of silver running through it. You can't see that streak now—it's all silver—

You'd expect King to bubble over about the past. He doesn't.

"I don't care about the past. What's done is done," he says. "I'm looking at today and tomorrow."

But remember that King played the first "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in pictures? Remember "Ivanhoe"? Remember "Absinthe"? "Tumble-weeds"? "The Home Maker"? He wrote, directed, acted. And they were successes.

"Maybe pictures are getting to be a little too factory-made," he says. "I think they are. There isn't much human interest in them any more. They've lost a robustness. They don't contain the homely touches they once did. They're not quite as sincere, although they are, mechanically, more perfect.

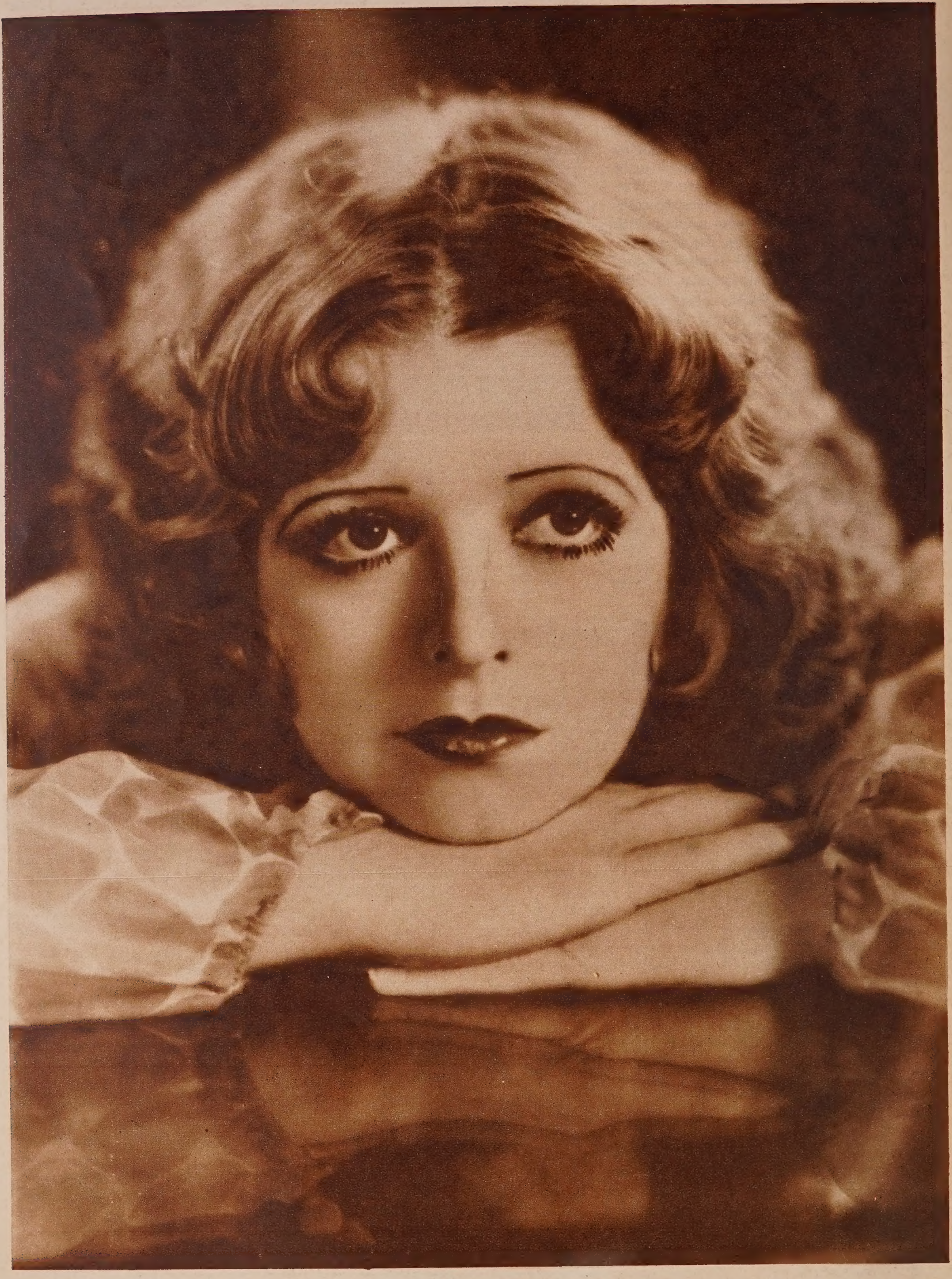
"As far as things go with me—well, I'm having it hard, I suppose. It's my own fault. I worked with one company, off and on, from 1909 until 1927. During that time, I was aces. I received other offers. Other companies wanted me. But I turned them down, knowing that my company would keep faith with me—that the men who made promises to me would keep them. Suddenly, I was out.

"No one had broken faith. No one had forgotten a promise. There had been an upheaval, and those who had made the promises were out, too. One company in particular, Universal, was grand to me, did all it could. But things are going to pick up—and I'm going to be back. I want to direct—and I'm going to direct. I refuse to be discouraged. Just when things seem black, somebody shows up with a part. And, big or small, I take it——"

Margaret Mann was—still is—one of the great screen mothers. She lives with her husband at 743 Lillian Way, Hollywood.

One of her great jobs was in "The Heart of Humanity". Another was in "Four Sons". Now, she lives in a small frame bungalow with her husband which she describes as "ours after a fashion". She is not in want. But the edge of the abyss is not far away—

She rents a house in the rear of her own. On the day I arrived, she was knitting a sweater for her tenant, who was going to have a baby. (*Continued on page* 89)



HERE she is, Public, the It Girl, the little Brooklyn Bonfire, Clara Bo-do-deo-Bow herself, back again to the screen, thank goodness, just as peppy and fiery as ever plus an added charm due to real love coming into her life (his name is Rex Bell), and a lot of troubles all cleared away. Her first picture is "Call Her Savage" for Fox and it promises to be the humdinger of the season

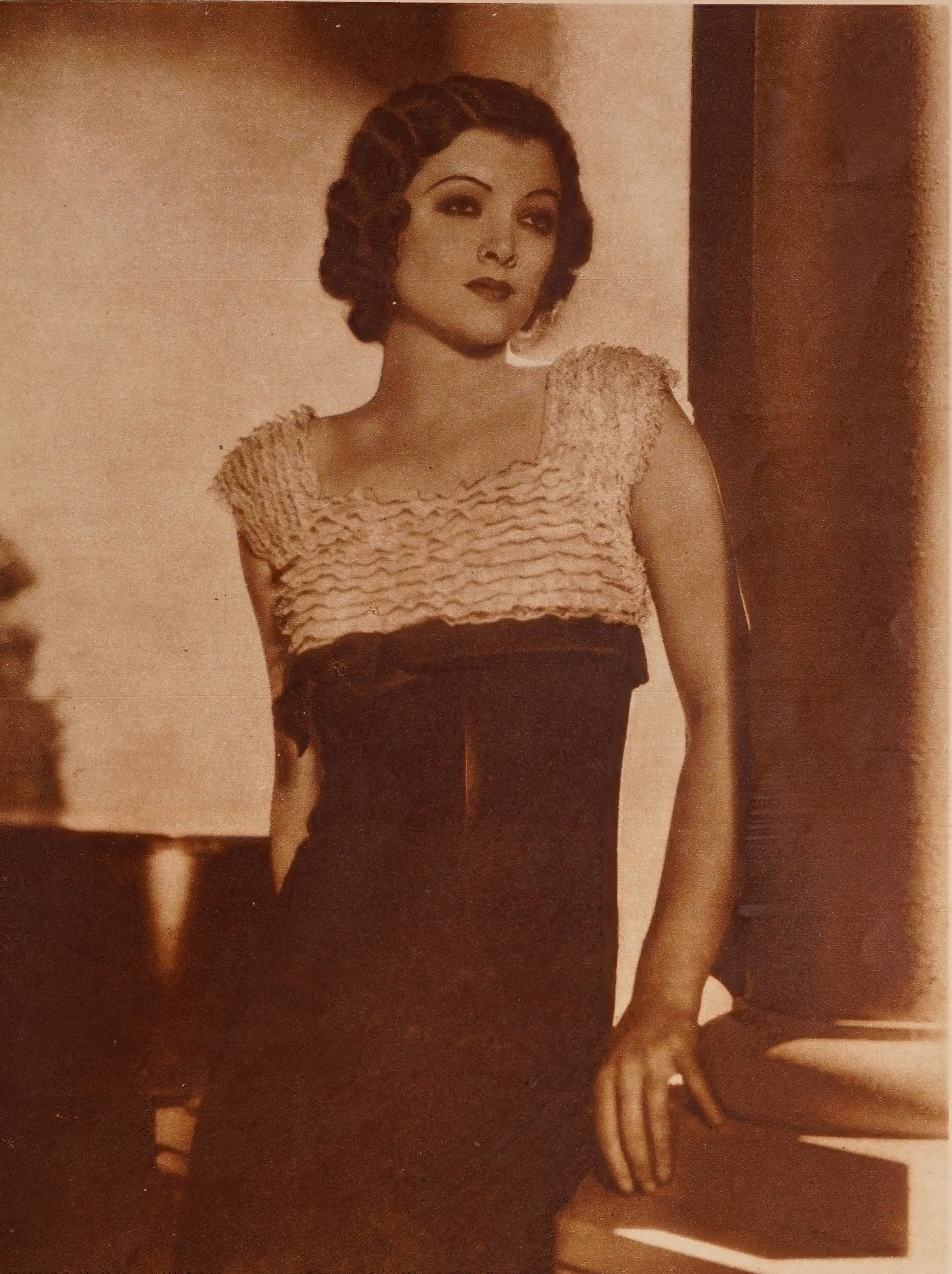
OH, gee, oh, gosh, we wish M-G-M would let Clark Gable be self-supporting! First they go loan him to Paramount to help support Miriam Hopkins in "No Man of Her Own" (hot-cha!) and then they cast him to support Jean Harlow in "Red Dust." They do promise, however, these will be very he-man rôles and that directly after Clark will be starred all by himself—and high time it is, too!

WHEN "Make Me A Star" gave Stuart Erwin his biggest opportunity, Paramount wanted to live up to the title and put Stu's name up in lights. It was Stu who balked. He honestly doesn't want to star. He's completely simple and unspoiled and he wants to stay that way. Born on a ranch in California on St. Valentine's Day, he's been lucky in love ever since. His wife is beautiful June Collyer and the stork is hovering nearby.

Stu's next picture is "The Big Broadcast"

DOROTHY JORDAN has just signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M which is quite as it should be. For the girl is a darling. She's sweet and Southern without being poisonous, she's young and pretty without being silly. She has more dates than there are nights in the week but she doesn't lose her head over any of them. She once was a chorus girl on Broadway. She was born in Tennessee and she's a right proper cook. Her newest picture is "Down To Earth" for which M-G-M loaned her to Fox

HERE'S Hollywood's newest rave, Herbert Marshall, and don't you think he looks charming? It was on account of Herbert that little Edna Best ran away from Hollywood and a picture with John Gilbert last year. She's married to Herbert Marshall, and they're very much in love. They played together on the stage in "There's Always Juliet." Now Herbert Marshall is Marlene Dietrich's new leading man in "Blonde Venus," and Paramount is that excited about him



MYRNA LOY looks like one of the most exotic women in Hollywood, but actually she was born on a ranch in Helena, Montana. She looks like a siren but is just a regular girl. She is beautiful and she has an exquisite voice, but so far she has never gotten the break in pictures that she deserves. She is five feet five inches tall with dark hair and eyes. Here's hoping she gets the break she deserves in "Thirteen Women," for which M-G-M is loaning her to Radio

Rockabye

When her astute manager gave Judy Carroll a doll to play with, he didn't know he was going to change her whole soul

The Love Story of a Girl Who Had a Lullaby Complex A RKO-Radio Picture Starring Constance Bennett

From a play by Lucia Bronder

Adapted to the screen by Horace Jackson
Fictionized by John F. DeVine

BY the time Judy Carroll finished her London run in "Rockabye" her whole life seemed to center around a *papier-maché* doll, named Foolish. Off-stage, as well as on, she cuddled it as though it were a child. She scolded it and she wept over it. It was, to her, almost a living thing. At times she even seemed to believe it was a baby. Her baby.

A year before Judy had not wanted a child. Her time was too well taken up with her work in the theater, with speakeasy parties, and with Diamond Joe Moran. Then Mrs. Moran had stepped into the picture, furnishing the newspapers with material for lurid headlines.

De Sola, Judy's manager, had carried her off to London, and put a doll into her arms, to give her a new characterization; a characterization that would make the theater-going public forget Judy Carroll had been the apex of a notorious newspaper triangle.

Bathed in the diffused beams of a mellow spotlight, Judy, night after night, crooned lullabies to Foolish. And while audiences wept softly at her singing, there awakened in Judy a deep-seated and intense maternal instinct that had lain dormant and even unsuspected during those years when she had been a playgirl in all the night spots from Second Avenue to Broadway.

Now Judy was back in New York, and De Sola's plans had all gone for naught. Mrs. Moran had killed Diamond Joe and then herself while Judy was still on the

Cast

Judy	*Constance Bennett*
Pell	*Phillips Holmes*
De Sola	*Paul Lukas*
Brida	*Clara Brandick*
Snooks	*Laura Hope Crews*

"Why don't you tell him all the dirty details about me, De Sola?" Judy asked defiantly

high seas, so New York remembered Judy only as she had been a year ago. New York knew nothing of "Slumber Boat," the lullaby that had endeared her to London audiences, and it knew nothing of the new desire which surged within Judy. In short, it knew nothing of Foolish, the doll, or, rather, of that which Foolish represented to Judy.

Imprisoned in her apartment by reporters who waited, like wolves, in a pack outside the door, Judy paced the floor, crying for something to occupy her mind. Laughed at by Brida, her maid, and rebuked by De Sola because she refused to throw the doll away, Judy picked up the script of a new play and went to her room.

When she finished reading the play it was four o'clock in the morning, but Judy didn't know it. Her eyes shone brightly as she closed the script. She *had* to talk to someone about this play. Turning to the title page, she found the author's name and address, and a moment later the telephone in Terence Pell's hotel room jangled raucously.

"Is this Mr. Terence Pell? Did I waken you?" asked Judy apologetically.

"Yes, this is Pell," answered the playwright drowsily. "Of course, you didn't waken me. I'm still sleeping beautifully."

"I'm sorry I disturbed you," Judy said. Then, quickly, she added: "I'm not sorry at all, because it's all your fault. You see—I've only this minute finished reading your play. I had to call you. This is Judy Carroll."

Pell's tone was more pleasant.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Carroll? What did you think of it?"

"It's perfect," Judy raved excitedly, "it's magnificent, it's—I've got to talk to you about it. Won't you come here tomorrow night?"

"I'd love to," said Pell.

"Until tomorrow, then . . . good night," Judy said softly. "And I'm grateful for the play."

"I wonder," Judy mused, aloud, to herself just before she went to sleep, "if all of him is as interesting as his voice."

Judy was still excited and happy about the play when she arose at noon. Her good nature gave way to rage, however, when Brida said:

"De Sola stopped here for a moment—just before you got up, and he said—something about how you weren't going to do the play."

"Not do—— Is he mad?" demanded Judy. "I must work, Brida. Work hard. I can't sit and look—back." Suddenly swinging into action, she cried: "Call his office. Send January in, to find some clothes for me. Hurry up. Tell him I'm on my way there."

Sweeping through the anteroom before De Sola's secretary could protest, Judy found her manager alone in his office.

"Have you read Pell's play?" she demanded.

"I have," De Sola replied simply.

"Didn't you like it? . . . Didn't you *more* than like it? That's the play for me, De Sola." Her mood changed instantly, though, as De Sola shook his head. She almost snarled as she said:

"He wants me for the part, and I'm going to do it. Why are you stalling? What's the idea?"

De Sola refused to allow Judy's temper to upset him.

"Surely you must see I can't let you play a gutter girl," he said quietly, as he moved toward her. "It's too close to——"

"Go on—say it," Judy interrupted harshly. "Too close to my own life—and Diamond Joe Moran's."

"Particularly now," De Sola added earnestly.

"But this play," protested Judy. "I'm under the girl's skin already. And the kid—I love it already."

Noticing that Judy's gaze had fallen on an etching of herself and the doll, De Sola suddenly became matter of fact.

"You've a rockabye complex," he said brusquely. "Get the idea out of your head."

De Sola had turned away, but the sound of a sob brought him quickly back to Judy. "What's wrong, child?" he asked, putting his arm around her shoulder.

"Nothing—nerves, I guess," replied Judy. "I just happened to think of something."

"Just keep yourself together," De Sola urged. "This thing will blow over."

"Don't be a fool. I was thinking of that one-horse town outside of London where we opened 'Rockabye'—remember? And the Mayor's wife asked me to be godmother to her baby. It felt so queer to hold one that wasn't *papier-mâché.* Funny little fingers . . . clutching . . . because the little fellow wanted his chow . . . and he had it all doped out that I was his mama." Breaking off suddenly, Judy seemed amazed at her confession. Laughing uneasily, she tried to cover herself by adding quickly:

"I prefer a *papier-mâché* doll."

"Don't lie, Judy." De Sola's tone brought Judy's head up with a start.. She looked at him quizzically for a moment. Then her expression changed, and she asked, challengingly:

"Why haven't you asked me to marry you, De Sola?"

"I was afraid you'd turn me down, child," he replied.

"As a matter of fact, I would. It's been fairly apparent that you've a yen in this direction. But for all your yen, you could never bring yourself to offer a lost sister your heart and hand."

"Judy, I've tried—steadily—to do what I thought best for you. If——"

"You can quit trying to get me out of Pell's play, because I'm going to play it. Pell wrote this play for me. He wants me for it, and——"

"He might not, if he knew the risks."

"Oh, you're old fashioned, De Sola. Today's heroine in a scandal is tomorrow's headliner."

"For about a week," De Sola reminded her. "And then there's a new scandal, and the first one and the

"You know I like you, Terry Pell," said Judy. "Just Terry," he said, "and Judy"

"Some day we'll have one just like this with blue eyes like yours," Judy whispered as she rocked the little boy in her arms

play she's connected with sink into oblivion. I don't think Pell would care much for that."

"Ask him," Judy snapped. "He'll be at my house at eight tonight."

"I don't like to share our problems with him."

"You've made that necessary."

"If he has to decide, I think it is only fair that he should know why I believe it dangerous," said De Sola.

"Go ahead and tell him—every dirty detail," Judy said coldly, as she started for the door. At the threshold she stopped for an instant, and added softly: "You might leave a little something to his imagination."

Judy told the butler to have Mr. Pell wait in the sitting room, so she might see him from her room on the balcony. She was like a high school girl dressing for her first beau, as she did her hair.

"He's interesting looking, Brida," Judy said softly.

"Handsome," assented the maid. "Doesn't look a thing like a playwright."

Judy was still dressing when De Sola entered the apartment, and joined Pell.

"It's fortunate that I find you alone," De Sola began. "My contract with you stipulates Miss Carroll is to star in your play. I want to talk to you about it."

"Yes," said Pell, his face lighting up. "I'm delighted that she——"

"I'm afraid of it," De Sola interrupted.

"Afraid?" asked Pell, surprised.

"Last year she was starring in my revue when the Moran scandal first broke," De Sola said.

"That has nothing to do with my play," Pell protested.

"It has a great deal to do with it. When Mrs. Moran broke into Joe Moran's lodge in the Adirondacks, Judy was obviously—er—sojourning with him. Moran was an important figure here. The details of the—love nest——"

"Must we go into them?" demanded Pell sharply.

"Unfortunately, yes," replied De Sola. "The episode occupied the front pages for some time. Things got so hot for Judy that I felt it was unwise for her to continue in the show. I took her to London, put a doll in her arms, gave her an almost new personality——"

"London accepted her——"

"Yes. And my press agent had New York ready to accept her. But now—with a murder and a suicide laid at her door——"

"A messy business," Pell agreed, "but I don't see why

Snooks, Judy's hardened old mother, disapproved of Terry. So did De Sola, her manager

she shouldn't do the play. A well, slight—er—waywardness doesn't always hurt an actress."

"Not always, but Judy has become sensitive about it. There are some episodes in your play that might be linked with Judy's own life. You must realize the temptation that would be for the newspaper boys. They may start kidding her—getting personal—and she'll fight back."

"She has that right, hasn't she? I mean, it would be her own affair, wouldn't it?"

"No, because of the way she may fight. I know Judy Carroll. Ten years ago I found her in a Second Avenue cabaret, a street gamin, singing tough songs for even tougher customers. She had talent. She's been with me continuously since that time. I've helped her to acquire a veneer, but underneath, and not very far underneath, either, she's—if driven, she would show herself—be——"

As De Sola hesitated, trying to find the proper word, a door slammed and Judy stood on the balcony.

"What are you trying to say, De Sola?" she demanded, her eyes blazing and her nostrils quivering.

Judy's rage seemed to make her more beautiful, inspiring admiration in Pell. But as she swept down the stairs into the sitting room something of the street gamin of ten years ago appeared in her.

"What are you trying to say, with your filthy innuendoes?" she asked again, facing De Sola. "Perhaps I'm vulgar—is that it? You're dead right, I'm vulgar. Why don't you tell him *all* the dirty details, De Sola? Tell him about the only childhood memories I have are nursing my mother through her jags. Tell him the only family life I knew was around the family entrance of a saloon—— Vulgar? Say, you were too conservative."

Judy's voice rose, as she turned away and began to pace the floor.

"I'll tell him some things that *you* don't even know," she cried. "I wasn't fourteen when I found places to hide out from the Gerry Society, and they weren't branches of the Old Ladies' Home, either. I'd tell you who was in them if the list wasn't so long."

Stopping suddenly, Judy hesitated and then whirled on Pell.

"You're a writer," she said. "Fill in the story. It isn't such an unusual one. However black a picture you make it, I'm going to play your play. So what do you think of that?"

Embarrassing as the scene had been, Pell was too well poised to appear ill at ease.

"I think that if you didn't play it, I'd be a most unfortunate fellow," he replied simply.

"I have a hunch that this project will end disastrously," De Sola snapped. "My hunches are usually good, so we shall see."

"If you're so pessimistic about it, why not release Miss Carroll for a season?" Pell suggested.

"Release Judy? I wouldn't think of it," said De Sola. Turning to Judy, he said: "I'd better go down a moment. Some reporters are waiting for more fairy stories."

"We'll be down shortly," said Judy.

Judy and Pell knew, before De Sola had left the room, that they were going to be friends. Judy liked this boyish young man, who seemed to be far too young to be a successful playwright. And Pell frankly admired her.

"His mother is fighting me behind my back," Judy cried. "Oh, De Sola, you've got to find Terry for me"

"I'm afraid you've been unfair to—yourself," said Judy. "De Sola's right. You are risking——"

"Utter nonsense," Pell cut in. "The play was written for you—— By the way, we haven't been introduced. I'm Terry Pell."

Judy smiled, saying softly: "I'm Judy Carroll." Then, motioning toward the door through which De Sola had disappeared, she said: "I don't want to go down there. Let's bolt."

"Bolt?"

"Hookey—go out and play," Judy explained. "I don't think I can stand any more of De Sola's gloom tonight."

"That," said Pell, "is an idea. A first-rate idea."

Pell's arm went around Judy's shoulder as he held her wrap for her, and Judy stood close to him, looking into his eyes for a long moment.

"You know, I like you, Terry Pell," she said.

"Just Terry," he said, "and—"

"—and Judy," she replied.

They fell in love, Judy and Terry Pell, fell in love beautifully, swiftly, completely. Terry told Judy about his unhappy marriage, about his hope of reconciliation, and about how that had failed. He told her, too, that he would be free in October and that he hoped then she would marry him.

They palled around together, everywhere in New York, and Judy would have been utterly happy except for the lurid headlines still keeping up in the papers. Terry ignored them. He

(*Continued on page 76*)

"You've given me a chance to do right," said Judy. "If you love me, Terry, you'll leave me now"

SHE acts dumb and makes you like it. She's a Hollywood hit and lives simply with her father, mother and husband. She wouldn't walk across the street for the finest sports that ever existed and her idea of a swell meal is a dish of potatoes. She's Una Merkel and you must read the story about her on the opposite page

Just an Old-Fashioned Girl

That's What Una Merkel Is, in Spite of Those Modern, Peppy Naughty Rôles She Plays

By DORA ALBERT

Even when Una was a little twelve-year-old girl she knew she wanted to be an actress

UNA MERKEL, the perky Southern comedienne you saw in "The Impatient Maiden," "Private Lives" and "The Red Headed Woman," has played some of the maddest comedy and spoken some of the most indigo-hued lines ever heard on the screen. On the screen she seems as modern as a jazz symphony. As fast as an auto racer. And as dizzy as a merry-go-round.

Recently I met Una. And I give you my word it was a shock. That Southern child who says things on the screen that make you want to blush out loud reminds you of nothing so much as moonlight and honeysuckle and a cottage with clambering vines over it. The real Una is just about as modern as a church hymn. As fast as a grandfather's clock that's stopped keeping time. And just about as dizzy as the Rock of Gibraltar.

I've always thought of her as a little girl. So do most people. Her friends speak of her as "little Una." Which ought to tell you a lot about her. Because she isn't little at all. She's five feet six inches tall.

"I guess," laughed Una, "my friends call me 'little Una' because they think I need protection or something. But I don't. I'm sure I could take care of myself in any situation."

But I'll bet most men don't think so. They probably take one look into Una's blue eyes, as clear as a lake on a sunny day, and maybe they feel like keeling over. But they don't, because after all they have to be there in case Una needs to lean on them.

Una is married to Ronald L. Burla, an aeronautical engineer. Which doesn't alter my point at all. Una is the marrying kind of girl. The men she went with always proposed marriage to her. They could tell by one look at Una that all-night parties and Una didn't go together.

Una was born in Covington, Kentucky, on December 10 about twenty-three years ago. Her father's people three generations back were of German stock; her mother was descended from the French and Irish.

Una's father was 20 and her mother 18 when they married. Her father was engaged to a girl in Norfolk, Virginia. He came up to Cincinnati to settle an inheritance that was due on his twenty-first birthday. Her mother was engaged to a boy in Covington and was visiting in Cincinnati, where she had been born. They met one night at a dance and it was all over—umph—like that. They decided to get married three days later.

Una's romance paralleled her mother's almost exactly. She met Ronald L. Burla at a party in Hollywood. She kept meeting him at parties, and was attracted by him. But she was a little afraid he'd never date her because he was so reserved. He thought she'd never go out with him because he didn't belong to the moving picture crowd. But finally he asked her. She was busy the day he called but let him take her home from a Thalian meeting about a week later. That's a club of young movie folks. The next night they had a date. The third night they decided to get married. They had gone with each other just six weeks when they did get married. And like her mother, Una was married on New Year's Eve. It was the twenty-seventh anniversary of her mother's wedding, and they had all gone to Mexico over New Year's Eve—her mother and father and Una and Ronald. And so they were married in Mexico.

Una Merkel is the gal's real name. She was named Una for two reasons. Her grandmother had known a French girl in New Orleans by that name whom she had liked very much. Una's birth gave her mother a great deal of trouble. The doctor told her that there could never be any other children after that. And so they named the little tow-headed baby Una, which means one in Latin. And she was an only child. But somehow

(*Cont'd on page* 86)

This Russell Hopton Chap

He's Charming. He's Unaffected. And He Proves You Don't Have to Be Spectacular to Be a Success

By FRANC DILLON

TEN years ago Russell Hopton was a film salesman, selling the celluloid charms of Carmel Myers, Mary Philbin, Reginald Denny and other Universal stars of that day. Today this same Russell Hopton occupies a star dressing room at the Universal Studio, has a nice, long, lucrative contract in his pocket and is creating a large fan following for himself. True, he's not a star.

"Just give me a part and let me do a little acting," he told Junior Laemmle. "I want to work. I don't care about the part." And that explains why you sometimes catch just a glimpse of Russell.

But even though some of his rôles are very short, Russell insists upon doing his acting on the screen or the stage. He absolutely refuses to conform to that good old Hollywood custom of acting on Hollywood Boulevard, at the Brown Derby, at Hollywood's many spectacular premières.

"I can see the Chinese Theater from my house," he says, "and when there is an opening there I sit on my front porch and smoke my pipe and watch the crowds of people getting their best shoes stepped on."

"We expect you at the opening of 'Back Street' tonight," I overheard a Universal executive tell Russell.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Russell stammered, "but I won't be in town. I'm going out on a fishing trip."

An enterprising press agent pulled a paper and pencil from his pocket and prepared to write a social item.

"Who is going?" he asked.

"Oh, just four fellows," Russell told him.

"But who?" the press agent persisted.

"I don't know their names," Russell told him. Then, noting the surprised look on the chap's face, he said, "Really, I don't know their names. One is a druggist, two of them are garage men and I don't know what the other fellow does. Maybe he is a bootlegger," he added hopefully.

"The day after I was born I decided to become an actor," Russell Hopton says

That lets you know what a social climber he is.

He is the only actor I ever saw stop and pick up a part of the camera equipment and carry it for an overloaded photographer. He hasn't any sense of his own importance. He hates being interviewed, and sits nervously moving about in his chair. He lights one cigarette after another, never smoking a whole one but flicking the ashes into a tray and immediately lighting another.

"The day after I was born I decided to become an actor," he told me. But his father, a conservative New York business man, decided otherwise. His mother agreed with father and heartily disapproved of acting as a profession for any member of the Hopton family.

When he was seventeen he ran away from school and joined the navy. That is, he did all he could about joining, until he learned it was necessary to have the consent of one of his parents.

Bursting into his father's office he laid a paper, carefully folded so that its identity could not be read, in front of his father.

"Sign this, Dad," he said.

"What is it?" the elder Hopton asked.

"Oh, it's just a paper. Sign it, Dad, please," he urged.

"Now wait a minute, young man," his father said. "I never sign anything without reading it first." He unfolded the paper and read it through. Then, to the utter surprise of Russell, he signed.

"There you are, son," he said. "But you can't get into the navy. You can't pass the physical examinations."

"But I've already passed them," he told his chagrined parent. "It's all settled. All I needed was your consent."

Russell stayed in the navy for three years and this he thanks for his deep voice.

"I was kidded a lot over my high, thin voice. I noticed that all of the officers had deep voices. Unconsciously I began to use my lower register."

That's Russell at the left in Universal's smash production, "Once in a Lifetime." He's surrounded by such picture stealers as Aline MacMahon, Jack Oakie and ZaSu Pitts, but not one scene do they get away from him!

When he returned from the navy, school loomed ahead of him. So he ran away again, this time to Florida. With three pals he set out on a hiking trip, determined to spend the winter in Miami. Their total cash assets amounted to $63. The trip was made on foot.

They started out gaily, carrying suitcases containing their extra clothes. Each day the suitcases grew heavier, so they decided to wear the clothes and send the suitcases on by express.

The last stretch of the journey was made on the brake beams, but they arrived in Miami in high and hungry spirits, six weeks from the day they left New York. They went to the express office to call for their suitcases and were immediately arrested and thrown into jail because three other fellows had robbed a bank and shipped the money to Miami in a suitcase.

"It didn't take us long to show them that there was no money in our suitcases and to establish our identity, but it was an experience," Russell said.

"The first place we went looking for a job was a restaurant because we knew we could eat there. We all got jobs washing dishes but I guess I was a bad dish washer because a few days later they made me head waiter. I worked in that restaurant until I had saved enough money to get back to New York by train.

"I tried to be a business man, really I did," he told me. "I tried real estate and I traveled for a furniture house, but I wasn't much of a success. I couldn't stop wanting to be an actor."

Then one day an advertisement in the paper caught his eye or, rather, one line of the ad attracted his notice. It read: "Must be willing to leave town." He answered it and got the job of selling films for the Universal Company.

"I was a very bad salesman, too," he confided to me, "but I quit before the company found it out."

After selling films he had the urge to act more than ever, so he came to Hollywood and got a job as property man at the United Artists Studio.

He stayed at this job for two years, finally being promoted to the position of second assistant to D. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith often called upon Russell to appear with actors when he was making tests of them. This meant that the back of his neck was being photographed every day or so. But D. W. Griffith is noted for discovering talent in the most unexpected places and he recognized in Russell, even in the back of his neck, the makings of an actor. He advised him to get some stage experience and then try the films. So Russell promptly resigned and got a job acting in a tent show. After the tent show, he joined a stock company in Long Beach and from there he went to Omaha, Nebraska, to apply for the job of leading man in a stock company there.

He got the job and stayed for twenty-five weeks. Then he flipped a coin to decide whether he would go back to New York or come West—and took the next train for Hollywood. He arrived here when a desperate theater manager needed a leading man for "Night Hostess."

"I always seem to happen in just at the right time," he said.

From there it was only a step into pictures. Remember "Arrowsmith"? "Once in a Lifetime"?

He's doing nicely. He has made eight pictures since January. He is married, happily, to a non-professional.

"She's stood for me for five years," he adds. "And my family doesn't think that actors are so terrible now."

He wants to be a good director some day but now he is content with being just a good actor.

ERIC LINDEN, who really belongs to RKO, made his greatest hit recently in "Life Begins" for Warner's. Now he's being farmed out to Universal to play opposite Universal's own little favorite star, Sidney Fox, in "Merry Go Round." There's certainly something very satisfactory about young love scenes played by really young people, isn't there?

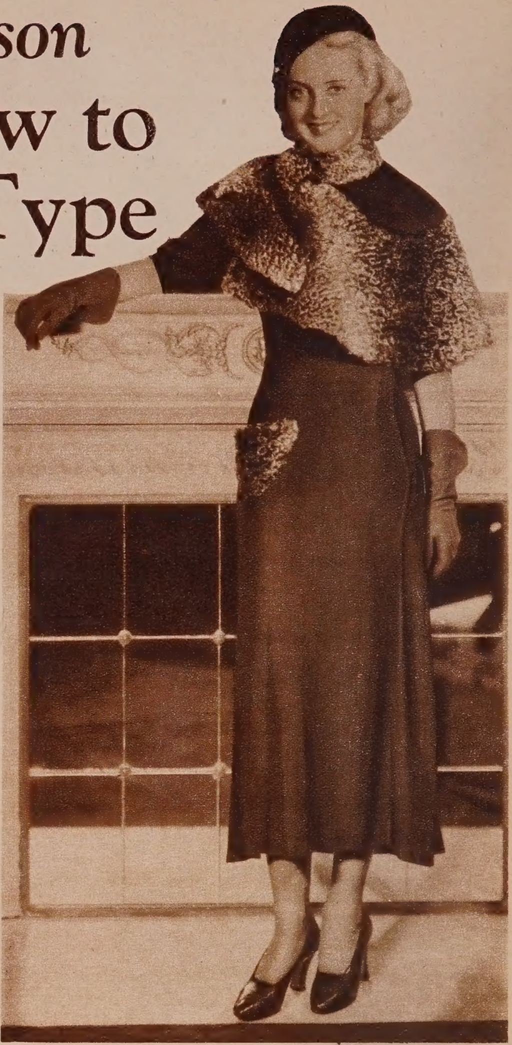
IT'S moments like this that make good pictures—and young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has the dandy little picture he's long deserved in "Scarlet Dawn." By way of making sure it would be right for him, the smart lad wrote most of the script himself and had Nancy Carroll, a star in her own right, cast as his leading lady

Annette Simpson
Tells You How to Dress Your Type

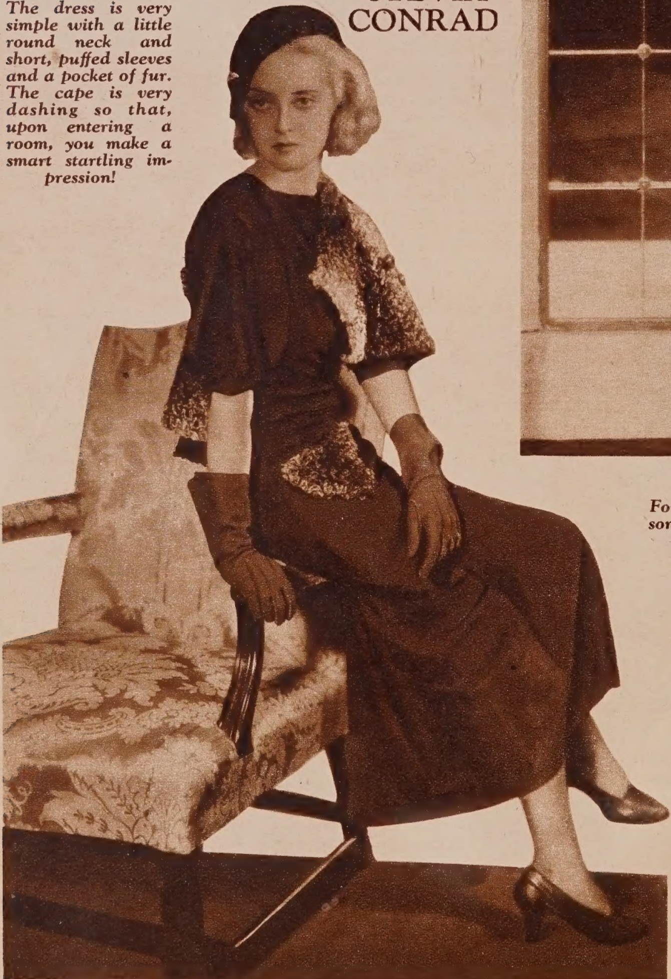
America's Greatest Designer Models Several Dresses on Bette Davis and Tells You How You Can Adapt Them to Your Own Wardrobe

(*All costumes designed by Annette Simpson exclusively for Bette Davis and photographed exclusively for* Movie Mirror)

By
SYLVIA CONRAD



For a slim blonde like Bette Davis, Mrs. Simpson designs this chic costume in gray silk jersey trimmed with black astrakhan fur

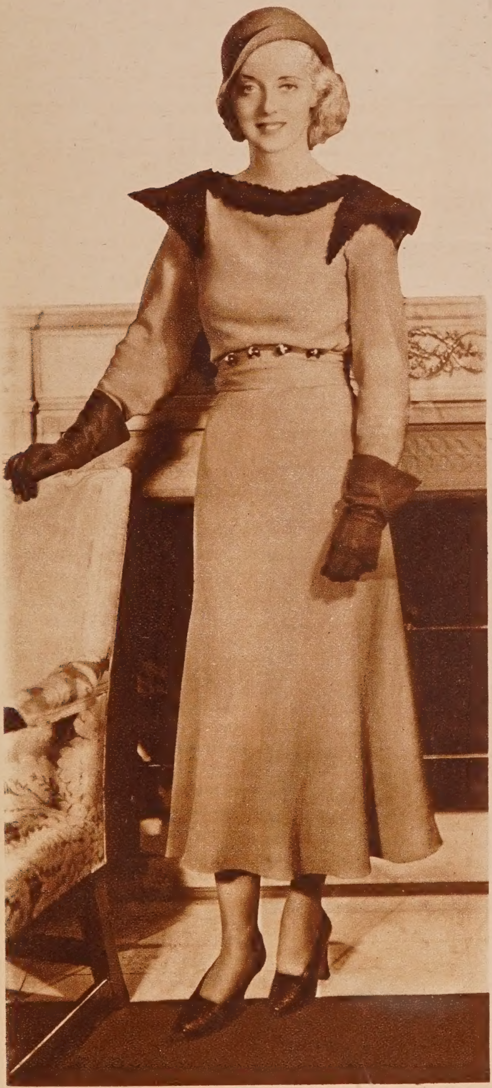


The dress is very simple with a little round neck and short, puffed sleeves and a pocket of fur. The cape is very dashing so that, upon entering a room, you make a smart startling impression!

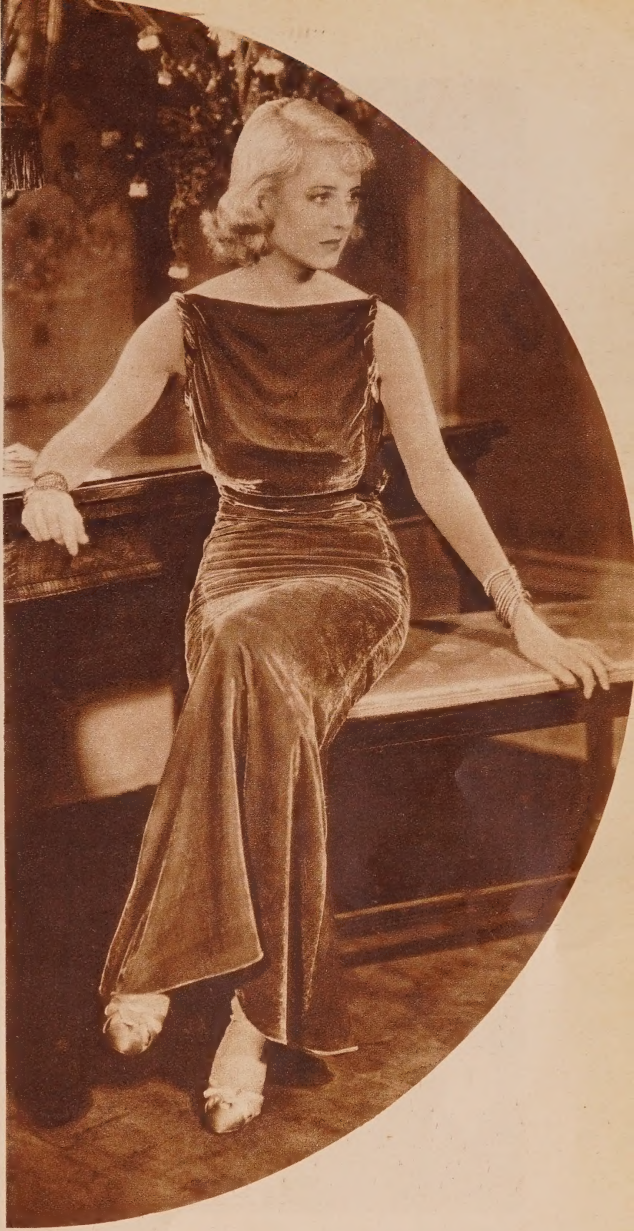
WITH a few bolts of material, a package of pins and a pair of scissors Annette Simpson, America's greatest designer, sat down unconcernedly in a crowded hotel room and designed these gowns right on Bette Davis. With a snip here and a snip there she designed three dresses and the shoes to go with them! All the time she cut and fit the dresses she sat there talking to Bette, telling her what jewelry to wear with them. Then at the end of an hour she gathered her scissors, her bolts of material and her package of pins and left. Only a genius would dare be as simple and unpretentious as that.

The photographs you see here don't show—no photographs could—the amazing "umph" these dresses had on Bette. They don't show how they brought out the pearly whiteness of her skin or the lights in her hair. They don't show how elegant the fabrics really were. But still you can see that they have that Certain Something!

Mrs. Simpson designed three dresses. A dress for street wear (page 56) of gray rayon jersey with black and gray astrakhan fur. It has a cape to go with it, so that you can wear it on the street without a coat. Then there's the dress below that you and you and you could wear perfectly well to business. It's of a red heavy silk crepe with black Persian lamb trimming at the neck. Crepe croquinol it's called, and the material is all the rage this fall and winter. There's the evening gown, too, the kind that a young girl usually only dreams about—of velvet, in the new shade that's known as citron gelate, which is a sort of olivey green. Mrs. Simpson designed a cape to go with it so that you could wear such a gown in the restaurant when dining, as well as at the swankiest dances.



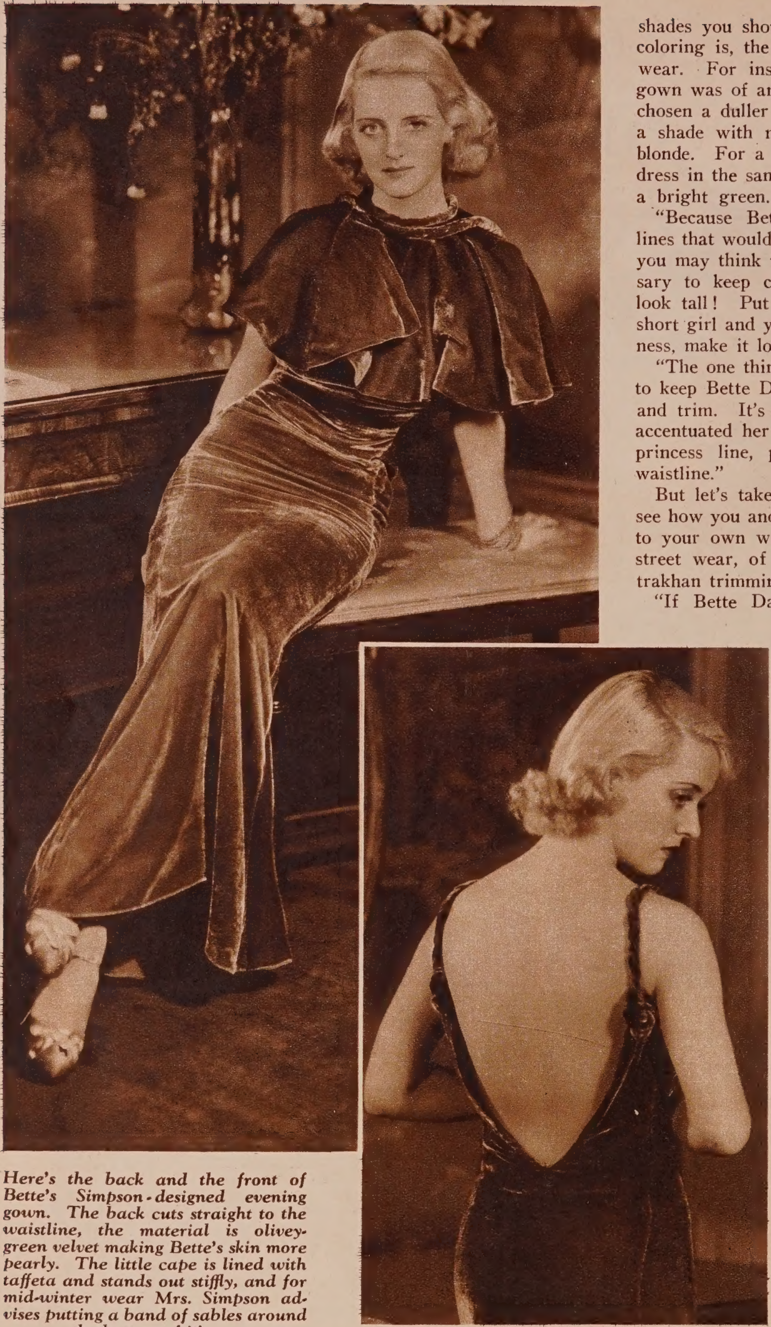
The newest fall clothes emphasize the wide shoulder line. Mrs. Simpson made Bette this charming town dress in heavy red crepe—red is only for blondes, she insists—with epaulets of Persian lamb



Isn't this a demure looking evening gown until you notice how very, very tight the hipline is—and until you see the back of it on the next page to this!

I asked her why she chose these particular materials, lines and colors for Bette Davis—and her answer shows just how a girl can dress her type.

Bette Davis is a blonde—but she's neither a platinum blonde nor a golden blonde—she's just in between. She has a pearly sort of skin, and her eyes light up when she smiles. She's rather petite, only five feet 3½ inches



Here's the back and the front of Bette's Simpson-designed evening gown. The back cuts straight to the waistline, the material is olivey-green velvet making Bette's skin more pearly. The little cape is lined with taffeta and stands out stiffly, and for mid-winter wear Mrs. Simpson advises putting a band of sables around the bottom of it!

tall, and she weighs 106 pounds. Her figure is perfect for her type—she has broad shoulders, a tapering waist and the silhouette of a Dresden figure.

"I tried to give her colorings that would give her a setting," said Mrs. Simpson. "There's something about her hair and her eyes that lights up. It's important not to pick clothes that'll detract from that. I picked colors that would give her hair and skin an iridescent look. The more blonde your own coloring is, the duller the shades you should wear. The stronger your coloring is, the stronger the shades you can wear. For instance, Bette Davis's evening gown was of an olivey green. I would have chosen a duller shade for a platinum blonde, a shade with more life to it for a golden blonde. For a brunette, if I were making a dress in the same color, I would have chosen a bright green.

"Because Bette Davis is petite, I chose lines that would make her taller looking. And you may think this a paradox, but it's necessary to keep clothes short to make a girl look tall! Put a long sweeping dress on a short girl and you only emphasize her petiteness, make it look a bit ridiculous, in fact.

"The one thing I had to be careful of was to keep Bette Davis's waistline looking small and trim. It's so small—less than a 12. I accentuated her small waistline by using the princess line, pulling the dress in at the waistline."

But let's take the dresses one by one, and see how you and you and you can adapt them to your own wardrobe. First the dress for street wear, of gray cloth with a black astrakhan trimming.

"If Bette Davis's waistline were not so slim," said Mrs. Simpson, "I would have cut the dress at the normal waistline and put a belt on it.

"The new silhouette calls for that broad shoulder look. Bette Davis's shoulders are naturally broad, so I emphasized that by the use of the cape and the puff at the sleeves. If the shoulders weren't naturally broad, I would have accentuated the shoulder line by making it wider.

"For a plump woman I would have used a thinner, more silky fabric. I might have eliminated the pocket if she wanted me to.

"For a platinum blonde instead of using gray with black fur I would have used dove gray with gray astrakhan fur. You see, the principle I told you about applies—that the blonder your own coloring, the duller and softer the colors you must wear. For a golden blonde I would have used rust brown cloth with brown fur. For a brunette I would have used black cloth with black fur or gray cloth with brown fur. For a red-headed girl I would have used brown cloth with brown fur."

Now let's take the silk dress that Mrs. Simpson designed for Bette. The dress is of red silk crepe croquinol with black Persian lamb. Mrs. Simpson wanted colors that would keep Bette looking youthful. The red she chose had just enough orange in it to make Bette's skin look pearly white.

(*Continued on page* 83)

YES, it's Norma Shearer in a blonde wig in the first scenes of "Smilin' Through," where she plays a lovelorn maiden of the Victorian days. Fredric March, borrowed from Paramount, plays her lover. But that's not all. Norma has four leading men in the picture, Freddie, Leslie Howard, Ralph Forbes and O. P. Heggie! Then in later scenes she goes modern and plays her own granddaughter! Doesn't this wonder girl just get everything in her pictures?

He's Lost a Million Dollars —*But his charity keeps right on*

You'll Love Wally Beery More Than Ever After Reading this Amazing Story

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

TODAY after twenty-four years in motion pictures, and in spite of the fact that he is rated as one of the greatest box-office bets in the industry, Wally Beery is a poor man. In the last three years he has suffered one misfortune after another, has lost more than a million dollars and has seen all of his plans for a comfortable future washed out.

The industry feels sorry for him. When his name is mentioned, the comment is:

"Poor Wally!"

That's a waste of words. Waste no sympathy on him. He wastes none on himself. I think, all in all, he is one of the happiest men I've ever met. He doesn't think about himself. He thinks about others.

There are a dozen or so men and women in Los Angeles today who owe their lives to Wally Beery. Next year, the year after, and the year after that, this number will increase, living monuments to a quiet, personal charity. To me, a beautiful charity.

Those who are brought back from the shadows of certain death will know that they are alive because of Wally Beery. No one else will. Because Wally won't talk about what he has done, what he is doing, as he wages a personal war against the most dread of all human diseases—cancer.

Recently, when I worked with him on his life story, which appeared in Movie Mirror some months ago, I got an inkling of his charitable work. At that time, he said to me:

"I can't go organized

Wally Beery and Carol Anne, his adopted daughter. "The kid's nuts about me. Can you figure that out?" asks Wally

The Painted Woman (Fox)

You'll See: *Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, William Boyd, Irving Pichel, Raul Roulien.*
It's About: *A light o' love lady who finds real love at last, and murders a man to protect that love.*

If it does nothing else, "The Painted Woman" proves that Peggy Shannon is something more than just a lovely red-head with a swell figure. She has one of those running-the-gamut assignments in this film, and she turns in a startling good performance.

Most of the good work of the cast is nullified in one of those murder-courtroom-happy ending concoctions that scenarists throw together in a hurry. Spencer Tracy is effective as the man loved by the lady with a past. William Boyd is very, very menacing as the former lover.

The supporting cast is uniformly good, but Peggy Shannon is the real surprise package. Some day she'll get a good story, and then watch out.

The most gripping and unusual of all subjects—life in a maternity ward—is handled with the greatest depth and perfection in "Life Begins"

Elissa Landi needs a good story badly, but she doesn't get it in "Passport To Hell." It's just another one of those yarns about what happens to a lady outcast from society

✓✓ Life Begins (First National)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon, Eric Linden, Glenda Farrell, Preston Foster, Clara Blandick, Vivienne Osborne, Frank McHugh.*
It's About: *The most important thing in the world—child-birth, and the characters you meet in the maternity ward of a big hospital.*

"Once in a Lifetime" is a howl, and you'd better not miss it. It's the maddest and best satire ever produced about the goofy things that happen in Hollywood

So beautifully, so tenderly is this story told that you never realize that the subject is sensational or daring.

The picture tells you that motherhood places all women on the same level. You meet the little convict girl who is taken from prison to the hospital, and who gives her life that her baby may be born. You see the chorus girl who wants to sell her baby, and then learns to love it. You'll cry when she sings it a lullaby—the only song she can think of is "Frankie and Johnnie." There is the woman who has had many children—and the girl who is having her first.

This reviewer has seldom seen a more gripping picture. It touches the very depths of pathos, but there is gentle humor, too.

Eric Linden gives an unforgettable performance as the father of "the prison baby." Loretta Young, as the little convict girl, is sincere and appealing but is handicapped by limitations in the rôle. Glenda Farrell comes near stealing the picture as the chorus girl, and Aline MacMahon, as the sharp-tongued but warm-hearted nurse, is a brilliant presence. The action, incidentally, never leaves the atmosphere of the maternity ward.

It's astounding. It's smashing drama—and it's an education.

Passport to Hell (Fox)

You'll See: *Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Warner Oland, Alexander Kirkland.*
It's About: *One of those shady ladies, with good intentions, but causing a lot of trouble in the tropics.*

Did you ever see a picture that Jackie Cooper couldn't steal? He even walks away with all the honors in "Divorce in the Family," stealing it from picture stealer Lewis Stone

Can't somebody write a good story for Elissa Landi? This interesting English girl has struggled through so many dismal, dramatic swamps that she really deserves something pretty elegant by way of reward.

"Passport to Hell" hasn't anything new to offer. Here again is the lady outcast from good society. She travels from one jungle outpost to another, and from one man to another. She finally marries a German lad to escape a prison camp. Paul Lukas arrives in the story, and then comes the dawn of a great love. From that moment on everyone suffers in a big way.

We hate to say it, but Elissa's characterization does not ring true in several sequences—but that is the fault of the story. Paul Lukas is charming as usual, and Alexander Kirkland is nice—even if he *does* suffer a bit laboriously.

✓✓ Once in a Lifetime (Universal)

You'll See: *Jack Oakie, Sidney Fox, Aline MacMahon, Russell Hopton, ZaSu Pitts, Louise Fazenda, Gregory Ratoff, Onslow Stevens, Robert McWade, Jobyna Howland, Claudia Morgan, Gregory Gaye, Eddie Kane, Johnnie Morris, Frank La Rue, Earl McCarthy, Deacon Daniels, Mona Maris, Carol Tevis.*

It's About: *A young man who was so dumb that he became a Hollywood genius.*

Now get ready to laugh! "Once in a Lifetime" is every bit as funny on the screen as it was on the stage—and that is anything but damning with faint praise. It is the maddest satire on the whoop-de-do that is Hollywood ever written. Best of all, this wild burlesque is fairly good natured, and no one can get mad.

It's all there—the playwright who waits and waits for a conference with the producer, and says one of the funniest and most daring lines ever heard on the screen . . . the dumb vaudevillian who becomes a "big shot" . . . and cracks beechnuts all through a picture . . . the sound track picks it up and it sounds like the Battle of the Marne. The comedy is rapid in tempo and mounts to a furious crescendo of humor.

From every standpoint, writing, directing, acting, the picture comes perilously close to being that rara avis, a perfect screen play.

Jack Oakie is a riot as the dumbster who is hailed as a genius. Aline MacMahon is magnificent as his sarcastic girl friend. Aline, by the way, should get some kind of medal for turning in two bang-up performances this month. Gregory Ratoff is swell as Glogauer, the producer. ZaSu Pitts gets all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's plush horse as the secretary. Bouquets should also be tossed to Louise Fazenda, Sidney Fox, Russell Hopton and Jobyna Howland.

Heigh-ho! "The Crooner" is the first picture to dramatize the love life of a lad behind the megaphone, and it's great comedy. David Manners is swell

George Brent and Ruth Chatterton (Mrs. Brent) are together again in "The Crash"; but George is miscast as a weakling

"Once in a Lifetime" is a howl. It's a panic. It's a riot. You just don't dare miss it, that's all.

Divorce in the Family (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jackie Cooper, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, David Newell, Jane Parker, Lawrence Grant, Richard Wallace.*

It's About: *Jackie Cooper is a child of divorce—and we don't need to say more.*

This is the story that was originally titled "Father and Sons."

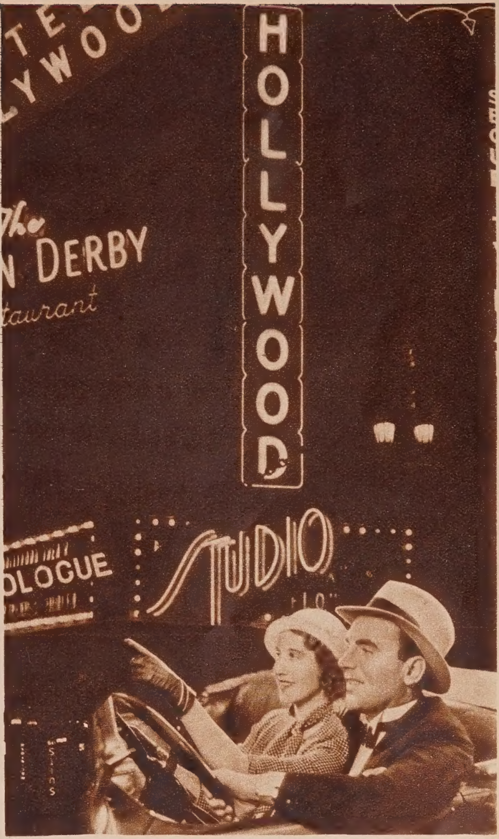
That tried and true veteran of all child thespians, Master Jackie Cooper, just wraps up the picture and pockets the honors. The boy could probably play a spear-carrier and steal "The Merchant of Venice" from Shylock and gentle Portia.

Maybe it's just a routine program picture, but "Divorce in the Family" is as human as it can be. And there's a nice balance between the smiles and ye olde heart throbs. The kids will love it, and ma and pa will enjoy the show, too.

"Thirteen Women" is rather disappointing, though Myrna Loy gives an intriguing performance. The book was ever so much more exciting than the picture

Edward G. Robinson's new picture, "Tiger Shark," is something to be thrilled about. It has a swell cast headed by Robinson and Dick Arlen, and it's real red blooded drama

Lewis Stone, suave and polished as ever, is fine as the scientist who allows his career to wreck his home. Conrad Nagel, working against a difficult rôle, makes step-papa most sympathetic, and Lois Wilson is gracious and graceful, as Jackie's momma.



"Hollywood Speaks" is a lurid and silly film with Genevieve Tobin miscast as an actress who'll do anything for film success

✓ The Crooner (First National)

You'll See: *David Manners, Ann Dvorak, Ken Murray, Guy Kibbee, Claire Dodd, Allen Vincent, Edward J. Nugent.*

It's About: *A down at the heels orchestra leader who finds a megaphone, becomes a famous crooner and develops "bigheaditis."*

Without laying any particular pretensions to being the super-super screen smash of the year, "The Crooner" is surprisingly entertaining. It dramatizes the life of one of those gilded young men who whisper passionate love ditties into rhinestone-studded megaphones. And it is played with a refreshing tongue-in-cheek manner.

David Manners is grand as the nice college boy who becomes the answer to the maidens' prayer. Manners had the courage to lose the sympathy of his audience throughout most of the picture. As the famous crooner he's the most conceited fellow you've seen since matinée idols had the ladies swooning in the aisles. He also reveals that he is an excellent light comedian, and doesn't have to confine his acting to the romantic clinches. He's a combination of all the crooners you can think of, and he plays the rôle for all it's worth.

Why Ann Dvorak should be placed in one of those namby-pamby, gaga heroine rôles is a deep, dark mystery to most people. Ken Murray almost steals the show as the big time press agent, and Claire Dodd is the society deb who tells the crooner where he can go.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Warren William is just as wise and amused and cynical off screen as on, yet his private life romance is a beautiful and lasting one

He Cried His Way into Pictures

The Suave Warren William Started as a Weeper. Producers Thought It was Art—and It was Really Because the Light Hurt His Eyes!

By ADA WHITNEY

HOLLYWOOD loves to pigeon-hole people. You know—Garbo the mysterious; Joan Crawford—the reformed hey-hey girl; Dietrich—a second Garbo; Sari Maritza, a pocket edition of Dietrich, and so forth. And so it was inevitable that when Warren William, a calm, self-possessed young man with cool blue eyes, suddenly panicked fans in "The Mouthpiece," "The Dark Horse" and other pictures, Hollywood should try to catalogue him. Having the cool nonchalance of Ronald Colman and the suave sex appeal of John Barrymore, he was a little difficult to tag. But Hollywood made short shrift of that. It labelled him "The Most Dangerous Man in Hollywood" and also "The Man Without a Heart." Quite a combination that!

Certainly Warren William gave every evidence of possessing a heart in such pictures as "The Honor of the Family" and "The Mouthpiece." But maybe that was all acting. I decided to ask him about it. I expected that he would get all burned up about it and declare his love for mother, home, the kiddies and what have you.

But did Warren William? He did not. He merely lifted slightly amused eyebrows and said, "Why, I thought the article made interesting reading."

"But is it true? Are you a man without a heart?"

"Oh, I hear occasional rumblings in that region," Warren William said dryly. Now what can you do with a man like that?

As for Hollywood calling him its most dangerous man, he again lifts that cynical, amused eyebrow. "Don't they call everyone that?" he parries.

Nothing apparently worries him. He takes nothing too seriously. I don't believe that 50,000 Hollywood sirens and the state militia could shake him out of his tremendous self-possession. Whether he has a heart or not he doesn't wear it on his sleeve. I don't believe that Hollywood's most charming women would ever be able to spoil him. Somewhere in his life he has acquired balance and the kind of civilized poise that we usually label Continental. He is cool, impersonal and reserved.

Two of Warners' very best bets, Mr. William—don't add an "s" to his name—and Bette Davis leering at each other in "The Dark Horse"

Actually, for all his tremendous polish, he was born of a middle class family in the town of Aitkin, Minnesota. His father was the publisher of a newspaper called the *Aitkin Independent,* and later after a merger, the *Aitkin Independent Age and Independent.*

Warren William was the third child in a family of four—one older brother who is now dead and two sisters, one older than he and one younger. The date was December 2, 1894. Incidentally, Warren is one of the few movie stars who makes no bones about naming the year he was born. His real name was Warren William Krech. Some people pronounced it Crick, some Creck and some Creek, and so finally during his stage career Warren dropped the Krech altogether so that people would remember his name. Now they call him Warren Williams. That is the only thing that bothers him. That makes him peevish.

Warren's father was of German descent, his mother English. Warren went to the grammar grades and high school in Aitkin. Then he was stumped. He didn't know what kind of work he wanted to do. He had no great Big Urge. But he did think he'd like to be an engineer. Contrary to printed stories, his father and he had no raging quarrel about this. Or any quarrel at all. His father would have been glad to have Warren work with him on his newspaper, but he was perfectly willing for Warren to do anything he wanted to. He even tried to get Warren an appointment to West Point. But mathematics proved the lad's big stumbling point. Warren says he was always dumb in mathematics, and never could look an equation in the face. So there he was, trying to find some way of making a living and not knowing how. Though he was excellent in English, the idea of being a writer never occurred to him. Since that time he has often started to write plays but has never finished one. He says he procrastinates terribly.

In school he'd appeared in several amateur shows and people had seemed to like him in them. In one show he'd played a bum, and that tickled his fancy for some reason. He doesn't know exactly why. So he up and went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. In due course of time he graduated and got a job with a small repertory company in Brooklyn. He gave two shows a week and got $5 a performance.

It was about this time that the War broke out. Underneath that calm, suave exterior of his the desire for adventure urged him on. Warren wanted to go on the air corps and tried to enlist with the Lafayette Esquadrille. They turned him down. Warren didn't know why at the time, but a friend who'd been on the French side later told him it was because of that last name of his—Krech. The French didn't want the suspicion of anyone German in their air forces.

Then Warren tried to get on a submarine chaser. Again he was turned down, this time because he was 40 lbs. underweight.

After that, he said, "I lay back and let it go." The one thing Warren didn't want to do was to join the infantry. He was drafted for it. He spent a year in training camps at home and a year abroad. And while he was in a training camp waiting to go overseas he met The Girl. She was Helen Nelson, a redhead from Minnesota, and she knew his sister. They came down to the camp together, and when Warren William saw her, something went click. They corresponded with each other while he was overseas. And met again when he came back. If you ask Warren William anything about his love life, he'll say, "One thing led to another and we were married." They were married on January 11, about nine years ago and they are still married. Which is some sort of a Hollywood record.

Now most actors, when they are as successful as Warren in pictures, are surrounded by all sorts of sycophants and beautiful Hollywood maidens who worship success and flatter them; and the first thing you know the wife might just as well start filing divorce papers. I don't believe that will ever happen to Warren. His eyes are the eyes of a man who knows and understands. No other woman will ever get to first base with him, I believe. His wife happens to be the woman he loves.

Anyway, to get back to his career, after Warren got back from the war, he got a job in a stock company in Erie, Pa., playing everything from bits to hero rôles. But for some reason he was a flop there. He didn't learn the lines for his parts fast enough. On the stage he blew up in his lines. Forgot them completely. Things got to such a state that at Christmas the company presented him with a tin toy airplane with a tag on it—"Not To Be Used On The Stage."

(*Continued on page* 85)

SPEAK *for* YOURSELF

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

O. K., Marquis Busby?

Well, with Greta (gone home) Garbo in Sweden don't s'pose there'll be anything for movie columnists to write about . . . or will *there* dash question mark and stop . . . pul-eeze explain why Florence (Ronnie's sister in "The Devil To Pay") Britton isn't given the break she rightfully deserves stop . . . Three cheers for the flicker couple who are dearest in the hearts of the fans Bebe (regular) Daniels and Ben (proud papa) Lyon exclamation point stop . . . We (The Claudette Colbert Fans) join with Movie Mirror in wishing Paramount would give Claudette (eyes) Colbert a story worthy of her talent . . . she hasn't had one since "Honor Among Lovers" . . .

What with Ruth (ex-Forbes) Chatterton and Loretta (ex-Withers) Young both seemingly sharing the affections of George Brent, 'pears as though we'll have another Pantages-Bennett-Considine affair on our hands dash two exclamation marks and pul-eeze stop . . . It's a dollar to a doughnut that Constance (high-hat) Bennett had to practice more for that awkward test in "What Price Hollywood?" than for any other scene stop . . . Fan opinion has it that Ann (studio revolt) Dvorak, Bette (eye-lashes) Davis and Jill (sophisticate) Esmond are the most promising of newcomers stop.

Corinne Noble,
Sarasota, Fla.

THE $10 LETTER

Why We All Love a Good Cry

After witnessing a wonderful piece of acting by Barbara Stanwyck recently, and then seeing Richard Barthelmess in "Alias the Doctor" I asked myself this question: Why do I always feel better after seeing a picture that makes me feel the tragedy of life, when I really went for amusement? I'll tell you why: it's because life is shown to us through the movies in all its moments, light, dark, supremely triumphant, funny. The movies are little windows, giving us glimpses of life, and making us realize that we are gaining courage thereby to go out and win our particular battle, as our favorite hero or heroine does. So, today, we gain courage, wisdom laughter, and understanding along with amusement.

Lillian N. Lees,
Fall River, Mass.

This is your department. **You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Move Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

$1.00 LETTER

These Terrible Shorts

"Don't come to Hollywood," we are warned. "Thousands of beautiful women try to crash the studio gates, only to be turned away." With such abundance of beauty and talent to select from we wonder at the terrible specimens producers force upon us in short subjects and serials.

Let's drop in at the neighborhood theatre. First a musical featurette. The audience applauds when it is over—simply because it *is* over. The "star" couldn't even carry a tune, yet she strutted and sang with an air of self-satisfaction that brought laughter from the audience. Her face and figure smacked of third rate vaudeville.

The serial creates further occasion for laughter and wise-cracking. The leading lady's looks wouldn't scare the baby, but we wonder that she gets paid for displaying them. Her acting, however, is worse than her looks. It obviously *is* acting. Fear, anger, love, hate, she portrays all emotions, all with the same effect—laughter.

Only one conclusion remains. The warning has been too effective. The talented, the beautiful have taken it to heart and gone other places than Hollywood, or why this undeserved dumping upon the public of ordinary-looking ham actresses?

Clifford Smith,
Lincoln, Neb.

$1.00 LETTER

Just Some Movie Magic

Where can one buy those electric light switches that they use in the talkies? You know, those "snapless" switches. The kind that the actor touches and lo and behold there is light without that nerve-shattering click. Clever, these Hollywoodians!

It must be admitted that it does seem inconsistent for a character's breathing to sound like a cyclone, while the snapping of a switch is silent. Boy, but wouldn't they be handy around two A. M.?

I suppose this all seems trivial, but wouldn't it be fun, as long as boners are the rage, for the movie fans to send in *their* talkie boners?

F. E. Bell,
Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 LETTER

The Best Gable Letter of the Month

I can tell you what's wrong with the Gable rôles lately. We don't object to seeing them make a perfect gentleman nor a "great lover" of him, but we do resent their making him out a sap! In the first place, he's not a leading man; he's star material and should have stories written for and around him just as Garbo, Beery and Dressler do. Now he was good in "Possessed" (and you must admit he's something to look at in dress clothes) because he had something on his mind besides Joan—a good political scrap. But that part in "Strange Interlude" shouldn't be for him. Leslie Howard or Fredric March could do it because, with all due respect to their ability, we never expect them to be exciting.

Anyone with the character in his face that Gable has isn't going to walk around after a woman feeling sorry for himself. As Norma said in "A Free Soul": "Men of action are better in action." Please, M-G-M, give us back Clark Gable.

"Old Time Fan,"
Pontiac, Mich.

$1.00 LETTER

When Newsreels Are a Bore

There ought to be a law against newsreels, or newsreels as they are at present. While the pesky thing is being shown, I fidget and ask myself futilely why newsreels can't be ditched and a cartoon or novelty shown instead. But the newsreels continue and far be it from my power to stop them.

Perhaps some people enjoy them. But to me, it has become a terrible bore to view three or four "different" newsreels a week. "Different" only in that they are released by different companies, otherwise almost identically the same.

Newsreels could be made interesting. They are not at present. Can't something me done about it?

Lewis H. Colson.
Guilford, Maine.

$1.00 LETTER

Victims of Stardom

Is it written indelibly in the books that every man and woman who attains stardom must pass through a gruelling period of poor stories and impossible casting, that no star ever escapes it?

Is it fair to the star, after climbing steadily and surely to success, to be rudely dropped into an inferior picture?

I am speaking of the present victim—the gifted Barbara Stanwyck. Her latest picture, "The Purchase Price," is a sad let-down to her former triumphs. Miss Stanwyck is miscast and her fine dramatic talent wasted.

Nothing tears down the popularity of a star more than poor pictures. Don't brand Barbara Stanwyck with another one. "Illicit," "Night Nurse," "Forbidden," and "So Big" speak for themselves.

Give her what she deserves—she's earned it!

Ruth A. Wood,
Portland, Oregon.

"Tarzan" Answers

I have just read the "Tarzan Questions" of Mrs. Irene Magyar Almstedt, which appeared in the August issue of your beautiful magazine.

I'll admit the picture wasn't very definite about certain details, but then everyone who is at all human knows all about Tarzan anyhow.

I'll also admit that I didn't pay much attention to these certain details. For after tiring of seeing these barrel-chested, would-be super-men who have played Tarzan in the past and after despairing of ever seeing the Tarzan I know and love, it *does* sound logical that I would forget details when I see my own Tarzan come to life in the person of Johnny Weissmuller, doesn't it?

Evidently, Mrs. Almstedt has never read any of the Tarzan books. I thought everyone knew that Tarzan got his knife from the cabin where his father and mother lived until they were killed by the apes—and that he made it his special duty to keep that knife bright and shining, and that he cut his own hair with this same knife because it got in his way so.

I can't say about the teeth-marks after the fight, as I really didn't notice the lack of them. Also, I didn't see the trapeze bars. It seemed to me he was just swinging gracefully through the trees. Also, he *wasn't* supposed to be swinging by vines. Tarzan swung himself from tree to tree by his own strength and agility. Well, Mrs. Almstedt, are you satisfied?

L. M. D.,
Welch, W. Va.

(*Continued on page* 79)

The Brown Derby

The Brown Derby where the autograph hounds congregate and where the stars come to see and be seen

Luncheon Becomes an Industry

In Hollywood You Even Work While You Eat—but Here's the Lowdown on What the Stars Really Order

By CLARK ANDREWS

IN no place else in the world is luncheon as important as it is in Hollywood today. In all other places it is a meal. In the film capital it is an event.

With bars being erected as they have been during the past two years, the luncheon hour is the only time during which the public can actually get within speaking distance of its idols. So the public flocks to lunch.

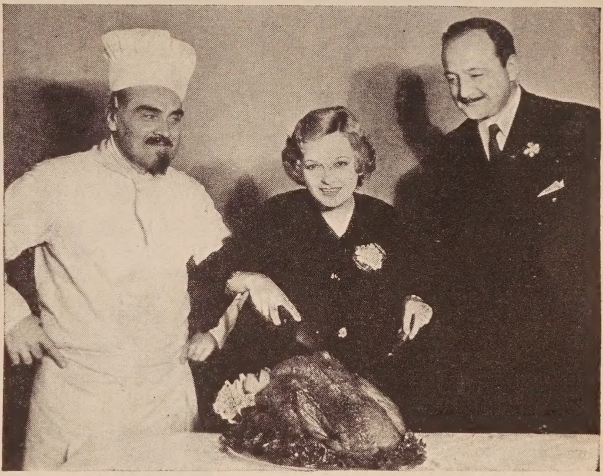
The stars want to be seen by the public, and so they do a bit of flocking themselves. They know they'll be seen by rival players, executives and friends, and they dress their best, act their best.

And the restaurants—the right places, of course—are cleaning up as Hollywood goes on parade between twelve and two.

Within the last month two special policemen have been installed at the entrance of the Hollywood Brown Derby, in Vine Street, to keep a crowd of from one to three hundred star-gazers from mobbing their favorites. At Levy's Tavern, across the street, another policeman performs a similar function. The Roosevelt Roof, at the other end of Hollywood, is getting its share of the business as sightseers pack the lobbies. The Assistance League, a charitable organization which gives its profits to the worthy needy, actually asks the stars to be guests of honor so that the palpitating public will come, stare and eat!

As traffic is blocked and slowed from time to time in front of the emporiums, strange things are seen. Stars in tailored suits, wearing *all* their diamonds, for instance. Autograph hunters dodging from the paths of approaching juggernauts as they sprint to stars with pens and books in hands. Panhandlers asking the Tashmans, the

The Paramount lunchroom, right on the lot. No outsider can get in, for the place is always crowded with celebrities



The Fox lot has the grandest dining room, really French, and presided over by chef Karl Maier and steward Luigi Lisserani, here shown with little Marian Nixon

Crawfords, and the Dietrichs for a dime.

Inside, more autograph hunters—this autograph racket used to be a pastime, but it's reaching the proportions of a national disease—spilling soup into the laps of noncombatants as they dash after still more autographs. Dowagers staring through lorgnettes, flappers giggling and ogling, head waiters snapping their fingers and sending waiters darting hither and yon.

The nearest that the situation has come to turning into a riot was when Gary Cooper, Countess Dentice di Frasso, Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore and Mary Pickford walked into the Brown Derby together. The party was panic-stricken. After the meal Doug pleaded with Nick Janios, the head-waiter, for protection. They scooted into corners and dodged this way and that with waiters forming a flying wedge. But Doug, out of force of habit, reached for one autograph book, and the near-riot started all over again.

The Vine Street Derby is a huge oblong room—it isn't shaped like a derby at all, for that's Derby No. 1 on Wilshire Boulevard—containing fifty or more tables. These are in the center, with booths flanking three walls. Getting any kind of a seat at all is a slow job. If you aren't known to Nick, you stand with a hundred or so other people waiting your turn. If you are known or are a star, you are seated immediately in a booth, marked "reserved." No self-respecting star will accept a seat at a table. If you are a wild-eyed flapper or a dolled up dowager or three business men from Minneapolis, you sit in the center of the room and gape at the booths.

The business of eating here is relatively unimportant. Executives plan deals, writers plan stories, directors plan casts, and Nick plans to murder the out-of-towners who demand to know the name of the fellow who looks like Chevalier. The Tashmans, the Kay Francises, the Ruth Chattertons and the Ina Claires, preened and beautiful in stunning new creations, are setting styles for Hollywood and the world. Dates are made. Parties are planned. Gossip is rampant.

I got Nick into a corner at five o'clock, when things were quiet. He wouldn't talk about table manners, temperaments and trying situations. This athletic young diplomat has had his job for almost five years and wants to keep it.

"Most of the gossip of Hollywood comes out of here," he admitted. "It's a sort of clearing house. A 'Grand Hotel.' There are always three or four reporters here. They table wander, talk to their friends, gather their news. This news-gathering is an industry within an industry. It starts at a table and goes around the world. Sometimes the reporters don't even have to ask questions. They just look. George Brent and Ruth Chatterton walked in together and they had a story. They had another yarn when Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor appeared together after their divorce. Most romances

Fine BOOKS
Al. Levy's Tavern
Tavern

Al Levy's Tavern is popular with the writers and the musicians of Hollywood. Levy knows exactly what everyone likes to eat best

Nick, the head waiter of the Brown Derby, is a diplomat. The stars clamor for his attention, here being bestowed on Lily Damita and the recently divorced Mrs. B. P. Schulberg

begin here. Where do they end? You find that out for yourself."

"Supposing," I suggested to Nick, "that I was going to have so-and-so over for dinner. What would you say I should serve to please them?"

Nick, who served his apprenticeship at the Club Alabam and the Hotel Knickerbocker in New York City, knows all the answers.

He rattled like a machine gun:

"Lowell Sherman, caviar; Carl Laemmle, Jr., squab; Charlie Chaplin, clams and seafood; Doug Fairbanks, Philadelphia capon; Wally Beery, eggs for lunch and beef for dinner; Josef Von Sternberg, pot roast; Joan Crawford, chopped hearts of lettuce, avocado and celery; Gary Cooper, Irish bacon; Marie Dressler, tomato stuffed with chicken salad; Billy Bakewell, creamed turkey; Maurice Chevalier, clam stew or breast of chicken with mushrooms; Jim Cagney, corned beef hash; Lilyan Tashman, Spanish foods and salads; Eddie Lowe, tamales; Bert Wheeler, apple fritters; Jackie Cooper, cup custard; Warner Baxter, steak; Bill (stage) Boyd, scallopino veal; Ina Claire, ragout; Charlie Farrell, Spanish food; Loretta Young, lamb chops; Joan Bennett, chicken; Lionel Barrymore, caviar; John Barrymore, anchovy salad; Clark Gable, hamburger; Kay Francis, chicken livers; Charles Bickford, beef; Bill Powell, ragout; George Raft, baked-mashed potatoes; Conrad Nagel, anchovies, and Joe E. Brown, ANYTHING."

Now, if they drop in on you, you know just what they like. Those that aren't listed will be satisfied with about anything.

Al Levy, who has been feeding Los Angeles for thirty years, has his tavern just across Vine Street. Off-hand, I'd say he serves more directors and writers than does the Brown Derby.

The institution is quieter, there is less pointing of fingers and "Oh, mama—isn't that Barbara Stanwyck?" going on. It has been said that stars whose arms are cramped from signing autographs go there to relax. Anyway, it's more democratic. The prices are lower. You pay about $1.50 for lunch for two and see $1.50 worth of celebrities, against $3.00 for lunch and $3.00 worth of celebrities across the street. You get your money's worth in both places, particularly if you have a literary mind and go to Levy's during a session of the West Side Asthma and Riding Club, whose weekly luncheons sizzle with wit. The club is composed of writers who may have asthma, but seldom ride.

There is a sort of three-way pull for society, the players and the public at the Assistance League. To keep the luncheon business at a peak—investigation revealed to Mrs. Hancock Banning, social and philanthropic leader, that some days twenty players came to lunch and the next day none at all—a guest of honor system was installed. This means that the League positively guarantees that if you buy a lunch you will see at least one star each day. For instance, the Gleasons, Marian Marsh, Ina Claire and Jean Harlow were among those who consented to be officially gazed at this week. The lunch money goes to a good cause.

The stars go farther than merely eat there. Mary Pickford has donated a trousseau shop and is a member of

(*Continued on page* 78)

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 25)

were that surprised to read that Ben Lyon had landed his plane upside down in the Los Angeles River bed, fortunately dry as usual. Ken Maynard almost pulled a topper by landing his plane in an onion patch—but right side up, which *does* rather spoil the story.

Mary's At It Again

If they ever miss any crowned heads in Europe or Asia they don't worry about them any more. They know that the missing royalty is having a dish of tea with Mary Pickford at Pickfair. The latest royal boarder is Prince Chakratong Tongyai of Siam. My, goodness, Mary, how *can* you remember that name?

He's a most democratic young fellow of twenty, but he got sort of annoyed at a reporter. The scribe announced that the prince was heir to the throne of Siam.

"My word," gasped the prince, "quickly I had to cable my mother and square that with the crown prince."

Babe Didrickson, the husky lady athlete from Texas, who broke Olympic records right and left, challenged Will Rogers to a rope throwing contest. Will looked startled, and then embarrassed. "Shucks," he said, "I'm too old." Which was *one* time that Will was stumped.

Incidentally Will can continue to eat his favorite dish of Irish stew for some time now. Fox has given him a new contract that's a swellie. It calls for four pictures—and $125,000 each.

Another Olympic tale concerns the visit of Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish runner, to Uncle Carl Laemmle at Universal City.

Nurmi confessed that he had been disqualified for the Olympic Games. Whereupon Uncle Carl undertook to pour balm on his injured feelings.

"Well," he said, "if they don't want you I can always use you for a leg man."

And nineteen people have told us that it's zero weather in the Laura La Plante-William Seiter household. And that the Greta Nissen-Weldon Heyburn combine is ready to call quits.

Janet Gaynor threw Mary Pickford a sweet-smelling verbal bouquet on her work in "Tess of the Storm Country." Janet is soon to make a talking version of "Tess" and the old Pickford version was run off in the Fox projection room. Janet said its charm was undimmed by the years.

"Because a genius played it," she remarked.

By the way, did Lew Ayres kick like a Texas steer when Fox tried to borrow him to play opposite Janet Gaynor in "Tess"! He finally dashed away on a fishing trip to avoid the issue.

It wasn't because he didn't like Janet. Oh, my, no! After his sensational success in "Okay America" they say Lew didn't want to play second fiddle—not even in Janet's orchestra.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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TIPS *on* TALKIES

Just a little footnote on Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in "A Farewell to Arms"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓American Madness

Because it's got more thrills than a gangster picture, more action than a melodrama, more excitement than a jungle film. And all the time it's close to our own life; it's a story about banks and the kind of people we know; and it's modern as tomorrow's newspaper. I feel like whooping for Walter Huston's performance; he makes the banker he plays so grand and human.

✓✓Horse Feathers

Just the kind of idiotic, nonsensical, magnificent comedy we've been needing for a long time. Four whoops for the Marx brothers!

Also These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ As You Desire Me
- ✓✓ Congorilla
- ✓✓ The Dark Horse
- ✓✓ The Doomed Battalion
- ✓✓ The First Year
- ✓✓ Grand Hotel
- ✓✓ Letty Lynton
- ✓✓ Make Me a Star
- ✓✓ The Miracle Man
- ✓✓ The Mouthpiece
- ✓✓ Night Court
- ✓✓ Scarface
- ✓✓ What Price Hollywood?

✓ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE** (Radio) A sexy campus story that's so well done it makes one dandy little picture. You'll like the breezy youthfulness of the players. Richard Cromwell is very appealing as the youth who gets involved with a hot-cha mama from the wrong side of the tracks. And is Arline Judge grand! Dorothy Wilson, the stenographer who got her first big chance in this picture, is talented but camera shy. She'll be a real find when she gains assurance. There's nice work also by Eric Linden.

☆

✓✓ **AMERICAN MADNESS** (Columbia) A grand story about how a banker's faith saved a big bank from crashing. You'll want to get up and cheer for Walter Huston's magnificent performance. Pat O'Brien wins second honors. This is interesting; this is human; and you haven't seen a million other pictures about the same subject. You're bound to like it.

☆

ARM OF THE LAW (Monogram) Here's a story about a smart young reporter who solves the big mystery murder. The part's nicely played by Rex Bell, Clara Bow's young husband. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **AS YOU DESIRE ME** (M-G-M) Garbo as you desire her. In this she gives a brilliant performance, first as a jaded café entertainer, and then as a woman who is beginning to learn something of love and life. Never has she been lovelier in either mood. Melvyn Douglas as her leading man is delightful. Also outstanding is Erich von Stroheim. An air of glamour and romantic unreality surrounds the whole production, adding to its beauty.

✓ **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS** (Fox) Here is a light, gay, cheerful picture, not very important, but very amusing. It's about a middle-aged bachelor who marries a young girl, and is Adolphe Menjou grand as the bachelor? Joan Marsh is the luscious bit of loveliness he can't keep up with. It's a delightful farce, this "Bachelor's Affairs," and we can recommend it to help you forget your troubles.

☆

✓✓ **BACK STREET** (Universal) A powerful, moving drama about a woman who sacrifices everything for the grande passion of her life. Fannie Hurst's novel has been brought to the screen intelligently, brilliantly. Irene Dunne does her best work since "Cimarron." John Boles plays his rôle with marked sincerity. Take three handkerchiefs along. This is the kind of picture women love when they feel in the mood for a good cry.

☆

✓ **BIG CITY BLUES** (Warners) "Big City Blues" is a series of episodes about New York. It takes you through speakeasies, police courts, gambling joints, and big city life. Eric Linden, the boy wonder, is the Indiana lad who finds love and tragedy in New York. He gives a fine, sincere performance. Nice work also by Joan Blondell as a chorus girl.

☆

✓ **BIRD OF PARADISE, THE** (Radio) What makes the South Seas so glamorous? Pictures like this. Stunningly photographed, with a beautiful musical accompaniment, "The Bird of Paradise" will take you out of yourself and give you something to dream about. It's full of hokum, but it's all good hokum. Dolores Del Rio is bewitching as the native girl. And are you going to rave about Joel McCrea in this! He shows the "Tarzan" influence in the costumes he wears, and does his best work.

☆

✓✓ **BLESSED EVENT** (Warners) There's a lad named Lee Tracy who can knock you out of your seat with his whirlwind performances, and "Blessed Event" is your chance to discover him if you haven't done so already. Mary Brian is charming as his leading lady.

☆

✓ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE** (Radio) This picture is notable chiefly for its animal-thrill stuff. It's a photographic, true record of what goes on in the Malayan jungles. You'll see a tiger battling with a giant python and other thrilling jungle fights. Frank Buck, author of the book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," makes the running explanatory comment on the film.

☆

✓✓**CONGORILLA** (Fox) Do you like adventure, strange settings, animals, darkest Africa? Then "Congorilla" is something you mustn't miss. It was photographed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, those two experienced travelers, and every foot of it has action, drama, suspense, and what is more unusual for a travel epic, humor. Children will simply adore it.

☆

✓✓ **DARK HORSE, THE** (Warners) Probably the gayest political satire that's ever been screened. You'll have a perfectly grand goofy time at this, and after you've seen it you'll probably put Guy Kibbee way at the top of your list of comedians. Not that Warren William and Bette Davis aren't swell; but Guy Kibbee, in a rôle that's a "natural," runs away with the picture.

☆

DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount) Poor Tallulah Bankhead! Here she is again playing one of those icy wives who meets the strong, silent passion flower, said passion flower this time being Gary Cooper. Her husband, played by new discovery Charles Laughton, and I advise you to watch him, discovers the romance and sinks Tallulah, Gary and himself in a submarine. That should be exciting, but it's just silly as they've done it. A good cast, good photography all wasted on twaddle.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (Fox) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether its believable or not. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

☆

✓ **DOCTOR X** (First National) One of the shivery-est thrillers that has ever been transferred to the screen. What's more, it's the first horror picture to be filmed in Technicolor. The story's about a noted doctor who's given 48 hours to solve a series of weird murders. There are splendid performances by Lee Tracy, Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill. "Dr. X" will make your blood run cold, but you'll like it.

☆

✓✓ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE** (Universal) Are you fed up on the usual movie fare? Do you clamor, the way so many people do, for something "different"? If you do, then you owe it to yourself to see this. It's a tale of love and self-sacrifice against war's horrors. But far more important than the story is the scenic beauty and power of the production as a whole. Most of the scenes were filmed in the Alps. For sheer beauty, they rival any picture. Tala Birell, the Universal Garbo, and Luis Trenker, who play the leading rôles, are striking personalities.

✓ **DOWNSTAIRS** (M-G-M) John Gilbert's best talkie. He's a coward, a blackmailer, a thief and a cad in this picture, and you'll have a sneaking admiration for him just the same. And is Virginia Bruce, the new Mrs. John Gilbert, great!

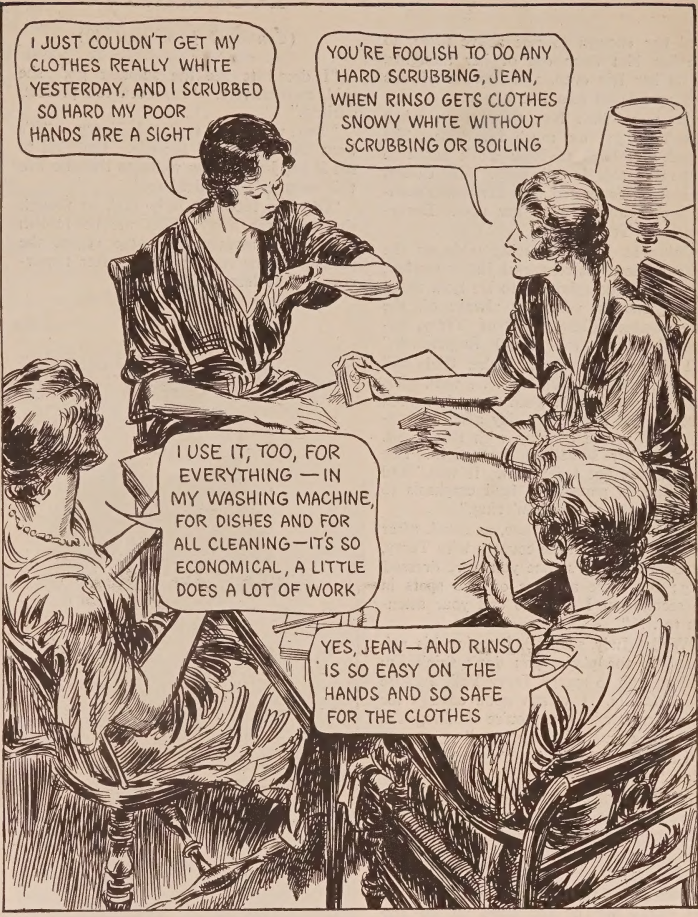
☆

✓ **DOWN TO EARTH** (Fox) What Will Rogers has been needing is a good story and he gets it in this. And a good Will Rogers story is worth anybody's time. It's about how the depression hits a well-to-do family and how they have to move back into a cottage. There's nice work by Irene Rich, Dorothy Jordan and Matty Kemp; but the surprise of the picture is Mary Carlisle, who comes through in a big way as a girl who gets stewed.

☆

✓✓ **FIRST YEAR, THE** (Fox) Here's the best Gaynor-Farrell picture in years, and ain't dat sump'n? You bet it is. This picture's human, that's what; and Janet Gaynor is adorable in it. Maybe she thought that she could copy the

(*Continued on page* 93)



I JUST COULDN'T GET MY CLOTHES REALLY WHITE YESTERDAY. AND I SCRUBBED SO HARD MY POOR HANDS ARE A SIGHT
YOU'RE FOOLISH TO DO ANY HARD SCRUBBING, JEAN, WHEN RINSO GETS CLOTHES SNOWY WHITE WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING
I USE IT, TOO, FOR EVERYTHING — IN MY WASHING MACHINE, FOR DISHES AND FOR ALL CLEANING — IT'S SO ECONOMICAL, A LITTLE DOES A LOT OF WORK
YES, JEAN — AND RINSO IS SO EASY ON THE HANDS AND SO SAFE FOR THE CLOTHES

New "scrubless" washday saves work — saves clothes gives you *whiter* washes, too!

CLEVER women don't let their hands betray them. For the wash, for the dishes, for *all* cleaning — they use the soap that saves hard work.

On washday Rinso saves hours of drudgery — gets clothes the whitest you ever saw by *soaking out the dirt*. No scrubbing or boiling. Clothes last longer! Hands don't get red and coarse-looking.

Makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso for *safety* and *whiter washes*. It gives lively, lasting suds — *even in hardest water!* Twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG box of Rinso today. Use it for the week's wash, for dishes, for all cleaning.

Try Rinso Free

If you don't use Rinso and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 8411, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized package will be sent you without cost. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

Millions use Rinso — it's so easy on the hands

2 sizes most women buy the large package

Rinso
The Granulated Soap

Rockabye

(*Continued from page* 49)

loved her enough to rise above them, to help her blot them out of her thoughts, out of her life even, and because of this Judy worshiped him like a god.

She went with him to Havana when New York got too much for them. She tagged him back to New York again to start rehearsals for his play. Her career, the scandal connected with her name, nothing meant anything to her now. Everything was Terry Pell.

Sitting at Judy's dressing table on the night of the dress rehearsal Judy's mother, Snooks, was complaining to De Sola about Terry. Snooks, who was always off the water wagon, disapproved of Terry, because he was "too Social Registerish."

"I ain't narrow, Grand Duke. Girls will be girls, and boys will be . . . well, girls and boys, but she's goin' too far. All summer, and now every day after rehearsal, ridin' in the country with that viper. He gave her something last night. She put it away, but I found it. It was," and here Snooks paused, to lend emphasis to her discovery, "a weddin' ring."

When Judy came in, late, as usual, after spending the day in the country with Terry, De Sola said, "It's time you were dressed, Judy; out there are one or two spots in the second act I want to call your attention to . . ."

"Well," Judy snapped, ignoring his reference to the play, "you don't think I'm good enough to marry Terry Pell, because of his family. I wasn't good enough for your dream, and now you're thinking I'm not good enough for my own."

"Unfortunately, it doesn't seem to be a dream."

"Why is that unfortunate? I know what you're thinking. Go on, say it! Say it."

"You might consider what you're doing to Pell. Marriage . . ."

"Marriage was his idea," Judy interrupted. "But if it doesn't work, and he still wants me, he can have me on any terms he wants. I'd crawl on my hands and knees, from here to London—and he can hide me in Limehouse."

"A very pretty picture," said De Sola quietly, "but also faintly ludicrous."

"Don't ever make the mistake of laughing," Judy warned him. "Now, what were you saying about the second act?"

"Judy, my child, I can't . . ."

"What were you saying about the second act?"

"I don't intend talking about the second act until you listen to me," De Sola continued softly. "I hope I am being honored as the first to congratulate you. It was something of a shock. But your suppositions are wrong, Judy. You're splendid enough for any dream . . . much too fine for most of them. And if I've discovered too . . . I hope you're happier than you imagine you will be, and you've a swell imagination."

"That's sweet," was all Judy said, but there were tears in her eyes.

The next day Judy, leaning against the trunk of a tree, ran her hands softly through Terry's hair, while autumn-tinted leaves fluttered down around them. The water of a lake in front of them lapped the shore gently.

"I dread to see the summer go," she said, meditatively. "It's been too perfect, darling."

"Too perfect?" repeated Terry. "It's been like a splendid prelude. I'm glad to see it go, Judy. Now we're to live the life this summer's promised us."

"Oh, I'm foolish," Judy said, as though she were far away. "Let me be foolish just for a moment. Let me regret the passing of the summer. Day after tomorrow, I'll be happier than you."

Isn't this a darling winter dress Loretta Young's wearing? It's of wine red velvet banded in ermine with a high twisted belt of velvet and big puffy sleeves

Their lips were clinging together in a long kiss when a child's scream startled them. Looking up, they saw a small boy in the lake churning the water as he cried out in terror.

Striding to the water's edge, Terry reached down with one hand, picked the youngster up by the seat of the pants, and carried him back to Judy, laughing loudly, as he walked.

"Don't laugh, you idiot," Judy said. "The poor little fellow's scared to death. Besides, he'll catch his death of cold." Grabbing the child from Terry, she wrapped it in the lap robe, on which she and Terry had been sitting. "Don't stand there like a fool; give me your coat."

While Judy took off the youngster's wet clothes and wrapped him in her sweater and Terry's coat, Terry recovered the boy's toy boat, which lay, broken, near the water. As Judy crooned "Slumber Boat" to the child, Terry sat a few feet away, puffing contentedly on his pipe and repairing the tiny vessel.

"Some day we'll have one—just like this," Judy said softly, when the boy was asleep.

"Not just like him, Judy. Ours will have blue eyes like yours."

"No. He's going to be a boy, and he's going to have brown eyes just like yours."

"No. I insist. He must have your eyes."

"He will not," Judy said, with finality. "Our son will be exactly like . . ." She broke off suddenly, and then continued softly, "I know. We'll have two of 'em."

Judy's eyes shone with a light that Terry had never seen in them, after they took the child back to to his parents' home near the lake. That day, she thought, had been the most beautiful she and Terry had ever spent together.

Like all theaters on opening nights De Sola's was a madhouse in the moments before the curtain rose for the first time on Terry's play. Actors and actresses rushed from room to room, talking nervously, gesturing excitedly. But Judy was the most nervous of all. Terry could not be found. He was not in his seat, out front. And he had not been backstage. When curtain time arrived, with no word from him, Judy was nearly frantic. She watched his seat, out of the corner of her eye, all through the play, and between the acts she hastily scribbled notes to De Sola, urging him to find Pell.

Having a premonition that something had happened to wreck Judy's happiness, and knowing that she would start out on a tour of every speakeasy in New York to look for Terry, De Sola sent a boy backstage to tell her Pell would be waiting at her apartment.

Arriving at home and learning that Terry hadn't arrived, Judy wanted to go out to look for him.

"I can't stay here," she cried. "I can't!"

"You're going out looking for him, and he's coming here. Then he'll go out looking for you," De Sola said, sharply. "You'll be chasing yourselves around all night like a couple of maniacs."

"Why doesn't he come?"

"Why don't you take some hot milk and veronal and lie down and rest?"

"That's a brilliant idea," Judy snapped. "The only trouble with it is—I won't do it. You talked to his man, didn't you? What did he say?"

"Only that Pell talked with his mother in London at eight, then he left. The man doesn't know where he went."

Judy gasped. "His mother . . ."

"He'll be here," De Sola comforted her. "He'll tell you all about it."

"His mother—that's what I was afraid of," Judy said, more to herself than to De Sola. "I tell you she's fighting me behind my back. It isn't fair. Oh, God, you've got to find him."

Moving close to her, De Sola cupped Judy's chin in his hand, and lifted her face, forcing her to look into his eyes.

Then he said softly as though half to himself:

"You must see this is all very difficult for me, too. You're two women, Judy. And I've only just discovered the other woman."

"It's not long since I discovered her, myself," said Judy.

"She's a madonna on a pedestal . . ." De Sola was about to continue, but the sound of the doorbell cut him short.

"His ring," Judy cried. "Hurry."

Haggard and unshaven, Terry seemed scarcely aware of his surroundings when De Sola opened the door. De Sola, sensing disaster, tried to forestall it.

"Don't worry Judy tonight," he said, pleadingly. "She's . . ."

"Sorry," Pell cut in, "I must speak to Judy alone."

Left alone with Judy, Terry couldn't bring himself to utter the words he had come to say. He tried to evade, by saying:

"My mother's been seriously ill. She's much better now. Now tell me about the play."

"Don't stall, Terry," Judy commanded. "Your mother didn't call from London to say she was ill and is much better."

"There was some trouble about the home, too."

"If it was money you needed . . ."

"Nonsense! There were papers to be drawn up. I was tied up until a quarter hour ago with my attorney."

"It sounds plausible," Judy said. "Much too plausible."

"Don't cross-examine me now, Judy," Terry pleaded.

"I won't. But I've been so horribly worried, dear. Why Terry," she cried as she touched his hand, "your hands are damp and cold. You're ill."

"I've been tramping the streets for two solid hours," Terry admitted.

"Now then, no more stalling. What's wrong?"

Terry stared vacantly as he said: "There's a child."

"What was that?" Judy asked.

"There's a child. I have a son."

"Enid? Your wife?"

"Of course."

The shock dazed Judy, and she could only murmur: "It isn't true." As the full meaning of Terry's statement sunk into her tired mind, however, her attitude changed.

"It's a lie," she cried, backing away from Terry. "Do you hear? You're a liar. You've made up this crazy story to . . ."

Too weary to protest violently, Terry merely said: "You're absurd."

"Where is the child?"

"The maternity hospital. Only a few blocks away."

"You've seen it?"

"No. I've spoken to the nurse."

"How'd you come to hear about it?"

"My mother called. My—son is two weeks old."

Once again Judy's temper got the better of her. Leaping to her feet, she cried: "She's framed you, you fool. She's playing you for a sucker. Can't you see it? It's not your son. It's all a filthy frame-up. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to see my wife, of course, as soon as she'll see me."

(*Continued on page 90*)

"Don't you hate housework, Helen? It always makes my hands so red and rough!"

"That never bothers me since I've been using Pacquin's Hand Cream. It keeps my hands softer and smoother than anything I've ever tried. It seems to get right into the skin, somehow. I think it's wonderful!"

"It gets right into the skin" tells the whole story of why Pacquin's makes the hands so marvelously smooth and soft. For Pacquin's contains certain natural oils essential for keeping the skin supple. Unlike many creams, Pacquin's literally sinks into the skin instead of evaporating into the air. As your skin absorbs the cream, it regains these natural oils which sun and wind and water take out.

Try a bit of Pacquin's on the palm of your hand. Note how much more supple and smooth your skin feels, without looking or feeling the least bit "greasy". It's marvelous, too, for preventing "crepey" elbows and protecting the delicate skin of the neck and arms against the ravages of exposure. Buy a trial jar today!

To meet the insistent demand of women who have found Pacquin's Hand Cream so wonderfully effective, we now introduce a complete line of Pacquin's Beauty Creams—a cream for every beauty requirement, and each as certain to please you as Pacquin's Hand Cream—

PACQUIN'S CLEANSING CREAM
PACQUIN'S COLD CREAM
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PACQUIN'S LEMON CREAM

Next time you visit a toilet goods counter, ask for these new Pacquin's Beauty Creams. Convenient sizes in a wide range of prices, 10c to $1.00.

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JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

His first kiss was the last

. . . she learned the reason later

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, talented, vivacious. But after that first kiss—why did he let her go? Why did he love her . . . and leave her?

Such tragedies are now preventable. A new discovery, carried daintily in pocket or purse, enables you to "clean your teeth" as often as you wish—*wherever* you are! Dentoza, the remarkable new triple-action orange mouth treatment in tablet form, is more than a deodorant—a breath tablet—a dentifrice. Dentoza does not merely *mask* an unhealthy mouth condition—Dentoza *corrects* and *rectifies!* Dentoza cleanses your mouth, teeth and breath. It neutralizes unhealthy mouth conditions with natural orange. For Dentoza *is* oranges—skins, juice, pulp, seeds! The first thing in the morning, and occasionally during the day, slip two or three Dentoza tablets into your mouth. Chew them up. Feel how they keep your mouth awake and vital with health . . . Dentoza now becomes as necessary as your compact. Be unafraid to be kissed, unafraid to be loved; be sure Dentoza is always with you.

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CITY AND STATE..

Luncheon Becomes An Industry

(*Continued from page 72*)

the board of directors. Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, is a hostess. Margaret DeMille is a hostess and a waitress. Various salads and sandwiches bear the names of players who, tradition avers, invented them.

The Roosevelt Roof this summer has done a tremendous business. Visitors have discovered that they may see the stars there, and the stars have discovered that they will be seen. This combination means money to any restaurant owner.

All of these places certainly are unique. If you are a visitor in Hollywood you may expect a cordial welcome at any one of them and you may bet a hundred to one you'll spot at least one Cortez or McCrea or Bennett per day. And, if you have your autograph book, don't be afraid to ask to have it signed. They won't mind.

There are times when the players in make-up or costume, faced with short lunch periods when due back on the set, and not wearing their very best, can't get away to the places to see and be seen. This means that they must dine in studio commissaries. The chances are, roughly, a thousand to one that you'll not eat in any of them. You may get a peek into the Indian Room at Universal City and have John Boles or Irene Dunne or Lew Ayres pointed out to you, if you are a member of a tourist party. But you have to look quickly, step lively and not block the entrance. But the other commissaries are closed corporations. Unless you work on the lots themselves, you must know somebody very well or must have a special pass signed and countersigned by the powers that be. Then, you may rest assured that you are tolerated, not welcomed.

To crash one of these places means that you'll have an excellent meal and that you'll be within a few feet of people of importance. In the past several years, there have been two girls who have attracted attention by eating in studio commissaries. Legend has it that Maurice Chevalier saw Frances Dee, extra, eating in the Paramount lunchroom and hired her for "Playboy of Paris." Warners' today is broadcasting the news that Lorena Layson, their latest find, was spotted in the Warner lunchroom by Rufus Le Maire and Darryl Zanuck, production chiefs, after she had sneaked in for a cup of coffee with a girl friend.

Ironically, while not employed there when "discovered," she had worked on the lot for years as stand-in for Joan Blondell, Dot Mackaill, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton, and never had been noticed. Seems to prove that sometimes it's a good idea to get caught.

The Metro lunchroom, presided over by the genial Frances Edwards for nine years, has the distinction of housing, between 12 and 2, more stars per square foot than any other place in the world. Caste is noticeable. There are "tabus," as in every studio commissary save Paramount, where every one is considered free and equal and, technically, a prop man may sit with a Von Sternberg. At Metro, stars, executives and directors sit on the porch. The directors' table seats fourteen and, unless you are Ralph Graves or Bill Haines you will be shot at sunrise for sitting at it. For the general run of the lot, there is the lunch counter. Mrs. Edwards has saved favorite recipes of the stars. Out of the archives comes the Garbo salad, consisting of romain, grated carrots and cottage cheese, costing forty cents. Garbo loves her cheese and orders great big chunks of Swiss.

"Diets are completely passé," says Mrs. Edwards, echoing Nick of the Derby. "Of course, the stars stay away from bread, butter and mashed potatoes, but that's about all. And Joan Crawford eats only the apples in her apple pie."

Louis B. Mayer operates the commissary without profit.

I personally flourished for eight months in the Radio commissary, presided over by the motherly Mrs. Edith Evans. Agnes Holt acts as her assistant.

"Billie Burke's the sweetest of anyone to us girls, and I've always had a crush on Richard Dix," she says. "Ricardo Cortez is the most temperamental eater on the lot and I think that Howard Estabrook, the writer, has eaten more lamb chops than anyone else alive."

The perfectly managed commissary at Paramount is managed by Mrs. Hazel Moore. Anyone may sit anywhere and eat anything, lunches costing from thirty cents up. Mrs. Moore refuses to discuss the eating habits of her patrons. But this writer has seen Dietrich consume $15.00 worth of caviar at one sitting and share tidbits with Josef Von Sternberg.

Then there is Universal, where the sightseers gaze on the stars. Paul Lukas told me that when he was working there he felt that he was a wild animal with a piece of raw meat in a cage. The Indian Room houses the players and others of imporance. The lesser lights dine in the lunchroom or at the counter, surrounded by the sightseers, for a sign outside says "Meet and Eat With the Stars."

The Fox lot, with its "Café de Paris", goes in for mild segregation.

Katherine Higgins, who, under W. Henry Straub controls the destinies of the Warner-First National café, reports her masculine crush to be Dick Barthelmess. She personally presides over the destinies of the Barthelmess omelette, composed of eggs, bacon, onions and potatoes, and sees that Doug, Jr., gets plenty of milk, his favorite beverage. She is fascinated when Joe E. Brown demands six kinds of ice cream covered with almost every kind of syrup, and sees that Bill Powell's soft-boiled eggs are done to the minute.

"Hamburger's a favorite of Constance Bennett, and she's my feminine crush," she admits. "She's supposed to be uppity, but when she left here for Radio she said goodbye to me and thanked me. George Arliss rests during lunch periods, eats only a tuna salad when he eats, but always drinks black tea. Loretta Young is one girl who can eat and eat and not lose her figure. She loves avocado and lobster salad, which I prepare myself.

"My job's tough. Luncheon lasts an hour or two for the players, and it means about twelve hours of work for me. But I love it. And I love the people who eat here. They're the finest bunch I've ever known."

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 69)

Garbo Versus Crawford

Several times lately I have seen the question, Which is the greater actress, Garbo or Joan Crawford?

Joan is the greater actress because Greta Garbo is not primarily an actress. She is first a personality. From beginning to end she is Garbo. Seeing her for the first time you would come out from the movie not absorbed in the fortunes and misfortunes of the character she portrays, but in the actress herself.

With Joan, who is actress first, and personality next, you are absorbed in the part she plays. If she is Letty Lynton you are Letty Lynton along with her. But if Garbo is Susan Lenox, *you* aren't Susan Lenox. You might be the Letty Lynton that Joan is, conceivably, but you would never be the sort of Susan Lenox that Garbo is. Only Garbo can be that.

So I say that Joan is the greater actress and Garbo the greater personality.

Mary Foster,
Columbia, S. C.

Garbo is fascinating but never convincing; Crawford is fascinating and always convincing.

Garbo is great and a master in her field; Crawford is great and a master in all fields.

Garbo fires the imagination but not the heart; Crawford fires the imagination and the heart.

Garbo portrays mystery, but her efforts to portray it are often labored and heavy; Crawford makes no attempt at mystery, but opens wide her doors to you; yet one never dares to feel that she has given all. There lies the secret of true mystery!

We need both Garbo and Crawford!

Richard B. Romani,
Chicago, Ill.

The New Thrill

At last, fellow-fans, someone to be really thrilled about! She's Gwili Andre, and she has what it takes! A mysteriously slinky glide, small feet, beautiful expressive hands, lovely hair, an ultra-feminine voice, and fascinating eyes!

But will someone please wash her face before her next picture, so we can get a better look at the real Gwili? What's the matter with the producers nowadays, anyhow! Are they imitation-mad?

Let the less gifted players bury themselves in cosmetics if they must. Gwili Andre can be fascinating without!

Jean La Roe,
Columbus, Ohio.

Team, Team, Team!

Give us more of that Gaynor-Farrell team! I'll never tire of it and I can't see why anyone should.

Seeing Charlie without Janet is like shortcake without cream. I saw "Sunny Side Up," "Delicious," "Merely Mary Ann," and many others, and, though Charlie is good, I don't believe those pictures would have gone over so big if Janet hadn't been there to perfect them.

..and now!

MAYBELLINE PRESENTS
3
new beauty aids
in the 10¢ size

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW
MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL
MAYBELLINE EYELASH GROWER

which, together with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, completes the perfect eye make-up, now so smart and popular.

Maybelline Eye Shadow . . . .

delicately shades the eyelids. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil . . . .

highest quality, clean to use and to carry. Entirely harmless. Smoothly lines the eyebrows giving a perfect, natural effect. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener . . .

instantly darkens eyelashes making them appear longer, darker and more luxuriant. More than a mascara, and the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Perfectly harmless.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

THESE four excellent Maybelline beauty-aids may be purchased at the leading 10c stores. Try them today. You'll be delighted with the alluring charm of complete eye make-up—and with how much more your eyes will be able to say!

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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LILY WHITE
INSTANT CLEANSING CREAM

instant cleansing cream
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WHITE

LILY WHITE is for her who seeks the ideal complexion . . . For her who braves the grime-ridden autumn winds with sublime confidence that her cleansing cream instantly removes all dust and restores the skin to a delicate loveliness.

TO CONVINCE YOURSELF—after a day in the open—wash your hands or face until you think they are thoroughly clean. Then gently massage with LILY WHITE. Massage only a moment. LILY WHITE rolls from your pores gray and dingy dirt. Impurities that formed a breeding place for blackheads and blemishes have vanished like magic. Now your skin radiates the charm of youth.

Use LILY WHITE daily. It is your safeguard against gusty days.

10c-25c-50c-$1.00 the bottle.

Please send me free pamphlet entitled "Exquisite Home Beauty Treatments", to include one "Personal Analysis Chart." ☐

I am unable to purchase LILY WHITE in my favorite store. I enclose 10c for sample size. ☐

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Adress...................................

City.....................................
F-2

ROUEN ET CIE, INC.
36 EAST 20th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

The pictures they play in are remembered long after others are forgotten.

May the Gaynor-Farrell team live long!

Sally Dykes,
Millers Falls, Mass.

I have just seen "The First Year" and like all other Gaynor-Farrell pictures it was hard to beat.

To me, they are just two children, grown-up (apologies to them if they don't like the expression; but that is just what they are to me). They are sweet, human, natural, and lovable; and what more does anyone want?

You can have your Gables, Crawfords, Garbos, but just give me Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in pictures that remain in your memory as something sweet and pure and I'll be satisfied.

Louise Duncan,
Raphine, Va.

Praise For Warren William

I've always thought that an imitation was never as good as the original. The label "Imitation John Barrymore" was plastered on Warren William, and seeing his pictures in fan magazines my impression was that he was cold, artificial and uninteresting.

The impression persisted when I saw "Under Eighteen." Now, however, I apologize. In "Beauty and the Boss" and "The Mouthpiece" he was amusing, charming and excellent, I might truthfully even say magnificent.

And now to me John Barrymore is only the weak imitation of Warren William! Such is life!

Eleanor Merriam,
Chicago, Ill.

A Voice From Scotland

Many there are who worship the stars —uphold them as perfection—the ideal to be copied. And with what result?

The average young lady of, say, twenty years, is to-day a half-starved human, sans eyebrows, plus camouflage to such extent that not a trace of actual face is visible. Her male contemporary has sleeked or marcelled hair and considers dancing great "sport", while swimming is too "fatiguing."

Has the present generation benefited at all by this undisguised idolatry of the typical screen hero and heroine? The answer is a most emphatic—NO! and the producers are entirely to blame. It would behoove them to present to us real humans in their pictures—people who act in sensible fashion and who do more than merely sit around, the inevitable cigarette and eternal cocktail in close attendance.

Dugald McAlpine,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Cagney Fan

I consider James Cagney our greatest actor. He has looks, intelligence, personality, a fascinating voice, a masterful manner and the ability to make love. Warners' don't realize what they are losing when Jimmy walks out. He is worth the amount he is asking. We must get Jimmy back some way, for he is too great to lose.

Ellen McDonald,
Louisville, Ky.

Beery's Life Story

I think the life story of Wally Beery in the last few issues of Movie Mirror was just swell.

As I read each paragraph, I could picture Wally sitting beside me with a big grin on his ruddy face telling me all about his life.

I laughed. I found myself agreeing with his viewpoints. I blinked away a few tears now and then but, oh, how I enjoyed that story. More like it please.

Ruth Deutsch,
Cleveland, Ohio.

"Rebecca" Stuff

Why can't we have more pictures like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"? There are a lot of people that will go to see a sweet love story when they won't go to see sophisticated trash.

Elizabeth Washburn,
Charlotte, N. C.

Tracy Gets a Rave

Spencer Tracy is the finest actor on the screen today! His persistent excellence in every picture in which he's played—culminating in his splendid characterizations in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America"—should lead him to his well-deserved stardom.

Elaine Meredith,
New York, N. Y.

Whom Are You Speaking For?

We do not want such passionate love scenes as in "As You Desire Me."

Rosemary Lyng,
Elk City, Oklahoma.

That Settles It

Ramon Novarro is just as good as anyone else and even better.

Felipa Estrada,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Shearer, Listen To Your Fans!

Thanks a lot for the article about Norma Thalberg and her home. Isn't it beautiful? Just as I imagined she would have. Everything around her, herself and her pictures represent, in my estimation, Life, spelled with capital letters.

There's only one mistake she's made. Everyone knows what it is and feels the same as I do about it—Irving Thalberg, Jr. He's her baby, her very own to raise as she sees fit, but he's ours too. I love him just as much as I do her, though I've never seen even a picture of him. He must be a lovable little tyke. He holds a place in our hearts as much as she does. Let's all write her and tell her how much we'd like to see his picture.

Mrs. Jane H. Asher,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Chatterton Opinion

Ruth Chatterton should only play mother rôles. It is rather sickening to watch a woman of thirty-five or more play in love scenes which would be better done by some of our younger stars.

Genevieve Rappalard,
Butler, Pa.

I Tell My Success Story

(*Continued from page* 14)

We went to Fox and took a test. NO!

We went to Paramount and took a test. NO!

Then this audacious Goldstone took me by the hand and actually led me inside the Metro studios! That, to me, was the mecca of all actors. Just the idea of being able to see Wally Beery or Joan Crawford made me tremble and shake and quiver. This sounds over-played, this emotion, but it's true!

I took my test with Ann Dvorak. She was the important one. I just read lines to her. The casting director ran me in with Ann to kill two birds with one stone.

Two days later I was called in to make a test alone. I did a bit from "Young Sinners." I'd found a part of a script hanging around somewhere.

For two weeks nothing happened.

Then, one day, Goldstone called me to his office.

"Let's take a drive," he said. We drove down to M-G-M at Culver City. We stopped.

"We'll join now and sign that contract," said Nat.

Mrs. Young's little boy, Robert, said nothing. I couldn't. There weren't any words big enough to express the thrill of really signing with an organization like M-G-M.

(Next month I'll tell you what happened after that.)

Back Fences of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 17)

vaporings. . . . How should *he know?* Whoever heard of believing anything a movie star might say?

There have been writings on the—er—well, there have been writings to the effect that Marie Dressler is at death's door. Hushed and somewhat well-greased voices have discussed the fatal maladies with which Marie is supposed to be suffering. Marie appears, lusty, robust, more full of vitality than any fledgling in her 'teens. There it is—the irrefutable truth. But do the writers rush out to erase their scribbles? They do NOT.

Odious rumors fly about to the effect that Jackie Cooper is no likely lad of six or seven but a dwarf, a pigmy, a freak. His amazed mother produces his birth certificate, hospital charts and records and other documents. She has the recorded FACTS. But the silly back fence writers can make a better story of it than the normal birth of a little genius.

And there you are. We all know that naughty little boys and girls write horridly about sacred matters on the back fences of the world. *So long as we do not believe them, no special harm is done.*

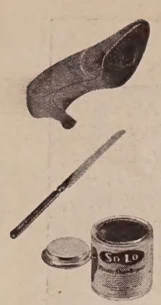
Try sometimes, you back fence writers, just for fun, to look at a pale gold star and realize that it *is* a star and not a piece of cheddar cheese. Try to look at a flower and believe that it *is* a flower. Try to look at a movie star, too, one of these days and believe, if it kills you, that he or she *might* be telling the truth and nothing but the truth.

A FAMILY SECRET

MOTHER—I WON'T GO TO THAT DANCE IF I CAN'T HAVE A NEW DRESS. THIS STAIN WILL NEVER COME OUT.
WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER NEW DRESS NOW, DEAR. BUT WAIT — I'LL FIX IT.
SEE—WHITE RIT TOOK OUT THE OLD COLOR AND EVERY BIT OF STAIN. NOW JADE GREEN RIT TO TINT IT.
DARLING YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE THIS IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
A NEW DRESS, HUH, JUDY? THAT SHADE OF GREEN LOOKS NICE ON YOU.
MOTHER AND I HAVE A SECRET, AND JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE MY OTHER NEW DRESSES!
ALTHOUGH RIT IS SO INEXPENSIVE, IT'S A PRICELESS HELP THESE DAYS. WHITE RIT, THE ORIGINAL COLOR REMOVER, TAKES OUT SPOTS AND STAINS FROM WHITE GOODS AND REMOVES ALL COLORS HARMLESSLY—EVEN BLACK. YOU MOTHERS NEEDN'T BE AFRAID TO USE IT ON THE GIRLS' GOOD DRESSES. RIT TINTS THEM BEAUTIFULLY WITHOUT STREAKING OR SPOTTING AND DOESN'T TAKE THE LIFE OUT OF SILK. IT'S REALLY MARVELOUS.
WHITE RIT Color Remover
REMOVES DYE FROM COLORED FABRICS ALSO STAINS FROM WHITE GOODS Harmless as boiling water
Takes Old Color Out
INSTANT RIT dissolves in 40 seconds
TINTS OR DYES ALL FABRICS
Puts New Color In
At all drug and notion counters —

33 smart Paris shades that last like fast dyes.
Also WHITE RIT—the original color remover.

NO LONGER A SOAP—RIT NOW DISSOLVES COMPLETELY



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a knife
and
So-Lo
. . . all you need to

MEND
the HOLE
FOR 1¢
Fix the HEEL for 1¢

Fix the family's shoes for a few cents a pair

SPREADS like butter
DRIES overnight
WEARS like leather

ALL shoes — men's, women's, children's — repaired AT HOME in a few minutes. Costs only 1c to mend a hole or fix a heel . . . complete sole for 5c. Wears better than ordinary leather.

Waterproof — Non-skid

So-Lo keeps feet dry. Makes shoes more flexible and comfortable. Can't slip on wet walks. Guaranteed.

Great for Children's Shoes

Easy to spread on. A child can do it. No tools needed. No tacks to hurt the feet.

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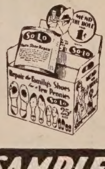
Repairs anything of leather, rubber, or cloth. Useful a hundred ways. Fixes leaky hot water bottles. Mends rubbers and overshoes. Fills cuts in tires, etc., etc. At Hardware, Drug and 5c to 25c Stores. So-Lo Works, Cincinnati, Ohio.

So-Lo



Enough for 25 repairs or several complete new soles and heels

25¢

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SO-LO WORKS, Dept B-11 Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send me free sample of So-Lo on leather.
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The Rules for Becoming a Lady

(*Continued from page 33*)

She tells the story of her first meeting with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish—the meeting which resulted in Marie's obtaining the entrée into New York's most exclusive circles. It was customary for smart hostesses to engage professional entertainers for their parties. Mrs. Fish had engaged a famous and exotic foreign star to sing at a dinner one evening. Her secretary telephoned the foreign entertainer and said, "Mrs. Fish wishes to introduce a less formal note than usual this evening and she suggests that instead of arriving at a stated time, presenting your numbers and then leaving, you join her and her guests at dinner, spend the entire evening here and sing at two or three different times . . ."

The foreign star declined to do this. She was a paid entertainer, she said. She did not know Mrs. Fish or her guests and had no interest in meeting them. She would come, do exactly as much as she was paid to do—and she would go away. Upon receiving this message, Mrs. Fish notified the lady that she would not be needed at all—and mailed her a check. Then she approached Marie.

"Certainly," Marie boomed, in her hearty, enthusiastic way. "I shall be happy to join Mrs. Fish at dinner. I will stay as long as she wants me, sing as many times as I am asked to sing and do my best to help her make her party a success! Of course!"

At dinner, Marie found herself seated next to the guest of honor. She was introduced to all of New York's inner social circle. She worked with such a will to make everyone have a good time, gave so generously of her ample talents—that Society took her to its exclusive bosom and from that day to this, she has been one of its favorites. "In a nice, folks'y way—" she will tell you, beaming.

You see, the foreign star *was afraid of giving too much.*

Marie believes, with practical sincerity, that no one ever succeeded at anything—business, friendship or a career—by being selfish, by refusing to give and to share or by ignoring the other fellow.

"The most successful vaudeville act I ever had was one I bought, without even reading it, because I knew the author needed money. The most successful song I ever had was one that I bought for a similar reason and one, moreover, that I made someone else share with me in the act!

"Generosity, fair play and decent dealing are not only good for the soul. They actually pay dividends in dollars and cents. Never let anyone tell you that they don't."

Marie points out, however, that friendship is not all giving. There is a deal of taking to be done, too. "Don't be afraid to use your friends or to ask favors of them. If they are real friends they will love to do things for you.

"In those years in New York when I wasn't working, I used to ask my friends who were prominent to have their photographs taken with me. I needed publicity so that I should not be entirely forgotten. And it was a small thing for them to do. They used to give me dresses, too—and I would make them over for myself. It didn't humiliate me to do that. It is only when you are poor and your luck is bad that it is absolutely necessary to be well-dressed!

"Never make poverty any uglier than you must. The trouble with most people is that when it becomes necessary for them to save, they begin by doing without all the things that make life worth living. I can do without necessities. I can do without a warm coat or enough to eat. But I can't do without flowers on my table or nice underwear next to my skin. Have some trimmings on your life, even if there is no coal in the cellar. A new hat may be a very gallant thing. It can show courage and hope and a jaunty defiance of discouragement.

"When I was—literally—down to my last penny, I still lived at the Ritz, still kept my two servants. And I never reduced their pay. If I had gone away somewhere and crawled into a hole and lived on potato soup—do you suppose I should have had a chance to go into pictures?

"Thrift is all very well—a useful virtue —but not if it deprives you of proper clothes and contacts with your friends. Not if it deprives you of courage.

"As to the other requisites of a gentlewoman—culture you acquire automatically, by the simple process of being interested in a variety of things. If you are really *interested* in books and music, pictures and the theatre, if you read the newspapers and listen to the opinions of intelligent people—you can't possibly avoid growing and developing—acquiring culture.

"Poise comes automatically, too. It comes when you cease to think about yourself, when you have the inner assurance that there is no pretense about you, that people are liking you for yourself.

"Charm, the business of being a real personality, does not depend, in any way, on beauty. When I was very young, I used to be a little bitter because my sister was beautiful and I was far from being any such thing. I learned to make people laugh in order to attract attention to myself—and that knack has earned me my living all my life. It is a lovely and a holy thing to make people laugh . . .

"I feel a little sorry, sometimes, for beautiful women. You see, when they are young, they don't have to *try.* All they have to do to get what they want is to *be.* Then they grow older and their beauty fades and they haven't learned how to cope with life without their looks. They are a little pathetic—beautiful women—when age comes on!

"Enthusiasm, capacity for enjoyment, a zest for living—all these things are important if you want to be successful as a person. Whatever you do—whether you go after a career or merely sit down to knit—do it as hard as you can. If you enjoy people they will enjoy you. If you have fun at their parties and show it, if you try to make everyone else have fun—they will ask you again and yet again.

"All this boils down to a very simple recipe. Genuineness, generosity, love of your brothers—the old-fashioned Golden Rule. But you have to *work* at it.

"It pays, my dears. It really and truly pays."

Annette Simpson Tells You How to Dress Your Type

(*Continued from page* 58)

"I'd never, never use red on a brunette," said Mrs. Simpson. I protested, because I'm a brunette and I've been brought up on the idea that red was my color.

"No," said Mrs. Simpson, "red doesn't look smart on a brunette. Henna yes, red no. I've never used red on a brunette and I never will.

"I used black Persian lamb on the dress because Bette is young enough to stand a trim, crisp fur. For an older person I would have used a softer fur—mink, squirrel or caracul perhaps.

"For a shorter person I would have made the skirts straighter; I would have made them with more flow for a taller person.

"I used the princess silhouette with a wrap-around girdle for Bette because of her slimness and her narrow waistline. I used a very narrow belt (the only kind one ever should use on a petite person) with special black enamel and rhinestone clips. If Bette Davis had been either taller or shorter I would have raised the ornaments, so that the lines of the dress would be in proportion.

"For a woman with a fat neck I would have lowered the neckline, used narrow bands at the epaulet, used a square neckline and taken the fur off the neck. Instead of the fur trimming I would have used a black and nickel binding."

The evening gown of velvet which Mrs. Simpson designed for Bette could also be adapted to all girls by changing the coloring. For Bette, you remember, Mrs. Simpson used the new shade of citron gelate or olivey green. For a platinum blonde the dress would be ravishing in pale blue velvet, for a golden blonde in a slightly brighter shade than Bette's but in the same coloring. On a brunette Mrs. Simpson would use a soft creamy white, and on a red headed girl a pale yellow.

If you study these dresses and Mrs. Simpson's fashion forecast for autumn and winter, you'll know exactly how to dress your type. And that, according to Mrs. Simpson, is the secret of smart dressing!

ANNETTE SIMPSON FASHION FORECASTS

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1932

SILHOUETTE

Daytime—All skirts in dresses are cut with straight back and bias front.

Suit skirts are wrap-around.

Lengths for daytime about eight to ten inches from floor.

Waists have wide shoulder line and bloused effect particularly in back.

Necklines invariably high. Some bateau lines.

Evening—Lampshade silhouette for brocade and lace dresses. Almost all evening dresses of filmy fabrics have huge sleeves often stiffened with horsehair.

Pencil silhouette—straight and tight with slight flare at bottom. Usually with draped bodice and covered shoulders.

WILL THIS BE YOU?

A picture of loveliness in flowing satin gown and filmy veil . . . your cheeks a delicate blush-pink of happiness . . . your skin like the creamy satin of your gown . . . lips richly-red like dewy rose-buds . . . and a fragrance always about you as exciting as that of a bridal bouquet . . . is this your dream?

Every day and on your bridal day be your loveliest. This dream will come true if you use Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge and Brilliantine, all in the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. $1.00 everywhere . . . convenient 10c purse sizes at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz
71 Fifth Ave., New York

TOILET WATER · COLD CREAM · BRILLIANTINE · CREAM ROUGE · EYE SHADOW · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER · PERFUME

Cleaner FACES

Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, salt, and acid mixed cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. ¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. ¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

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YOUR FAVORITE CHAIN STORE

Guided By Doctor's Advice - Happy Woman LOSES 27 Pounds of FAT

Mrs. Helen Greene

It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to NORMAL.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Inc., Dept. D, Rochester, N. Y.

TONIGHT
TOMORROW

Whitens While You Sleep

Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work.* Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drugstores and toilet goods counters.

General—Raglan silhouette in coats often ¾ and ⅞ length with loose back.

Waists made almost exclusively with two triangles draped with point at top, ends twisted around waist.

MATERIALS

Daytime—Soft woolens. Camels hair, duveteen and homespun. Smooth weaves with fuzzy plaids in contrasting color for suits. Fine thin jersey and waffle weave jersey for sports dresses.

Silks. Very heavy crepe croquinol. Satin back crepe used two ways. Small amount of stripe and plaid velvets. Lyons velvet for romantic afternoon dresses. Transparent velvet for hostess gowns and afternoon dresses.

Tailored clothes of heavy, loosely woven tweed mixtures. Suits of garbardine in two shades. Heavy gray flannels, Glenarquardt plaid and covert cloth.

Evening — Organdine for voluminous dresses with sleeves.

Flowered moire and brocaded taffeta for Victorian type dresses. Heavy satin in black, crepe Elizabeth and heavy roshanara for dinner dresses.

Laces in white, black and colors. Sometimes in two-color combinations. Wool begara lace with velvet for one evening dress.

Lyons velvet for extreme tight fitting decollete evening dresses.

Very little transparent velvet except in jackets accompanying brocade or crepe dresses. Shirred velvet for wraps.

COLORS

Daytime—Much black with white.

Gray and brown very strong combination.

Gray in both light and dark shades.

Garnet red.

Greens very good in bright and dark tones.

Parrot combinations of bright red and green, bright green and brown, bright green and blue.

Exotic colors used as trimming touches on gray or brown dresses.

Extensive use of mulberry shade known as "Moufflin."

Evening—Black in satin.

White in thin soft materials with gold or silver trimming.

Much use of dark red.

Brown with gold trimming.

White with bright colors.

Vermilion in extreme gowns.

Rust red.

NECKLINES

Generally high. Some evening clothes high both back and front.

Use of twisted scarf around neck in front with ends looping at base of low decolletage in back.

Great emphasis on neckline treatment.

Use of stiff white "nurse's" collar and cuffs with tailored clothes.

SLEEVES

All with some fullness above elbow.

Vertical pin tucks on sleeves at armhole seam.

Sleeves made of draped triangles of material and of petal-like triangles stitched together and held by deep tight cuff.

Puff sleeves of soft materials and laces stiffened with wide horsehair braid.

Sleeves made of strip of material wrapped spirally around arm.

Inverted vertical pleats giving sleeve fullness.

BELTS

Used on almost every dress, day or evening.

Generally wide and fitted higher in front.

Wide belts of self material lined with leather to prevent crushing.

Leather belts with metal touches including silver initials set on square leather buckle.

Paillette belts for evening.

Ropes of dress material in contrasting colors twisted around waist and held in place by clips.

TRIMMINGS

Lingerie touches very important. Soft linen and organdy with val insertion and fine tucking makes yokes with high collar and puff sleeves from elbow to wrist.

Pierrot ruffs of pleated chiffon. High stock and frill of pleated chiffon.

Large flowers used occasionally in white or black.

Most successful blouse is white muslin with white pleated starched front exactly like men's tuxedo shirts. Used with stiff collar and cuffs mentioned above.

Irish lace used with black velvet.

Metal, rhinestone and jewelled clips much used at neck, back and on belts.

One very successful pin is a huge safety pin with jewelled head.

Half-inch high monograms on sport blouses—placed high on left breast.

■	G	A	B	L	E	■	A	R	C	■	D	A	M	■	A	R	E	A	S	■
D	A	N	I	E	L	■	M	A	R	L	E	N	E	■	M	O	R	L	E	Y
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S	T	E	M	■	K	O	R	E	A	■	A	S	T	O	R	■	S	N	O	W
N	O	R	■	G	A	R	Y	■	L	E	W	■	S	T	E	T	■	D	U	O
A	T	■	P	A	R	T	■	S	T	R	A	P	■	H	E	R	O	■	T	O
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This is the answer to last Month's Cross Word Puzzle. There's a brand new puzzle for you to solve on page 6. Watch for these Movie Fans' Cross Word Puzzles each Month. They're a regular feature of Movie Mirror.

He Cried His Way Into Pictures

(*Continued from page 67*)

After working with the company for ten weeks he was dismissed.

He came to Broadway and was cast in a play called "Mrs. Jimmie Thompson." He played the rôle of a pickle salesman. An agent sent him to Fox for a test.

At Fox "Over the Hill" had scored a tremendous success, and they were eager to make another sob story. Harry Millard was planning "The Town That Forgot God," and he wanted Warren William to make a test for a rather gooey character, a carpenter that wept easily and frequently at the way the world was going. They had to test Warren William to see whether he'd be able to cry easily.

The glare of blinding lights shone down on Warren. They began to hurt his eyes. Tears welled up into them under those strong lights, and the director was delighted.

"But when they actually came to film the picture," he laughs, "they practically had to use onions to get me to cry."

Nevertheless, when it was finished, Fox offered him a contract. He turned it down for a part in a play. With sublime self-confidence he decided that if a movie company was willing to offer him a contract then, he would always be able to get one.

He was to learn differently. Years of stage experience followed, but movie contracts didn't. Not even when he was hailed as a second Barrymore by Alexander Woolcott. He says that he never consciously imitated Barrymore.

And now it was his turn to try to break into pictures. For years he kept on taking tests. When he was playing in "Those We Love" he took a test at Paramount. They actually unreeled that test and showed it to him. He says he almost broke down when he saw it.

Came "The Vinegar Tree" on the stage, which was a hit. In it Warren William played a great lover. Everyone in the play was in love with him except the husband and the butler. Warners' this time tested him, and decided that Warren has what it takes.

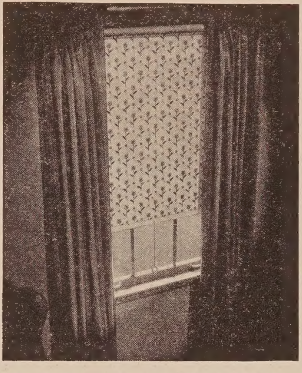
Of the pictures he has made thus far he likes best "The Dark Horse."

He has a rather sharp, sudden wit. Without cracking a single epigram he gives the impression of being terribly witty. He is not a very impulsive sort of person, but thinks things out. He is cautious. He has a one track mind. But he doesn't stop to poke around in the dark places of his sub-consciousness or try to analyze himself. He doesn't worry why he does things. He just does them. He doesn't know whether being in the World War shattered his illusions or did anything to him. He never bothered to analyze it. He lets things happen to him. He says yes to life—sometimes—and sometimes no.

He is, you see, a complete contrast to the man he seems to be on the screen. On the screen he is flamboyant, tricky and very amorous.

Off the screen, he is cool and detached. Which probably explains why he likes to play flashy crooks.

Actors are that way. That's why they're actors.



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Just An Old-Fashioned Girl

(*Continued from page 51*)

the thing that seems to be true of most children like that—that they are spoiled terribly—never seemed to happen to Una.

She was a rather plain little girl as a child. Or so she says. Her hair was almost white. It's blonde now.

No one in her family was ever on the stage. But her father should have been, she says. Actually he was a salesman. But he was a clever entertainer and told anecdotes beautifully. Her grandmother was crazy about the theatre. When Una was just a baby, barely learning to talk, she used to sit patiently in the theatre between her mother and father and wait for the "shade" to go up. That was what she called the curtain then.

Una was a serious minded child. She went to the grammar grades in Covington and studied her lessons very hard, and skipped a couple of grades. She still studies hard learning her lines.

Afterwards her father went to Philadelphia on business and his family went with him. Una went to high school in Philadelphia for about six months.

Later the whole family moved to New York. And Una decided to go to dramatic school. She graduated from the Alviene School of the Theatre. And after that she took extra lessons in dancing school there. Where one day, Jerome Storm, Lillian Gish's director, saw her as she was going in. He asked her to take a test for a part as Gish's sister in her next picture. She would have taken the test, of course, but the next day her grandmother died. And the whole family went back to Kentucky. But Jerome Storm remembered her and wired her to come back to New York. He guaranteed her a part in "World Shadows" even without a test.

Una played Lillian's blind sister in that picture and also doubled for Lillian. But "World Shadows" was never finished and never released. The company making it ran out of money.

Una worshipped Lillian Gish then. She still does. Lillian Gish and Helen Hayes. "When I see a performance by them," she says, "I feel as if I ought to get out and wash dishes. I think to myself, 'Gosh, you've got a nerve to accept a salary for trying to be in the same profession.'"

After "World Shadows" Una made a few unimportant independent pictures. Then she got a part in a stage play called "Two By Two." She spoke two lines in it and it ran for two weeks. Her next stage part was with about thirty other extras in a grandstand scene in which she had to say, "Hurrah for Wisconsin," or something like that. Then she went to see John Golden, the producer, and conscientiously she described her experience to him. She didn't add and she didn't exaggerate. He was so shocked at anyone telling the truth that he gave her a part in "Pigs," in which Nydia Westman was the star. The next season she played the lead in "Pigs" opposite Wallace Ford. Wallace, like Una, is another of the great white hopes of M-G-M.

In those days Una had a list about a foot long with the names of all the producers on it. She used to go to see them over and over again, and they told her no again and again. But she kept on going.

Finally she played in "Two Girls Wanted," "The Gossipy Sex" and other plays, and then she had a swell comedy part in "Coquette." John Considine, Jr., saw her in that and wired to Mary Pickford to buy the play. He added that there was a girl called Una Merkel who was a scream in it and who ought to be brought over to the Coast to play in the picture. Several years later Considine dug that wire out of some dusty files and showed it to Una.

Mary Pickford bought "Coquette," but when the picture was produced, the part Una had played in it was left out.

David Wark Griffith had met Una on three different occasions. He had watched her rehearsing in "World Shadows." Later she got two days extra work in "The White Rose." He saw her playing in it and gave her a bit. The third time he saw her she was at the De Forrest Studios, waiting for her father who was doing some promotion work for De Forrest. Griffith was testing Sylvia Sidney, Chester Morris and Claudette Colbert. He asked Una to take a test also. She made a very hurried test, as Griffith had to catch a train for the Coast that day. No time to make up properly. She looked terrible, she says, but Griffith liked the way she acted. He told her, "Some time you'll work for me."

Time went by. Una played in the first talkie with a consecutive story ever made, "Love's Old Sweet Song."

But Griffith remembered. When he was about to make "Abraham Lincoln" he offered Una the part of Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's first sweetheart who died. Afterwards she worked in "Eyes of the World" for United Artists. But you fans didn't pay much attention to her. Griffith was trying to make a Gish out of her and after all, you'd had one Lillian Gish, and one Gish in a lifetime is enough.

While she was under contract to United Artists, Fox borrowed Una. By this time John Considine was a supervisor at Fox. He remembered the way Una had panicked audiences in "Coquette." There was a comedy rôle especially written for Una in "Don't Bet On Women." And how she played it! Six weeks before her contract with United Artists expired, Fox signed up Una. She played in such pictures as "Daddy Long Legs," "She Wanted a Millionaire" and "Wicked." And even when the pictures weren't hits, Una was! In the meanwhile M-G-M tested her for "Private Lives," and after Una had played in "Private Lives" for three days M-G-M offered her a year's contract with options.

Though Una plays such dizzy parts, she has an amazingly level head.

She is even level-headed about her love life. In her teens she was a little self-conscious and regarded herself as being somewhat of a wallflower. She never had a string of beaux, one for every night in the week. Her first big romance was with a boy in New York. He was interested in the stage, and when he was out of work, she suggested he go out to the Coast and try to get a job there. He went, and got a job with Duffy, a theatrical producer. At first absence made their hearts grow fonder, but after awhile he fell in love with a girl out on the Coast and Una fell in love with another boy. So they called it quits, and he got married. He and his wife are still among Una's best friends.

Una's second romance was a tragic one. There was an understanding between the boy she loved and herself that they would eventually get married. But Death, more powerful than any understanding, came between them. When the boy she loved died, Una's world went to pieces. It was not till a long time later that Una knew romance again and the joy of being loved and understood. There was no doubt this time, for the man was Ronald Burla.

Her hobby is handkerchiefs. She positively dotes on them. Her only serious vice is collecting them by the dozens. She'd rather buy a handkerchief and then match a dress to it than buy a dress and match a handkerchief to it. She has handkerchiefs to go with every outfit she owns, or rather dresses to go with every handkerchief. But she very seldom carries the handkerchiefs with her, for fear of losing them.

She likes pictures. She doesn't go to see them just because they're good pictures, but because she's interested in the performances of the people playing in them. She'll go to see Roland Young, for instance, in any picture.

Of her own pictures she liked "Abraham Lincoln" because it was the first time she worked for Griffith and because she played with Walter Huston in it; "Don't Bet On Women" because it was her first comedy; "The Impatient Maiden" because her rôle was so uttery goofy and "Private Lives" because she thought it a privilege to work with two such artists as Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. And she says that isn't hooey, either. Her favorite color is blue. She also adores black and white.

She loves soup. And bread and potatoes. Any kind of potatoes, but especially French fried potatoes. She wouldn't care for food at the Ritz. Or fancy dishes of any kind.

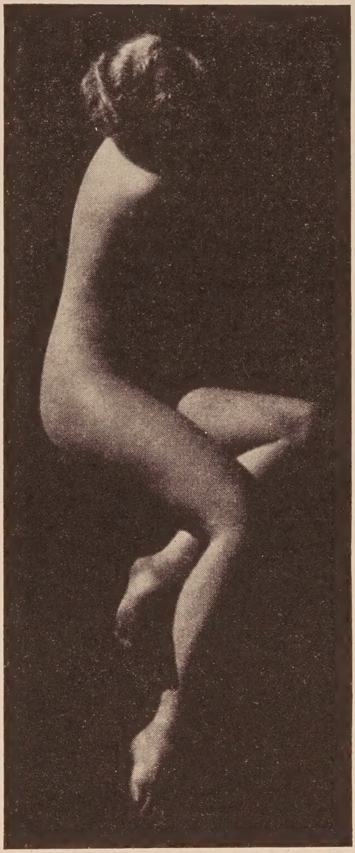
When she was a kid it was a family custom that on her birthday Una was allowed to choose the food she wanted for the day. She always chose bean soup, French fried potatoes and vanilla ice cream.

Among Una's friends in the movie colony are John and Dorothy Huston (John is Walter Huston's son), Greta Nissen and Mae Clarke. Una doesn't know Janet Gaynor very intimately, but played with her in one picture and admires her tremendously. But then Una is the kind of girl who never says anything about anybody unless she can say something nice. None of this business of, "So and So is very nice, but—". There are no "buts" in Una's vocabulary, if you know what I mean.

I said it before and I'll say it again—in this dizzy world of modern jazz, all night petting parties and booze guzzling, Una is that practically non-existent person, an old-fashioned girl. A columnist recently said that she slept in a cotton nightgown. "And me a bride of six months," Una said reproachfully. She isn't that old-fashioned. She sleeps in a silk nightgown. But she has a good old-fashioned cotton soul.

LET'S NOT FOOL OURSELVES

PERSPIRATION ODOR



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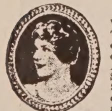

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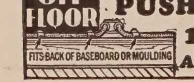
FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 65)

The Crash (First National)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Lois Wilson, Hardie Albright, Paul Cavanagh.*

It's About: *The rich and selfish society lady who has a hard time realizing there is a depression.*

This turns out to be the mystery picture of the month, the mystery being why Ruth Chatterton and George Brent should be cast in such a story after their delightful work in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

In "The Crash," Ruth plays a cold, calculating society lady. She calmly walks out on her husband when his fortune is lost in the stock market crash. George Brent, as the husband, does not hesitate to use his wife's charms to get market tips from men higher up in the financial scheme. He even stoops to blackmail. Not until the close of the picture are the two leading characters presented as anything but completely selfish beings.

The lovely Chatterton does not hesitate to make her character as heartless as possible. Her performance is excellent. Brent is fine, too, in his miserable rôle. Barbara Leonard is splendid and Paul Cavanagh is a human, likeable other man.

You may enjoy the lavishness of the production, but "The Crash" will not win any new fans for its stars.

Thirteen Women (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne, Myrna Loy, Jill Esmond, Florence Eldridge, Kay Johnson, C. Henry Gordon, Julie Haydon, Harriet Hagman, Wally Albright, Mary Duncan.*

It's About: *A mysterious half-caste woman who almost succeeds in doing away with an entire group of friends by various kinds of dirty work.*

Somehow Tiffany Thayer's book should have come forth as a more successful screen vehicle. It isn't particularly logical, and the adaptation and direction occasionally leave much to be desired.

A brilliant cast, sparkling with important names, will draw some interest to this weird tale, but it isn't one half as intriguing as it should have been.

Myrna Loy is simply elegant as the half caste lady (although she's really no lady) who does away with her friends through occult powers of suggestion. Ricardo Cortez seems wasted as the detective, but there are excellent performances from Kay Johnson, Jill Esmond, Mary Duncan and Florence Eldridge.

Hollywood Speaks (Columbia)

You'll See: *Genevieve Tobin, Pat O'Brien, Rita LaRoy, Lucien Prival.*

It's About: *A movie struck girl who stops at nothing to reach success on the screen, only to find that Hollywood gold is just yellow paint—and not very good paint.*

The big parade of Hollywood stories is still passing by, ladies and gentlemen. And what a lurid little concoction this latest entry turns out to be. It's what people who have never been to the movie city imagine happens in those big mortgage-stuccoed Beverly Hills mansions.

Genevieve Tobin brings her cool charm to the actress who takes any means to scale the cinema ladder. Scandal ruins her career and then she finds that love is everything, after all. Pat O'Brien turns in a neat performance.

✓✓ Tiger Shark (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Richard Arlen, Zita Johann, Leila Bennett.*

It's About: *Some tall goings on aboard a fishing smack. Richard Arlen tries to be noble about it but he really* does *love Edward G. Robinson's wife.*

If this keeps up Warner Brothers-First National are going to be the big noise in the film world this year. A regular parade of hits are coming out of that studio.

"Tiger Shark" is breathlessly exciting—and scenes on the fishing boat, far out at sea, give you some first hand information about tuna fishing. Maybe you just think of tuna as something that comes in salads—but you should see how thrilling it is on the hoof.

Edward G. Robinson is magnificent as the Portuguese fisherman who loses a hand in saving his pal from a tiger shark. Richard Arlen is exceedingly sincere as the rescued friend who tries to forget his love for the other man's wife.

The scene of the battle to the death between the two former friends is the ultimate in suspense.

It's red blooded and virile, and a nice vacation from swanky drawing rooms.

Zita Johann, the woman in the story, is an excellent actress, but unfortunately the camera is none too kind to her unusual type of beauty.

✓ Okay America (Universal)

You'll See: *Lew Ayres, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Calhern, Walter Catlett, Alan Dinehart and dozens of others.*

It's About: *An up and coming young newspaper columnist who gets in a heckuva mess with gangsters over a kidnapping plot.*

This, children, is the story that Walter Winchell wouldn't emote in for Universal. Maybe Walter had his reasons, but it seems like poor judgment on his part. It's a pip of a yarn.

It will bring Lew Ayres right back to the front again. He hasn't had as good a picture since "All Quiet On The Western Front," and the rôle of the lively, bragging, lovable columnist proves right up his street. He plays it for all it is worth, and then some.

"Okay America" ranks with "Blessed Event" as the best of the columnist yarns. There's lots of ginger and suspense to the story, and just wait until you see how Lew gets himself in and out of that kidnapping business.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a pleasing heroine, and Walter Catlett and Alan Dinehart stand out in a big cast.

(*Continued on page* 92)

The Fate of Forgotten Faces

(*Continued from page 37*)

She didn't know she was being interviewed. If she had, she wouldn't have talked so freely. But when she knows that you and I admire her, I think she'll understand. The reason that she didn't want to talk was that she didn't want to be pitied. She's too brave and fine for that.

"Somebody wrote a story that I was starving," she said. "One woman in Canada wrote to say that things were going hard with her and her family, but that she could spare a little and she wanted to send me something. To write such stories about me is false and unkind.

"I have not worked lately. I got one day's work as an extra in June and nothing this month. I tried out for a part in a picture, but someone else got it. I'm willing to do anything, as you see. I'm not proud. I'll do extra work or anything else just to have a chance to show what I can do.

"I thought that after I did such a good job in 'Four Sons' that I'd never have to worry again. The studio heads told me that. They said, 'Margaret, you're set for life'. But they forgot, and the old order changed. My contract expired, and that was that. But such things often happen. It couldn't be helped. I've been on the stage all my life—and I'll keep on."

And this woman who has trouble of her own turned to knitting a sweater for an expectant mother—turned to thinking of someone other than herself.

"Do you see many pictures these days?" I persisted.

"No," she said. "You see, I can't afford it—"

I tried to find Belle Bennett. A studio list directed me to a beautiful home in the Toluca Lake district.

"No poverty here," I said to myself, as I rang the doorbell. A maid told me that the home was now occupied by Mary Astor. I went to a second house. The whereabouts of Belle Bennett and her husband, Fred Windermere, were not known. This house was of more modest proportions. I stopped at a gasoline station and asked.

"I'd like to know, too—" said the attendant.

On Ventura Boulevard there had been a roadside inn bearing her name. Specializing in fried chicken. I went there.

It had been turned into a pet farm—

I finally learned that she and her husband had gone east, to keep on fighting their battle on the legitimate stage. I hope they make it—and come back with contracts in their pockets.

Remember Jimmy Murray?

He was the sensation of "The Crowd," one of the most beautiful, the most stark pictures ever made.

I saw Jimmy the other day. Walking down Hollywood Boulevard. Looking a little older. Five years ago he was a star. He has been tested and re-tested for talking pictures. There aren't so many tests any more. I believe the last job he had was at Paramount. A small rôle some time ago. But he keeps on making the rounds of casting directors, always hoping.

Virginia Pearson was a great star. Sheldon Lewis was famous, too. They're married. A few months ago they were found living over a garage, in want. Now, things are breaking better. Virginia talks over the radio.

Lewis is deaf.

There is one thing that makes him stand out head and shoulders above men and women who are beaten. Whenever anyone is conducting a benefit, whenever anyone wants to run a charity show or raise money, he goes to him.

"Charity?" says Lewis. "Well, well! I'll say I'll play a part for you. I feel sorry for those people who are in want, poor things—"

What spirit that is!

There are many more whom you and I recall and that the producers have overlooked in the mad scramble for new faces, new talent. Monroe Salisbury, a splendid actor, who is a night clerk at the Warner-Kelton here. Florence Turner, the Vitagraph girl of many years ago, who now plays bits and extra parts. Walter Hiers, the fat comedian, who waits for his calls at the Masquers Club. Huntley Gordon, once a leading man, who lost his money in a hosiery factory which failed. Flora Finch, of the John Bunny days, still struggling. Kate Price, who works now and then in small parts. Betty Blythe, who lives on a San Fernando farm with her husband, Paul Scardon. Wanda Hawley. Mary McLaren.

There was a time when Florence Lawrence was, next to Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart. In the Biograph days. She was burned terribly. She lost all her money. She essayed a comeback. She worked as an extra in "Are These Our Children?" I was on the set working, too.

"Florence," said Wes Ruggles, the director. "You know your stuff. Read this line."

The line contained three words.

Her face lit with an almost holy light. A director had noticed her—

At the beginning, I said that I couldn't write a sob story about these people, friends of mine. Again, I say I can't. There is nothing downtrodden, nothing pitiful, about these splendid troupers who need, who deserve, who have won a chance. They aren't licked. They're waging a game, desperate uphill battle. They're little fellows in the ring with that brawny, browbeating, slugging monster—fate. They're men on a muddy field, outweighed—

But they're fighting until the final bell—

I can't sob. All I can do is to stand up in my bleacher seat and cheer, ladies and gentlemen—cheer like hell!

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All around you folks are using a new method of reduction. Some through doctors, some through Marmola. The results are seen in every circle—new beauty, health and vim. Why not join these happy people if you need this help?

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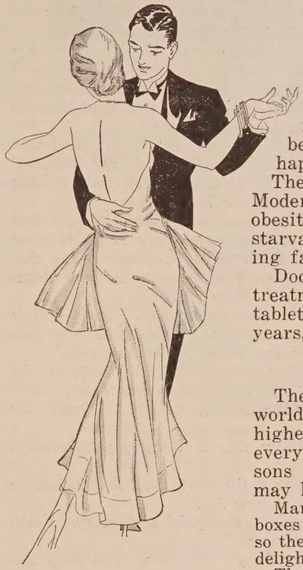

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Rockabye

(*Continued from page 77*)

"That's jake here."

"Don't, Judy," Terry pleaded. "It's all right. Everything's going to be all right. I shan't let them hurt you."

"Let me have this straight," Judy demanded. "How did it all come about?"

"I followed her to Paris," Terry explained. "Brought her back to London. I told you once. There was a reconciliation."

"A new honeymoon, eh? And now an heir to the family name."

"Please, darling. This hasn't been easy for me. . . . But I've made my decision."

Realizing what he meant, Judy quickly sat down beside him, saying:

"No, no, wait a minute. It's not just that it's your moral duty to go to your wife. That's not the danger. It's that there's something waiting for you there, Terry. . . . Your son."

"I do want to see him." And Terry's voice was husky. "The nurse says he's like me, but he has Enid's blue eyes."

Judy's voice reflected the hurt, as she said: "You wanted blue eyes, didn't you?" Then she added, tensely: "Don't see him."

"I know this is hurting you terribly, sweet."

"There at the start, the going looked so good, but now . . ."

"Nothing's changed," said Terry. "Nothing's different."

"Everything's different. You've a son now. She's stolen my baby. And now she's stealing you."

"See here, Judy," Terry said sharply. "Get this thing straight. I shall see Enid when she wishes it. I've told them they could reach me here by phone. Enid was asleep, when I stopped at the hospital."

"This Enid of yours—she loves you?"

"I don't know, but I couldn't return to her, loving you as I do. You must believe me, dear."

"I wanted him to be my baby. I wanted all the silly humdrum things," Judy said, half to herself. "I wanted to feed him, to teach him his Now-I-Lay-Me's, and to give him a fiver for his first black eye. Oh, I wanted . . ."

"It's going to be all right, sweet," Terry said, trying to make himself believe his words were true.

Awaking the next morning with the conviction that Enid was trying to steal Terry from her, Judy resolved to go to the hospital. She reached the door of Enid's room just as Terry, carrying the baby, came out with a nurse. Terry didn't even see her. His eyes, his whole being, were wrapped up in Enid's child, the boy baby with blue eyes.

The hatred that had filled Judy's soul, as she entered the hospital, left her instantly. Her eyes were moist as she watched Terry walk down the hall. Slowly, as though she were in a daze, Judy pulled a veil over her eyes, and turned away. Her heart turned dead within her, but she knew from that moment what she had to do.

De Sola met Pell at the door of Judy's apartment.

"Don't you think you've caused enough trouble, Pell?" he asked.

"And just how does that concern you?"

"I love Judy," De Sola explained. "I love her enough to want, above all things, her happiness. Even if she is to find it with you. Let's talk about you—and Judy. Judy wants you."

"I want Judy."

"All right," said De Sola. "I believe that."

Seeing only compassion in De Sola's face, Terry slumped down, and spoke as though he were in the deepest misery.

"I must return with my wife and son to England. I promised. That's only cricket, isn't it? I promised, and now, God help me, I can't do it. I can't get on that boat."

They entered the apartment and Judy and Pell walked to the terrace without saying a word. Finally, forcing herself to break the silence, she said:

"You're sailing soon, Terry?"

"Enid's sailing on the Brittania this afternoon, Judy."

"And you're going with her, of course?"

"No," Terry said curtly.

"But your son?"

Instead of answering with words, Terry pulled Judy close to him, kissing her hair, her eyes, her throat.

"Oh, Judy," he said passionately, "I love you more than anything in the world. I can't leave you. I know I should, but I can't."

Holding him off gently, Judy asked: "Does Enid know you're not intending to sail with her and—and the boy?"

"Don't ask me that, Judy. I can't leave you. Can't you understand that?"

"Does she know, Terry?"

"I love you, Judy. There is no question about that."

"Tell me about Enid," Judy urged, gently.

"Her eyes asked me to say I was happy to sail with her, Judy. And I told her I was."

"That's good, Terry."

"I didn't want to, but there's something queer, and stark, and homely that binds a man to a woman once they've been through a thing."

Judy knew what he meant. She never had had a child with blue eyes, but she knew what he meant, and she said: "Something queer, and stark, and homely, Terry. Hurry now, dear, catch your boat."

"I've got to take you along, Judy. I'll put you up somewhere in London, and I'll spend my spare hours with you. That's absurd, isn't it, when I love you so."

"I love you so."

"Come with me."

Judy shook her head slowly.

"I've been wrong so much of my life, Terry," she said, "and now you've given me something. You've given me a chance to be right. Please don't take it away from me. If you love me, you won't. Good-bye, Terry. . . . Good-bye, darling."

"Judy . . ."

"Please go, Terry. Your son is sailing."

Judy stood on the terrace, looking after Terry until he had passed through the gate. Then she walked slowly into the house. De Sola met her at the door.

Bing Crosby Tells What Women Love

(*Continued from page 27*)

there could be, for me, only one love in a lifetime. *And I still think so.*

"My idea, or ideal of romance is that there can be, that there should be lots of light and summery romances deserving just that name—Romance—not Love. But that there can be only one serious, wintertime Romance and that one deserves the name of—Love.

"I always fell, temporarily, for the same type. Funny, but true. Always the little, blonde, peppy girls who had a good line and wanted to do things and go places and stay late.

"I was just drifting along, I guess, until I met Dixie and then everything was different.

"It isn't that I've lost Romance because I've married. I've simply taken Romance home instead of to Night Clubs and dances and Beach Clubs. I've surrendered, dear, with a vengeance.

"Some day, when this vogue of mine is over and it will end, of course, as such things always do—then I plan to go into some staple line of business—a fish cannery, perhaps—and have a home and, I hope, kids. We are *not,* by the way, expecting a baby now, rumors to the contrary."

I broke in on Bing, reluctantly. I knew our time was growing short. I wanted to know something special. I said, "What do *you* think it is the fans see—or hear—in you? What makes them such *rabid* fans? What do you *give* them?"

Bing looked puzzled, waved a puzzled hand. He said, "I wish I could tell you what I think it is. I honestly don't know. It may be that I never sing a song unless *I believe the words I am singing.* When I sing 'And so I say Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen, my dear' I really am feeling it, the sorrow of parting, the tears of all goodbyes. When I sing 'I surrender, Dear' I am acutely conscious of what I am saying, of what it means, of the pain in it. *What I sing, I mean.* I never sing a song the way it is written. I sing it the way I would *say* it, naturally. The words, the emotion mean more to me than the melody. Perhaps, you know, perhaps I am wrong—perhaps these girls of today *do* want more emotion in their lives and the songs I sing release that emotion. Or it may be that when they are listening to me they are simply having—*fun.*"

Now, girls, speak up. Is Bing right or is he wrong? Judging from some of the letters he receives I should say that he is a little bit wrong, that the fan-fever contracted in the name of Bing is more serious than mere fun.

When Valentino died and the grief of millions of women rose in a dark, dense cloud of pain a very eminent Editor wrote an editorial about it. He called it "The Great God Valentino." He pointed out that the violent hysteria exhibited proved a great lack in the lives of American women and an even greater lack on the part of American men as lovers.

Bing, the Great God Bing, seems, in his medium, to give to women that dark flower once held by Valentino.

I think Bing gives you more than fun, don't you?

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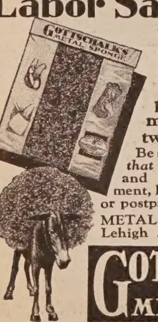

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 88*)

✓ 70,000 Witnesses (Paramount)

You'll See: *Phillips Holmes, Dorothy Jordan, Charles Ruggles, Johnny Mack Brown, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *Right in the midst of the big football game the college grid star is murdered. Maybe you've wondered how that never happened before.*

At last, they've found a new place for a murder. It's right down on the football field, with 70,000 witnesses and you, too, looking on. It is one of the trickiest murder mysteries since S. S. Van Dine was going good.

Johnny Mack Brown is the murderee, and he gets his'n just as he is about to score a touchdown. His pal, Phillips Holmes, gets blamed since his brother is a big racketeer who had $300,000 on the other team.

There is an unusual solution, when the two teams play the game all over again so the detectives can do a little high powered detecting.

Phillips Holmes, even if you *don't* think he looks like a big league quarterback, is very good, particularly in the third degree sequences. Dorothy Jordan is the winsome college belle who loves him. David Landau is the smart detective; Lew Cody, the racketeer, and Big Boy Williams is funny as the college bootlegger. As for Charlie Ruggles, he is a joy forever as the very inebriated newspaper man.

✓ Night Mayor (Columbia)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Evalyn Knapp, Donald Dillaway, Eugene Pallette, Warren Hymer, Barbara Weeks.*

It's About: *The big city mayor who would rather see a musical comedy any day than talk with the aldermen.*

Perhaps it's rude to point *but* the leading character in this picture will make you think of a certain youngish mayor of a very largish city. The newspapers have been full of his escapades lately. That makes it just dandy—lots of advance publicity on this picture. It's bound to get considerable attention.

Lee Tracy makes a grand mayor—and even looks like the slender, wiry, real-life counterpart. Everything is written in from investigation committees to beer parades and Follies girls. The little lady from the hey-hey show, however, saves the mayor's political scalp. She loves him too much to marry him, and—but you'll want to see it for yourself.

This Tracy boy acts like a house-afire, and you're going to like him as the harum-scarum, lovable mayor. Evalyn Knapp, Donald Dillaway, Eugene Pallette, Vince Barnett and Warren Hymer are good in support.

✓✓ Mr. Robinson Crusoe (United Artists)

You'll See: *Douglas Fairbanks, Maria Alba, Earle Browne and William Farnum.*

It's About: *Robinson Crusoe brought up to date, with a radio, cocktail shaker, and a South Sea island beauty as the Man Friday.*

Does Douglas Fairbanks have the Fountain of Youth hidden around Pickfair some place? Here is Doug, Sr., slim and handsome, doing acrobatics that would be impossible for most Olympic athletes of twenty.

Don't think for a moment that this is the Robinson Crusoe of your childhood. It's a joyous, nonsensical satire on the famous book, set down in a gorgeous verdant tropic isle. The hero swims ashore from a yacht, wagering that he can wrest an ample living from the lush jungles. After the second reel you wish to gosh you were with him. He builds a "penthouse" in the treetops, weaves himself a natty suit out of something or other, and even rigs up a radio. Of course you may not like the idea of Rudy Vallee in *your* jungle, but on the whole it is a grand *dolce far niente* existence.

There is a chase providing plenty of excitement when a band of head-hunters want to make a soup bone out of Doug. The love interest is not particularly torrid, but Maria Alba is exquisite as the runaway native lass.

Doug monopolizes most of the screen footage—but he's such fun that you don't begrudge him an inch.

It's the best Fairbanks picture in many a long day—even if you don't believe it for an instant.

✓✓ The Most Dangerous Game (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong and Leslie Banks.*

It's About: *A mad Russian, bored with hunting animals, gets his thrill by hunting human beings, trapped on his wilderness island.*

Perhaps the best adventure-thriller story in recent years, "The Most Dangerous Game" exerts a pall of horror over you.

It's improbable, of course, but it is not impossible—this weird story of a mad Russian nobleman, living in a nightmare-ish castle on a strange, forbidding island, tracking down and slaughtering humans. His victims are provided by shipwrecks off his dangerous shores, and he engineers those, too. His trophy room in the castle, by the way, is something to haunt your dreams.

In every sense this is a *moving picture*. Much of it is without dialogue, but so tense is the atmosphere that you never miss the spoken word. A splendid musical score augments the atmosphere of terror, and the photography is magnificent.

Leslie Banks, in his first American screen appearance, is superb as the Russian madman. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are fine as the two hunted ones.

If you are interested in something original in the bloodcurdlers, see this, but don't blame us if you can't sleep.

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December Issue Love Mirror Movie Mirror On Sale NOV. 5th

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 75*)

sophisticates; but when you see her you'll find that though the picture isn't the over-sweet, sugary kind she objected to, it isn't the sort of sophisticated sex stuff other stars have been turning out. Charles Farrell gets better all the time. The supporting cast is swell.

☆

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount) Paramount's mistake of the season. The big scenes from Cecil DeMille's silent thriller, "The Ten Commandments," with a picture of modern Russian life. It introduces Sari Maritza, the foreign find with a lot of sex appeal. Given a better picture, she may make a hit.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. For months you've been reading about its super-super cast—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and others. It is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

☆

GUILTY AS HELL (Paramount) Here's something unusual in murder stories—you see the crime committed right before your eyes in the first few seconds of the picture. You know who's guilty and you see an innocent man being framed. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are their old bickering selves in this. You'll like "Guilty As Hell," but you won't think it's any world beater. Dick Arlen's talents are wasted on a meager rôle.

☆

✓ **HIGH SPEED** (Columbia) So you thought that Buck Jones could only ride horses, did you? Well, he rides racing autos in this, and how he rides them! You'll be delighted.

☆

HOLD 'EM JAIL (Radio) Here's a picture kidding the great game of football, and with Wheeler and Woolsey in it, you know just what to expect. They're railroaded to jail to help the jail win its big football game. It's mad, merry entertainment, with Rosco Ates and Edna May Oliver helping.

☆

HUDDLE (M-G-M) While Novarro fans have practically been pleading for a romantic talkie-singie with Novarro, the producers have put him in a football rôle. It's inevitable, if you're a Novarro fan, that you'll be annoyed at such miscasting. Not even Ramon's singing a romantic love song to beautiful Madge Evans can make the picture better than fair.

☆

✓ **IGLOO** (Universal) One of the most unusual pictures of the year, with a cast of native Eskimos. You'll learn a great deal from this about how the primitive Eskimos live in the land of the Arctic. Chee-ak, the native hero, has an appealing smile and a likeable personality. But essentially "Igloo" is an educational picture, and is better than lessons in geography.

☆

✓ **JEWEL ROBBERY, THE** (Warners) Two scrumptious performances by Kay Francis and William Powell lift this picture above the average. It's fictiony stuff, laid in Vienna, about a suave crook and a beautiful woman who falls in love with him while he's engaged in a big jewel robbery. If you're a sufficiently hot Francis or Powell fan, you won't care about the story's implausibility. It's really a musical comedy without music.

☆

✓✓ **LETTY LYNTON** (M-G-M) Here is vivid, modern entertainment. It brings together Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in as fascinating a story as you could ask. Joan plays a modern girl into whose life real love suddenly comes. But her Latin-American lover (superbly played by Nils Asther) threatens to tell all. Joan gives a vivid, dramatic performance. Bob Montgomery is utterly charming.

☆

LOVE IS A RACKET (Warners) About the love life of a gossip columnist. This seems to be the new cycle in pictures. There isn't anything new about the story itself, though the

(*Continued on page 95*)

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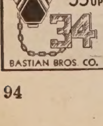

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Did Hollywood Separate the Weissmullers?

(*Continued from page* 18)

No one thought that the women would even bother to see this wild animal picture. The matinée sex saw that flashing smile, the clear eyes, and the perfect physique, and they put him on an idol's pedestal. Here was a brand new answer to the maiden's prayer. Passionate fan letters poured in on him. But still Bobbe and he were in love.

They rented a small home—and both dreamed and hoped that Johnny would make good. He would like to have a home in Beverly Hills, and a swimming pool. It would be *such* a swimming pool—long and deep, and he would swim in it every day. Swimming to Johnny is as important as the very breath he draws.

Hollywood society saw very little of the Weissmullers. Bobbe abandoned her career. Undoubtedly that was a mistake. Somehow marital happiness seems to last so much longer in Hollywood if both husband and wife are busy with careers. However, a career seemed unimportant to Bobbe while she had Johnny to love. They stayed home of nights, listened to the radio or entertained a few chosen friends. Sometimes they went to the movies. They were still new enough and young enough to be fans themselves. They were happy together.

Neither of them worried about town scandal. Johnny had been a celebrity in the sporting world for eleven years—and never a whisper of scandal. He didn't drink. He didn't smoke, and being always in training, there had been little time for the bright lights. He had always been attractive to women—but a good athlete doesn't enter into many romances. He *did* wonder if Hollywood would gossip about him if he made good.

He didn't have long to wait to find out. Hollywood started the whispering chorus almost before he had taken off that scanty leopard skin he wore across his loins as Tarzan. There were whispers about this and about that, and "did you know, my dear, that the Weissmuller's aren't a *bit* happy—buzz-zz-z."

Bobbe began to go around with a stricken look. "Hollywood is trying to break up our marriage," she cried to a friend. "But it shan't do it. It shan't."

But Hollywood did. Just as it wrecked the love of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Just as it did the marriage of Ina Claire and John Gilbert—and many, many others. Fame does change people.

Even then things might have righted themselves if Johnny hadn't gone away on a personal appearance tour. The two of them were separated at the very time when they needed each other the most. A little understanding then, or even a good laugh at the expense of senseless gossip, might have prevented what was to come.

Bobbe didn't go along. For one reason, they didn't feel that they could afford the expense. Johnny's salary, considering his new popularity, is very small. Then, too, if Bobbe went someone would have to be employed to look after Johnny's business in Hollywood, his fan mail and the hundred things that arise to bother a star such as Johnny had become. So Bobbe stayed at home. She answered the thousands of fan letters which amorous ladies sent to this handsome new idol.

Johnny was receiving acclaim such as he had never before even dreamed possible. He came to New York, and he was feted like a trans-Atlantic flyer. He had always been simple and unaffected. His life had been uncluttered with the things that harden and fortify most men in the public eye. If all of this turned his head just a bit there is nothing surprising in that. Older and wiser men than Johnny have found fame to be intoxicating.

Hollywood began to hear his name linked with Lupe Velez—then the sparkling luminary in Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha."

Bobbe heard, too, but she was too heartsick to talk about it. She continued to take care of Johnny's fan mail. Occasionally she went down to a little beach club where everyone knew and liked the world's champion swimmer. Then she could talk about Johnny to her heart's content—and to sympathetic listeners.

Johnny finally came home after his tour had been completed. He didn't return to the home where Bobbe and he had lived during the days "Tarzan" was in the filming. He explained that while the Olympic Games were in progress in Los Angeles he would like to be over at the big swimming stadium with the aquatic stars.

Hollywood didn't understand that. It did understand that Lupe was back in town. Hollywood added up two and two, and customarily, made six. Now Lupe was dismayed. She is a madcap, but she is not an intentional heart breaker. Lupe stopped seeing Johnny.

But the Weissmullers drifted farther from any possible understanding. It was Johnny, they say, who asked Bobbe to get the divorce. At first she refused, saying that if such a thing were to be, Johnny would have to take the step. Friends say that Johnny considered one of those "quickie" Mexican affairs, and abandoned the idea. Few men like to take that first step. Somehow it seems ungallant, and Johnny isn't that.

If there is a divorce, and it seems now that nothing can prevent it, Bobbe will secure it in Los Angeles—in a dignified, quiet way—and naming the most dignified possible charge—incompatability.

She plans to resume her career which she deserted a year ago to become just Mrs. Johnny Weismuller. Once more the name of Bobbe Arnst will appear on theater marquees.

Who is to blame for the wreck of this latest filmland marriage? You can't blame Bobbe for still being in love. You can't blame Johnny. Love grows cold in Toledo and Topeka as well as in Hollywood.

The only thing left to shoulder the blame is Hollywood—and Hollywood can dish it out and it can take it. The nongossipers of picture town still hope that the Weissmullers can come to an understanding. The major portion of the cinema colony still prefer the ending which reads—"and they lived happily ever after."

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 93*)

performances of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ann Dvorak, and Lee Tracy make the picture fairly entertaining.

☆

✓ **LOVE ME TONIGHT** (Paramount) A gay, romantic bit of fluff about a princess who falls in love with a tailor from Paris. Chevalier is just as delightful as ever; but Jeanette MacDonald is better than she has ever been before and steals the picture from Maurice himself. "Love Me Tonight" isn't quite as good as "One Hour With You" or "The Smiling Lieutenant." It lacks Lubitsch's subtle touches, but for all that it makes a very diverting movie.

☆

✓✓ **MAKE ME A STAR** (Paramount) Here's the talkie remake of "Merton of the Movies." Stuart Erwin makes one swell Merton, grand in the comedy scenes and equally fine when the story approaches tragedy. Joan Blondell, perfectly cast, gains new laurels.

☆

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Fox) With such a cast as this has, Karen Morley, Warner Baxter and Alan Mowbray, it seems a pity that a better story couldn't have been found for their talents. Warner Baxter is a lot of fans' favorite actor. In this he's been cast as a secret service man and made to play out-dated melodrama. He tries his best to save the picture, but the story's beyond saving.

☆

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE (Paramount) One of the mysteries of Hollywood is why Claudette Colbert is always put in pictures that are terribly dull. This, for instance, is. It's about a woman who thinks she's a war widow and is ready to fall in love again, when back into the picture comes her husband, and he suffers and she suffers and everybody suffers. Not even the fact that Clive Brook is in the picture can make this entertaining.

☆

✓ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL** (Paramount) After seeing "Merrily We Go To Hell" you'll be just about ready to swear that Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney are the grandest, swellest, most scrumptious team in the movies. How beautifully they work opposite each other in this! Fredric March, gay and charming; Sylvia Sidney wistful and appealing. The story's about an irresponsible young playboy of a reporter who marries an heiress. The picture has heart-throbs and comedy. See it.

☆

✓✓ **MIRACLE MAN, THE** (Paramount) A picture that gets away down deep inside you. It was made years ago as a silent. It was great then, and in its talkie revival it's still swell. This Sylvia Sidney gal has something that lifts all her performance into a class above the ordinary. She's great as the lovely crook who needs reforming. John Wray as "The Frog," Ned Sparks, Chester Morris and Hobart Bosworth are all good.

☆

✓ **MISS PINKERTON** (Warners) Here's excitement for you! Here's mystery! Here's a corking good plot. It's one of those spooky things in which there's murder and danger, and you suspect one person after another. Joan Blondell does swell work. George (not another Gable) Brent is the detective who investigates the murders, and also takes care of the love interest. He's darn likeable.

☆

✓✓ **MOUTHPIECE, THE** (Warners) This is the story of a great criminal lawyer. It's interesting; it's amusing; it's thrilling. What more do you want? Warren William has his best rôle to date as the lawyer. Little Sidney Fox is the sweet young thing. Aline MacMahon contributes a vivid performance as a hard-boiled gal. And the courtroom scenes are positively grand.

☆

✓✓ **MOVIE CRAZY** (Paramount) When a Harold Lloyd comedy is as funny as this, it's worth waiting a year or more to see. There've been plenty of stories about the Merton-like lads who get stung in Hollywood, but Harold Lloyd makes this one a pip. You won't laugh. You'll guffaw. Harold Lloyd does his best work since "Grandma's Boy". Constance Cummings makes one dandy leading lady for Harold. What a relief, after all the morbid and sordid sex dramas, to see a wow of a comedy like this!

☆

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M) In spite of its title, there's nothing new to this picture, and very little to recommend it. It's just another one of those stories about whether the modern generation is going to the dogs and what of it? Robert Young gives a fair performance.

☆

✓ **OLD DARK HOUSE, THE** (Universal) Horror stories are still minting money, so Universal comes forward with this new shudder-thriller. It isn't as gruesome as "Frankenstein," though it has its moments. Splendid acting saves it from being just one of those things. Boris Karloff is excellent as a scarred deaf mute. Eva Moore makes her sinister rôle stand out.

☆

✓ **ONE WAY PASSAGE** (Warners) It's an elegant combination—that one of Kay Francis and William Powell. They were grand together even when they were playing in so flimsy a story as "The Jewel Robbery", so you can imagine what they are like in "One Way Passage," where they're given a real story. It's the story of a man trying to escape the hangman's noose and a woman who has only a few weeks to live. They meet on board a ship, and what happens afterwards is drama with a capital D.

☆

✓ **RADIO PATROL** (Universal) If you must have super-super epics, the chances are you won't appreciate this. But if you're just an average movie-goer, who likes a good picture whether there are big star names in it or not, you'll find this vastly entertaining. It's the story of two young cops who fall for the same girl. The girl, June Clyde, is charming. Lila Lee, having conquered illness and defeat, comes back in this, giving a fine performance. The men are Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton.

☆

✓ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM** (Fox) If you're tired of sophisticated pictures, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be a relief—and how! Don't miss it just because you were counting on seeing Gaynor and Farrell in it. Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy are delightful in it, and Fox ought to keep them together as a team hereafter.

☆

✓ **RED HEADED WOMAN, THE** (M-G-M) It's the sexiest, fastest-moving, most laughable farce that's been screened in a long time, and nine chances out of ten you'll enjoy it. It isn't at all like the book, which was a serious character study. Instead, it's a whale of a comedy. In spite of some excellent support from Chester Morris, Lelia Hyams, Una Merkel, the picture's all Jean Harlow's.

☆

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio) This picture of the war in China comes a little late. Anyway, it isn't so hot. It has some big thrill scenes, but on the whole it's pretty confused. Gwili Andre débuts in this, and she is stunning, but she lacks fire and needs more camera experience. Richard Dix is fine as a river captain.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (Caddo) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand.

☆

✓ **SKY BRIDE** (Paramount) Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie team up again in an entertaining show, which has some fine air-thrill stuff. Arlen plays a flier who loses his nerve after his buddy cracks up. A girl helps him find it again. Virginia Bruce is the girl.

☆

✓ **SKYSCRAPER SOULS** (M-G-M) It's not easy to rate "Skyscraper Souls," because its settings and its cast are so much better than its story, which is a little obvious. It has been given such a splendid production, however, that

(*Continued on page 97*)

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 73*)

Is there no limit to the talents of these movie stars? Gary Cooper and Douglas Fairbanks cooked a dinner the other night. Moreover, it was a good dinner, with plenty of spaghetti and tamales. The guest of honor was Crown Princess Brenda of Kapurthalia, and she didn't even get indigestion.

Paul Muni almost scared the customers away from Levy's Tavern, one of Hollywood's popular luncheon spots. Paul showed up wearing his prop studio whiskers, and proved that he could strain soup through them.

The Farrells Compromise

Another great problem has been settled. Charles Farrell didn't want to live in Virginia Valli's house in Beverly Hills, and Virginia didn't want to live in Charlie's house at Tolouca Lake. They decided to compromise, and now both are living happily in a cottage near Malibu Beach. In the meantime Mary Boland has leased Virginia's house, and a scenarist has taken over the Farrell ménage.

Somehow it seems that Fate played Hugh Herbert, the comedian, a dirty trick.

After 25 years on the stage and screen Hugh was called on to play his first love scene. It was with Tallulah Bankhead. It *does* seem that he should have been allowed a little preliminary training before tackling Tallulah.

Big moment in the Harold Lloyd household.

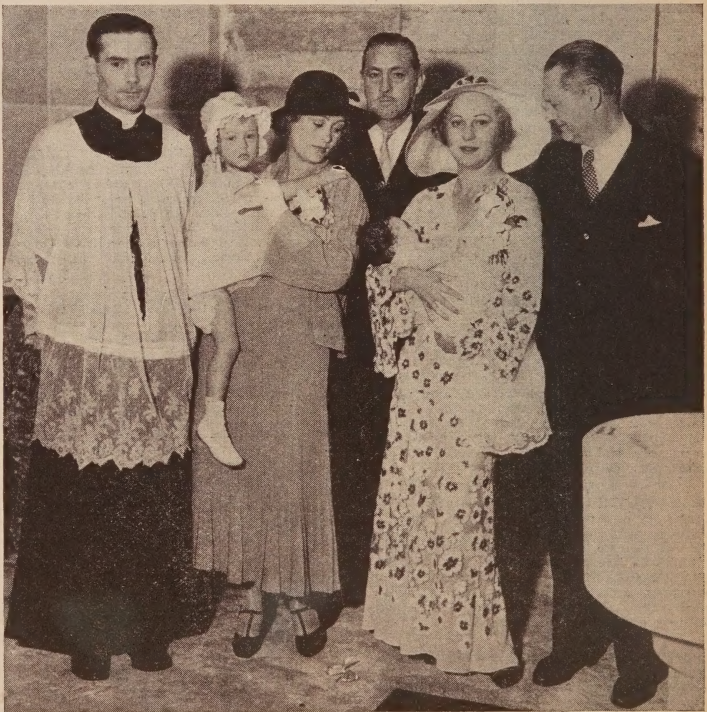
Harold Lloyd, Jr., has a regular act which his fond parents stage for all visitors. He is asked what kind of an actress is his mother, and then he applauds. The big climax comes when he is asked about his father's acting ability. The reply to that is a loud raspberry.

Somehow he got his cues mixed at one performance. He was asked about his mother, and started to applaud. Suddenly he pondered, and then varied the routine by a raspberry. Harold, Sr., is still laughing.

Two former stars of the screen are on Dr. Stork's calling list. Anita Stewart, now Mrs. George Converse, is expecting that blessed event, and so is Alice Day, now Mrs. Jack Cohn.

This is turning the tables, or something, but the most enthusiastic autograph hunter in Hollywood is Ruth Roland.

And the toughest job of the month fell to an M-G-M property man. He had to collect 100 bed bugs, needed for a certain picture.



Here's the crown prince of the royal Barrymore family being christened. The tiny princelet was named John Blythe Barrymore (Blythe being the real Barrymore name, you know). Aunt Helene Costello was godmother, Uncle Lionel Barrymore godfather

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 95)

you'll probably enjoy it. Warren William is the shrewd captain of finance who is so unscrupulous he double-crosses his own friends. Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster are the young lovers.

☆

✓✓ **SPEAK EASILY** (M-G-M) Did you see Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton in "The Passionate Plumber"? If you did, we don't have to tell you what a side-splitting combination they are. This comes from the Saturday Evening Post story, "Footlights." It's been changed completely, but you won't care because it's such mad, merry, grand comedy. Thelma Todd is a great help to the team, too, and what a comedienne!

☆

✓✓ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** (Radio) If you're a Barrymore fan (John Barrymore, darlings), you'll go for him in a big way in this. He plays this rôle with a lot of zest, dash and humor. The story's not unlike "The Mouthpiece." Helen Twelvetrees gives one of her better performances.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Their lips do not move; but you hear their thoughts. Technically "Strange Interlude" is perfect. As for the acting, there will be arguments about that. This reviewer believes that Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable. Ralph Morgan is swell as an old-maidish fuss-budget. Eugene O'Neill's strange drama of frustrated emotions makes an impressive, unusual picture.

☆

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal) Here's a pleasant little picture, absolutely clean, pure and wholesome, but the story's too slim, and there aren't enough thrills to go round. It shows the progress of a young lad through a military academy. Tom Brown is awfully nice as the young lad and Richard Cromwell is very appealing as his friend. You can take the whole family.

☆

✓ **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD** (Warners) Here is the second of Connie Bennett's $30,000 a week pictures for Warners. "Two Against the World" has the disadvantage of having the same plot as the Helen Twelvetrees starrer, "Unashamed." Connie, however, overcomes the handicap, and makes the picture something to remember her by. She's human and likeable. Neil Hamilton is her leading man, and how that lad is improving! Once again he brings humor and charm to his rôle.

☆

✓ **UNASHAMED** (M-G-M) Do you remember the newspaper story where a sister testified against her own brother because he had killed her lover? "Unashamed" is based on those headlines. Helen Twelvetrees rises to great dramatic heights in some of the scenes in this. Lewis Stone and John Miljan are swell as the two opposing attorneys, and Robert Young is very likeable. "Unashamed" is a satisfactory picture, though not great.

☆

✓ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** (M-G-M) If you're wild about Lionel Barrymore, you'll think "The Washington Masquerade" is swell stuff in spite of its faults. The trouble with the picture is that there are too many long-winded speeches in it. But Lionel is splendid. Karen Morley steals what's left of the picture as a sophisticated, worldly-wise woman.

☆

✓✓ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?** (RKO-Pathé) Here's a picture you mustn't miss, both because it gives you an amazingly true idea of what Hollywood is like and because Connie Bennett and Lowell Sherman give such brilliant performances. Neil Hamilton is charming, too.

☆

✓ **WINNER TAKE ALL** (Warners) Hot stuff, babies, hot stuff. In this Jimmy Cagney plays a tough mugg of a prize fighter who falls for a society frail (Virginia Bruce) when all the time there's a sweet, pure girl who really loves him (Marian Nixon). This picture is right down Jimmy's alley. Maybe it isn't his best picture, but, oh, what a lot of laughs it'll give you!

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He's Lost a Million Dollars

(*Continued from page* 61)

There wasn't any dramatic moment. It was like my flying. When you fly, you get in a tough spot every now and then. If you wash out, you wash out. If you land safely, you're okay, and you fly again.

"It was tough to lose like that, I suppose. But money isn't everything. You only need so much. It's like my house here. It's enough for me. I could have a million dollar shack, but I could only sleep in one bed at a time. There's only one thing I hope won't happen to me. That is, when I'm sixty or sixty-five that I'll have to keep on working."

But when Wally took it on the nose in the crash, trouble was just starting. His pilot borrowed his plane. Took two friends up. Crashed and burned.

"That cost $30,000, didn't it?" I asked.

He looked at me reproachfully.

"It took three lives," he said.

Following that, his house was burned partially. The amount not covered by insurance was $20,000. Not only was there a financial loss, but the fire consumed old records, letters, photographs, dear to Wally's memory.

But this isn't enough punishment for one of the finest, the most genuine and sincere men I know. A Beverly Hills bank folded a few months ago.

With it went all Wally's cash. Fifty thousand dollars in the savings account and $20,000 in the checking account. Ready money, salvaged from his stock losses, his current savings. He had left only the money in his pocket and what was around the house. At forty-eight, after a bitter struggle, after twenty-four years of gruelling work in motion pictures he found himself even as you and I, with only his next week's pay check to reckon with.

And still his charity went on!

The other night, we talked of the future.

"If I was out of a job today," he said, "I wouldn't worry. If I couldn't work in pictures, I'd get myself a job flying the mail or passengers or freight, move into a small house and start all over again. Or, if I couldn't fly, I'd go back to laboring. My wife would help me. She's got everything today. But do you know what she'd say to me? She'd say, 'Wally, don't worry. I'll go back to work, myself'."

The most interesting thing about this statement is that Wally means it, and Wally can do it. He can do it because he is so human. He can do it because, to be blunt, he can remember when he had dirt under his fingernails. He can do it because he's genuine. If, in the course of his rise to fame, he had become superficial and artificial, he couldn't go back. But he never has. And if he had forgotten the brown earth from which he sprang—as so many in Hollywood do—he never would have been the great actor he is.

"I like money," he continued. "It's great stuff to spend. I hope I always have it and hope I can do good with it. It's fun doing things for people."

Wally lives quietly. He doesn't drink, doesn't play cards, doesn't run to Malibu. He flies out and hunts and fishes miles from nowhere. He doesn't show off. He doesn't pose. He got a tremendous laugh the other day when he emerged from luncheon and climbed into his car. A bunch of kids watched him.

"Say," said one of the kids to another, "can you beat that? The guy drives around in a Ford!"

The roar of the crowd means nothing to him. He doesn't care for the cheers of his admirers. We were talking about autograph seekers.

"I always sign for the kids," he told me, "but the grownups give me a pain in the neck. They don't want my signature because of *me*. It's this way. Lizzie has an autograph book with sixty names in it. Tillie has one with fifty-nine. The only thing that Tillie's interested in is to tie Lizzie. So she tags me."

Wally will dodge a crowd of adults. He'll skirt any kind of a mob of men and women. But if a bunch of Boy Scouts are holding a get-together a thousand miles away, he'll climb into his airplane and fly up there to say hello to them. The kids know he feels this way. That's why a Beery picture breaks house records at Saturday matinées.

Oh, that Mitzi! How do you like her in a blonde wig? You're going to see Mitzi Green soon as "Little Orphan Annie," for RKO, and this is the way she'll look

"I can't turn a kid down," he said the other night.

Wally is not in debt. When he was a kid, working in a bolt factory, he began paying as he went. If he didn't have a nickel, he didn't chisel a bottle of pop. Today, he's the same way. Groceries brought to his door are paid for. Right on the line. He hasn't a charge account, never has had one.

"When I've got dough, I eat. When I haven't I don't. I can't pretend," he told me.

One of the things which I've enjoyed about Wally is his utter frankness. Frankness about himself. Hollywood is full of people who were waiters and who now tell about the restaurant they owned; who cleaned stables and tell of their horsemanship. Wally doesn't do this. He puts everything smack down in front of you. He holds no secrets. If you were to meet him tomorrow washing his Ford in his back yard or pulling a trout out of a lake in the Sierras, he'd tell you the same things he's told me, from time to time.

His greatest source of happiness right now is Carol Anne, the adopted youngster. He's screwy about her. The last time I was over at Wally's, he tiptoed into a back room and showed her to me. She wasn't able to walk then. She'd been put in one of those swings that hang from the ceiling by four ropes. She was seated in the canvas seat, chubby legs sticking through, sound asleep.

This time, she was wide awake. It was time for her to put on her after dinner act. In she hobbled. I think you can get a picture best from dialogue.

Wally: Hello, you!

Carol: Hay-o.

Wally: You got company. Get your fists out of your face.

Carol: (removing fingers from mouth) Yao.

Wally: (aside) You gotta play with these kids. Having nobody but a maid play with 'em's bad stuff. (To Carol) Here, you!

Carol sidles up to him, gives him an adoring, worshipful look.

Wally: Sing!

Carol: (off key) Do—de—ah—do—

Wally: Okay. Smile!

Carol goes into a beautiful smile.

Wally: Laugh!

Carol: Ha! Ha!

Wally: Get up in that chair! (Aside to me) Ever see a kid that minds like that?

Carol climbs precariously into chair with Wally ready to leap to rescue.

Wally: Whadda ya say? Candy?

Carol: (crawling off chair) Yao.

Business of toddling to Wally, placing both hands on his knees, smiling up into his face. Opens her mouth. Wally flips a small peppermint into it.

Wally: Okay?

Carol: Yao.

Wally: More?

Carol: Yao.

Wally inserts another mint. Carol puts her tiny hand in his, looks into his eyes again. Idolatrous hussy.

Carol: Daddy.

Wally: Wally!

Carol: Wa-y.

Wally: Now, scram, will you? We've gotta talk.

Carol: Yao.

She exits into arms of approaching nurse.

Wally turns to me. Smiles his "aw, now" smile, as if ashamed of himself for being a sissy.

Wally: You know, that kid's nuts about me. Can you figure that one out? And she's mine—all mine. Who in h— says I'm unlucky?

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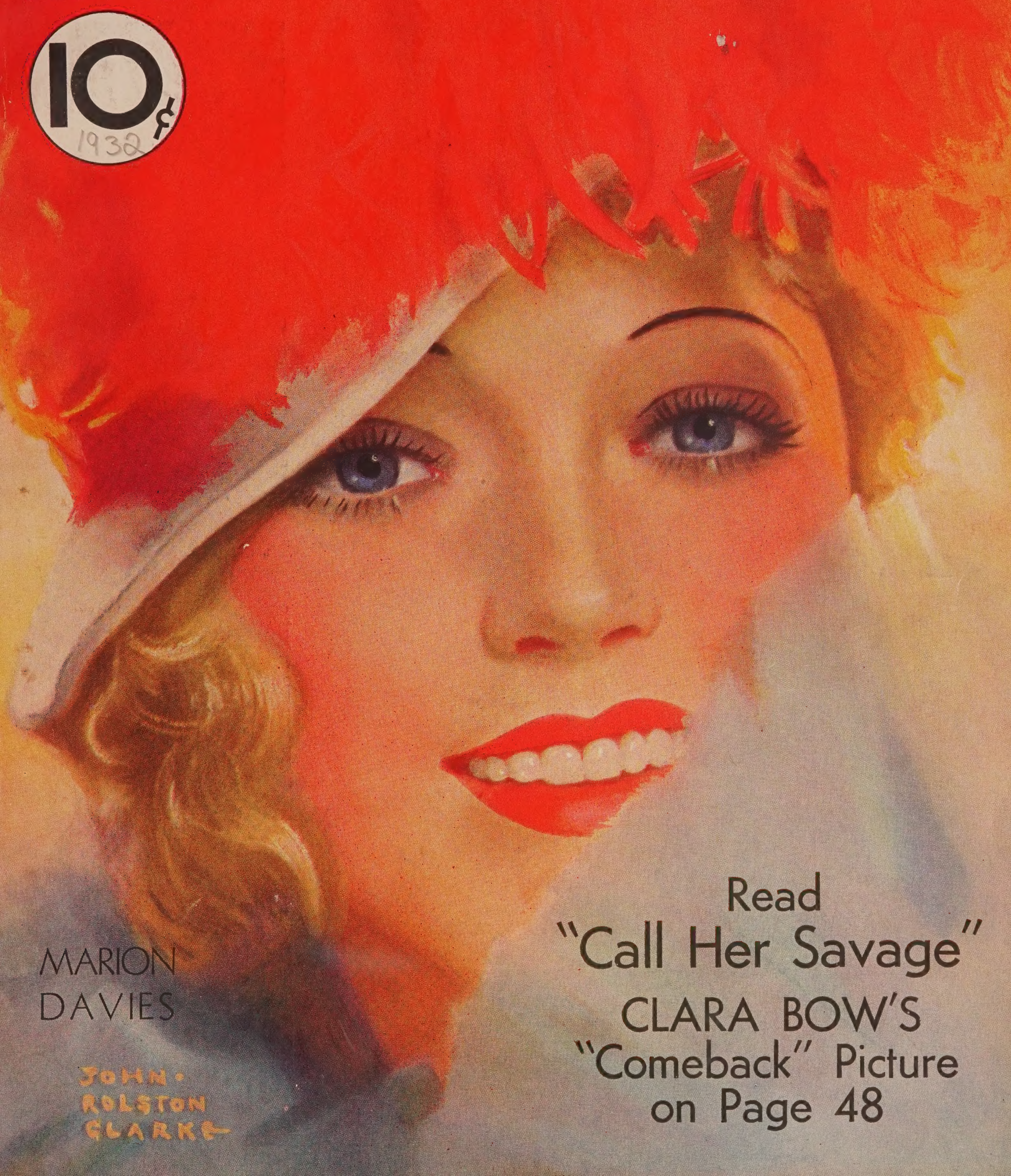
Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

10¢

1932


JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

MARION DAVIES

Read "Call Her Savage" CLARA BOW'S "Comeback" Picture on Page 48

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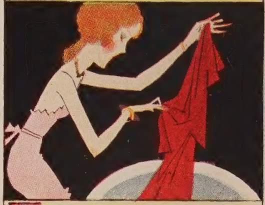
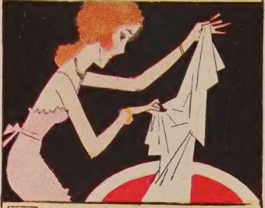
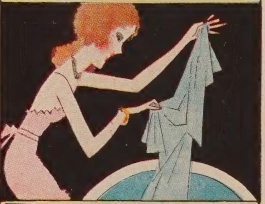


A Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



B Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . .



C Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 3, No. 2

DECEMBER, 1932

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MARLENE DIETRICH
as the "Blonde Venus"

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with HERBERT MARSHALL
CARY GRANT · DICKIE MOORE
Directed by JOSEPH VON STERNBERG

Paramount Pictures
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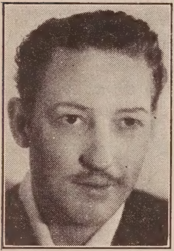
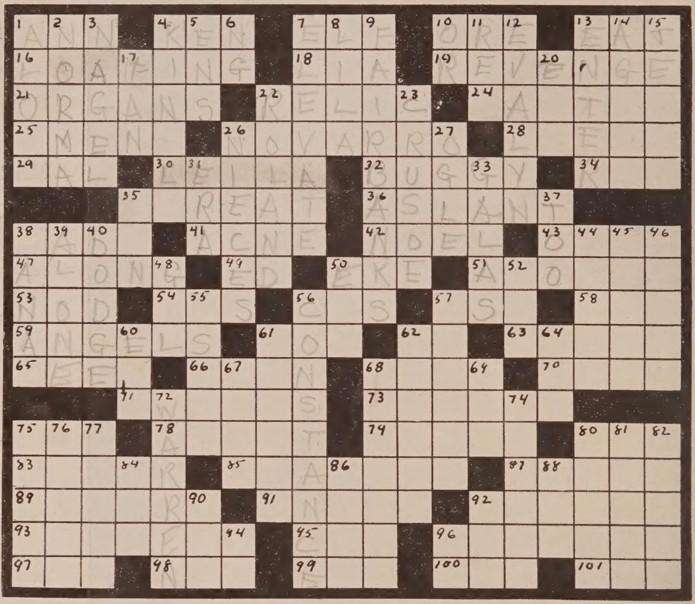
MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

26 Across



72 Down



9 Down

56 Down

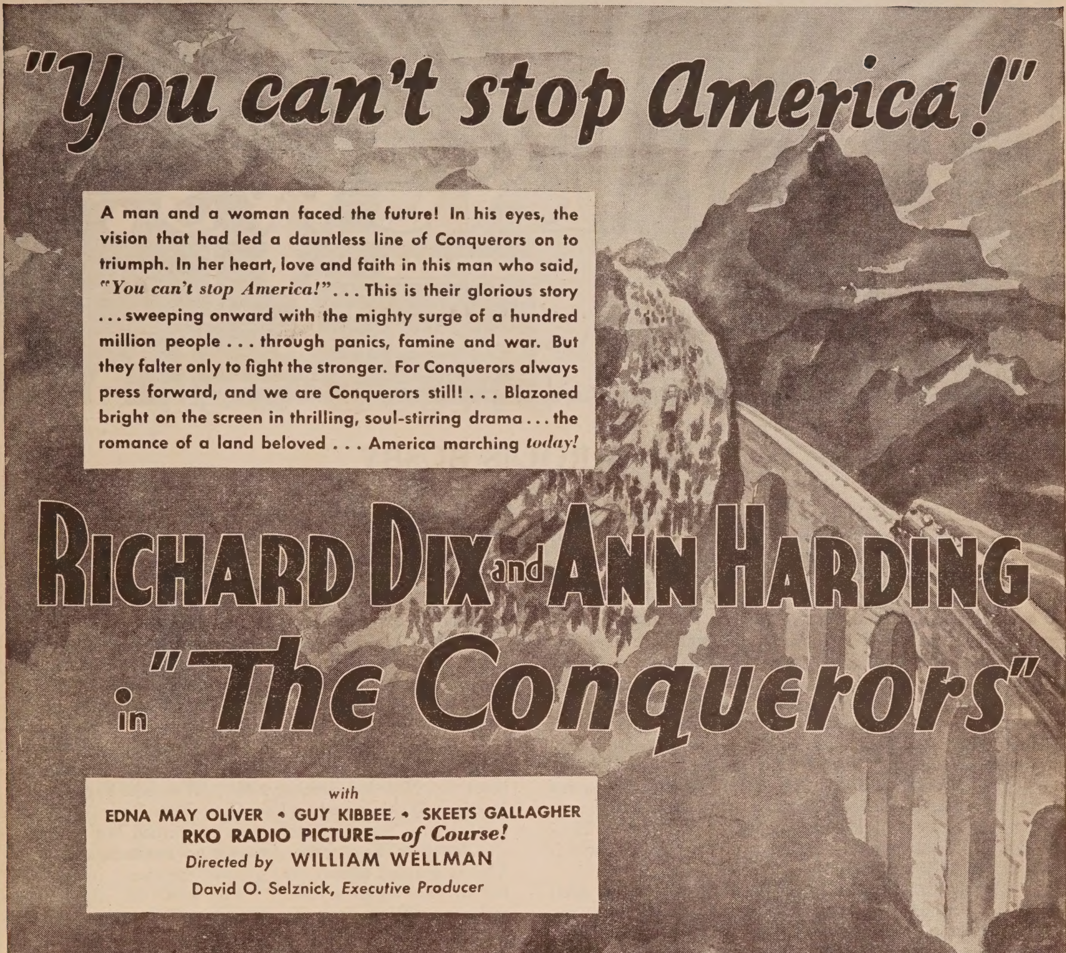
ACROSS

1 The ex-Mrs. Harry Bannister.
4 He played the press agent in "Crooner."
7 A sprite.
10 Native mineral.
13 What you do to food.
16 Idling, like actors out of work.
18 South American actress, now playing Spanish versions.
19 Retaliation—also an old Dolores Del Rio film.
21 Musical instruments, used especially in movie theaters.
22 Memento.
24 A minister.
25 To correct.
26 M-G-M's Mexican star.
28 The villain looks this way at the heroine.
29 Salt.
30 M-G-M's blonde leading woman.
32 What grandpa and grandma used to ride in.
34 Girl's name.
35 At this place (archaic).
36 Obliquely.
38 Ordered.
41 A skin disease.
42 First name of a famous playwright.
43 The parents of little acorns.
47 In company with.
49 Lilyan Tashman's husband.
50 To piece out.
51 Former M-G-M star, who recently came back to Hollywood from a sanatorium.
53 What you do at a dull film.
54 Those three-toed sloths.
56 Kind of lettuce.
57 Uncle Sam.
58 Bebe Daniels' husband.
59 Heavenly beings.
61 To pore over.
62 Within.
63 Lets fall.
65 Dregs.
66 Not fat.
68 A song for three people.
70 Gaelic.
71 Perspires.
73 Swindled.
75 A winter resort state (abb.)
78 Item of property.
79 An addition on a building.
80 Definite article.
83 A siren.
85 Hypnotic state (plural).
87 Studied over.
89 Enrages.
91 An expression of contempt.
92 Pulling—like a boat.
93 The girl in "Tarzan."
95 An automobile.
96 Our most popular German star.
97 Before.
98 Born.
99 Bitter vetch.
100 Insect.
101 The way you feel at a tragic picture.

DOWN

1 Plants producing bitter drug.
2 Star of "Strange Interlude."
3 "The Man Called Back."
4 Light, as a fire.
5 Printer's measures.
6 No good (slang).
7 To raise.
8 Leading lady in "War Correspondent."
9 The famous son of a famous father.
10 Either.
11 A coarse fabric.
12 Donald Cook's fiancée.
13 To come into.
14 Famous classical Greek market place.
15 Concise.
17 A movie lover like you.
20 Compass point.
22 Clara Bow's former flame, now playing a part in her comeback picture, "Call Her Savage."
23 The famous traveler with the man Friday.
26 The sisters of nephews.
27 To eye flirtatiously.
31 A notable period.
33 Festive occasions.
35 A she-bird.
37 Also.
38 Trite.
39 Solitary.
40 Evade—also a make of motor car.
44 A bower of trees.
45 Retains.
46 Understanding.
48 A farmer's girl friend.
50 Indefinite length of time.
52 Father.
55 Islands.
56 Star of "What Price Hollywood?"
57 Labor organizations.
60 An ess-shaped worm.
61 Provides food.
62 A laundry worker.
64 The color of a star's lipstick.
67 Where the sun rises.
68 What the post office sends out after missing articles.
69 All right (slang).
72 Leading man in "The Dark Horse."
74 To ship out of the country.
75 Blaze.
76 Pertaining to the moon.
77 Debate.
80 Attempts.
81 What makes a Hollywood redhead.
82 Sharpened.
84 Ever (contraction).
86 Close by.
88 A wise old bird that hoots.
90 To behold.
92 The color stars get at Malibu Beach.
94 Compass point.
96 Mrs. Pa.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 84. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.



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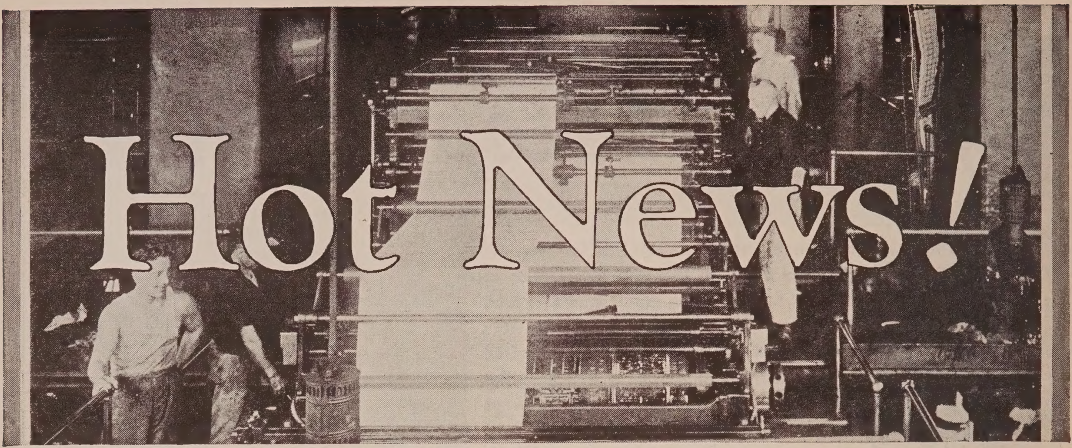
Hot News!



By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press:

You can all get back to your knitting now . . . the famous Cagney vs. Warner Brothers debate is ended . . . James (battling) Cagney resumes his contract after one of the longest holdouts on record . . . and gets a nice jump in salary and a bonus at the end of every year . . . *here's* the catch . . . if Jim starts any more squabbles he gets put to bed without his bonus . . . incidentally, his comeback picture at Warners is entitled "Bad Boy" . . . now you don't suppose there's anything personal in that, do you question mark . . . The Hoot (cowboy) Gibsons aren't getting along so well again . . . or is it yet 'nother question mark . . . The Eddie Hillmans (Marian Nixon) aren't billing and cooing any more either . . . Greta (gorgeous) Nissen has upped and left Weldon Heyburn . . . "with fondness and regret," says she . . . which is an awfully pretty line stop.

"Uxtra" . . . "uxtra" . . . home town boy makes good . . . it's stardom now for Joel (flappers' despair) McCrea . . . Radio will star the good looking lad in three flickers next year . . . and Joel is a bit grumpy about it . . . says he needs more experience . . . that McCrea youngster has brains stop . . . Hold everything on this one . . . Jean (burn 'em up) Harlow will warble sweetly (we hope) in "Red Dust" stop . . . Clark (polo player) Gable has a new queen . . . now, Genevieve, control yourself . . . it's an Irish setter little girl puppy . . . and the name is "Queen" stop . . . That mummy getup Boris (bogey-man) Karloff wears in "Imhotep" (wotta title) takes three hours to don . . . the first day it required seven hours . . . and some folks still think movie stars have a soft snap stop . . . There are sequences depicting a nudists' colony in Radio's "Phantom Fame" . . . eight supple young ladies appear garbed in little but epidermis . . . you must come over and bring your opry glasses . . . *whoopee* exclamation point.

Paramount will co-star Mary (jittering) Boland and Charles (pickled) Ruggles in "As Husbands Go" . . . aren't you leffing question mark . . . This is certainly the height of something or other . . . the grand pianny in Lilyan Tashman's house has taffeta flounces to the floor . . . and a great, big taffeta bow on top . . . if you're still agog over Lil's shack in Beverly Hills . . . there are two chairs upholstered in ermine . . . my, my, it may be humble, but it's home to Lil exclamation point . . . And they're telling this on the Hollywood gin-guzzler who bought a dozen bananas on his way home from a brawl . . . he hung the bananas over a chair and put his pants in the cooler stop . . . Marlene (hiding her legs) Dietrich and Josef (director) von Sternberg are all over their mad now . . . they lunch together every day . . . and if you are a stayer-up-late you frequently see them having a midnight snack at the Brown Derby stop . . . Charles (sad clown) Chaplin took his twin sons to the zoo t'other day . . . they wound up the day by having old-fashioned tintypes made . . . and the photographer didn't recognize his customers . . . or so the press agent said stop.

Hollywood finally goes Hollywood with a bing-bang . . . two new night clubs in town . . . both opened the same evening . . . and was Hollywood *busy* exclamation point . . . Now someone says the real reason Fay (Santa Monica) Webb kissed and made up with Rudy (crooner boy) Vallee was because it was so darned hot in Reno . . . but then some folks ain't got no romance stop . . . This is giggled about: the "quickie" producer interviewing an actor about a job . . . "You won't do," sighed the producer. "You don't fit our uniform" stop . . . Dolores (dreamy eyes) Del Rio may be in that Flagg and Quirt sequel at Fox . . . with Victor (burly) McLaglen and Edmund (Beau Brummel) Lowe . . . don't say you've forgotten Dolores as Charmaine in "What Price Glory" question mark . . . Unless there is a slip between the cup and the lip, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. may get together for a picture . . . husband and wife combinations usually are unpopular with the fans . . . whaddya think question mark . . . Harpo (blonde chaser) Marx surprised everybody at Bebe Daniels' party by suddenly removing his shirt . . . for no earthly reason . . . oh, those mad Marxes exclamation point.

That was a nifty party thrown by Colleen (cutie) Moore for the John Gilbert newlyweds . . . only one casualty . . . Charles (playwright) MacArthur dropped one of Colleen's pet water tumblers . . . and Helen (grand actress) Hayes muttered . . . "That's why we're known as the one-invitation MacArthurs" stop . . . The penguin, Oscar, in Radio's "Penguin Pool Murder" draws down $150 per week . . . the extras on the set get $7.50 a day stop . . . What's *this* . . . Diana (English star) Wynward will occupy George (muscles) O'Brien's dressing room while she is at Fox . . . and does George have to change his shirt behind a sound stage, f'heaven's sake question mark . . . Cary (dimpled chin) Grant draws the historic rôle of Pinkerton opposite Sylvia (what pretty lips you have, my dear) Sidney in "Madame Butterfly" . . . Pinkie's the guy that did Poor

(*Continued on page* 10)

As you desire Magazines

FUTURA MAGAZINES, *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror*, are published for you, and you, and you. You readers, wherever you live, are the first consideration of the many writers, artists and photographers whose combined efforts produce these publications—yours is the only interest they are trying to please.

The men and women who produce these magazines want to thank you for their success which they really owe to you. They want to thank you also for the many kind letters of appreciation and criticism which you send each month. It is only by these letters that we know you, our readers, only by these that we can tell what are your likes and dislikes, only by these that we can know how better to please you.

If in the future *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror* are to continue as they have in the past, giving you more and more intimate gossip of the studios, more and more appealing pictures of the movie stars you know and love so well, more and more of the throbbing, vital love stories of real life to help form the patterns of your own lives and to make them beautiful, we want and need your help.

—The Editors
of *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror*

FUTURA PUBLICATIONS, 8 West 40th Street, New York City

(*Continued from page* 8)
Butterfly wrong stop . . . There's a big squabble going on over the talking rights to "Woman of Paris" . . . the only picture ever produced by Charles Chaplin in which he did not act . . . M-G-M wants it for Garbo . . . and Paramount would like to serve it up to Dietrich . . . 'member Edna Purviance in it question mark.

Well, we can all draw a deep breath now . . . it's finally happened . . . Marilyn (twinkle-toes) Miller breaks down and confesses that she is engaged to Don (latin lover) Alvarado . . . she hints that they may Mendelssohn it any time now . . . congratulations exclamation pernt . . . Now who do you think is rumored as waiting for a visit from old Doc Stork . . . none other than Mr. and Mrs. Edward G(lowering) Robinson . . . and while we're on the subject of blessed events Lupe (da loop) Velez's chihuahua pooch is expecting some arrivals . . . life's never dull in deah, deah Hollywood stop . . . Drat the luck, Douglas (leaping Lemuel) Fairbanks forgot his gun when he started on that big game hunt in China . . . he had to cable Mary to send on the shootin' irons stop . . . For about the 'steenth time James (disappearing) Murray gets another great comeback opportunity . . . he plays opposite Ruth (Brent's bride) Chatterton in "Common Ground" . . . this is the first time James has been at a major studio in many moons . . . but he says he will be a good boy stop . . . And they tell that "Tarzan" is knocking Paris for a flock of "O-oo, la-la's" . . . ah, there, M-G-M . . . and double ah, there, Johnny Weissmuller exclamation point.

Prepare to palpitate . . . here comes a new duet of screen sweethearts . . . Clark Gable co-stars with Helen Hayes in an opus entitled "Lovers" . . . now doesn't that sound like *something* question mark . . . At Victor McLaglen's barbecue someone bet Buster (ex-husband) Keaton that he wouldn't dive into the swimming pool fully clothed . . . the other lost and Vic had to lend Buster a pair of pants stop . . . Mary MacLaren . . . once a famous star during the Lois Weber days . . . and a sister of Katherine (American Beauty) MacDonald . . . is playing an extra rôle in Clara Bow's opry at Fox . . . that's Hollywood exclamation point . . . "Black Beauty" . . . the book you read when you were so-big is finally coming to the screen . . . they're looking for a likely looking hoss now . . . and moreover Black Beauty may talk à la "Strange Interlude" . . . or can't you bear it question mark.

Stop the presses for this one . . . William Wallace Reid . . . only son of the beloved Wally Reid . . . will star in a racing story . . . the kind that made his father famous . . . millions of Wally's fans will be waiting to give Wally Second a great, big hand stop . . . Mary (flighty) Boland has been asked to pipe down on her funny comments anent Paramount . . . the studio doesn't mind so much but the bankers don't think it's a bit humorous stop . . . If you've been wondering under what bushel Charlotte (long legs) Greenwood has been hiding her light . . . she's having a swell-elegant time in London stop . . . All is too beautiful between William (smartcracker) Haines and M-G-M . . . Wild Willy has signed a new contract . . . he's been on that lot for eleven years . . . they're a habit with each other stop . . . George (he man) Bancroft will star in the sensationally titled "If Christ Came to Chicago" stop . . . Maybe it's all right but Paul (Hungarian) Lukas stars in "Grand Slam" . . . and Paul doesn't know a two-demand bid from a double raise . . . and here's something that should make you sit up and take notice . . . Joan Crawford is taking singing lessons so she can play in "The Merry Widow" . . . you *haven't* forgotten John Gilbert and Mae (bee-stung lips) Murray in that question mark.

A former Hollywood film beauty is being sued for a tremendous sum in an alienation suit . . . what the other lady doesn't know is that the ex-beauty hasn't a nickel . . . and is modeling gowns in a department store stop . . . After denying rumors of trouble for a long time . . . Vivian (Rosetta's sister) Duncan has separated from Nils (Swede) Asther . . . "incompatability of tempera-

Last Minute Review

✓ Madison Square Garden (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jack Oakie, Marian Nixon, Thomas Meighan, Wm. Boyd, Zasu Pitts, Lew Cody, Wm. Collier, Sr.*

It's About: *A grand old fight manager, his two lively protégés, and New York's famous sport arena.*

No matter how you slice it "Madison Square Garden" is a wham-zam-bang hit. New Yorkers will love it because it dramatizes in glowing colors that huge, hulking home of big sporting events. Outlanders will love it, too, even if they may have a vague idea that Madison Square Garden is a place where petunias and snapdragons are grown.

The primary appeal in the picture may be for the men, but there isn't any reason why the ladies shouldn't like it. Memories will be stirred by glimpses of such heroes from the past as Tom Sharkey, Jack Johnson, Billy Papke, Mike Donlin and Stanislaus Zbyszko. Such sporting writers as Damon Runyon, Jack Lait and Grantland Rice are glimpsed in their ringside seats.

Even if you don't enjoy "Cauliflower Alley" sports you are due for the thrill of a lifetime when you see the ten-round fight between Jack Oakie and a crooked opponent. That sequence is tremendous.

Wm. Collier, Sr., is grand as the old fight manager who battles to keep the Garden free of the dishonest promoters. Jack Oakie gives one of his most likeable performances as the young fighter, and Warren Hymer is at his best as the dumb wrestler. Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts sort of get lost in the shuffle, but they deserve a nice, big A for effort.

ments” . . . whatever that means stop . . . Groucho (punster) Marx is having a new home for himself . . . he says the style will be Early Paramount . . . he will have his little joke exclamation point . . . Hollywood is still talking about that Gary (ladies cherce) Cooper-Countess di Frasso air trip to New York . . . Gary said he had to see a doctor about his knee . . . *hm-mm* exclamation point . . . Marie (roly-poly) Prevost romps into court with a suit against Tom (Zasu Pitts ex.) Gallery . . . says she rented her house to Tom and had to have it “de-fleaed” when he moved out . . . f’goodness sake . . . bring out that exclamation pernt again . . . Belle (mother rôles) Bennett is fighting for her life in a Hollywood hospital . . . it seems only yesterday that Belle knocked the critics for a row of superlatives in “Stella Dallas” stop . . . Louisa M. Alcott’s gentle story . . . “Little Women” . . . is enroute to the screen again . . . Dorothy (ex-stenog) Wilson will get the coveted rôle of Jo stop.

“Rosie” . . . the Fox wild horse . . . is a lady steed in name only . . . not that it really matters one way or the other stop . . . Several years ago Ricardo Cortez and Paramount parted company muttering maledictions at each other . . . Ric is now back at Paramount under long term contract . . . his first film at the old stand is “Strange Bedfellows” . . . with Wynne Gibson . . . it’s a Frankie and Johnnie sort of tale stop . . . More darned fun at Polly (hysterical) Moran’s party . . . guests were Ethel Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead, William Haines, Ramon Novarro, David Manners, Tom Douglas and David Rollins . . . *whee* couple of exclamation points . . . At last Boris (you can’t guess his nationality) Karloff has a chance to climb out of the crêpe hair and putty make-ups . . . his next is “Destination Unknown” . . . it’s a rum-running yarn and Karloff will *positively* not appear disguised as a keg of rum stop . . . Harold Lloyd expects to see his latest, “Movie Crazy,” in six European cities . . . London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid and Rome . . . and it’s pul-enty good enough to see six times, too stop.

Under the terms of Paul Bern’s last will and testament . . . Jean Harlow is named sole heir . . . the bulk of the estate consists of $35,000 in life insurance stop . . . If you’re one of the fans of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prepare to celebrate . . . they will make another flicker for M-G-M in January . . . and it will be a version of one of their Theater Guild successes stop . . . Another rival for John (Adonis) Weissmuller . . . Randolph (Vuhginia, suh) Scott will appear in Paramount’s “King of the Jungle” . . . they say Randy looks right pert in panther pants, too stop . . . Is this Ann Harding-Alexander Kirkland thing getting serious question mark . . . Doesn’t look like such hard times in Hollywood . . . one hundred new pictures get under way before the first of the year . . . prosperity is just around the corner . . . but *you* guess what corner . . . there are rumors of a rift already in the Thelma Todd-Pat de Cicco household . . . It seems that Pat isn’t a rich young man, after all, and Thelma wonders if she wouldn’t prefer to be back on her own again . . . Lilyan (super sophisticate) Tashman had to go under the knife recently . . . she suffered an appendicitis attack while she was personal appearancing at a Brooklyn theater.

Adoptions are all the rage in Hollywood now, so Lupe (hot cha) Velez is adopting her four-year-old niece, Joan, who arrived in Hollywood from Mexico City . . . Leslie (gentle lover) Howard may make “Berkeley Square” for RKO-Radio.

Last Minute Review

✓ The Golden West (Fox)

You’ll See: *George O’Brien, Arthur Pierson, Janet Chandler, Marion Burns, Onslow Stevens, Edmund Breese.*

It’s About: *A white boy who becomes heap big Injun chief—until he meets a beautiful white squaw with store clothes.*

Without making very much fuss about it, George O’Brien goes on his way turning out swell western pictures, year in and year out. This, the umpty-umph in a long series, comes pretty close to being the prize specimen of the lot.

The story has all the earmarks of originality, but don’t look at that plot *too* closely. You’re bound to recognize some old and familiar plot ingredients. The white boy, reared by the Indians, becomes their champion. He finds that he owes allegiance to the pale face race—especially when he sees the pale face girl.

O’Brien is excellent as the white champion of Indian rights. The stalwart star gives just the right blending of humor to this dashing hero from the pages of the old, golden west. The supporting cast is unusually impressive for an outdoor feature. If you aren’t too busy you really should investigate what’s happening in westerns nowadays.

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ALICE WHITE is Back .... and with a New Nose!

In the early days of talkies Alice White faw down and go boom—but she's back on her feet these days (and her beautiful legs) all ready for another round with cinema fame

By HARRY LANG

"AND so I see," remarked one Hollywood wise guy to another, over a Vine Street luncheon table the other day, "where this here Alice White dame's trying to make a comeback in pictures. And of ALL places, out at Warners'. . . . !!!"

"Uh huh," uh-huhed the other; "she must be the same dumb li'l cluck they always said she was, to go an' sign up again with the same studio what 'killed' her like that, a coupla years ago."

"Well, I s'pose," supposed the first, "that she just figured that as long as Clara Bow an' Colleen Moore are getting away with comebacks, she had a right to one for herself, huh?"

So they went on with their herring and hamburger, and across several score other lunch tables in various Hollywood eateries much the same line of chatter was going that day. For the movie columns and the trade papers had printed the news that

ALICE WHITE SIGNS
WITH WARNERS AGAIN

As a matter of fact, you probably read it yourself. The specific reasons behind it all are these. It seems that Glenda Farrell—you remember Glenda who did that swell acting job in "Life Begins"?—was cast for the rôle that Alice has now agreed to play in "Employees' Entrance." But Glenda was also cast in two other Warner pictures and the schedules got to overlapping so at the last minute they had to either work Glenda twenty-four hours a day or find somebody else to fill in the new part.

Whoever it was who first suggested Alice White is being kept a big, dark secret. Certainly it was one of the higher-up executives who had the good sense to realize that if Alice accepted it would be good publicity all around. At any rate, the offer was taken to little Alice. The kid was overjoyed. Her first love has always remained the picture business, no matter how great her success in vaudeville.

But look!—that very word "comeback"—that word, and those other assumptions of the Hollywood chatterers—that she's a fool for going back to Warners and that she's "trying a comeback" merely because Clara and Colleen are doing it—those things just burn Alice White up! No end!! And for this very adequate (and true) reason:

The Alice White you knew a couple of years ago can't make a screen comeback simply because that Alice White is no more!—she's as dead as the sort of movie that killed her.

In her place, there is in Hollywood today an entirely different girl—well, *almost* entirely different, anyway. There's an Alice White who looks different, who sounds different, who thinks different, who acts different, who IS different from the old Alice White.

Why, she's even got a new nose, done by that famous Dr. Josif Ginsburg who prettied Johnny Weissmuller's and lots of other noses. A new, plastic-surgery-made nose is Alice's, that's lost that fresh-baby tilted tip of old and substituted a nose that reminds one, at first glance, more of Loretta Young's than anyone else's! And she's got a new voice. The old, nasal-and-adenoidy twang is gone, and there's a warm speaking voice that the microphone'll like a lot better. And she thinks different, too—because she looks up at you when you mention her "comeback" and that new voice of hers coos:

"Comeback? Oh, no—this is no comeback. This is, for me, the *beginning.* That other . . ." (and she dismisses that former screen fiasco of hers with a little wave) ". . . doesn't count."

You echo, a bit surprised:

"What? You're not coming back—to new stardom?"

And she goes right on in that nice, new voice:

"Stardom, hell! I NEVER want to star again. I've learned something. I've learned that it doesn't matter whether the producers call you a star or not, and it doesn't matter whether your contract calls for star billing. Because even if you're only a bit player, if the fans like you, you'll get your name on the theater marquees no matter WHO the star of the show is!"

And it's on that basis that Alice, "beginning" her new screen career, is happy to accept a minor part in "Employees' Entrance," a story of the lives and loves of a group of department-store girls. In it, Loretta Young stars—Loretta Young, who was just another bit and atmosphere gal when Alice White was star on that lot!

Alice and the new schnozzle, remodeled to keep it from being as tip-tilted as formerly, more in the mood of Alice's new dramatic sense

It's interesting, too, that it wasn't Alice who asked for this part. Oh, she was in Hollywood, yes, looking for a movie spot. But in this case it was Warners who came and asked her to play the rôle—the same company that was so glad to let her option lapse a couple of years ago, after as screwy a "career" as even Hollywood has ever seen wax and wane, like that . . .!

You know, of course, that she was just a stenog from Paterson, N. J., trying to hold a job in Hollywood. Among her succession of jobs was that of script girl at the Chaplin studio. The still cameraman liked her (as many men do) and took some pictures of her. She used them to get a film test, which, by idiotically foolish quirks of fate, finally led her into a contract with one Ivan Kahn, an actors' agent. Kahn is smart; somehow he wangled a contract for her at First National, and they used her for those leggy publicity pictures and tried to put her in a "bit" rôle. Then they discovered that someone had written into the contract that Alice was to have no part smaller than second female lead!

That burned the studio big-shots up, and they said they'd show her. So one day they gave her a second lead—in a picture so very awful that they laid it on the shelf for a long time. But eventually they called in a "bad film doctor" and asked him what could be done with it.

"Either throw it away," he said, after looking at it, "or—well, have you got any more footage of that funny little kid that makes all those entrances and exits?"

Yeah, they had. The "funny (*Continued on page* 92)

Here she is, queen of the box-office for 1932—Marie "Emma" Dressler

Crown Princess of the Great Kingdom, Box-Office, Janet (Sweetness) Gaynor

Box-Office—1932

If You Want to Know What's Been Happening to Your Favorites in Terms of Dollars and Sense, Here's Your Information

By DORA ALBERT

PRODUCERS do a lot of arguing about what is box-office and what isn't. They'll go around for days muttering about whether it's better box-office to put a baby in Connie Bennett's arms or whether the public would rather go for her as a woman with a past. They'll present to exhibitors a list of hundreds of pictures with big names in them and say, "There, that's our list for this coming season. Look at the stars in those pictures. Can you doubt for a moment that they're box-office?" But they don't actually know what they're talking about.

The exhibitors have to pick pictures that you and you and you will like, and oh, do they have a time of it! Mostly they have to go by the names of the stars, the way you go by the trademarks on tubes of toothpaste. They know that certain stars are a cinch for good business, and that other stars haven't got the old box-office lure.

What strange capers did the box-office take in this year that's just closing? How did it differ in this depression year of 1932 from other years? Which little stars became the pets of the exhibitors? And which ones became box-office headaches?

"Motion Picture Herald," the trade journal, recently took a poll of the stars 12,000 exhibitors in American theatres cry for. So who do you suppose was the star who garnered the most votes in this poll? Garbo? Guess again. Garbo has shattered box-office records three years in succession at the Capitol Theatre in New York,

Gone and certainly not forgotten, Garbo after seven starring years, fifth in the first ten at the box-office

Charlie Farrell, winner by the grace of Gaynor, in fourth position among the leaders

but taking the country as a whole, it wasn't Garbo in her glittering productions who brought the *greatest* flood of gold to the exhibitors. Nor even Crawford, though her popularity grew tremendously. Nor Constance Bennett, who Warners decided was worth $30,000 a week to them. Nor Gable, the hot papa of 1931 and 1932.

Marie Dressler—lovable, beloved Marie—beat all these glamorous and beautiful girls, beat the sensational Clark Gable at the box-office in 1932. She did it with little "Emma," that precious child of the box-office that was so utterly different from all other Marie Dressler productions. The others had mostly been hilarious comedies and they had all been sensations, but nothing comparable to "Emma". "Emma" was one of the most heartbreaking stories ever written. It was the story of a servant who gave her life's blood to the family she raised, only to have them turn on her afterwards.

Janet Gaynor, sweet lovable Janet, came in second. That was before Janet decided to go sophisticated. That was while Janet was still content with making pictures like "Delicious." "The First Year," like all Gaynor-Farrell pictures, is a riot at the box-office, but I strongly suspect that it isn't as much a riot as "Delicious" was. Right now Movie Mirror is getting dozens of letters saying that the fans don't want to see Gaynor and Farrell pummeling each other the way they did in "The First Year."

Joan Crawford came in third. Which is quite a triumph for Joan. Two years ago at M-G-M Joan, Norma Shearer and Garbo were running neck to neck. This year, with "Letty Lynton" in her favor, as well as "Possessed" and her rôle in "Grand Hotel", Joan Crawford has outdistanced both Garbo and Shearer.

Farrell, Garbo and Shearer came after Joan in just that order. But there isn't the slightest doubt that Farrell won his position as fourth in the box-office race by being Janet Gaynor's team mate. Without Gaynor, Farrell would be just another likeable leading man. Without Farrell, Gaynor is still a big star. Fox has tried time and again to release pictures in which Farrell played opposite some other leading lady beside Janet. In "After Tomorrow" he played opposite charming Marian Nixon. The picture was directed by Borzage, who directed "Seventh Heaven," and who knows how to put in those human touches that tug at the heart. Everyone agreed that the picture had a lot of human interest and that Marian Nixon and Farrell gave excellent performances, but it only did so-so business at the box-office. The same story, with Gaynor and Farrell in it, would have caused a near riot.

THERE are laughs and tears to this box-office business. There are hopes and fears. Companies have often tried to build stars, but in the end the public says which stars it wants and which it doesn't. It says it with box-office money.

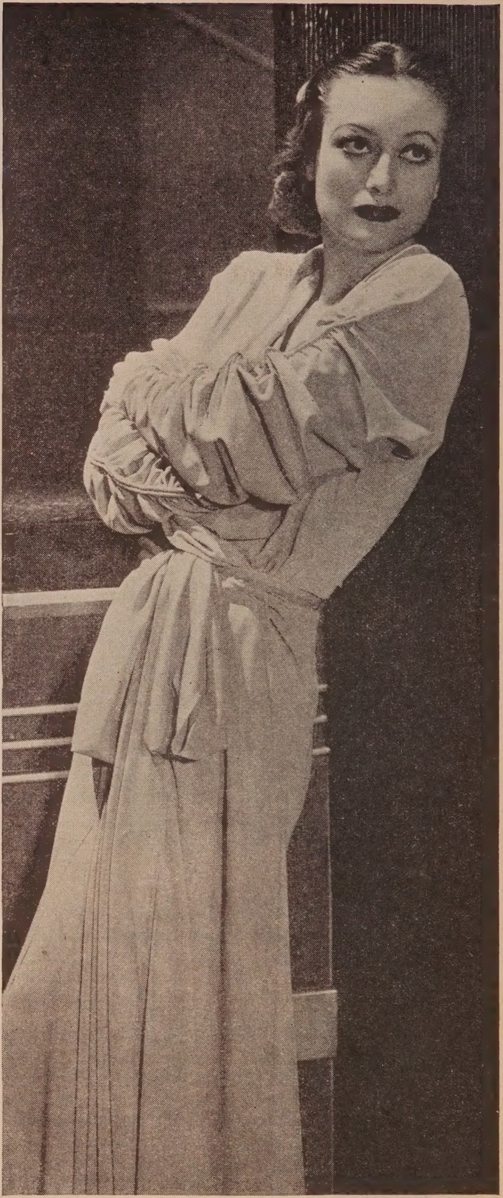
Paramount tried to build up Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead. Dietrich clicked and Bankhead didn't. Critics continued to rave about the wonderful charms of Bankhead, and fans continued to yawn. Critics said that she had the allure of Dietrich, the mystery of Garbo, the sex appeal of Crawford, the technique of Chatterton.

The Great Gable. Still a magnet but he needs better pictures for next year

Will Rogers. His pictures make fortunes and so does Will in terms of salary

Fans continued to go to see Dietrich, Garbo, Crawford and Chatterton. Very few of them bothered to see this star who was supposed to combine the appeal of all of them together. Now she has been loaned out to M-G-M to make "Faithless" opposite Robert Montgomery. There's just a chance that she may click in this drawing room comedy. If she does, well and good. Otherwise, do you suppose for one minute that Paramount is going to continue paying her $5000 a week?

THE past year has been a precarious one for most stars. Producers have had to keep one eye glued on box-office figures. When a star's salary got out of proportion to box-office figures, off with his head. Winnie Lightner's "Gold Diggers of Broadway" wowed them in 1929, but this is 1932. You've got to step lively, keep moving, or the box-office will get you. It got Winnie Lightner. She used to be a Warner star and now she's a free lance—when she can get a job, which unfortunately isn't often.



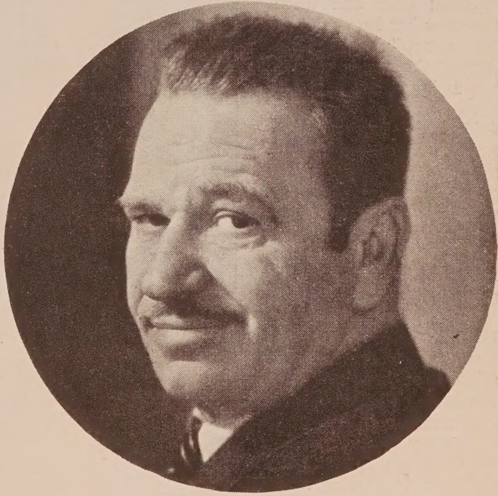
Joan Crawford, third in 1932 with the chance of her being first in 1933 very probable

A lot of very pleasant publicity was put out to the effect that Dolores Costello, after making one picture, decided that being Mrs. John Barrymore was more important to her than any career she could have in the movies. You didn't let that publicity fool you, did you? No, I thought not. The one picture she made was "Expensive Women," and after that she just had to go back to being Mrs. John Barrymore.

William Haines came very close to the ragged edge this past year. There was a time when M-G-M could say of Bill Haines: "Oh, Bill Haines' pictures always

If you live in a big city, you never think of Joe E. Brown as an important star. But in the small towns, he's immense

Norma Shearer rates position six. Will her "Strange Interlude" rôle help or hinder her?



Wally Beery's been in pictures ever since there have been pictures. And he's still terrific

make money." Bill Haines was then just as staple a commodity as your favorite brand of toothpaste. That was mostly before talking pictures came in. Afterwards? Bill Haines continued to make pictures, but the pictures didn't make money. And M-G-M decided it would let Bill go. His last picture on his contract with M-G-M was "The New Adventures of Get Rich Quick Wallingford." In it Bill got away from the wisecracking type he had created and played the rôle pretty straight. It was a smooth performance. It was a slick picture. M-G-M decided that maybe William Haines wasn't through after all. It signed him to a new contract. Since then Bill has made "Are You Listening?" to which the box-office didn't listen very much.

NOBODY knows what box-office is. Universal said, "It's horror. Look at the business 'Dracula' did. Look at our pet picture for 1932, the one that made the most money, 'Frankenstein.' Neither had a star in the cast. They weren't amusing entertainment. They could hardly be considered entertainment at all. But they were box-office. Because they were horror pictures. So we'll make another horror picture. Something more deadly than either of these. We'll make 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' that shiver tale by Poe. We'll add to it gruesome touches that not even Poe thought of. We'll put Bela Lugosi in it. He didn't have a name when he made 'Dracula.' But now he has one. The picture ought to make hundreds of thousands of dollars for us."

But it didn't. "Murders in (*Continued on page* 88)

Why Don't They Show MARLENE'S LEGS?

By ALLAN JORDAN

MARLENE DIETRICH first achieved fame because of her legs . . .!

When this lovely blonde newcomer from Germany was touted as a possible rival to Garbo, the fans turned a cold shoulder on her. Many of them swore they'd never even go to see her pictures . . . But plenty of them went and when they saw her legs—ah! In "Morocco" and "Blue Angel" those legs carried her to immediate popularity. Marlene was soon dubbed Mar-leggy and one smart writer even named her legs the "twin perils of Marlene." He said that with such gorgeous underpinnings, the danger was that they wouldn't let Marlene do anything but show her beautiful stems!

But what happened? Marlene made "Shanghai Express," where nary a glimpse of her legs was vouchsafed filmgoers save one momentary, unsatisfying peep at a silk-stocking clad knee. And ONLY the knee, protruding from beneath her negligee as she lay curled on a couch.

Then Marlene made "Blonde Venus", which started out as a hot-cha picture. Hot-cha stills showing Marlene clad in next to nothing at all were released, and everybody thought that the picture would set the world on fire. But when "Blonde Venus" was released it turned out to be a cold sentimental story about a mama who sacrificed everything for her husband and her child. But the strangest thing about "Blonde Venus" was this: though it was the story of a woman who got by on legs-appeal, it hardly showed Marlene's legs at all. Of all the stills that were released on "Blonde Venus" only one showed her legs! That one was the one printed in the October Movie Mirror and now on this page. It was also printed by most fan magazines and many newspapers, so great is the demand for such photographs! The magazines and newspapers assumed and Paramount let them assume that "Blonde Venus" was just full of such scenes.

The one and only "Blonde Venus" still showing the Dietrich stems—and this never appeared in the picture

Then in "Blonde Venus" occurred what must concededly be one of the most sensationally amazing scenes in modern screen history . . .!

It's when Marlene Dietrich stands up before heaven, the camera, Joe von Sternberg and a setful of people and lifts up her skirts—so-o-o-o high!—and with just pride, displays her much-to-be-admired legs.

But wait a moment!

When you see that scene on the screen, you see absolutely *nothing at all* of those famous Mar-leggy legs, for the reason that a large and utterly opaque desk is allowed to remain between the camera and the legs!!! You see Marlene's skirt-hoisting motion, you see the quite understandable elation of the actor-gentleman who plays the rôle of the vaudeville agent to whom Marlene displays her qualifications for a job in the chorus; but of the legs, you see nothing save what your imagination and your memory of "Blue Angel" and "Morocco" may conjure up in your mind's-eye.

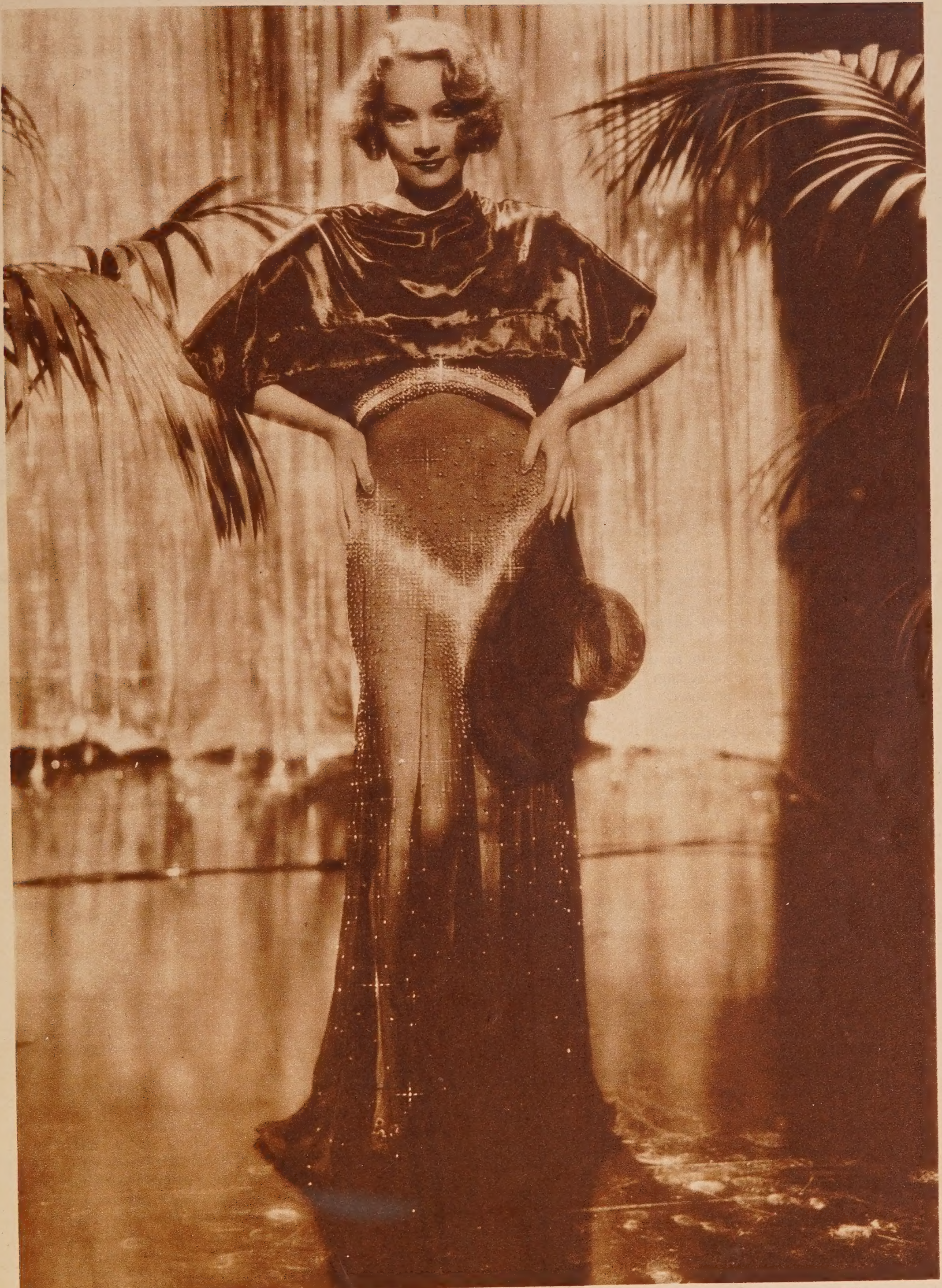
And you probaby wonder what in the name of reason the answer is . . . .

Well, here it is . . . It appears that it's because of the censors that Paramount had to interpose that desk between the camera and the legs.

"But hold!" you scream: "haven't we seen, on the screen, time and again, swell shots of Marlene's legs? Why should the censors suddenly step in and say we can't see 'em any more?"

All right, get ready for a laugh.

It appears that you must not see Marlene's legs when she lifts her skirts for the very (*Continued on page* 96)



MARLENE DIETRICH has the most beautiful legs that have ever graced the screen. They carried her to immediate popularity in "Blue Angel" and "Morocco" but now they are hidden. One only glimpses them dimly as in this long shot from "Blonde Venus". What's the answer? Why does Paramount hide them? The story across the page tells all

Inside Stuff

Remember "Farina," the little colored girl of "Our Gang"? Behold, she's become a he, grown up, using his own name, Allan Hoskins, for Warner's

When Legs Were Limbs

ANYONE was just *that* lucky to get an invitation to the Fredric Marches "Gay Nineties" party. The very best people were there, and probably such costumes haven't been seen on land or sea.

Some of the guests arrived in Tally-ho coaches. Mary Pickford and Joel McCrea arrived on a bicycle built for two. Mary Brian was another bicycle girl. Chester Morris lost his Weber and Fields pants. Chester didn't lose them entirely, but they did slip down around his knees just as Mrs. March was introducing him to a new lady. The hostess, the strange lady and Chester were all upset.

Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert and Nancy Carroll were all belles of the tintype era. Colleen Moore arrived with a skypiece composed of a large nesting bird.

"Colleen," remarked a friend, "you must keep that hat. It's the best looking bonnet you've had in years."

All of the elegant ladies and gentlemen just had grand times for themselves. And since it was a gay nineties party it is perfectly in keeping to say that refreshments were served at a late hour and a good time was had by all. You'll find some pictures from the party on pages 58 and 59 of this issue.

Eddie Cantor as master of ceremonies at the "Rain" première . . . the funniest speech on record. . . . Mary Pickford made a long radio speech . . . and getting all of her names correctly . . . The Robert Montgomerys with Joan and Doug, Jr. . . . Joan's clothes were easily the most striking ones there . . . at 1 A. M. the show was going strong . . . the hardier members of the audience were still awake . . . at 2 A. M. the stars were trying to awaken their chauffeurs . . . new fall clothes out . . . Bebe Daniels arriving in a white serge evening dress, of all things . . . Billie Dove and David Manners together after a short vacation apart . . . two vacant seats in the big theater . . . they had been reserved for Paul Bern and Jean Harlow . . . tragedy at the feast.

Tragedy

For days after the news that Paul Bern, husband of two months of Jean Harlow, had committed suicide, Jean's fate hung in the balance. Both Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand had been the innocent victims of the William Desmond Taylor case, and it looked as though a similar public reaction might sweep the platinum blonde to oblivion. Then came the discovery of a common-law wife of the producer's in New York, then the disappearance of that wife, and her apparent suicide. It was all very unpleasant but it swung the tide of sympathy back to young Jean.

Whatever hidden pages there may have been in Paul Bern's past, the industry will miss him. He brought culture and background to pictures in a day when those things were sadly lacking. No one ever went to him for help and came away without receiving it. He was a friend in need to Barbara La Marr during her last tragic days.

There is a charming story of the actress who thought that Hollywood was through with her, because the man, supposed for years to be her husband, suddenly announced they had never been married at all. Paul had never met her but he heard of her plight. Every day he sent her flowers until finally she regained faith in herself. It was Bern who encouraged Lew Ayres to go on, and found him his first great opportunity, with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

There are few such friends in the town that has so little time for gracious deeds. Paul Bern will be missed. And it is all the more tragic that the man whom everybody loved must go from this earth shrouded in unpleasant scandal.

A Real Ham

If you've been upset about it now you can relax. Fox has finally located the prize "hawg" for "State Fair." It's none other than the Duke of Rosedale. The "dook" weighs 795 pounds, which is a lot of pork-chops on the hoof, and had his own private car while enroute from Iowa to Hollywood.

Now wouldn't it be just too dreadful if there were billing difficulties? We don't think Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor would share top billing with a "hawg"—even if he is the Duke of Rosedale. A local wit suggests that since the critter has a title he really *ought* to stay up at Pickfair.

Sign of success—the girls are going in for "Crawford" mouths. Here's Sheila Terry, Warner hopeful, imitating our Joan in a big way. Do you like it?

First photograph of "Hot Toddy" Thelma Todd and her new husband, Pasquale de Cicco. There's an item about them in Hot News

Minus Sign

Wonder how Helen Hayes feels about going back to her M-G-M contract at $2,500 a week? Paramount was paying her $6,250 every week for emoting in "Farewell to Arms."

Cosmeticians in Hollywood declare that yellow and dark sun tan powder are passé. The tabu has also been placed on brilliant hues for fingernails.

Is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., proud of that white sports jacket presented to him by Prince George of England? My, oh my!

Just before William Bakewell left Hollywood for Europe, Russell Gleason promised to meet him on a certain date for a champagne cocktail at the Ritz Bar, in Paris. A picture in Hollywood delayed Russell considerably, but he kept the appointment by traveling from Hollywood to Paris in exactly seven days. A non-stop flight by air to New York, a motorcycle escort to the docks, an aeroplane from Havre to Paris, and Russell was right on time.

The theater marquee was small, and the title of the picture was long. The compromise finally evolved read like this—Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of S. B. Farm."

It really happened at the première of "Rain." An ambitious but not too observing fan espied David Manners in a limousine.

"O-oh, lookit," she screamed, "there is Joel *McCree*."

Just leave it to the Barrymores to be themselves. John put in an appearance at the preview of "Bill of Divorcement" wearing house slippers.

They say there's a highbrow cat in Hollywood who won't chase anything but a Mickey Mouse.

Durante Yarn of the Month

Jimmy was a victim of one of those people who write rubber checks.

"Dat guy oughta start his name with a small letter, the big bum," snarled Jimmy.

"Why?" someone asked.

"Because he ain't got no capital," snorted the Schnozzola.

Gag Men's Holiday

Hostesses who endeavor to give very formal parties in Hollywood always expect the worst. Sharon Lynn had issued very fancy invitations to a dinner party, and down at one corner of the card were the words—"full dress obligatory."

Came the evening of the whoop-de-do.

Charles (Helen Hayes' hubby) MacArthur arrived in complete Civil War regalia as General Grant. Laurence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory," came bouncing in as General Lee. Both men are famous for pranks of this kind.

It was full dress of some sort or other and Sharon couldn't say a word. But she thought puh-lenty.

Here they are all together, the great clan of
est baby, John Blythe Barrymore, who'll
and his wife, Irene Fenwick, at the extreme
Dolores, John, and the baby. The

Another charming young heiress of Hollywood is Mary Esther Webb, here up on her toes over her first birthday with Mamma Esther Ralston Webb giving fine support

Thrift Department

The funniest Scotch story of the month is accredited to Mervyn LeRoy, the young director. Mervyn tells of the Edinburgh chappie who bought a daschund so the whole family could pet it.

And Jerry Hoffman, Hollywood newspaper man, insists that he saw three Scotch actors in Western Union trying to send a night letter during the recent eclipse of the sun.

The strangest romantic duo in some time is Ralph Forbes and Lupe Velez. They're going places together.

We're still trying to figure this one out.

Edmund Lowe always sets his alarm clock ten minutes ahead when he retires so he can sleep ten minutes longer in the morning.

A Universal cartoonist steps forth with his idea of a theme song for "Laughing Boy." He suggests "Sweet Sioux."

Here's another unusual assortment for Cupid. Mary Brian was escorted to the première of "Blessed Event" by Big Boy Williams. Just to make it *more* confusing,

Barrymores, gathered at John's house to call on the new- probably carry on the royal acting line. That's Lionel left, then Ethel, Dolores Costello Barrymore with little two big boys and the girl are Ethel's children

Charles Farrell insisted on acting as their chauffeur.

Comedian's Tour

Harold Lloyd is closing up that young hotel he lives in on one of Beverly Hills' best streets. The comedian is off for the far places. After talking to Douglas Fairbanks, Harold has decided that he wants to be a traveling man, too. So he travels to Japan where he will join the touring Doug. Together they will journey into Russia and find out what all this Soviet shouting is about.

Mildred Davis Lloyd will take the three Lloyd youngsters to a villa at Cannes, France. Harold will join them later for the winter months.

Pause and shed a tear for poor Marlene Dietrich. She had just rented Marion Davies's seaside guest house (just a shack with fourteen rooms and a private swimming pool) when her doctor told her that she had sinus trouble and would have to keep away from the salt water.

Maybe a Little Marquis

Is Connie Bennett really expecting a blessed event?

Hollywood insists that she is.

Before the Marquise sailed for Europe she visited her doctor every day, with the devoted Marquis in attendance. Moreover, she was actually *seen* sewing on those w. k. tiny garments.

You know there is that old Swanson-Bennett rivalry. Gloria recently presented Michael Farmer with an heiress —and folks say that Connie is not the one to sit back and let an ex-Marquise, of all people, get the best of her.

Do you recognize this happy blonde? Only a little while ago she was a child star herself and here she is with her son, Philip. Virginia Lee Corbin used to be her name. Now it's Mrs. Theodore Krol

Practical jokes are always going on between Director

Lubitsch and Miriam Hopkins. Ernst insists on telling Miriam that she is crazy. Miriam replies that Ernst is cheating some nice strait-jacket out of work.

Ernst stole a march on Miriam the other day.

Outside of the Paramount sound stage where she was working, an ambulance appeared. Two husky looking attendants stepped out.

"We've come for Miriam Hopkins," they announced, firmly.

And for a minute or two Miriam was really scared to death.

Smart Crack

Moss Hart, the writing fellow who poked so much fun at the movie people in "Once In A Lifetime," has been visiting Hollywood.

"Yes," he said, "it's God's country—and He can have it."

A gal who swam right into fame, Eleanor Holm, prettiest of the Olympic mermaids. She's being groomed for stardom by Warner Bros.

Heart Throb News

Johnny Weissmuller is now going places with Tallulah Bankhead instead of Lupe Velez.

The height of something or other is the fact that Nancy Carroll is getting fan letters from a flagpole sitter in Shanghai.

It's quite appropriate that George Raft's next picture at Paramount will be called "Bodyguard." George has one in real life. He's called Mr. Finn.

Garbo Still Garbo

News from Stockholm says that the Garbo lady is being mysterious at home too. Only very occasionally has she appeared on the streets, and when she does she wears a tweed cape, beret, and low-heeled shoes. Most of the time she stays on a remote island, taking sunbaths, sitting and thinking, or just sitting. She *did* go apartment hunting one day in Stockholm, and announced that she would remain in Sweden until after Christmas. Then back to the United States and pictures, and dodging reporters.

Garee Cooper and Lupe Velez do not speak as they pass by. But Gary had a pet monkey. So Lupe has one too. You'll see him (the monkey) with her in "Kongo"

Heady Stuff

As if Claudette Colbert didn't have enough to do she has gone and thought up a new haircut for herself. She calls it the "rag-tag bob." It's achieved by a very short shingle at the back, and close cropping of the hair over the entire head. The short ends are curled and combed upward, some of them forming a short fringe of bangs. Claudette looks just too grand in it.

Monkey Talk

A movie lady sat next to the strong and very silent Johnny Weissmuller at a recent dinner party. The lady was new to Hollywood and did not understand the name of her good looking dinner partner. Being something of a conversationalist, she wasn't accustomed to experiencing any difficulty in keeping the polite chatter going. This time, however, she met her Waterloo. She tried books, music, politics—switched desperately to the theater, pictures, dogs, horses and the weather. No

Do you really want to know how stars look when they're just themselves? By a trick camera arrangement Joan Crawford snapped this picture of Doug, Jr., and herself as they were returning from Europe. Isn't it charming of both of them?

reaction from Johnny. Finally in despair she sought out her hostess.

"Who is that young man?" she asked. "I don't seem to get any sound from him. Isn't he interested in *anything?*"

His identity was explained to her. A knowing look came over her face. She went back to Johnny.

"Me, Jane," she articulated distinctly, pounding herself on the chest. "You, Tarzan," pointing at Johnny.

Then she gave the call of the bull ape. That, children, is humor in Hollywood.

The most unusual party of this or any other season was Leo Carillo's "dedication party" at his rancho, near Santa Monica. Chic Sale made the dedication address, and after elaborate ceremonies the object was unveiled.

What do you suppose the author of "The Specialist" dedicated this time? Right! You've guessed it.

Social Note

Elissa Landi throws a party in her new home . . . Spanish atmosphere . . . a tango band wandering through the rooms and out into the patio . . . Mary Pickford and Charles Farrell presenting their version of the rumba . . . not good but "different" . . . Billie Dove squired by a young college professor (well, well) . . . David Manners accompanying Una Merkel . . . and that's news . . . George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill . . . Irene Rich and her grown-up actress-daughter . . . Dolores Del Rio's Latin beauty right in the spirit of the thing . . . Big Boy Williams all dressed up in "tux" . . . and hot under the collar . . . the Days of '49 room with old-fashioned wheels of chance . . . and pictures of dead and gone prizefighters and burlesque queens . . . June Clyde being lucky at the wheel of chance . . . Ann Harding, dressed in flame colors . . . with Alexander Kirkland being very, ver-ry attentive.

Ethel Barrymore overheard a visitor to the studio address an M-G-M official:

"Aren't you a supervisor?" asked the visitor.

"Shouldn't they smile when they call them that?" inquired Ethel of a friend.

Here's Ronnie Colman's newest leading woman, the girl who plays the lovelorn London shopgirl in "I Have Been Faithful." Her name is Phyllis Barry

Unimportant Dep't.

Greta Nissen has an Arabian Saluki—not an Oriental rug but a dog. In the beginning Greta paid just $10 for the canine, but $200 have already been spent in rewards. Pooch has chronic wanderlust.

Cupid's Forward March

Folks are expecting to hear wedding bells for Sylvia Sidney and B. P. Schulberg just as soon as the Schulberg divorce reaches the finals.

And they do be whispering over the Brown Derby coffee cups that Don Alvarado is motoring to Noo Yawk to wed Marilyn Miller.

Greta Nissen went to Victor McLaglen's party with hubby Weldon Heyburn, but says they're still estranged.

T'other night Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton to you) entertained Ralph Forbes, the divorced Mr. Chatterton, at dinner. (*Continued on page* 89)

Freddie March, dashing lover on the screen, is just a home boy. He has homes all over the continent, one on Long Island, one in Hollywood, and this very simple one at Laguna Beach, California

A Recipe for a Happy Marriage

As Concocted by Fredric March and told to Gladys Hall

CREAM a sense of humor with love of one's in-laws gradually, while beating constantly with the spoon of intelligence. Mix and sift mutual interests and add tolerance; then add the flavoring of a child or two if possible and cut and fold in heart-to-heart talks and the elimination of petty arguments. Put layers together with the Fruit and Nut Filling of flattery and cover top and sides of cake with ice cream frosting of remembered anniversaries. Turn into a buttered and flowered home of your own making and bake through the long, long years.

* * *

This is the recipe Fredric March gave me, just the other day, for the golden brown cake of a happy marriage.

Fredric didn't look as though he should be talking about homesteads and marriages and the Patter of Little Feet that day. It struck me as rather hard on the admiring ladies who will see Fredric in DeMille's "The Sign of The Cross." He was wearing a royal blue velvet toga, knee length. His black hair was curled and ringletted all over his head. He had used one of those miracle something-or-others to remove hair from his manly legs. He looked martial and handsome.

But he said: "I have a happy five and a half year old marriage, so I'm qualified to speak on this subject, if no other. I probably won't get all the ingredients in the order of their importance but it won't matter. I haven't done very much thinking about it—if you have a happy marriage I don't know that you do think about it a whale of a lot. You just *live* it.

"To begin with, there must be *intelligence,* of course. It takes intelligence to steer any ship to port and it takes intelligence to steer the ship of marriage, to keep it away from shoals and reefs, to know where the channels are deep and where the quicksands are. If a man and a woman have the same sort of intelligence there's not much chance of shipwreck. I mean, it wouldn't do if the man were intelligent only along the lines of anthropology, for instance, and knew no other interests. Nor if the woman were only competent in domestic ways and had no flair for the outside world. You *have* to marry someone who shares your interests, who knows about them, who speaks your language, as it were. I, for instance, wouldn't know what to do without Florence, my wife. I

This is the Missus—Florence Eldridge, who occasionally acts in talkies but who delights in running the March establishments. "Delicatessen marriages lead straight to the divorce court," Freddie declares

read my scripts over with her, I almost rehearse certain scenes, talk over with her how I shall do this one or that one. There simply must be a common meeting ground, some sort of understanding of what the other party is after in life.

"One of the most important ingredients is NOT to get into petty arguments. Keep quiet unless the matter is of some vital importance and then—*keep quiet anyway*. There are more marriages broken up over trivial bickerings, over little nothings-at-all than there are over big and fundamental issues.

"Florence and I play Bridge occasionally, by way of an illustration. And I have made a rule that if she gets sore at me for some dumb-bell play and shoots her mouth off *I* will keep quiet. And if I get sore at her and shoot *my* face off she must keep quiet until I am finished. Thus we relieve our feelings and at the same time save one of those ridiculous arguments that wound and are forgotten by the end of the week. At least, what the argument was all about is forgotten—the wounds sometimes remain.

"To be fond of one another's family is, I should say, another tremendously important ingredient. The old funny paper gags about mothers-in-law and indigent brothers-in-law are all too true in all too many cases. More rows go on between husbands and wives because of one or the other's family than for any other known reason. Love your mother-in-law and you will celebrate your Golden Wedding Day should be one of the first laws of Hymen.

"Thank heaven, we haven't this problem to contend with. Florence and my father, for instance, genuinely love one another. They give and take in the most generous fashion. Father was a little taken back, just at first, when he saw Florence smoking. But because she does it it's all right with him and now, when we visit him, he'll say to her when he first sees her in the morning, 'Had your morning cigarette, dear?' and he'll go and get her one. She has always been so sweet with him, so friendly and so honest about everything she does that any chance of misunderstanding is impossible. I am equally fond of Florence's family. Her young brother is out here now and is with me most of the time. He has a great ability as a writer. He does a lot of things for me, secretarial things, stands in for me when I'm working.

A LOVE of home is a third *very* important item in the making of a happy marriage. Delicatessen marriages lead straight to the divorce court, that's sure. In fact, without that item the whole cake would fall flat and be tough to take. I mean, a *real* home—not living about in rented apartments and hotel suites and de luxe bungalows. *Your own things*, the furniture of your loves. The very first thing Florence and I did, after we were married, was to buy furniture. And we moved it with us from East to West and back again every time we've traveled. Home is the very frame of the picture of marriage and without that frame the poor thing gets kicked about—you get careless with it and it ceases, after awhile, to occupy the place of importance it should have.

"Eventually, Florence and I want a French provincial type of house and we are considering, now, making a deal for the house we own in Laguna at present and building our home there.

"Then there are children. Unfortunately for us, we have none yet. But we are certainly *hoping* for a boy first, and then a girl. All of the clairvoyants and horoscopists we have been to agree that we will have two children, first a boy and then (*Continued on page* 85)

When Hollywood Goes Christmas Shopping

By BEATRICE BARTON

The Lowdown on What the Stars Buy and How They Buy It

RIGHT this very minute Hollywood Boulevard looks like a cross between a Kentucky election day and an Ohio county fair. Hundreds of busy, bustling people crowd the streets. Hundreds of cars speed back and forth. Everybody talks at once—both on the street and in the stores. Hollywood is doing its Christmas shopping.

Looking at the pageant from a purely physical stand-point you would never believe that it is Christmas-time. It is hot and dry in California. There is no snow, no ice, not even any frost. But Christmas spirit is in the air. You can feel it and taste it and smell it.

What Hollywood lacks in biting Christmas winds it makes up in Christmas excitement. And nowhere else in the world is the twenty-fifth of December more fun. The fun actually starts weeks before, when the stars begin to assemble the gifts which they will deliver the night before Christmas.

One of the most amazing experiences of my life was Christmas shopping with Joan Crawford. She had a list of "things to get" as long as Johnny Weissmuller's right arm and the unusual part is that she had thought of each gift personally, suiting it to the needs and desires of the friends she remembered.

We went to the biggest and most exclusive shop in town where Joan purchased most of her gifts.

"Mary Pickford and Billy Haines are my two biggest problems," she said. "Mary has everything that she needs and wants and Billy—well, he's crazy about antiques but he has a whole shop of his own to choose from. Besides he knows so much more about them than I do. Like as not I'll get him a little Georgian what-not and it will turn out to be early Grand Rapids."

She decided at last upon a dainty desk set for Mary Pickford—pen, ink well, etc., all in real cloisonné of blue, dotted with tiny pink flowers.

And for Billy she selected two charming decanters.

For Doug there were dozens of different gifts—too many to mention here, but more lovingly than any other presents, she selected the ones for little Renee Adoree, who was in an Arizona sanatorium at the time. She bought a charming and frivolous nightgown and negligee and a peach colored cover for her bed.

"Your mother?" I asked. "What are you getting her?"

"Oh, that's taken care of."

I glanced at the list and saw—"mother—car."

Yessir, she had chosen a smart little coupé for her mother.

One of the reasons that Christmas in Hollywood is such fun is because those emotional, excitable and—yes honestly—child-like folk know how to play. Besides that they have the money to play with—to buy the gifts they want to give. Of course, they are not so generous as they once were—with the depression and general salary cuts. There was a time when Bebe Daniels handed out silver fox furs to the girls on the Paramount lot with as nonchalant an air as your corner grocer hands out calendars — with pictures of Santa Claus on them. Those lavish days are gone. Bebe still remembers her friends but perfume has replaced the silver foxes.

HOWEVER, the shops still teem with gifts and stars to buy them.

The problem of getting all the gifts together is a terrific one. Remember that in Hollywood everybody knows everybody else and all must be remembered. Not only personal friends but the studio workers as well must have gifts from the stars.

Lon Chaney—one of the greatest men who ever lived—solved his shopping problem by buying five dollar glove orders in wholesale lots for the girls, and merchandise orders for the same amount for the men. It was tradition on the M-G-M lot that on Christmas morning Lon, his funny old cap pulled down over his eyes, would appear to pass out his gifts. He played no favorites. He carried the orders around in a big box and would yell to every person he saw, "Hey there—here's a Christmas card for you."

Some of the stars prepare ahead of time, doing their shopping months in advance. Others wait until the last minute.

Lupe Velez shops from her own home. She knows that if she gets into the Christmas rush and sees all the beautiful things displayed in the stores she will spend much more money than she should; therefore she calls her favorite store and has one of the professional shoppers sent to her. With this woman she discusses her list, tells her what she wants for each of her friends and about what she wants to pay for it.

The next day the shopper arrives with a truckload of presents from which Lupe makes her selection.

Ann Harding solves her worries by making her own gifts. At least that's what she did last year. She simply telephoned a store for a bolt of the finest linen and, during her spare minutes on the set, made charming little drawn-work handkerchiefs, table napkins and towels.

Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Lupe Velez, Lilyan Tashman and Ramon Novarro have as distinctive shopping habits as they have distinctive personalities. Maybe you can get some hints from them that will solve your filling that Christmas list of yours

Billy Haines is a big help at Christmas-time. He owns an antique shop, you know, and many of the stars do their buying there. He works a grand system. When the stars arrive he has his clerk sound out each one about the merchandise displayed. He makes a list of each person's favorite pieces. Hence when Lilyan Tashman comes to select a gift for Eddie Lowe—she is one of Billy's steady customers—the clerk can say, "Mr. Lowe was in yesterday. He admired that little Victorian clock." Before Christmas, Billy is bursting with secrets. He knows what everybody in town is giving everybody else.

Incidentally Lilyan Tashman's gifts are as unique as her clothes. And this is the way she makes them so. She has a standing order with several exclusive shops in Hollywood and New York to send her any interesting novelty—a different vanity case, a tricky cigarette lighter, a quaint mirror. These are sent her all during the year. She keeps them in a special cabinet and when Christmas comes a large part of her shopping is done. She simply opens the cabinet and suits her gifts to the taste of her friends.

Dorothy Sebastian is a last minute shopper. You will always discover her on Hollywood Boulevard—on Santa Claus Lane as it is called during the holidays, with its electrically lighted Christmas trees lining the street—just a few days before Christmas with a worried look on her face and presents sticking out of her shoes and from under her hat. Dorothy can never attend a Christmas Eve party, for she always has to stay at home to wrap the gifts which she has just bought.

A GOOD many of the stars, particularly those who are working right up until the last minute, shop via their secretaries. You might imagine that Connie Bennett is one of these. But you'd be wrong, for Connie plans her Christmas list several months in advance. She hunts out little novelty shops in which she can buy unusual gifts and although she takes her secretary along to keep track of everything and make sure that nothing is lost every present is hand-picked.

Estelle Taylor is one of the most lavish givers in town. Each year and year after year she sends out packages to hundreds of people. She gives so much that she shops in more or less wholesale lots—buying two dozen hand bags, a hundred pairs of stockings, three dozen suits of lingerie, etc. But when she comes to distributing these gifts among her friends she is careful that she (*Cont'd on page 87*)

When Zasu Pitts casts a baffled look into the camera and murmurs, "Oh my," audiences are won completely

The Two Hundred and Fifty Foot Star

Zasu Pitts Plays Only Bits. When She Wants to Be Tragic She's Unintentionally Funny. But She Steals Every Picture She's In and Earns Far More than the Average Star

By SUSAN TALBOT

SOME four or five years ago Zasu Pitts decided that she would go to a Hollywood première. She had never been to one and—oh my!—was she excited!

With those long, willy-nilly hands of hers she carefully laid out her clothes—the nice underthings, the silk slip, the satin dress. And then—the ermine coat! She had bought the coat especially for the occasion. It was such a nice ermine coat with a big collar and plenty of little ermine skins to wrap her long, loose figure in.

When she was all fixed up she thought she looked pretty fine. It was to be Zasu's night of nights—appearing amongst Hollywood's élite. She had listened to premières over the radio. She knew that stars were acclaimed as they walked between rows of palpitating onlookers. Why, they would all crowd around her, beg for an autograph, touch the smooth surface of the coat. Oh my!

Her car drove up to the entrance of the theatre. Unfortunately, the car in front of hers held Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Disconsolately, Zasu trailed after them. Nobody noticed her. She pulled the ermine about her sparse frame. Half way up the walk a little girl called out, "Oh, mama, look! There goes Zuzie Pratts!"

Now that story is pretty funny just as it is, but if you could hear Zasu tell it—and she did tell it on herself

Zasu uses her hands, her face, her voice, her figure for comedy. Yet her life has been anything but amusing and her charity is boundless

—you would never be any more good. If you could listen to that mournful monotone that is Zasu's voice and see those vague eyes and watch those wan hands move uncertainly from her cheek to her hair, from her hair to her throat—you would be rolling on the floor as I was when she told the story to me.

I imagine if Zasu went to an opening today and arrived behind Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, or even the Prince of Wales and a pair of Siamese twins—she would hold the spotlight. For in the last year or so she has come to occupy a place in the cinema sky like no other person.

In Hollywood they call her the 250-foot star. Maybe that sounds like gibberish to you. It means simply that Zasu has made herself as important as any actress simply by doing bits and tiny parts that cover comparatively so few feet of film. (Remember that 250 feet is very little when you consider that 1,000 feet is a reel and the average picture is eight reels.) Zasu makes more money than most of the big stars and is better known than half the boys and girls who are given star billing by the studios.

In the last year the name Zasu Pitts sketched in lights on a theatre marquee has been enough to bring the customers in smiling and send them out in hysterics. She has stolen more scenes from great actresses than those great actresses care to remember. And if all the rave notices that the critics have given her were laid end to end, that would eight times encircle Malibu.

Unlike most critics' pets, she is also the pet of the public. That Zasu! All she has to do is to cast a baffled look camerawards, murmur a bewildered "Oh my," and Mr. and Mrs. John Audience are won—completely.

A Hollywood director confided in me recently, "She is the funniest woman on the screen."

But there is another director who says, "When they began giving Zasu Pitts comedy rôles they ruined the greatest tragedienne the screen has ever known."

And therein lies a story that very few people know.

When Zasu first came to Hollywood—it was about twelve or fourteen years ago—she was as forlorn as a motherless kitten. She knew she wasn't pretty. She knew she didn't have any sex appeal. Jobs? There weren't any jobs for Zasu. Living at the old studio club, she watched the pretty and dashing girls enviously. She drew into herself the more they tried to befriend her. But she did accept the kindly hand of Frances Marion who got her a part in an old Mary Pickford picture and really launched her career.

It set her up a bit—knowing that somebody believed in her—and one night she consented to go to a dance at the Hollywood Hotel—one of those famous old Thursday night dances.

There it was that a lad picked her out of all the pretty, exciting girls—and danced with her. He thought she had sex appeal—and told her so. It wasn't long after that that she married Tom Gallery. She loved him for years and years—and maybe still does—and it was only after many indignities that she at last divorced him.

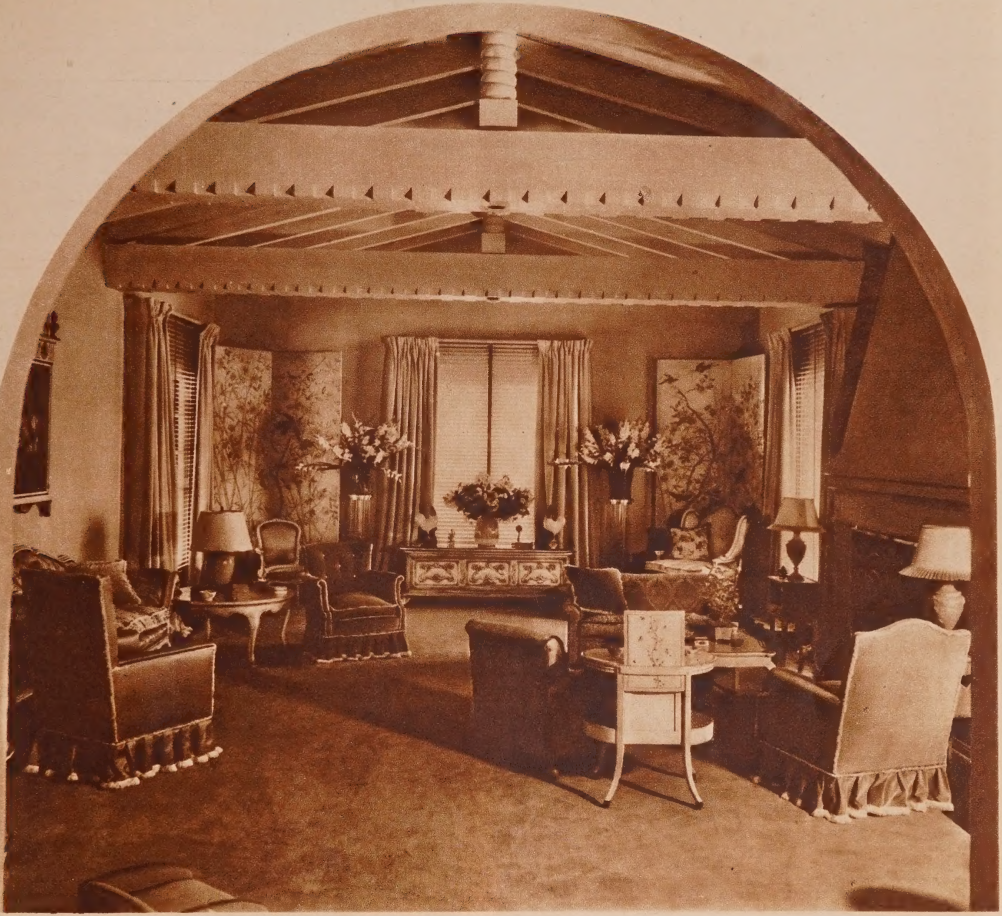
There was, during those early days, an amazing streak of morbidity running through her nature. She loved to hear gruesome stories, she was fascinated by horror, and once she spent an entire evening at a night court listening to the pitiful appeals made by the tragic "fallen women" who were brought before the judge.

Who can say why her complex mind took this turn? Perhaps she got a vicarious thrill from seeing what writers of melodrama insist upon calling "life in the raw." Perhaps she felt a strange kinship (*Cont'd on page* 84)

Watch This Girl!

HER name is Katharine Hepburn. She isn't beautiful—but can she ACT! Remember how Valentino popped up out of nowhere and clicked at once? Remember that lanky Swedish girl named Greta Garbo? Well, Movie Mirror thinks Katharine Hepburn can step right up into their class after making her début in "The Bill of Divorcement" (and don't let that title scare you. It's one swell pitcha). We predict that unless everything goes haywire this Hepburn lass will be made a star exactly as Garbo and Valentino were made stars—by public acclaim.

Sort of nice to have a home-country girl make good, too, isn't it? Katharine's as American as the Stars and Stripes. Born in New York State, educated at Bryn Mawr College. Learned acting by playing in stock companies and a row of Broadway plays. Clicked very big in a stage comedy called "The Warrior's Husband" which resulted in a test for RKO, which resulted in a contract, which resulted in "The Bill of Divorcement." Has brains enough to have refused advance publicity on her first picture, just asking to wait and see what the public said. Well, if the Hollywood whispers can be trusted, they're saying OKAY in seventeen different languages.



The drawing room of a Hollywood Marquise done in heavenly pastel shades, gray carpets, cream walls, green draperies, rose and dull blue upholstered furniture

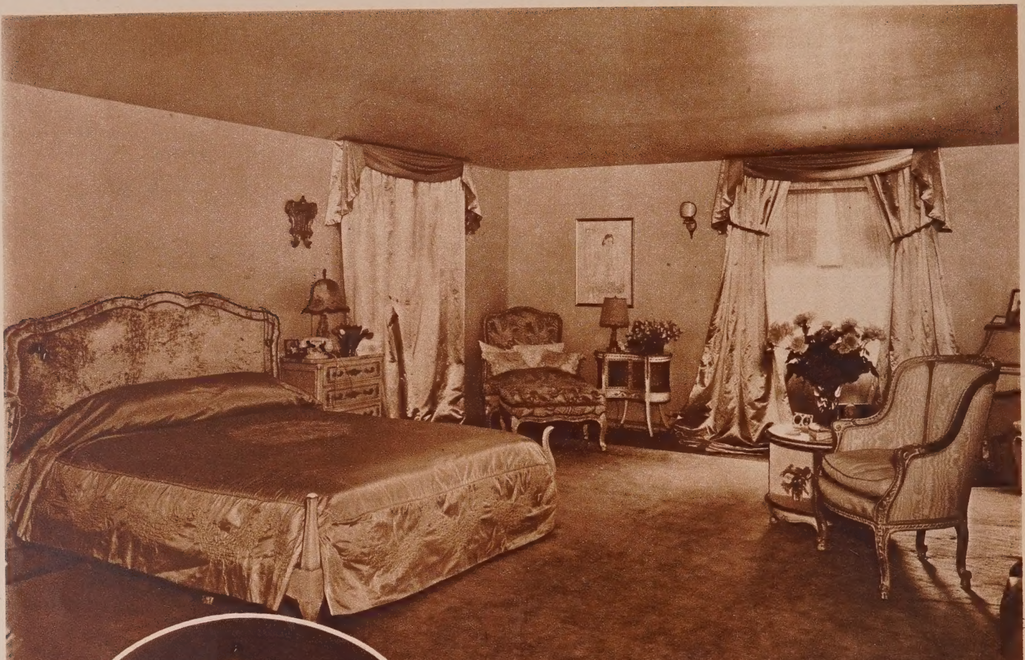
The Home of a Human Dynamo

Said Dynamo being Constance Bennett, actress, millionaire, wife, mother, business woman and hostess

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IF you were a beautiful woman, a successful actress, a millionaire by your own efforts, the wife of a handsome and distinguished French Marquis, mother of a lovely, curly-headed mite, a shrewd business woman and a smart hostess—what sort of home would you choose? If you were Connie Bennett, what would you consider a fitting background for your crisp loveliness? How would you organize and conduct your life to fit in with so many-sided a career?

Knowing Connie, you would expect her home to be exquisite, to show sophisticated taste, be luxurious without being lavish, to have a French flavor. Since her marriage she has redecorated it almost entirely, re-furbished it, added new pieces, changed color schemes, altered the entire atmosphere. She planned every inch of it herself, with characteristic determination to express her own strong individuality in her surroundings. The result is



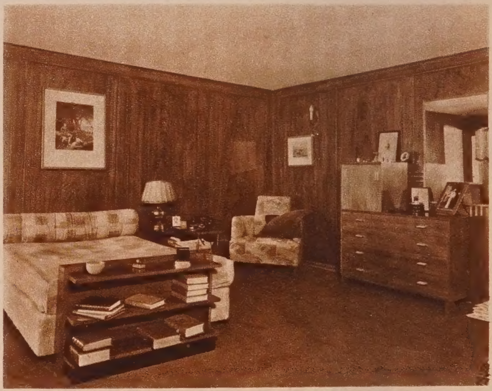
Connie's room is as exquisite as Connie herself, all rich satin, heavy silk moires and delicately carved French furnishings

This is Connie's newest portrait. Isn't it charming?

completely and emphatically *Connie*. One of the most amazing things about her is the manner in which she puts her own, unmistakable stamp on whatever she touches.

Let me tell you about it. . . . It is a large, rambling, white-stucco-and-red-tile house, set well back from a quiet, curving Beverly Hills street. Not a particularly distinguished or ostentatious dwelling, viewed from without. The home of a person who cares about *interiors*. A secluded patio at the rear, with its palms and flowering shrubs, its tiled fountain and its potted plants, provides a pleasant spot for out-of-doors tea. But there is no swimming pool, no tennis court, no elaborate arrangement for sun bathing, such as you find among the majority of Hollywood's sun worshippers. La Bennett is a mental person, concerned not at all with the development of superior muscles or the acquisition of a South Sea Island complexion.

Inside you find first a long entrance hall, stretching across the front of the house. It is a formal room with a curved staircase, beamed ceiling, dove gray walls and carpets slightly darker. The chairs are upholstered in white leather and there is a white satin divan against one wall. The vases are kept filled with fresh, white flowers and the effect is so unusual as to be almost



The Marquis' room is very masculine and modern, with lots of space for books and ash trays

startling. But then Connie herself is a startling person.

The severity of this lack of color is relieved by a wide, arched doorway which leads into the long living room. Here are soft pastel shades—deep-piled gray carpet, cream walls, draperies of palest green. There are touches of ashes of roses and dull blue in upholstery and cushions. Delicate Chinese screens occupy the far corners. Venetian blinds, in lieu of glass curtains, soften the California sunlight. Flower vases stand on tall, crystal standards. A cabinet in one corner holds a collection of exquisite Chinese jades, mostly carved perfume bottles and grotesque little images of Oriental gods.

A formal room. A room for large, smart parties or small, carefully selected groups of guests. A room for dignity and scintillant conversation. A background for a fastidious hostess, lithe in clinging satin—and her handsome, titled spouse. Connie's room.

Through another doorway you glimpse the tiny study with an enormous desk where that other Connie—the brisk business woman—sits sometimes of mornings to conduct her manifold affairs. Beyond that is a small music room, almost filled to capacity by a huge grand piano. For Connie is extremely interested in music—especially modern music, as you would expect. On a chair in this room there is usually a small portable Victrola, to which she is devoted. She has a fine collection of records to which she is constantly adding. The most casual caller is very likely to be urged to enjoy the newest ones. And she takes it with her wherever she goes, if it is for longer than a few hours.

The dining room is spacious and formal, with cream walls, a neutral carpet, and vivid, flowered drapes. The chairs are upholstered in white satin and the top of the table is painted white. The interesting Chinese embroidery, framed and crossed with narrow strips of mirror, which hangs above the walnut buffet, was Billy Haines' idea. Since Connie's dinner parties are either very large (in which case she seats her guests at small tables) or very small, the dining table seats only eight. A silver bowl of white roses and crystal candelabra, holding tall, white candles, adorn it.

Beyond the dining room are a breakfast room, kitchen and servants' dining room.

Upstairs are three master bedrooms, Peter's nursery and two servants' rooms. There are more servants' quarters over the garages.

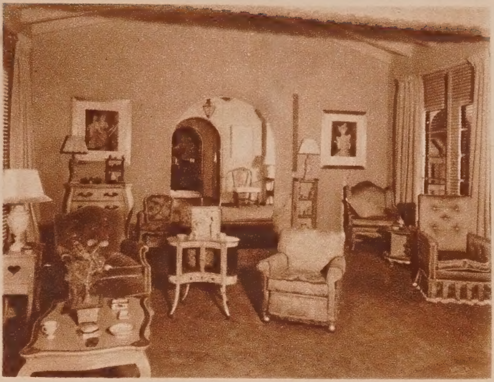
Connie's room is as dainty and exquisite and feminine as Connie, herself. All rich satins, heavy silk moires, delicately carved French furnishings. The walls are eggshell and the thick, velvet carpet is beige. Pale rose satin drapes trail from the ceiling to the floor and the wide bed is covered with the same material. Moires, plain and figured, in palest green and cream and rose, cover chairs and chaise longue. Curious little tables hold valuable knick-knacks—Lalique boxes, tiny crystal vases, carved jade ornaments. On the bedside table, with the little French lamp and the eggshell-tinted telephone, is a tiny, framed photograph of Peter. Hank's handsome face smiles from a-top the little desk. There are no other photographs in the room.

Rich and soft, luxurious enough for a Princess. An *expensive* room for a background for that haughty, petulant and wilful little figure.

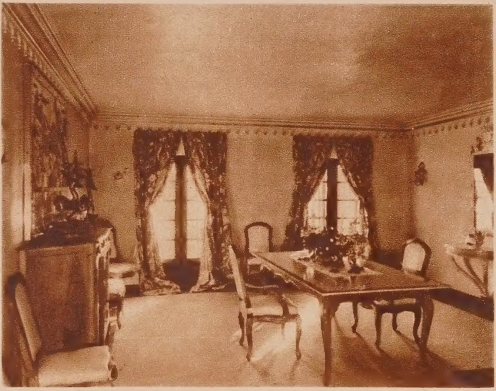
Hank's room is as masculine and severe as the rest of the house is feminine and frilly. The walls are paneled in walnut and adorned with hunting scenes. The furniture is heavy, modern and austere. Chairs and a couch-like bed are covered with monk's cloth in subdued shades. Lamps are practical and parchment-shaded. A bookcase at the foot of the bed holds enormous and forbidding-looking tomes. There are photographs of Connie everywhere. A tall one of her as a bride upon the bureau. A miniature upon the bedside table. Pictures of Connie looking arch or dreamy scattered here and there. Capacious ash trays for a pipe smoker. Piles of papers and magazines upon the floor. A man's room.

The household of the Marquis de la Falaise is a rather elaborate one. Rex Cole, who handles the financial affairs of a great many

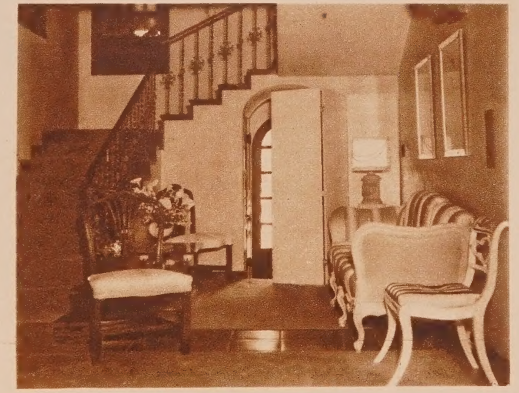
(*Continued on page* 86)



Another angle on the drawing room showing the interesting arched doorways



The Bennett-Falaise dining room, formal and charming. Notice the interesting length of the window hangings

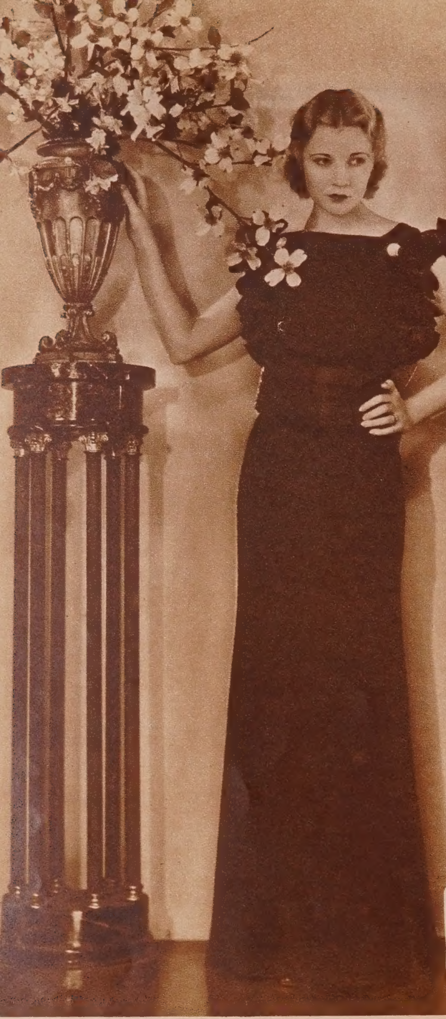


The entrance hall, very smartly done in dove gray walls, dark gray carpets, white furniture and great fresh white flowers

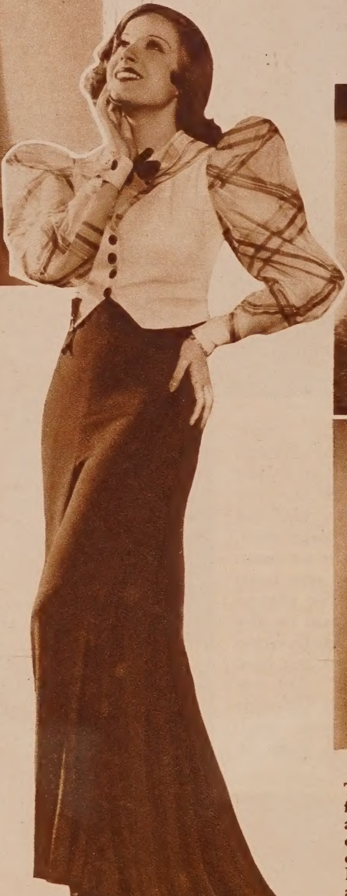
A TORRID scene from a torrid triangle picture laid in a torrid climate in Indo-China. Who better could M-G-M get to play such parts than Jean (fatal beauty) Harlow and Clark (hot cha) Gable? Little did Jean dream as she made this love scene of the tragedy she would have to face. We don't mind telling you that we're looking forward to the work of these two stars in "Red Dust," and we hope Jean will forget her tragedy in work

HERE'S a new man worth watching. He's Cary Grant, six feet one inch tall, and he's Paramount's candidate for the movie Hall of Fame. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. He looks like a Lochinvar from out of the West, but he was born in Bristol, England. He played with stock companies and on the stage. He started in Hollywood as an extra. Paramount put him in "This Is the Night." He was a hit. He clicked big in "Blonde Venus." Now he has a swell contract and a grand part in "Hot Saturday"

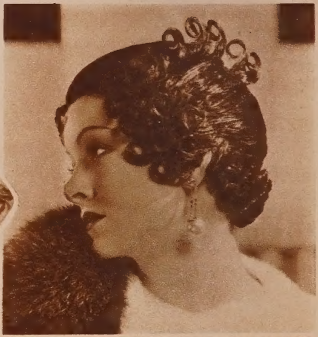
Film Fashions for Ultra-Smart Fans

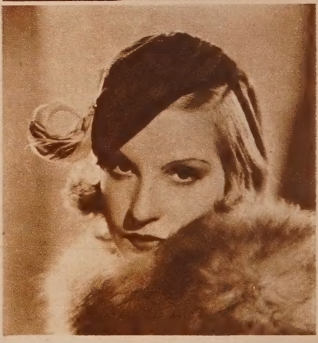


The black evening frock is very important this winter. Una Merkel's is of black satin, cut with the dull side out, with a modest square cut neckline that graduates to a deep decolletage at the back. Crystal shoulder buttons and soft puffs of satin around the armhole are interesting details

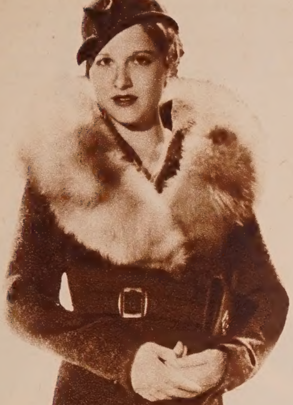


Orry-Kelly designed those most amusing pajamas for Lili Damita in "The Match King." The pajamas are tailored, of navy silk crêpe and have, of all things, a train! The vest, of creamy silk pique, is complete even to the little black watch fob. And the collar and sleeves—silly leg-o-mutton affairs—are of hand-painted starched chiffon

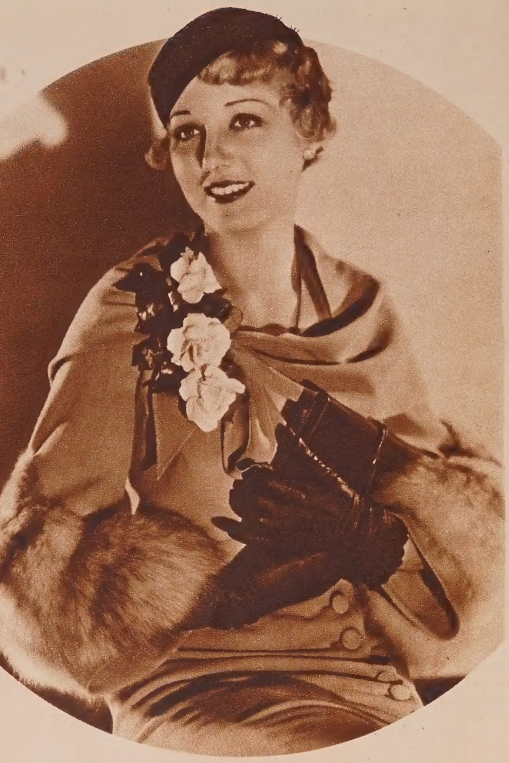




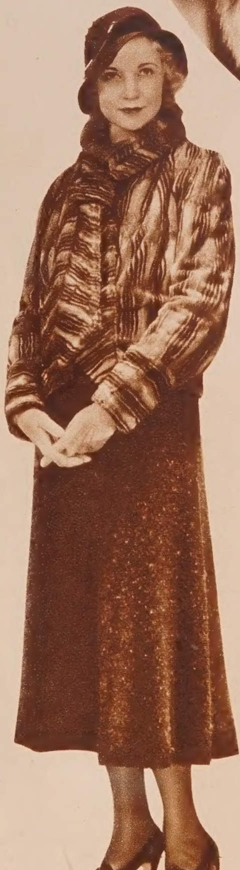
Two extreme styles of head dressing for very different hours. Myrna Loy, above, wears one of the new lacquered wigs, arranged in round black curls to resemble a Spanish comb. Lili Damita wears a tiny pancake afternoon hat of brown corduroy velvet with a painted cocq feather to harmonize



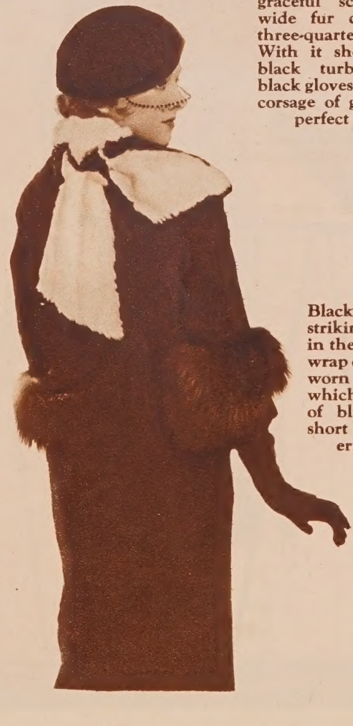
For simple business wear the fur-trimmed cloth coat remains supreme. Dorothy Wilson's coat is of green ostrich feather cloth, a new material, belted in the same fabric, and collared in red fox. Her hat is green felt with a tiny veil



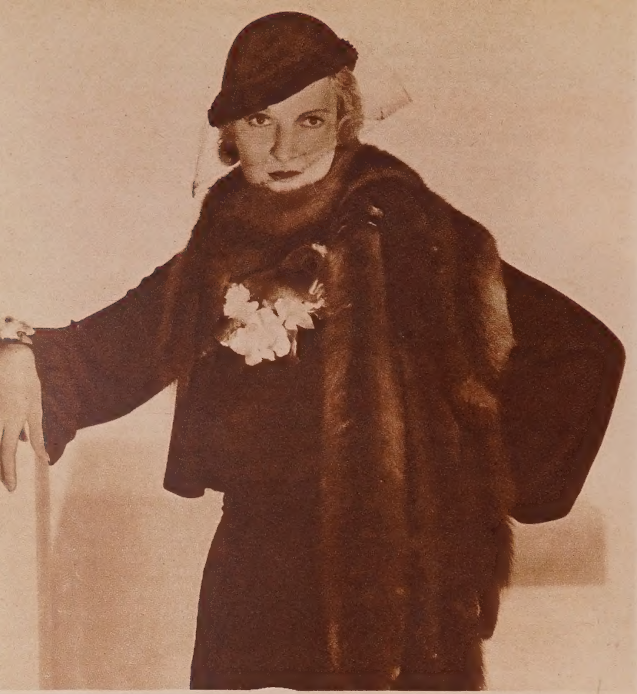
Here is the very dressy winter afternoon costume as worn by Leila Hyams. Her dress coat of powder blue wool shows a graceful scarf collar with wide fur cuffs edging the three-quarter length sleeves. With it she wears a small black turban, wrist-length black gloves. Earrings and the corsage of gardenias are the perfect final touches



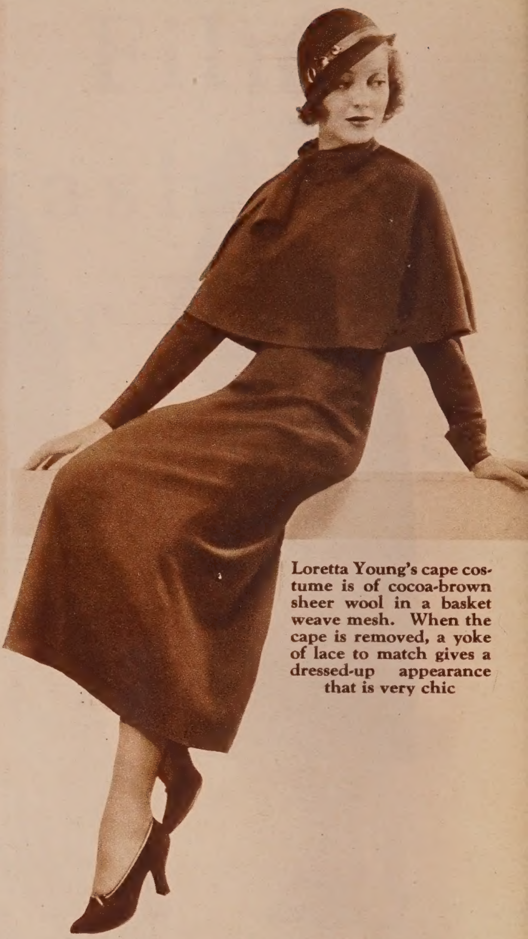
For moderately cool winter days Una Merkel shows a short sports jacket of Barunduki fur styled with an ascot-tie neckline and featuring sleeves that flare in the modern manner



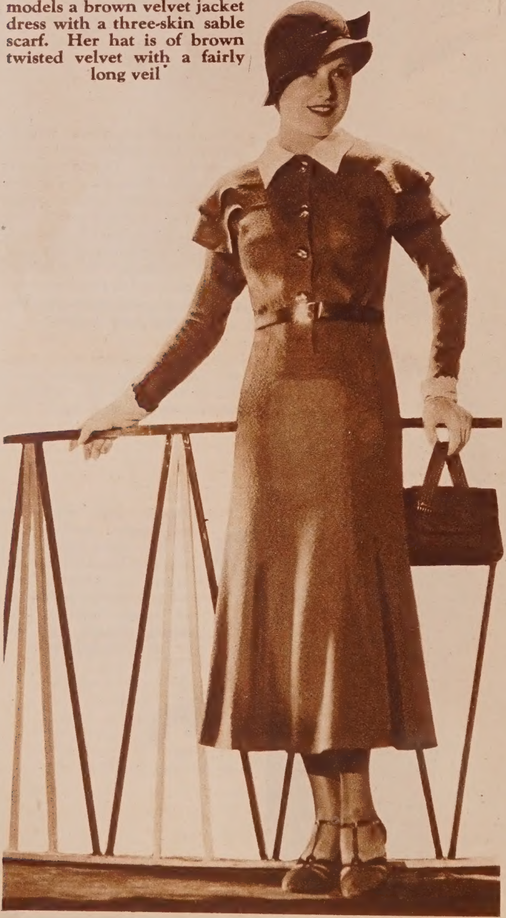
Black and white is strikingly carried out in the afternoon model wrap of black broadtail, worn by Myrna Loy, which shows a border of black fox on the short sleeves and an ermine-lined tie



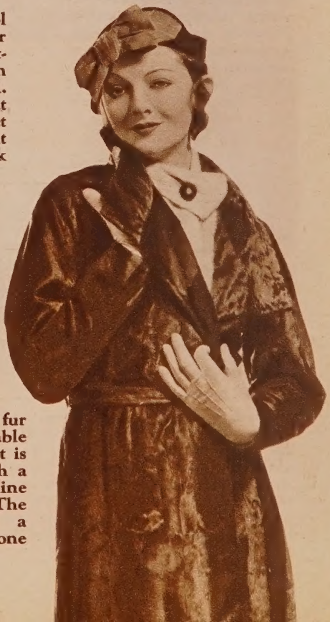
For the very smart afternoon reception, Verree Teasdale models a brown velvet jacket dress with a three-skin sable scarf. Her hat is of brown twisted velvet with a fairly long veil



Loretta Young's cape costume is of cocoa-brown sheer wool in a basket weave mesh. When the cape is removed, a yoke of lace to match gives a dressed-up appearance that is very chic

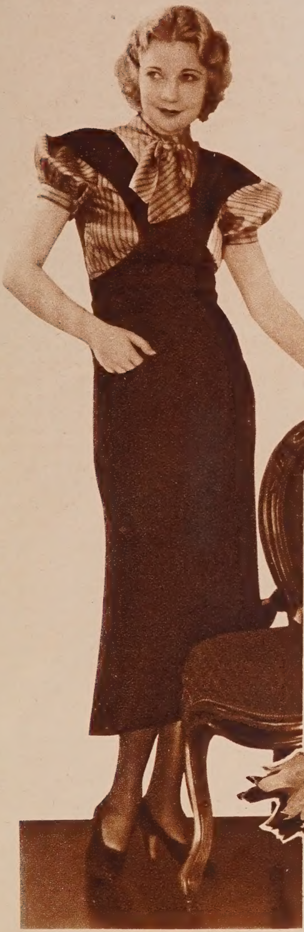


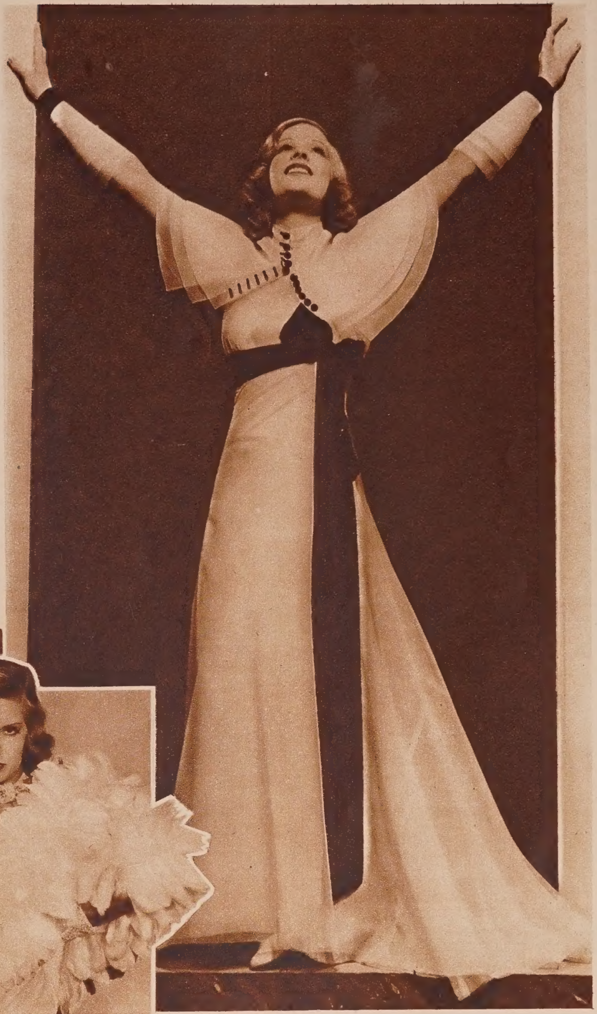
Dorothy Wilson's wool mesh dress, of rust color trimmed with brass buttons and a belt of brown leather, is very youthful. The lingerie touches at the neck and the epaulet shoulder treatment save it from a too tailored look



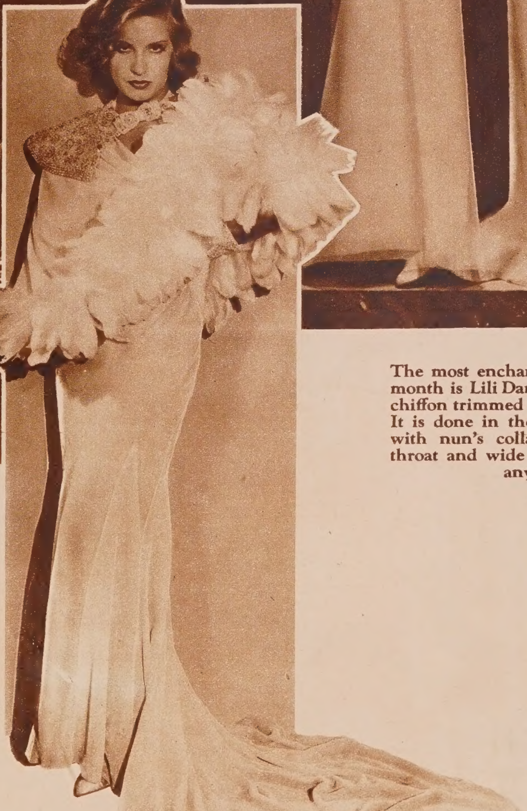
Myrna Loy wears a fur coat particularly suitable to the younger girl. It is of brown kidskin with a slightly-puffed sleeve line and a belted-in waist. The white vestee shows a touch of red in the bone button

The jumper dress is deservedly popular, for it permits of so many variations. Una Merkel's is of black angora wool with a puff-sleeved, tie-at-the-throat blouse of black and white check silk, very charming for the young girl





The most enchanting picture frock of the month is Lili Damita's cream colored starch chiffon trimmed with black velvet ribbons. It is done in the new ecclesiastical spirit with nun's collar fastening close to the throat and wide cuffs that don't fasten to anything at all



Very extreme but very regal, Mlle. Damita wears ivory velvet for evening. The gown itself is cut, except for its long train, on the simplest possible lines. The chichi appearance comes from the circular cape bordered with white cocq feathers and the stiffly embroidered over-collar which extends out over the shoulders

NOAH BEERY, JR., is carrying on. He's the talented son of a talented father. He was born in New York and brought up in Florida. He went to military schools and to high school in Hollywood. He made his screen début as a young lad in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "Mark of Zorro," but Universal was the first company to put him under contract. He's only eighteen, but he's making good. After his work in "Heroes of the West" and "Jungle Mystery," a serial, Universal is starring him in a series of Western pictures. He's five feet ten, his nickname is Pidge, and he's never smoked or taken a drink in his life.

IT certainly isn't because women have left Warren William out in the cold that you see him standing there. It's just that he likes the cold, brisk days of winter. He's fond of ice skating, of ships and the sea. Warren William was born in Aitkin, Minnesota, and his real name is Warren William Krech. He's six feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. He loves strawberry shortcake and his redheaded wife. He's under contract to Warners, and you'll see him next as "The Match King"

Three marriage failures, three divorces, and the upbreak of many romances left Jack Gilbert totally unprepared for the kind of love Virginia Bruce is giving him

There's Only One Way to Be a Good Wife

Which Unassuming Little Virginia Bruce is Proving to the Much-Married, Deeply Disillusioned John Gilbert

By PATRICIA EVERETT

Garbo was undoubtedly the greatest romance in Gilbert's life. She refused however to become his wife

IT was Hollywood's strangest wedding!

The groom looked well enough—but the bride! Good heavens, you should have seen the bride! She wore a plain black dress; her hair was stringy and needed a shampoo; her nails could have done with a manicure. Five minutes before the vows were repeated she had been covered with mud and grease from head to foot.

And that's the way Virginia Bruce looked when she promised to love and honor Jack Gilbert.

When the brief ceremony (it took place in Jack's dressing room bungalow) was over a friend of Jack's turned to another and said, "Unless Jack is completely nutty, she will make the guy happy. If she doesn't, it's not going to be her fault."

Which just about sums up the opinion of those who know both Jack and Virginia best. Yet it was a terribly big step for the girl to take. What made her think that she, an unsophisticated, inexperienced girl, could succeed where many other glamorous, exciting, wise women had failed? Why was she willing to marry a man who already had three divorces to his credit—or discredit—and innumerable ex-sweethearts all of whom were unable to make him happy?

Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy, Ina Claire, Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez are a few of the women who have loved or been loved by Jack Gilbert. Each one of these romances had ended in disaster. Remembering such a background, isn't it rather amazing that a simple little girl from Fargo, North Dakota, should believe herself able to cope with the tempestuous, moody actor Gilbert?

But if you will look at the list of Jack's former sweethearts and wives you will discover that they all—with the exception of the first Mrs. Jack about whom little is known—have one trait in common. Each one is a vital, strong personality. Each one knew her own mind—and spoke it. Leatrice Joy, carving out her career, a bundle of nerves, energy and force; Ina Claire, already one of the most famous and sought-after of Broadway stars, telling Jack over the breakfast table, "No, my dear, you must use your voice differently. You're getting a white tone now"; Greta Garbo, determined, stubborn and with the will of ten Vikings; Lupe Velez, fiery, volcanic, noisy Lupe. And they all picked flaws in Jack's character and criticized him continually.

Now let us consider Virginia Bruce. Let us look at her chances for doing what other women have not been able to do—the big job of making a man like Jack Gilbert happy.

Here are some of the things that have happened since their marriage.

Virginia has asked for a release from her contract so that she can stay at home and be the sort of wife Gilbert wants her to be (Shades of Ina Claire who raged when she was known in Hollywood as "Jack Gilbert's wife" and who said once to a New York newspaper man, "Broadway is my belt; west of the Mississippi is Jack's. For God's sake tell these people out here who I am.").

Virginia's greatest thrill is being called "Mrs. Gilbert."

Jack has had a wing built on his house just to please Virginia—and she loves it, every new nail and two-by-four. Jack has bought her, among other things, a car, a diamond bracelet and a grand piano and, according to Virginia, they are the finest car, bracelet and piano a girl ever had. (Shades of Garbo who, when Jack got a yacht expressly for her pleasure, took one cruise in it and said, "I no like this boat." So he sold it.)

Consider the wedding described up there in the first paragraph. The reason the bride looked as she did was because she was working on "Kongo," a picture in which she plays the dramatic rôle of a very mussed-up young woman in the tropics. She could not have a shampoo or manicure because the next day she had to work with her hair and nails in the same condition as the day before.

But Jack wanted to be married right then—so they were married right then!

Jack flew into one of those well known Gilbert furies when it was said—and printed—that the engagement was just a publicity stunt (Virginia was playing his lead in "Downstairs" at the time). They both knew that this was love, the real thing, and Jack wanted to prove it. So the minute his decree from Ina was final he snatched Virginia off the set and married her—and to the devil with shampoos and manicures.

Virginia Bruce, on the threshold of a brilliant career, has asked for and obtained a release from her contract so that she can be the sort of wife Jack has never had

Right after the wedding Virginia faced her most difficult ordeal. She was in the midst of "Kongo." Jack was not working, which left him to fret at home while she was at the studio. Trying to do some heavy emoting for the camera, she could think of nothing but Jack at home all alone.

"And that's why I decided to give up my career," she said. "I can't hold down two jobs successfully—yet. And the job of being Mrs. John Gilbert is the most important one to me. Jack is restless and I want to be at home when he wants company. When he wants to be alone, I can do things around the house. I want to play tennis and swim whenever he does.

"I'm content to remain at home for the rest of my life if Jack wants me to. If I ever want to go back to pictures Jack is willing. He is by far the best actor in our family. And my one ambition now is to make him happy. He has had so many tough breaks that he deserves a little happiness."

Will you listen to that? *She* wants to make Jack happy. *She* wants to do what he wants her to do. *She* thinks he is a better actor than she. Oh, Ina Claire, Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez!

Jack Gilbert is the one man in Virginia Bruce's life—and she worships that man. Whenever he does things that other people criticize Virginia finds a reason for them—a good, sound reason that makes Jack the grandest lad in the world.

And the strange part about it is that her sweetness and her wifely qualities (you have no doubt guessed by now that she is a clinging vine) do not go unrewarded by Jack. Poor Gilbert—he has had tough breaks. His luck with women has been rotten, so now that he has Virginia he is attending to the business of appreciating her.

When she was working at the studio and lunching at the commissary with a friend or an interviewer, he would always come by her table and, without a word, stoop over and kiss her hand.

A few days after their marriage Jack spoke hurriedly to her. Taking this bride business very seriously, she would not let him see that she was hurt, but instead she went into her bedroom and—in the traditional first-year-wife manner—wept softly behind a closed door.

When Jack found her crying he was beside himself with misery. He told her then that he would tear his right arm out of its socket (*Continued on page* 91)

"Junior" Grows Up

Young Doug Fairbanks Has Had to Overcome the Twin Handicaps of Being the Son of a Famous Father and the Husband of a Famous Wife

By SUSAN TALBOT

WHEN you see a picture called "Scarlet Dawn" you will discover in it a young man named Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he isn't the screen Doug that you have known. Instead you will find a dashing, brittle personality—with a poise and assurance that you didn't know before Doug had.

The strange part is that not only on the screen but also as a person, young Doug has come out of his shell, emerged — to Hollywood's amazement—a new person.

The reason that he did not come to the fullness of himself before is that he was fortunate—and unfortunate—enough to be the son of Douglas Fairbanks and the husband of Joan Crawford. He has seldom been written or even thought about that both of these two brilliant and spectacular people have not been mentioned.

It's different now. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is an entity.

I wish that you could have seen him four or five years ago. Maybe you remember him on the screen in the few parts he played. If you saw him then, in pictures, you caught no glimpse of the real lad, so resentful was he of the fact that he was being given rôles simply because he was the son of his father.

He was a tall, lanky youth. You remember his hair which seemed forever innocent of pomades or even barber's shears.

With a good education and an eager mind, he dabbled in arts—writing poetry now and then, doing some rather nice things in clay—which he often with boyish petulance flung across the floor—and sketching in ink and charcoal. But this was not enough for him.

It was not enough that young Doug be called a charming and talented youngster. The knowledge that he was a "junior" and a junior to such a father made him, in the first place, turn to all the arts—reaching out to find where there was a place in the wall for him to hack out his own niche. He worked hard.

Doug Jr. paints, writes, models in clay, acts, directs—enough to make most of us very cocky—but Doug is still unsatisfied with his achievements

He seemed fairly self assured for a boy of his age, but he wasn't. He knew that he had started with a handicap and what mental anguish that handicap caused him only young Doug knows.

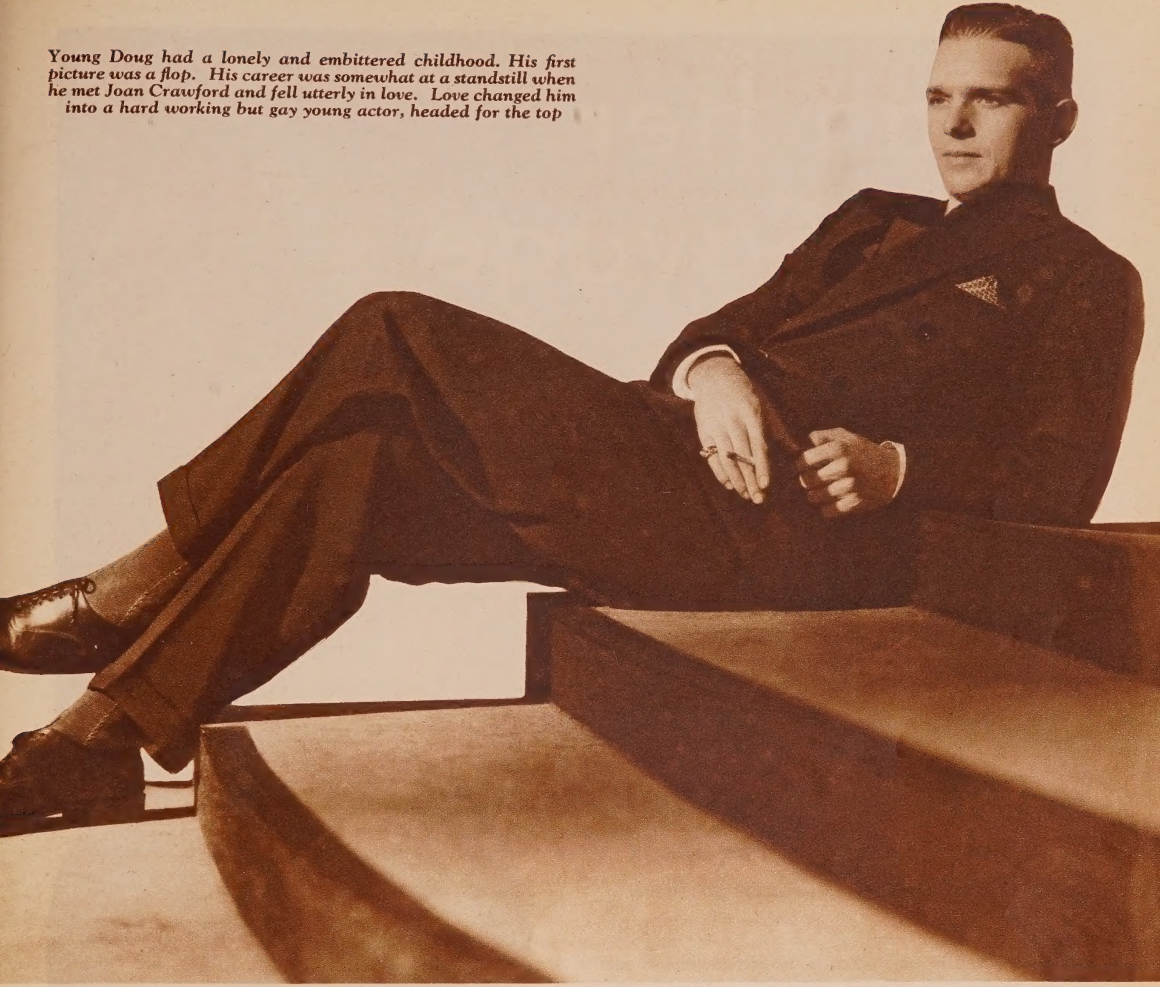
Vaguely he felt that it was his duty to make himself a person, an individual with two good feet to stand on and a good head to think with. But his mind ran pretty much on one track. He was the poetic type, if you know what I mean and, if you've had much contact with young men who Want to Do Great Things, you probably do know what I mean. Since he was the poetic type he neglected his appearance. The unruly hair was a symbol. You know the way those kids are.

He worked very hard at his acting, but somehow he did not quite show any bright flashes of genius, except, perhaps, in a few unrelated scenes. His performances were nice enough and well enough done—and that was about all. Sometimes they were not even that.

Then he met Joan Crawford and the two of them clasped hands and set forth together. His life was so much entwined about hers that he took very little stock of himself. So busy was he with life and love that Doug, the person, got sidetracked.

Curiosity about his fellow man he has always had—but it was an abstract sort of curiosity. I remember once when he discovered that I had worked on a newspaper, he spent an entire evening (when he should have been giving me an interview, interspersed with nice remarks that would look well in print) questioning me about life on a big city daily. But I felt at the time that he was asking me so that he might talk or write about it all later. He was pretty badly mixed up about most things, anyhow.

And then suddenly, one day, he looked himself squarely in the face and began to wonder just what sort of a bird he was.



Young Doug had a lonely and embittered childhood. His first picture was a flop. His career was somewhat at a standstill when he met Joan Crawford and fell utterly in love. Love changed him into a hard working but gay young actor, headed for the top

The sort of bird he found himself to be did not satisfy him. He was too ingrown—too bound up in his own ego.

From over intensity his work on the screen had suffered. If he were called upon to play a character rôle—one like Iris March's brother in "The Green Hat,"—called "A Woman of Affairs" when Garbo and Gilbert made it—he used too much make-up and was more dissolute than the most dissolute young man had ever been.

Because of his desire to do greater things than his experience warranted his poems lay around the house half finished—as did his sketches and modelings.

It occurred to him quite suddenly that he was drifting, merely.

When he saw this he set about at once to rectify it. He and Joan saw all his pictures together. Later they always—as they still do—discussed them. He found, once he had taken a good look at Doug, the actor, that he could point out weaknesses in his own work before she began to analyse his performances.

And then he made "The Dawn Patrol" with Dick Barthelmess and Neil Hamilton and the tide in his acting turned. If you remember that lovely bit of work you recall a sincere, clear minded young actor. Gone was the pseudo-artistic lad and in his place was a young Thespian determined to make the most of himself.

It is true that the mental changes that take place within a person affect his physical being as well. He changed from a lanky kid into a man with a well set-up, sturdy body.

A miracle? No sir! The change did not occur overnight, nor even within a month. With the field of his vision widening, he became interested in athletics. In his father's gymnasium he discovered that he could do an astonishing number of physical feats and—a new interest having come to him—he hired a trainer to keep him in trim.

Every Saturday afternoon during the season he went to football games. And if you want to know what young Doug is like just ask any member of the University of Southern California Varsity. Here's how that happened.

HE was making a football picture and members of the team were employed by the studio to lend the proper local color. None of them had very much respect for actors and decided that this was their chance to smear one up rather successfully. They rehearsed once—a shot of Doug coming down the field with the ball, until he was tackled by four or five huskies. And they tackled him, too, exactly as they would have done had he been a regular player. Doug came up grinning. "That was great!" he said. "Let's do it again."

And did the eyes of those U. S. C. men bulge! They bulged even more when he made a couple of tackles himself. The entire team is crazy about young Doug and if you could see him talking to (*Continued on page* 81)

Call Her Savage

A Fox production starring Clara Bow

From the novel by Tiffany Thayer
Fictionized by Constance Brighton

HEADED South across the vast sweep of prairie lumbered a small cavalcade of covered wagons. Alert scouts rode beside the wagons, rifles crooked in the hollow of their arms, eyes scanning the innocent horizon and hills for the ever menacing attack of marauding Indians.

Carefree and happy, little Clara Jennings played with her playmate, Pete Springer, a sturdy lad several years her senior.

"Ma," she called, "where's Pa?"

Mrs. Jennings turned to the child. No smile touched her sad face as she answered dully: "Back in one of the wagons, I reckon." She spoke as a woman reconciled to an arrogant, stalwart young husband doing as he pleased.

Silas Jennings, the leader of the cavalcade, was preparing to do as he pleased. He sat beside Molly O'Day, his eyes glued upon the girl's vivid face and strongly curved body.

"Come on," he urged.

The girl pressed to the far end of the wagon seat. Her wary eyes took in the other wagons. "They're beginnin' to talk about us, Silas."

Jennings flushed. "I'm boss of this shebang. What're yer afraid of?"

"We got to be careful," she warned. "Don't be forgettin' your wife."

Quietly, the man swung into the wagon and seizing the girl in his arms lifted her bodily to him. She yielded to his embrace and her lips crushed against his. With his

The white woman threw her arms around the red man's neck, her face quivering with emotion

Cast

Nasa	*Clara Bow*
J. Randall	*Anthony Jowitt*
Lawrence Crosby	*Monroe Owsley*
Moonglow	*Gilbert Roland*
Sunny DeLane	*Thelma Todd*
Clara Springer	*Estelle Taylor*
Peter Springer	*Willard Robertson*
Ronasa	*Weldon Heyburn*

Nasa was a child of the wild. Even the deadliest rattler across her path spurred her only to rage—and the snake's destruction

free hand, Jennings reached up and dropped the wagon flap.

Suddenly a cry went up: "Indians! Where's Silas?"

Jennings kissed the girl again and jumped to the ground. A naked band of screaming Indians were galloping toward the wagon train, firing as they came. Jennings barked orders and the terrified drivers swung their wagons into a protective circle behind which rifles began to spout fire and death.

As suddenly as the attack began, it ended. The leader of the Indians turned his horse toward the hills and his followers thundered after him. Silently, the stern faced men and women left behind carried their wounded to the wagons. Silently, they buried their dead and muttered a brief prayer over the fresh mounds of dirt.

Jennings stopped to see that his wife and little daughter Clara were safe. He strode back to Molly O'Day's wagon. A wounded man saw him and cried:

"You brought this attack on us, you an' that Jezebel of yourn."

Jennings swung on the man. "I don't aim to hear bad of any woman, least-wise a friend of mine. I'm a-warnin' yer," fiercely. "Yer said enough."

"I ain't afraid of you," the wounded man raged. "I'm a-goin' to die. I know it. An' you killed me, Silas Jennings. You killed me just as you killed those others buried in that ground yonder. We're a-payin' for your sins—yours an' your harlot's."

With a cry of rage, Jennings leaped at the helpless man and the sickening crunch of his boots stamping out his victim's life thudded amid the screams of the dying man and those who ran, too late, to his aid.

CLARA JENNINGS SPRINGER sat in a wooden tub in the middle of the kitchen floor soaping herself and humming a religious hymn. From the village street came the voices and laughter of children. Clara sighed and her young face drooped. Five years ago she had married her pioneer playmate, Pete Springer. She had wanted children, but Pete pleaded that they wait. As soon as he swung the deal that would bring the railroad to the town, they would be wealthy and could afford children, a luxurious home, servants. That was five years ago. Pete's deal was nearing success but—and Clara sighed again—it was lonely with him taking frequent and long trips to Rollins and leaving her all alone except for the companionship of Ronasa.

"Hello—Clara!"

A frown of annoyance pulled the girl's brows together. She looked toward the window.

"Hi—Clara!"

Draping a towel around her nude body, Clara sped to the window. Pete Springer waved to her from the wagon. "I'm startin' now."

"Pete, it's awful lonesome here alone. Do you really have to go now?"

"Must." Springer's face hardened. "I got a final big meetin' 'bout the railroad. Ronasa'll look after you."

Clara turned from the window. Tears brimmed her eyes and trickled down her cheeks. With a sob, she sank to the bed. "Ronasa'll look after you." The utter blindness of Pete throwing her constantly with Ronasa, tall, dignified, black-haired, black-eyed Ronasa, the son of an Indian chief.

Drearily, Clara roused herself. From the door came the clear call of the crow. Her face brightened. That

Nasa lashed Moonglow mercilessly and then asked him penitently, "What makes me like this? I didn't mean to get angry. Why am I not like other girls?"

was Ronasa's signal. "I'll be right out," she hailed.

He was waiting on the porch, patient, somber. "I brought you a book from Rollins."

"How nice of you." Pleased, she thumbed through it. "What's it about?"

"White girl marry white boy. Indian grow up from children with them. Fall in love with white friend's wife. Die."

She looked at him, startled. "It could be us, couldn't it? Except, you didn't fall in love with me and you're still alive."

He said nothing. She found the silence disturbing and taking his arm walked slowly across to the green coolness of the adjoining woods. They stopped in the grassy hollow penetrated by a clear, chatty brook.

Ronasa spoke: "My father want me to marry with Gogethalay, daughter of Chief Two Men."

"What!" horrified. "A squaw?"

"I am Indian," simply.

Clara gestured widely. "*Why* are you doing it, Ronasa?"

For answer, he pointed to the book she held.

"Ronasa." Her voice trembled. She gazed up at him, troubled.

"Your husband leave you much alone. You are sad. My heart is heavy."

"I can't let you go. Ronasa!" She threw herself into his arms. "I can't!"

"No, no," he protested.

But her arms tightened around his neck and her face, quivering with emotion, was close to his. He stood rigid. Suddenly, his eyes blazed. He strained the girl's warm body to him and after a long moment lifted her and carried her to the hidden hollow beside the brook. A crow flew above them and the stillness was broken by his clear, sweet call.

* * *

ASTRIDE the black horse streaking across the field rode Nasa Springer, a beautiful girl of seventeen, black-eyed, her head thrown back, a laugh on her full lips. The horse stopped dead in his tracks and Nasa, unprepared, was hurled to the ground. Nervously, the horse danced away from the snake that had frightened him.

Nasa lay where she had fallen, gazing at the sky with quizzical humor. "Now what brought that about?" Sitting up, she gingerly felt her body for broken bones, totally unaware of the snake wriggling toward her until her quick ears heard the crack of a weed. Even as Nasa sprang to her feet, the snake reared its ugly head to strike. Rage distorted the girl's face. In silent fury, she beat the snake to death with her riding whip and, stooping, picked up its limp carcass and hurled it far from her. Still angry, she mounted and rode at a mad gallop toward the clump of trees directly ahead of her.

An Indian, lithe, slim, tall, jumped into her path. With a blood-curdling yell he waved his arms. Frightened at this new apparition, Nasa's horse reared and frantically pawed the air. With masterful ease, the girl sat the terrified animal, quieted it, and leaped to the ground, her lips compressed into the tell-tale signs of approaching temper. She grasped her riding whip firmly and with vicious fury crashed it down again and again on the laughing Indian's head and shoulders. The laughter froze on the youth's face. In stoic silence he sustained the rain of blows. Neither he nor Nasa heeded the smart roadster rapidly approaching them.

"Say, Peter," the man beside Pete Springer in the roadster pointed to the little scene. "Isn't that your daughter over there?"

Springer, older now, grayer, glanced in the direction indicated. "What's she up to now?" indignantly and, under his breath, "the little savage!" He jerked the car to a halt and walked toward Nasa who suddenly dropped her whip and gazed contritely at the blood slowly trickling down her victim's stern face.

"Moonglow!"

"I thought you'd laugh," the Indian said. "You always do."

Nasa explained penitently: "My horse had just thrown me and then when you frightened him again, I was so mad I couldn't—" she broke off. "Moonglow, what makes me like this? I don't want to get angry, but I never seem able to help myself. Why am I not like other girls?"

With an abrupt reversal of mood so characteristic of her, Nasa threw herself on the ground. "Oh, sometimes I wish I were dead." Then, smiling faintly: "You looked so surprised, Moonglow."

"You're funny," the boy considered. "In all the time I've known you, you're never two minutes the same. Oh," warningly, "here comes your father."

Nasa shrugged. "I don't like him."

"Your own father!" shocked.

"What's that got to do with it?" surprised at his tone. "If I don't like him I don't like him, that's all."

"But he's your father." That ended it for Moonglow. The girl dug her fingers into the earth. "It's probably the only thing he ever did in his life that he hasn't blamed me for."

Springer strode up to her angrily. "What are you doing there?"

"Visiting some worms I know."

"I don't want any of your impertinence," he stormed. "Why were you whipping Moonglow?"

Nasa stared innocent-eyed. "I was practising in case I ever get married."

As usual, in an encounter with his daughter, Springer found himself unable to cope with her. He glowered: "Come home immediately. I've got something to say to you."

Nasa watched him get into the car and laughed. "He sure hates me. Come on, Moonglow, and I'll fix your head."

"He said to go home."

She shrugged. "It's just another scolding and I've heard it all before. 'Nasa'," mimicking her father, "'you don't seem like a daughter of mine.' If only he'd say something new once in a while. Oh, well," indifferent. "He doesn't. He may know how to run his railroad but he can't run his daughter. Come on, Moonglow."

The Indian followed her to the brook. Ruthlessly, Nasa ripped off one sleeve of her waist and dipped it into the water. She bathed his wound with efficient, tender hands and bandaged the cut on his forehead.

Moonglow said: "I'm like your father in one way, Nasa. I can't understand you either."

"You've known me all my life." She smiled at the

"Nasa is going to get off this ranch and go to Chicago to finishing school whether she likes it or not," her father ordered

Indian. He was a dear. She was very fond of him.

"Sometimes you're so nice," he said.

"Only remember those times," arrogantly.

"I'm a half-breed," he mused, "but you never make me feel that I'm any different from you. Other white people do. And you're the daughter of one of the richest men in Texas."

Nasa tossed her head. "I don't like rich men. Their minds are fat."

"Your father is good."

"Nobody is good or bad," with youthful assurance. "People just do the things they've got to do, that's all. Something inside makes them. Nobody ever likes the things that I do but I've got to do them."

Moonglow looked at her adoringly. "I always like what you do."

"Because you're nice," she approved, and rising, "Does your head feel better?"

"Yes, but I can't go back to the house with this on."

"You must. Anyway, I like to see your head bandaged. It looks romantic." She smiled. "Let me know when it gets well and I'll whip you again. Come on, Moonglow, I have to go home and get my scolding now."

Pete Springer paced up and down the luxurious drawing-room of the beautiful Springer home. His wife, her gentle face worried, gazed at the floor.

"I tell you," her husband repeated, "I've made up my mind."

Mrs. Springer said: "The trouble is, Pete, that whenever you think you're doing something for Nasa, you're actually doing it for yourself. This new idea of yours—sending her away. You're thinking of Charley Moffat."

"Well?" on the defensive. "The boy wants to marry her."

"But she doesn't like him."

Springer's face hardened. "I do."

"You're thinking of his father's influence. Nasa knows that."

"She's going to get off this ranch and go to that school in Chicago whether she likes it or not!"

"She won't be driven, Pete."

"And I won't be balked!"

Nasa moved into the room. She had left Moonglow outside. "Hello, mother. Did you come early to get a good seat?"

Springer clenched his fists. "I'm fed up with your actions around this ranch, young woman. Do you understand? I've had enough. I've done everything a father could do to make you live a normal life. I seem to have failed. Now I'm going to turn the job over to somebody else. There's a private school in Chicago whose business it is to train girls like you. That's where—"

"Chicago!" Nasa interrupted, her face radiant. "I'm going to live in Chicago? Hooray!" Hugging her mother impulsively, she sped from the room shouting: "Moonglow—hie, Moonglow—I'm going to live in Chicago!"

Springer stared after her in amazement. "Oh, lord," he groaned, "what can you do with a girl like that?"

But the Misses Cholmondelay's Private Academy for Girls in Chicago knew what to do with a girl like Nasa and after several years there Nasa received a diploma

Life had been cruel to Nasa. She had learned the heartbreaking ways of civilization and the disillusion. Now she could hardly believe that the sweetness of Moonglow's love was unchanged and unchanging

"We're even, Moonglow," Nasa said. "I whipped you once and now you've whipped me"

and the smiling compliment that she was very proficient in deportment and etiquette. She was amused. In her few years in Chicago, she had succeeded in becoming something of a sensational character whose picture in the society section of the newspapers frequently appeared also in the news section together with stories that reported the current escapade of millionaire Pete Springer's beautiful daughter.

Nasa sat before her dressing-table, meticulously fixing her face. Two maids in uniform stood behind her, waiting to assist her to dress.

"Did you see the evening paper, Miss?" one of them asked.

"Am I in it again?" Nasa's finely penciled brows arched.

"Yes, Miss."

"Read it."

The maid hesitated. "It's the Town Crier's column, Miss."

"So what?" shrugging her shapely shoulders.

The maid began to read: "Nasa Springer is having a party. Judging by past experiences we don't know whether this item should be listed under 'Society Events' or 'Police Court News'."

Nasa's lips curled. "Trying to be funny, is he?"

The maid read on: "Nasa Springer, whose colorful escapades in Chicago during the past two years have earned her the title 'Dynamite' will formally bow to Society this evening. 'Dynamite's' progress will be watched with interest, especially since tonight's guests will hear the announcement of her engagement to Charles Moffat—"

"What!" Nasa broke in angrily. "Is that there?" She snatched the paper from the maid and read for herself. "I'll just—"

Without bothering to cover her *déshabillé,* the girl dashed from the bedroom, her lips tightly drawn and her hands clenched. She stormed to her father's bedroom door and without pausing to knock entered. Springer turned. Association with people of culture had left their mark on the former pioneer boy. He wore his dinner clothes well. There was assurance in his manner. At sight of his daughter, his face hardened.

Nasa walked up to him flourishing the newspaper. "Did you have this thing put in the paper?"

Springer ignored the newspaper. "How dare you walk through the hall looking like that?" (*Cont'd on page* 76)

The Devine Comedy

It's a Very Special Brand of Laughs Andy Devine Offers—But Then He's a Very Special Type of Person

By S. R. MOOK

NOT long ago Regis Toomey routed me out of bed one morning. "If you'll come out to Universal and interview a friend of mine, I'll buy your lunch," he offered.

"Who is it?" I asked suspiciously.

"His name's Andy Devine."

"Never heard of him," I retorted.

"Sure you have," Regis urged. "He was 'Truckhorse Johnson' in 'The Spirit of Notre Dame' and he's played in 'Law and Order,' 'The Impatient Maiden,' 'Man Wanted,' 'Fast Companions' and 'Radio Patrol.' I'm telling you," he finished earnestly, "if you skip this you're overlooking one of the real stories in Hollywood. That kid hung on for six heart-breaking years before he got that part in 'Notre Dame.' "

No writer can resist a free lunch so I went. And we had a swell time. Andy was the same off screen as he is on, which is always a great help.

"I've always been 'screwy,' " Andy said. "When I was sixteen I left home one summer and ended up in Ketchikan, Alaska, with no money but plenty of self-assurance. I was supposed to eat but there didn't seem much likelihood of my fulfilling my destiny. Then I heard of a Swedish fishing smack up there so I put some snuff under my lip as I had heard Swedes do, adopted a Swedish accent—at least that's what *I* thought it was—and went out there to get work. It took them about half a minute to find out that this pan of mine is Irish and not Swedish, so they laughed at me and kicked me off the boat.

"I ate, somehow, and finally got back home. I went back to school and played football. Then my father died and I left school.

"Don't start asking me how I happened to come to California because I don't know. All I know is, I got here. I was sailing down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon, all dolled up in my football jersey when some guy pointed his finger at me and said, 'You're the guy. Come on.' I hadn't anything else to do so I went and next thing I knew I was playing in 'The Collegians' out at Universal. I made about $100 or $150 a month while it lasted. That was plenty because I'm not the romantic type and I didn't need any clothes, so I got along swell. Then they quit making 'The Collegians' and that old problem of eating cropped up."

He grinned reminiscently and continued: "I started doing extra work when I could find any but there wasn't much. After starving intermittently for a year, Universal gave me a couple of small parts in their serials and I managed to eke out a precarious existence."

A worried look crinkled his forehead. "Eke out a precarious existence," he repeated and looked at me. "That's very good grammar, isn't it? Because in this interview I only want to give my public the best."

I gravely assured him that his English was impeccable and, after puzzling over that suspiciously for a minute or two, he went on. "But the serials only ran a few weeks and then my shirt was sticking out again. Well, life is like that," he finished grandly.

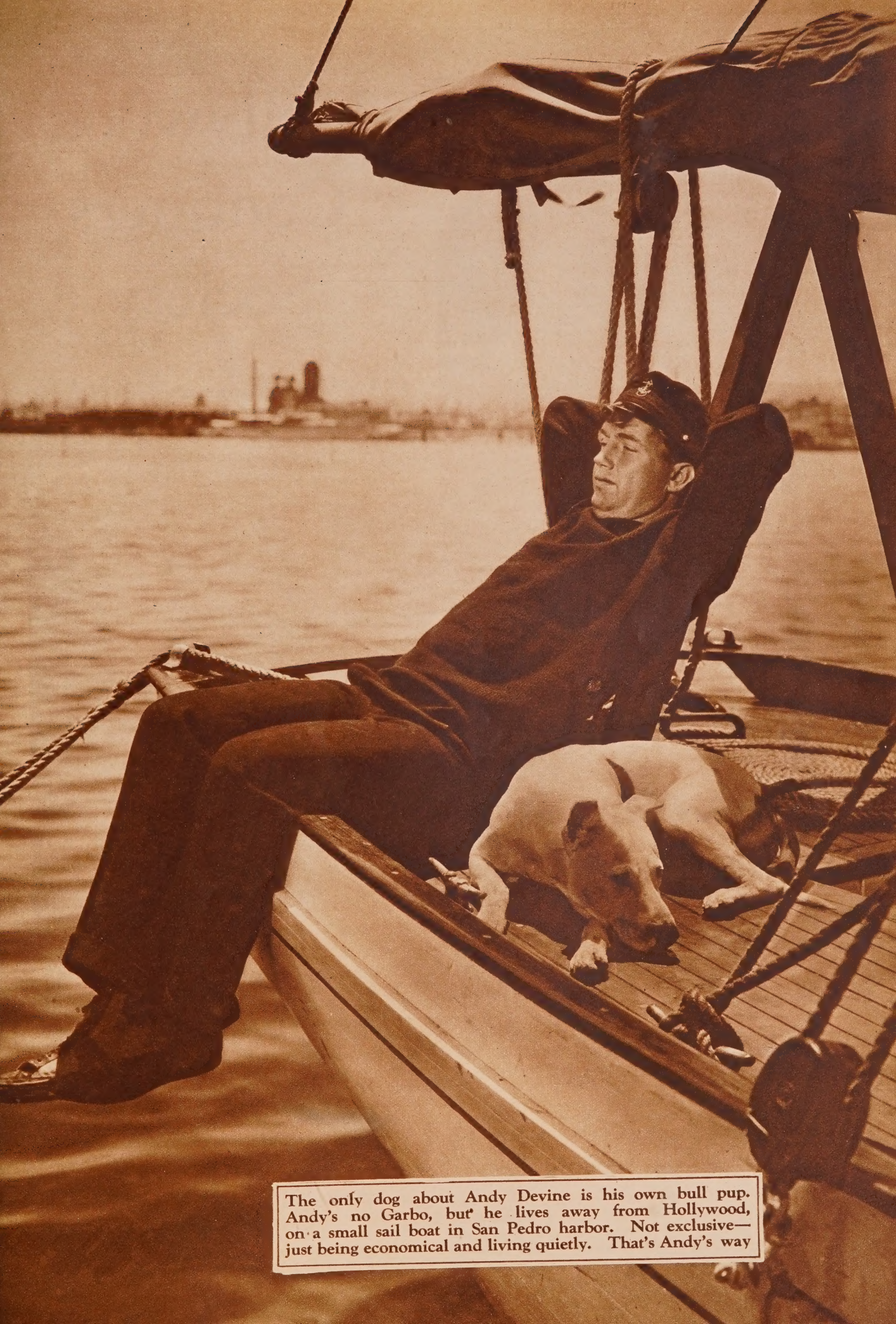
"Nuts," Regis Toomey interrupted inelegantly. He had been quiet up to that point but now he turned to me. "We used to be just a couple of shanty Irishmen but now, since he's got a contract, he's got lace curtains on his windows and he philosophizes."

"Is that so?" Andy roared indignantly, and also turned to me. "When I first met this egg, he was plain 'Pat Toomey,' but now, since *he's* got famous he's John Francis Regis Toomey, if you please, and he has a fit if he sees his name misspelled in print."

When things quieted down a bit Andy gave out the next installment of his life's story.

"I thought, 'The good Lord didn't intend me to be an actor,' so I started turning an honest penny wherever I could. I became manager of (*Continued on page* 82)

Andy Devine, Universal's comedy discovery, is always the clown unless he knows you well enough to dare be serious



The only dog about Andy Devine is his own bull pup. Andy's no Garbo, but he lives away from Hollywood, on a small sail boat in San Pedro harbor. Not exclusive—just being economical and living quietly. That's Andy's way

Hollywood Conquers Society

This New Aristocracy Has Become the Most Glittering in the World

Marion Davies and Billy Haines are two social leaders. They head the groups that go in for frivolity and laughter

The stately dining room at Pickfair where the visiting royalty always comes—and stays

By MARQUIS BUSBY

SOCIETY, like a lot of other things, isn't what it used to be.

New York's 400 is now a charming, slightly mildewed memory. It's been enlarged to 40,000. The social rivalries of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Stuyvesants and the Belmonts belong to a mauve tinted decade. Newport is almost gone. Many of those exclusive mansions—just off Fifth Avenue in New York—have been transformed into speakeasies. A new generation has arisen that would not know a cotillion if it walked up and bowed.

The same thing is true of Chicago's Gold Coast. The bars have been lowered along Lake Michigan's shores. The Potter Palmers, the McCormicks and the Armours are still great names, but their social dictatorship belongs to a leisurely age when a good Chicagoan could walk through the Loop without worrying about pot-shots.

A charming period of Los Angeles society has long since passed into limbo—days when the Huntingtons and Bannings, the Del Valles and Sepulvedas meant the best in Southern California gentility. Those were days when Hollywood was a farming community, and the only stars were the ones that dotted the peaceful skies of night.

So all over the United States the old aristocracy is dead, just as royalty is a crumbling institution in Europe.

Now aristocracy has taken up its new abode in Hollywood. The members of this new circle are stars of the motion picture screen. Here is one circle in America where the line of demarcation is still firmly drawn. It is no less exclusive because its family tree is just a date palm in the back yard, planted last year, maybe, when the second mortgage was paid off on the ancestral halls.

This new aristocracy has everything that genuine blue blood should really possess. It is backed by solid wealth. It has great town houses and "cottages" by the sea. Remember when those marble palaces at Newport were dis-

Marie Dressler, "Queen Marie" to hundreds. She knows everyone, from Counts to chorus girls, and entertains them all. Here's a typical crowd gathered round her. Do you recognize Jean Hersholt and Anna Q. Nilsson?

paragingly called "cottages"? These new aristocrats have their own clubs, their yachts, their planes, their Rolls-Royces and Hispano-Suizas. They play polo, backgammon and excellent contract bridge. If put to it they can even talk to the galloping dominoes like a Mississippi dockhand or a Park Avenue débutante. They have political influence, they go to Europe, and they read the best books. Their dinner parties are attended by the best names in Burke's Peerage and the Almanac de Gotha. And most important of all they inspire that feeling of glamour. No aristocracy is worth a good goshdurn unless it inspires plenty of awe and envy from everyone.

It's all happened in little more than a decade. The first actors in Hollywood were patronized by the blue bloods of old Los Angeles. Dear, dear, they couldn't be much, thought the dowagers. They wore too much jewelry, their clothes were wrong, and they had rowdy parties. *"Canaille,"* sniffed the old guard.

Well, the tables have turned. Hollywood can now afford to patronize society. When high-powered entertaining is to be done for visiting notables—Hollywood always does it. The old line society may meet the visiting lions at a Chamber of Commerce banquet, but it is Hollywood that entertains them in its homes.

The most famous house in America, barring the White House in Washington, sits on a high hilltop above the pleasant town of Beverly Hills. It's "Pickfair," the social citadel of this new aristocracy, and the owners are the acknowledged rulers of this new Four Hundred.

Through the doors of this charming house have passed the flower of European royalty, the great minds of science and the arts, the important personages of the world of today. In the guest book of Pickfair you will find such strangely assorted names as Prince George of England, the Duke and Duchess of Alba, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Prince of Denmark, Lady Diana Manners, Admiral Tu of China, Prince and Princess Murat, Paavo Nurmi, Suzanne Lenglen, Kathleen Norris, Calvin and Mrs. Coolidge, Col. Charles Lindbergh, Helen Wills, Crown Prince William of Sweden, the King and

Lionel Barrymore entertaining Adolphe Menjou at the very exclusive Mayfair Club, the most utterly utter of the film groups

Marian Nixon and her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., are grand hosts. Currently things are not so torrid between them, however

Queen of Siam, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Hugh Walpole, Maude Adams, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Pavlowa, and Dame Nelly Melba.

No matter how you slice it—that is a pretty important and comprehensive list. I doubt if the Vanderbilt guest book is as impressive.

And true to all traditions of aristocracy, this castle of Pickfair even has a ghost. Mary and Doug have heard it, and seen mysterious eyes-not-of-this-earth peering at them in the dead of night. Maybe some foreign prince left an old abandoned ghost when he visited Pickfair—but anyway the house boasts a competent, conscientious spook.

If Pickfair is the acknowledged ruling house there are more than a dozen other important homes within the charmed inner circle.

An invitation to Pickfair is a sought after privilege. It is tantamount to arriving among the best people.

Another great house of Hollywood power is the magnificent colonial mansion of Marion Davies, which is built on the lazy shores of the blue Pacific.

Invitation to her house is a veritable command—but no one ever objects. Her parties are lavish and always fun, whether it be an informal Sunday evening supper party or a brilliant masquerade ball.

Charlie Chaplin was host to Einstein, and was wined and dined by Europe's best crowned heads, to say nothing of having his picture taken in company with Mahatma Gandhi.

The George Fitzmaurices, Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Colleen Moore, Marie Dressler, the Harold Lloyds, Bebe Daniels, and the C. B. DeMilles are all distinguished hosts and hostesses in this social scheme.

It isn't only in Hollywood where the movie people are socially supreme. When Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks visit Europe they are treated like traveling royalty. Corinne Griffith was accepted by the most exclusive of Mayfair hostesses, and even entertained the Prince of Wales in her own home. Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou were prime favorites with the titled folks of England, and European notables fall over themselves to meet Gloria Swanson, whether she be in London, Paris or Cannes. They say titles fall in your soup if you're lucky enough to get an invitation to Grace Moore's villa at Antibes, on the French Riviera.

This new aristocracy has all the attributes of the old caste system. You see a parade of fashion at the Riviera Country Club at the polo games. You see Robert Montgomery, Ralph Forbes, Guinn Williams, Spencer Tracy and other picture lights,

Isn't this a knockout make-up? Believe it or not, it's Elissa Landi and her husband, Mr. John Lawrence, at Freddie March's "Gay Nineties" party. (Read about that in Inside Stuff) swinging a vicious mallet. You see movie people at the golf tournaments in Del Monte, at the yachting regattas in Santa Barbara, and at the horse races in Agua Caliente.

They have their own clubs. The Mayfair is exclusive and exclusively for picture people. A waiting list for membership stretches from now to then, and the balls, during the winter season, are pretty magnificent affairs. The Hollywood Athletic Club has a heavy preponderance of screen names, and there are other organizations. The Embassy Club was short lived, chiefly, I think, because the movie darlings got sick and tired of looking at each other over the luncheon tables every day. They're still democratic enough to like to mingle with hoi polloi. Well, don't the King and Queen of England have a servants' ball once a year? Hollywood's not so different.

The "gay young people" group, headed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, appearing at the opening of "Rain." Billy Haines is Joan's oldest Hollywood friend; Robert Young, her newest one

Do you recognize this crotchety old gentleman? Well, sir, he's Robert Montgomery, and that's Mrs. Montgomery as Little Lord Fauntleroy at that famous Freddie March party

It took Hollywood quite a long time to get started toward this social supremacy. However, ten or fifteen years isn't such a long time when you consider that it took several generations to crash the old New York 400. Any social scheme must have money behind it—and Hollywood had to take time out to earn the money. No kind ancestor ever saddled its citizens with stocks and bonds. Almost without exception they were born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. They had to move onto the best streets by easy stages.

Now the money is in the bank. Pickfair is backed by substantially invested millions. So is Marion Davies's house, Colleen Moore's, Norma Shearer's, Charlie Chaplin's, and Harold Lloyd's. But you never hear the words "leisure class." Hollywood is still too busy to have a leisure class.

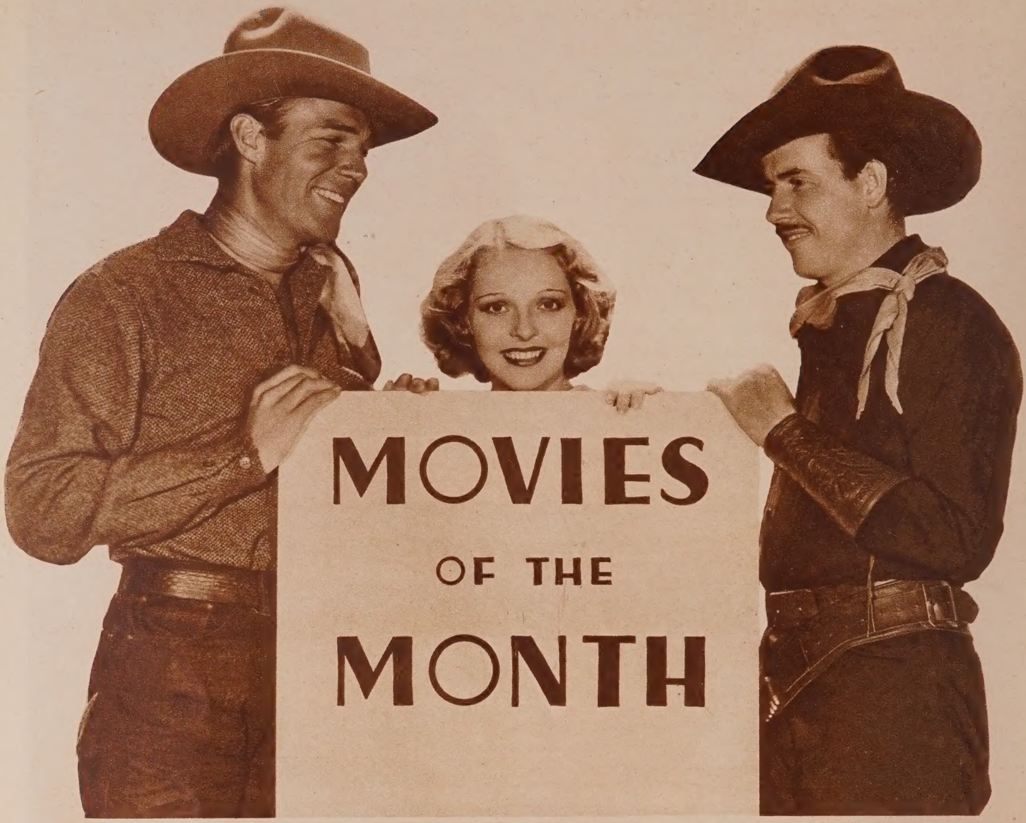
They can afford to go in for culture now. They can collect Old Masters and First Editions, and pretend to enjoy Bach concerts and the opera. Incidentally, the Los Angeles opera season puts the Metropolitan in New York to shame. The jewels in the Lilyan Tashman loge glisten more brilliantly than the combined display in the whole Diamond Horseshoe of the historic "Met."

Pickfair is a treasure trove of valuable paintings, rare books, and collections of jade. Marion Davies' house holds a priceless collection of paintings and statuary. Jean Hersholt has a library valued into the thousands of dollars.

Hollywood women have married into the aristocracy of the Old World. The Goulds and the Vanderbilts can't sneer on that point. Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson nonchalantly tossed over their titles. Constance Bennett is now a Marquise, and Mae Murray, a Princess. Lily Damita refused politely to become a princess of something or other, and right now, Ina (*Continued on page* 89)

PROVING what a good little gal can do, do, do. Marian Marsh, lovely, talented and only eighteen, was let out by Warners after being starred too soon. But you can't defeat youth and loveliness and buoyancy such as Marian's. Being a wide awake beauty, she persuaded RKO to give her a chance. She did so well in "Sport Page," her first picture for them, that they've signed her to a contract

SHE'S being sweet and lovely and cuddly again—our own Janet Gaynor! For a while this flaming little red head with the demure eyes and the soul of a great artist wanted to go sophisticated, but the fans wouldn't hear of such a thing. They loved her in "The First Year," but begged her to go back to simpler, less sophisticated rôles. Janet has listened to her fans and you'll see her next in "Tess of the Storm Country"



MOVIES OF THE MONTH

"Heritage of the Desert" is a mediocre horse opera, notable because it introduces Randolph Scott, the new answer to a maiden's prayer

By MARQUIS BUSBY

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

ROMANCE comes back to the screen this month. After playing a succession of shady ladies, Norma Shearer comes triumphantly through the tears and the laughs of "Smilin' Through." Even Marlene Dietrich goes romantic, but not with such good results, in "Blonde Venus." She treads the primrose path in this picture, but she does it all for the sake of her husband and her little son. The early scenes in Germany are beautiful and romantic. There's a Cinderella like romance in "Hat Check Girl," too.

Romance goes absolutely wild in "Chandu the Magician." More amazing things happen in that radio drammer than you ever read about in "Arabian Nights." But will the children love it!

Politics and football get their innings this month, too, and maybe since "The Phantom President" is a success, musical comedies will come back. In it there's a remarkable "Silly Symphony" with real birds and creatures of the woodlands joining in a song, "Give Her A Kiss."

Norma Shearer gives a heart-breaking and poignant performance in "Smilin' Through," a beautiful and romantic idyll with Leslie Howard and Fredric March

✓✓Smilin' Through (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard, O. P. Heggie, Ralph Forbes, Beryl Mercer.*
It's About: *"Such stuff as dreams are made on"—a modern romance contrasted with a love of yesteryear which even death cannot disrupt.*

After a season of very modern and daringly décolleté ladies Norma Shearer returns to the sweet, old-fashioned heroine. Norma does it superbly, and leaves very little doubt in your mind that she is one of the most versatile stars gleaming today.

It's a haunting and beautiful story, this "Smilin' Through." Maybe its sentimentality is a bit outmoded. Somehow dream ladies who return through the many, many years to comfort an unhappy lover seem rather out of place in dizzy 1932. As the story unfolds, however, you forget all of that. The play is poetically charming—and after all, romance is deathless.

Norma's interpretation of Kathleen varies from the Jane Cowl stage performance, and the Norma Talmadge portrayal of the silent screen. She is just as effective, but cleverly and wisely, she has introduced a touch of modernity to the rôle. And, of course, she is breathlessly beautiful.

Leslie Howard is splendid as Sir John, the lover of the past who almost loses his dream bride when he builds up walls of hatred against his niece's suitor. Fredric March is ideally cast as young Wayne, the descendant of Sir John's mortal enemy. The Shearer-March combination is one of the most appealing romantic duos of the year.

It's all like a breath from an old-fashioned garden, or a strain of music from a time-mellowed violin. And just try to keep from sniffling during the last sequences.

✓Rain (United Artists)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, Guy Kibbee.*
It's About: *A light lady 'way down in the South Seas who almost gets religion.*

Somehow the ghost of Jeanne Eagels must forever hang over any other actress who dons the faded, gaudy fineries of Miss Sadie Thompson.

Those who know the Eagels characterization will not accept Joan Crawford with whole-hearted approbation. And yet Joan reaches the peak of her career in this picture. She is splendid as the hard, flamboyant Sadie—the shoddy lady of easy virtue. Then, too, in latter sequences she reveals a deep spiritual quality never before evidenced in her screen work.

One of the most potent pieces of dramatic literature to be transferred from stage to screen, "Rain" is regettably monotonous during the first reels. As the story builds, however, it becomes absorbingly interesting.

Joan is most effective in her moments of spiritual regeneration. Walter Huston rises to dramatic power in two sequences, but does not always realize the color that the rôle of Davidson affords. William Gargan shows a great deal of promise as the sergeant who befriends Sadie.

It isn't as good as it should have been but see "Rain" by all means. It is destined to become one of the most discussed pictures of the year.

✓✓The Phantom President (Paramount)

You'll See: *George M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante.*
It's About: *National politics with a rag-time tempo, and two presidents instead of one.*

Hollywood puts its tongue in cheek and comes forth with a swell satire on the presidential campaign. It seems just a bit startling to hear the shades of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt joining together in a close-harmony quartet, but then there are some pretty surprising things in "The Phantom President." It's original and it's clever.

Marlene Dietrich's new picture, "Blonde Venus", (top) is emotionally very moving, but it isn't up to her standard. Sally Eilers' and Ben Lyon's performances (center) make "Hat Check Girl" worth seeing. "Night of June 13" (bottom) is an effective story of suburban life

"The All-American" is a thrilling football story, with the finest cast of real football players ever assembled. It also has an excellent cast of movie stars, including Richard Arlen and Andy Devine

When the real presidential candidate lacks all showman abilities, his double, a silver-tongued medicine show barker, is called in. The double is a hot papa with the ladies, and wows the voters by warbling "It's A Grand Old Flag" and "We Need A Man." If anyone is still obdurate after that, he's capable of going into a clog dance. Maybe Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt can get some good pointers.

There is a swell national convention with all the delegates joining in a rousing community song. The Harlem and Hawaiian delegations also provide snappy divertissements. Much of the dialogue is spoken in doggerel verse, and after you get used to it, it's grand fun.

The Yankee Doodle Kid, George M. Cohan, in a dual rôle of the two presidents, does a lot of flag waving, but he gives a remarkably fine performance. Jimmy Durante is funnier than ever. Claudette Colbert has a colorless rôle.

Everyone will like this—except maybe the politicians.

✓The All-American (Universal)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Gloria Stuart, Andy Devine, James Gleason, John Darrow, Merna Kennedy, Preston Foster, June Clyde and All-American football stars.*

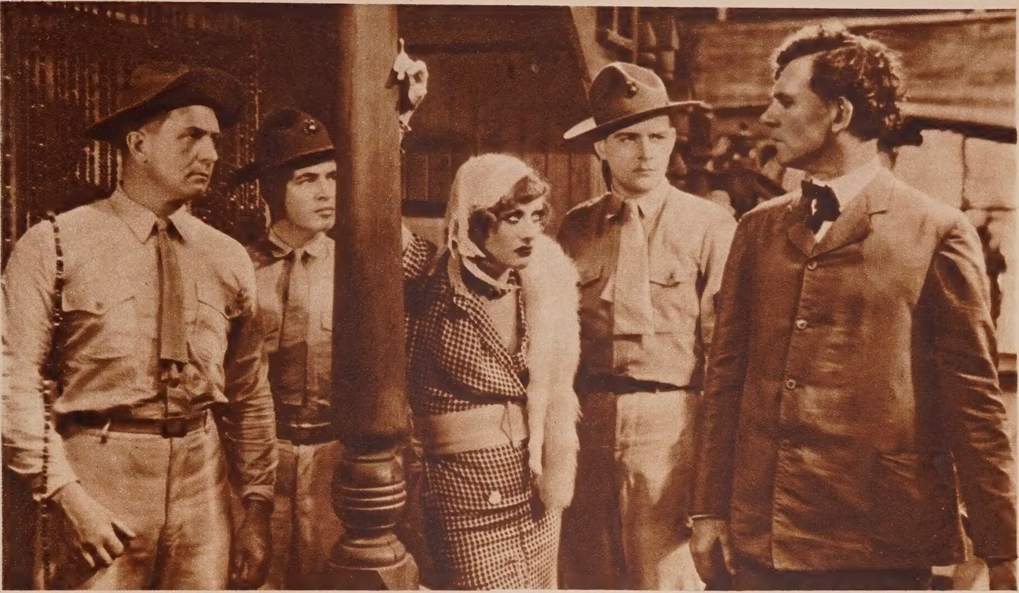
It's About: *What happens to a self-important college football star after graduation.*

This will be more fun than a three-ring circus to the football maniacs. For once the gridiron scenes should be correct in every detail. The players are honest-to-gosh All-American stars . . . Booth, Carideo, Dalrymple, Baker, etc. For those who don't know the difference between the fifty yard line and a quarterback "sneak," the picture still offers enough color and excitement to be well worth the time.

"The All-American" begins where most football stories end. This takes a typical likeable but conceited college boy into the big, cold world outside. He finds that he may be a ninth wonder on the gridiron, but he's a very small toad in the business puddle. He learns his lesson in time to prevent his younger brother from going the way of all flesh.

If you like musical comedies you're bound to like "The Phantom President" (center). "Three On a Match" (above) has a fine cast, but too many stories woven into one

Football scenes will make you gulp and gasp, and a closeup view of a score of famous college stars is interesting. Thrilling, too, the meeting of the All-American



Joan Crawford reaches the peak of her career in "Rain." The picture itself is a little disappointing

"The Monkey's Paw" (center) is a silly story with a British cast. Though "Payment Deferred" (above) has some splendid performances by Charles Laughton and others, it is a grim, cheerless and sometimes dull picture

Board, and the selection of the outstanding collegiate players.

Richard Arlen gives a sincere, always believable performance as the college hero who finds he must start at the beginning again. John Darrow is fine as his younger brother. James Gleason gives a sterling characterization as a pessimistic football coach. Gloria Stuart, Merna Kennedy and June Clyde are the lovely ladies three, with June Clyde being particularly good. Why doesn't someone give that little girl a big hand?

Blonde Venus (Paramount)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, Dickie Moore.*

It's About: *A woman who makes "the great sacrifice" to save her husband's life, and gets precious little thanks for it.*

Any Dietrich picture is interesting, and "Blonde Venus" offers a lot, though it isn't up to the standard of her other productions. It begins in Germany, moves over to New York, switches to a Cook's Tour of the south, changes again to Paris, and gets back to New York just in time for a final closeup. The story rambles almost as much as the locale. It's as full of holes as a piece of Swiss cheese. There's no explanation, for instance, of how Marlene, having given away all her money, gets from South America to Paris. The characters are all inconsistent, too.

The rôle is a departure for the glamorous Fraulein Dietrich. You see Mar-lay-na as a sensational cabaret star, and then when she is cast aside by her husband she drifts into the easiest way—a blowsy but still beautiful tarnished lady. Her return to fame and eventual happiness is a bit too sudden to be convincing. The picture is lavishly produced.

The star is best as the flashing cabaret beauty. That deep, haunting voice of hers is heard to good effect in a series of hot-cha songs. Herbert Marshall seems miscast as the husband. Cary Grant is strikingly effective as the other man, and little Dickie Moore practically steals all the scenes.

Personal recommendation for the greatest screen moment of the month—the German girls bathing *au naturel* in a woodland stream.

(*Continued on page* 94)

I Tell More of My Story

By ROBERT YOUNG *as told to* Edward Churchill

I was an impoverished Los Angeles boy, an extra who stood with the multitudes to get glimpses of his favorite players entering theatres at premières. I told you last month of my early days as grammar and high school student in the film capital, of my work as errand boy, soda jerker, night watchman and amateur actor, until finally through a set of miracles and a good agent I was offered a contract with M-G-M.

NOTHING, in twenty-three years of life, had jarred me like signing a contract with M-G-M. Nothing has so set me on my ear since. Remember, I was the fellow who had looked with open-mouthed wonder at stars on the Sennett lot six years before.

I was the dreamy youth who had stood for hours to see Douglas Fairbanks walk into the première of "Robin Hood" at Grauman's Egyptian—who had thrilled at seeing Esther Ralston make her bow to thousands at "Old Ironsides"—who had been elbowed back by surly cops at the opening of "The Covered Wagon."

I signed the contract. At least, witnesses say I did. I don't remember.

That day of surprises was not yet over. As we left the studio, Goldstone said to me:

"You've got to hurry if you're going to catch the boat for Honolulu. You're signed to work with 'The Black Camel' company."

Can't you who have run errands and have sold copies

Here's Bob Young, a leading man in his fifth picture, attending the opening of that film—it was "The Wet Parade"—accompanied by his mother and sister

of newspapers and have worshipped your favorites from afar understand how tremendous, how vast, how sensational, that day was?

We were gone three weeks. I had a marvelous time—the best I've ever had.

My next job was a bit with Boris Karloff in "Guilty Generation."

Following this, I received a call to appear to work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." I was called on the telephone. I wore a sack suit. I arrived on the set to find internes and nurses. When time came for lunch, the director called me to him. He asked me if I knew my lines. I thought he was kidding. Then he handed me the part of Helen Hayes' son. I was scared stiff. I went back to work that afternoon with Irving Thalberg and Charles MacArthur watching me intently.

I trembled, shook, perspired. I could hardly control my voice. If it had not been for the tolerance, the understanding, the kindliness of that great person, Helen Hayes, I would have folded up. With the sweetness of character which belongs to the truly great, she saw my suffering and came to my rescue.

That was my best part up until that time. It was a sort of crisis. And if when you saw me in the rôle you began asking—"Who is this boy, Young?" I owe it all to Helen Hayes. She pulled me through the crisis. She held my fate in her hands. She didn't throw me down.

I did a bit in "Hell Divers," so small I scarcely had time to see myself and after that came "The Wet Parade." They gave me the lead!

The picture was premièred at the Chinese Theatre and there I was, Bob Young himself, walking up the carpet in the patio with the lights on me, pausing to say a few words over the microphone. Me! That was my second greatest thrill. I looked at the crowded streets, where thousands milled and shoved, and imagined myself behind those ropes. Bob behind the ropes seemed more real to me than Bob before the microphone. And with me, sharing my big moment, were my brother, Joe, who had gotten me started in motion pictures, my mother and my sisters.

"The Wet Parade" had caused a conflict in arrangements for me. It had spoiled my chance to appear in "Letty Lynton," opposite Joan Crawford. I think Joan is the finest woman in motion pictures today. I have had screen crushes, including Helen Hayes, Madge Evans and Norma Shearer. But I have more respect for Joan than for any other woman in motion pictures.

I was in the publicity department one day, looking over some stills, when she walked in. She asked a friend if I wasn't the boy who had played the part of Helen Hayes' son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Told that I was, she came to me, introduced herself—as if that was necessary—and praised my work. It was a sweet, a kindly gesture. I was almost overcome.

She took a special interest in me.

She asked that Clarence Brown, the director, test me for "Letty Lynton," and I got as much of a kick out of it as if I had played the rôle opposite her. I am sorry, however, that the conflict developed.

On several occasions I have visited her home. It is silly to be awed by motion picture players, but I confess that I am awed by Doug, Jr. and Joan. You have read of the disappointments I had in trying to get a foothold. They hurt me. And I am a man. Joan is a woman. And she faced even harder blows than I did and managed to reach the top. Any woman who can triumph in the vicious struggle that she has made has an intangible something about her which is bound to awe you.

She has encouraged me again and again. Having reached the top, she does not crawl into a hole and let others try and find out, through mistakes, what is right and what is wrong. Many times, after dinner, when we've had moments of confidences, she has pointed out pitfalls which face me in my work and has showed me how to avoid them. They are pitfalls into which she, at one time or another has fallen. (*Continued on page* 83)

Bob and Ruth Hall supplying the love interest in Eddie Cantor's next pic for United Artists, "The Kid from Spain." Do you like the boy in a moustache?

TIPS on TALKIES

Joel McCrea getting a tip on love from Marian Marsh in Radio's "Sport Page"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓ Life Begins

Because it's the most gripping and human drama in months. Because an unusual and daring subject, the bringing of life into the world, is handled here with beauty and depth and good taste. Because it'll keep you wavering between laughter and tears.

✓✓ Movie Crazy

It's such utterly goofy slapstick, this latest Harold Lloyd comedy. It gets funnier and funnier as it goes along. And you can take the whole family.

✓✓ Speak Easily

If you liked "Passionate Plumber" you're bound to like this. It's even funnier. It's pure precious farce, every minute of it, and they'll carry you out of the aisles laughing.

Also These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ American Madness
- ✓✓ As You Desire Me
- ✓✓ Back Street
- ✓✓ Blessed Event
- ✓✓ Congorilla
- ✓✓ The Dark Horse
- ✓✓ The First Year
- ✓✓ Grand Hotel
- ✓✓ Horse Feathers
- ✓✓ Make Me a Star
- ✓✓ The Most Dangerous Game
- ✓✓ Mr. Robinson Crusoe
- ✓✓ Once in a Lifetime
- ✓✓ Tiger Shark
- ✓✓ What Price Hollywood?

✓ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE** (Radio) A sexy campus story that's so well done it makes one dandy little picture. You'll like the breezy youthfulness of the players. Richard Cromwell is very appealing. And is Arline Judge grand! Dorothy Wilson, the stenographer who got her first big chance in this picture, is talented.

☆

✓✓ **AMERICAN MADNESS** (Columbia) A grand story about how a banker's faith saved a big bank from crashing. You'll want to get up and cheer for Walter Huston's magnificent performance. Pat O'Brien wins second honors. This is interesting; this is human; and you haven't seen a million other pictures about the same subject. You're bound to like it.

✓✓ **AS YOU DESIRE ME** (M-G-M) Garbo as you desire her. In this she gives a brilliant performance, first as a jaded café entertainer, and then as a woman who is beginning to learn something of love and life. Never has she been lovelier in either mood. Melvyn Douglas as her leading man is delightful. Also outstanding is Erich von Stroheim. An air of glamour and romantic unreality surrounds the whole production, adding to its beauty.

☆

✓ **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS** (Fox) Here is a light, gay, cheerful picture, not very important, but very amusing. It's about a middle-aged bachelor who marries a young girl, and is Adolphe Menjou grand as the bachelor? Joan Marsh is the luscious bit of loveliness he can't keep up with. It's a delightful farce, this "Bachelor's Affairs."

☆

✓✓ **BACK STREET** (Universal) A powerful, moving drama about a woman who sacrifices everything for the grand passion of her life. Irene Dunne does her best work since "Cimarron." John Boles plays his rôle with marked sincerity. Take three handkerchiefs along.

☆

✓ **BIG CITY BLUES** (Warners) "Big City Blues" is a series of episodes about New York. It takes you through speakeasies, police courts, gambling joints, and big city life. Eric Linden, the boy wonder, is the Indiana lad who finds love and tragedy in New York. He gives a fine, sincere performance. Nice work also by Joan Blondell as a chorus girl.

☆

✓✓ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT** (Radio) A strange theme handled fascinatingly. John Barrymore gives a powerful performance as a man who comes back to his family in England, sane in mind again, after fifteen years in an asylum. Katharine Hepburn is the most interesting newcomer in years. Though her voice is a bit too harsh at times, subsequent pictures will probably remedy that.

☆

✓ **BIRD OF PARADISE, THE** (Radio) What makes the South Seas so glamorous? Pictures like this. It's stunningly photographed and has a beautiful musical accompaniment. Dolores Del Rio is bewitching as the native girl. And are you going to rave about Joel McCrea in this!

☆

✓✓ **BLESSED EVENT** (Warners) There's a lad named Lee Tracy who can knock you out of your seat with his whirlwind performances, and "Blessed Event" is your chance to discover him if you haven't done so already. Mary Brian is charming as his leading lady.

☆

✓ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE** (Radio) This picture is notable chiefly for its animal-thrill stuff. It's a photographic, true record of what goes on in the Malayan jungles. You'll see a tiger battling with a giant python and other thrilling jungle fights. Frank Buck, author of the book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," makes the running explanatory comment on the film.

☆

✓ **CABIN IN THE COTTON** (First National) As a Southern boy Barthelmess looks amazingly young and is tremendously appealing. The Southern atmosphere in this is charming. Dorothy Jordan is lovely and Bette Davis absolutely brilliant.

(*Continued on page 75*)

✓✓**CONGORILLA** (Fox) Do you like adventure, strange settings, animals, darkest Africa? Then "Congorilla" is something you mustn't miss. It was photographed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, those two experienced travelers, and every foot of it has action, drama, suspense, and what is more unusual for a travel epic, humor. Children will simply adore it.

☆

CRASH, THE (First National) Disappointing. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent wasted on unsympathetic rôles. Ruth is selfish; George Brent is spineless. Even Ruth's charm can't overcome such a handicap. Better wait for their next picture.

☆

✓ **CROONER** (First National) A diverting picture. David Manners is excellent as the nice young lad who becomes impossibly conceited when he gains fame as a crooner. Maybe the change from the modest young lad to the overbearing and effeminate crooner is extreme, but it's good satire. Ann Dvorak is a bit wasted as a ga-ga heroine, but you'll enjoy Ken Murray's performance as a press agent.

☆

✓✓ **DARK HORSE, THE** (Warners) Probably the gayest political satire that's ever been screened. You'll have a perfectly grand goofy time at this, and after you've seen it you'll put Guy Kibbee way at the top of your list of comedians. Not that Warren William and Bette Davis aren't swell; but Guy Kibbee runs away with the picture.

☆

DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount) Poor Tallulah Bankhead! Here she is again playing one of those icy wives who meets the strong, silent passion flower, said passion flower this time being Gary Cooper. Her husband, played by new discovery Charles Laughton, and I advise you to watch him, discovers the romance and sinks Tallulah, Gary and himself in a submarine. That should be exciting, but it's just silly as they've done it. A good cast, good photography all wasted on twaddle.

☆

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M) A fairly entertaining program picture. Jackie Cooper as the child of divorce steals the honors from such experienced troupers as Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson. There's a nice balance between the smiles and the heart throbs.

☆

✓ **DOCTOR X** (First National) The first horror picture to be filmed in Technicolor. The story's about a noted doctor who's given 48 hours to solve a series of weird murders. There are splendid performances by Lee Tracy, Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill. "Dr. X" will make your blood run cold, but you'll like it.

☆

✓ **DOWNSTAIRS** (M-G-M) John Gilbert's best talkie. He's a coward, a blackmailer, a thief and a cad in this picture, and you'll have a sneaking admiration for him just the same. And is Virginia Bruce, the new Mrs. John Gilbert, great!

☆

✓ **DOWN TO EARTH** (Fox) What Will Rogers has been needing is a good story and he gets it in this. It's about how the depression hits a well-to-do family and how they have to move back into a cottage. There's nice work by Irene Rich, Dorothy Jordan, Matty Kemp.

☆

✓✓ **FIRST YEAR, THE** (Fox) Here's the best Gaynor-Farrell picture in years, and ain't dat sump'n? You bet it is. This picture's human, that's what; and Janet Gaynor is adorable in it. Though the picture isn't the over-sweet, sugary kind she objected to, it isn't the sort of sophisticated sex stuff other stars have been turning out. Charles Farrell gets better all the time. The supporting cast is swell.

☆

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount) Paramount's mistake of the season. The big scenes from Cecil DeMille's silent thriller, "The Ten Commandments," with a picture of modern Russian life. It introduces Sari Maritza, the foreign find with a lot of sex appeal. Given a better picture, she may make a hit.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. It is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

Tips on Talkies

GUILTY AS HELL (Paramount) Here's something unusual in murder stories—you see the crime committed right before your eyes in the first few seconds of the picture. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are their old bickering selves in this. You'll like "Guilty As Hell," but you won't think it's any world beater. Dick Arlen's talents are wasted on a meager rôle.

☆

✓ **HIGH SPEED** (Columbia) So you thought that Buck Jones could only ride horses, did you? Well, he rides racing autos in this, and how he rides them! You'll be delighted.

☆

HOLD 'EM JAIL (Radio) Here's a picture kidding the great game of football, and with Wheeler and Woolsey in it, you know just what to expect. They're railroaded to jail to help the jail win its big football game. It's mad, merry entertainment, with Rosco Ates and Edna May Oliver helping.

☆

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS (Columbia) Hollywood may speak in this, but it doesn't tell the truth. A lurid, silly story which paints Hollywood as people who have never been there imagine it to be. Pat O'Brien turns in a pleasant performance, but fails to save the picture. Genevieve Tobin is miscast.

It's all right! He really means it! The lady Mr. Warren William is greeting in this impassioned way is not only a lady but his wife! The Williams have been married since the early days of the World War, but it's still all peace and harmony with them

☆

✓✓ **HORSE FEATHERS** (Paramount) Just the kind of idiotic, nonsensical, magnificent comedy we've been needing for a long time. Four whoops for the four Marx brothers. They're simply elegant in this lunatic picture about how they help win a football game and how Groucho Marx runs a college. Thelma Todd is the college widow, which gives you an idea. Zowie, is this a hit!

☆

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS** (First National) A gripping drama laid in the maternity ward of a big hospital. Eric Linden gives a moving, sincere performance. Aline MacMahon doesn't wisecrack as much as usual, but there's tenderness in the way she plays her rôle. Loretta Young has never given a more poignant performance. But the gal who steals the picture is Glenda Farrell, as a night club girl who doesn't want a baby, and is going to have twins.

☆

LOVE IS A RACKET (Warners) About the love life of a gossip columnist. This seems to be the new cycle in pictures. There isn't anything new about the story itself, though the performances of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ann Dvorak, and Lee Tracy make the picture fairly entertaining.

☆

✓ **LOVE ME TONIGHT** (Paramount) A gay, romantic bit of fluff about a princess who falls in love with a tailor from Paris. Chevalier is just as delightful as ever; but Jeanette MacDonald is better than she has ever been before and steals the picture from Maurice himself.

☆

✓✓ **MAKE ME A STAR** (Paramount) Here's the talkie remake of "Merton of the Movies." Stuart Erwin makes one swell Merton, grand in the comedy scenes and equally fine when the story approaches tragedy. Joan Blondell, perfectly cast, gains new laurels.

☆

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE (Paramount) One of the mysteries of Hollywood is why Claudette Colbert is always put in pictures that are terribly dull. This, for instance, is. It's about a woman who thinks she's a war widow and is ready to fall in love again, when back into the picture comes her husband, and he suffers and she suffers and everybody suffers. Not even the fact that Clive Brook is in the picture can make this entertaining.

☆

✓ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL** (Paramount) After seeing "Merrily We Go To Hell" you'll be just about ready to swear that Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney are the grandest team in the movies. How beautifully they work opposite each other in this! The story's about an irresponsible young playboy of a reporter who marries an heiress. The picture has heart-throbs and comedy. See it.

☆

✓✓ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE** (Radio) This is exciting! It'll hold you breathless. The story's weird—about a mad Russian nobleman, tired of hunting animals, who hunts down humans instead. Leslie Banks is superb as this madman. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are excellent. The suspense during the scenes of the manhunt is almost unbearable. This is a bloodcurdler. Leave the children at home.

☆

✓✓ **MOVIE CRAZY** (Paramount) When a Harold Lloyd comedy is as funny as this, it's worth waiting a year or more to see. There've been plenty of stories about Merton-like lads in Hollywood, but Harold Lloyd makes this one a pip. You won't laugh. You'll guffaw. Constance Cummings makes one dandy leading lady for Harold.

☆

✓✓ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE** (United Artists) The charm of this is almost indescribable. You'll have to see it for yourself. It has humor, it has excitement, it has romance, it has everything. Douglas Fairbanks is delightful as a modern Robinson Crusoe who wagers that he can wrest a living from a deserted South Sea island. Maria Alba is a lush beauty. The best Fairbanks picture in years.

☆

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M) In spite of its title, there's nothing new to this picture, and very little to recommend it. It's just another one of those stories about whether the modern generation is going to the dogs and what of it? Robert Young gives a fair performance.

☆

✓ **NIGHT MAYOR** (Columbia) The escapades of a certain ex-mayor if a certain largish city. The picture's a holiday for Lee Tracy. Boy, how he plays the part! He acts like a house afire. Evalyn Knapp gives him some excellent support, but just the same the picture's all Lee Tracy, and you're going to love it.

Tips on Talkies

✓ **OKAY AMERICA** (Universal) A rather exciting story in which a columnist tries to solve a big kidnapping case. Lew Ayres does fine work, though he seems too much just a sweet young boy playing at being a hard-boiled columnist. Maureen O'Sullivan is charming. The story's a bit far fetched, but it will hold your interest. The ending will surprise you.

☆

✓ **OLD DARK HOUSE, THE** (Universal) Horror stories are still minting money, so Universal comes forward with this new shudder-thriller. It isn't as gruesome as "Frankenstein," though it has its moments. Splendid acting saves it from being just one of those things. Boris Karloff is excellent as a scarred deaf mute. Eva Moore makes her sinister rôle stand out.

☆

✓✓ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Universal) Here's the gorgeous satire against Hollywood which was such a triumph on the stage. Jack Oakie is a riot as the sap who is hailed as a genius. Aline MacMahon, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Sidney Fox are all delightful. If you didn't see the play you must see the picture.

☆

✓ **ONE WAY PASSAGE** (Warners) It's an elegant combination—that one of Kay Francis and William Powell. They were grand together even when they were playing in so flimsy a story as "The Jewel Robbery", so you can imagine what they are like in "One Way Passage," where they're given a real story. It's the story of a man trying to escape the hangman's noose and a woman who has only a few weeks to live. They meet on board a ship, and what happens afterwards is drama with a capital D.

☆

PAINTED WOMAN, THE (Fox) Just another tale about a light of love lady with a heart of gold. Don't they ever get tired of that plot? Spencer Tracy does nice work as usual; and Peggy Shannon is better than she's ever been, but the plot of this story will just bore you to tears. So what?

☆

PASSPORT TO HELL (Fox) Why can't they find a good story for Elissa Landi? "Passport to Hell" is simply dull, and the plot is trite and silly. Just another shady lady of the tropics, who meets the One Great Love after she's married the wrong man. Ho hum. Paul Lukas is charming, and Alexander Kirkland suffers laboriously, but it's all no use.

✓ **RADIO PATROL** (Universal) Entertaining. It's the story of two young cops who fall for the same girl. The girl, June Clyde, is charming. Lila Lee, having conquered illness and defeat, comes back in this, giving a fine performance. The men are Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton.

☆

✓ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM** (Fox) If you're tired of sophisticated pictures, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be a relief—and how! Don't miss it just because you were counting on seeing Gaynor and Farrell in it. Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy are delightful in it, and Fox ought to keep them together as a team hereafter.

☆

✓ **RED HEADED WOMAN, THE** (M-G-M) It's the sexiest, fastest-moving, most laughable farce that's been screened in a long time, and nine chances out of ten you'll enjoy it. It isn't at all like the book, which was a serious character study. Instead, it's a whale of a comedy. In spite of some excellent support from Chester Morris, Leila Hyams and Una Merkel, the picture's all Jean Harlow's.

☆

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio) This picture of the war in China comes a little late. Anyway, it isn't so hot. It has some big thrill scenes, but on the whole it's pretty confused. Gwili Andre débuts in this, and she is stunning, but she lacks fire and needs more camera experience. Richard Dix is fine as a river captain.

☆

✓ **70,000 WITNESSES** (Paramount) A murder mystery with a new twist. Johnny Mack Brown is murdered right in the middle of a big football game, in front of 70,000 witnesses. Phil Holmes is suspected. There is an unusual solution. Also there's a touch of romance on the side, with Dorothy Jordan as the girl. You'll like this. It holds your interest.

☆

✓ **SKYSCRAPER SOULS** (M-G-M) It's not easy to rate "Skyscraper Souls," because its settings and its cast are so much better than its story, which is a little obvious. It has been given such a splendid production, however, that you'll probably enjoy it. Warren William is the shrewd captain of finance who double-crosses his own friends. Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster are the young lovers.

✓✓ **SPEAK EASILY** (M-G-M) Did you see Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton in "The Passionate Plumber"? If you did, we don't have to tell you what a side-splitting combination they are. This comes from the Saturday Evening Post story, "Footlights." It's been changed completely, but you won't care because it's such mad, merry, grand comedy. Thelma Todd is a great help to the team, too, and what a comedienne!

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable. Ralph Morgan is swell as an old-maidish fuss-budget. Eugene O'Neill's strange drama of frustrated emotions makes an impressive, unusual picture.

☆

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio) An exciting book with a weird story made into a movie that's only fair. Too bad, because this could have been compelling dramatic entertainment. However, you'll enjoy the performances of Myrna Loy, Jill Esmond, Mary Duncan and the other women in the story. Myrna Loy is especially effective as the half caste woman who does away with the women she hates just by the power of suggestion.

☆

✓✓ **TIGER SHARK** (Warners) Boy, this is thrilling! It's exciting, red-blooded he man drama, but don't think for a moment you won't enjoy it if you're a woman. Women crave excitement, too. Edward G. Robinson is magnificent as a Portuguese fisherman. Richard Arlen gives a sincere and effective performance. Zita Johann is an excellent actress, but she has not been photographed well. However, that's only a minor flaw, and you must see this picture.

☆

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal) Here's a pleasant little picture, absolutely clean, pure and wholesome, but the story's too slim, and there aren't enough thrills to go round. It shows the progress of a young lad through a military academy. Tom Brown is awfully nice as the young lad and Richard Cromwell is very appealing as his friend. You can take the whole family.

☆

✓ **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD** (Warners) "Two Against the World" has the disadvantage of having the same plot as the Helen Twelvetrees' starrer, "Unashamed." Connie, however, overcomes the handicap, and makes the picture something to remember her by. She's human and likeable. Neil Hamilton is her leading man, and how that lad is improving! Once again he brings humor and charm to his rôle.

☆

✓ **UNASHAMED** (M-G-M) Do you remember the newspaper story where a sister testified against her own brother because he had killed her lover? "Unashamed" is based on those headlines. Helen Twelvetrees rises to great dramatic heights in some of the scenes in this. Lewis Stone and John Miljan are swell as the two opposing attorneys, and Robert Young is very likeable. "Unashamed" is a satisfactory picture, though not great.

☆

✓ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** (M-G-M) If you're wild about Lionel Barrymore, you'll think "The Washington Masquerade" is swell stuff in spite of its faults. The trouble with the picture is that there are too many long-winded speeches in it. But Lionel is splendid. Karen Morley steals what's left of the picture as a sophisticated, worldly-wise woman.

☆

✓✓ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?** (RKO-Pathé) Here's a picture you mustn't miss, both because it gives you an amazingly true idea of what Hollywood is like and because Connie Bennett and Lowell Sherman give such brilliant performances. Neil Hamilton is charming, too.

☆

✓ **WINNER TAKE ALL** (Warners) Hot stuff, babies, hot stuff. In this Jimmy Cagney plays a tough mugg of a prize fighter who falls for a society frail (Virginia Bruce) when all the time there's a sweet, pure girl who really loves him (Marian Nixon). This picture is right down Jimmy's alley. Maybe it isn't his best picture, but, oh, what a lot of laughs it'll give you!

Yes, we had typewriters in 1874 and now! Meaning the girl as well as the machine. On the left appears the first typewriter ever made in America—we mean the machine is the first typewriter, a Remington, and it plays a prominent rôle in Warner Bros. "Silver Dollar". The girl is Lorena Layson. Notice the contrast in dressing between the office girl of 1870 and the "office wife" of 1932. Notice even the machine is all done up with hearts and flowers

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Would You Be Different?

We all know that it is not an uncommon occurrence for a movie actor, after he is starred, to "go crazy"—get in with a different crowd, have "affairs," throw wild parties, do things strange and unexpected generally. Then he is usually condemned by everyone.

But I believe we are a little too severe. How many of us critics have ever had a million dollars, or even a hundred thousand? Unless we have had a fortune and proved that we could be level-headed with it, we should not judge them.

Unlimited means, coming suddenly, along with the adulation brought by fame, is very likely to make anyone dizzy! Most of the movie players are young when they "arrive"; they cannot be expected to possess the poise and stability that they may acquire during the ensuing years.

Certainly, they are not blameless; but I contend that their conduct is not particularly culpable. Too much money may play the dickens with anyone.

L. E. Eubanks,
Seattle, Wash.

This is your department. **You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

THE $10 LETTER

Movie Miracle

It had been a tiresome day and I was rather bored with my job as ticket cashier in front of a local moving picture show. As I sat there absent-mindedly fingering some nickels and dimes, I observed a young couple approaching my office. Evidently they were quarreling, for the young man was flushed with anger and the young lady was hotly accusing him of something.

"What's the feature of the day?" he demanded gruffly.

"Manhattan Parade, with Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth," I replied politely.

"Two tickets," he said, and not too gently ushered his companion into the theater.

Nearly two hours passed. As I was putting on my hat and getting ready to lock up, I stared with amazement at the same young couple passing out of the theater laughing hilariously. I overheard them say:

"Wasn't that a scream?" "And Martin dear—"

"Yes."

"Don't you think we take life too seriously?"

I salute you, Mr. Movie Man! You can perform miracles.

Grace Thompson,
Tyler, Texas.

$1.00 LETTER

They Have No Private Lives

It is true that the public is forever curious about the private lives of public figures. But isn't that one expense incidental to the fame they so ardently seek?

We get nothing in this world unless we pay for it and putting up with a "nosy" public is just one of the price tags inevitably attached to Fame.

Florence Palmer,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

$1.00 LETTER

Those Boring Cycles

Why must movie plots travel in cycles? We have war and aviation pictures till we think in terms of trenches and tailspins; musical films when the furniture bursts into song every time it's moved; mystery plays making the blood run below zero; gangster pictures filled with hi-jackers and machine guns; sophisticated comedy over-stuffed with epigrams; psychological drama, turning caviar for the general into tea and buttercakes, and —the inevitable reaction—"sweet stories" with the "dear kiddies." Now we seem to be on the verge of an epidemic of all-star pictures, where you can't see the forest for the trees.

These types are fine, but why not vary them rather than produce one kind for months at a time? Who wants an entire dinner of beefsteak or of whipped cream? Variety increases the appetite and aids digestion. It's the same with pictures. We want variety and lots of it.

Effa E. Preston,
New Brunswick, N. J.

THE battle of romance versus realism is on hotter than ever. Romance wins this month.

Everybody forgot the depression and such to vote on who is the greater actress—Crawford or Garbo. One group of seven people got together and sent in a letter saying, "You ask, Who is the greatest actress, Garbo or Crawford? We say, Crawford, without comparison!" Still, when all the votes were counted, Garbo won! Garbo is still queen.

The surprise picture of the month was "Back Street." It got more raves than any other. "The First Year" came next, but a lot of Gaynor-Farrell fans said it was too sophisticated, so it got knocks too. "What Price Hollywood", "Bird of Paradise" and "American Madness" were plenty popular.

Some of the surprises in this month's letters: The way Irene Dunne's mail went up since "Back Street". The way you all oppose censorship, but cry out for clean, wholesome pictures. Your disagreement about who should be the next great lover of the screen. You divided your votes among Gable, George Brent, Ramon Novarro, John Boles, George Raft and Ivan Lebedeff.

Who do you think is the newcomer most likely to win stardom this year? Let's boost him or her to success.

Address Movie Mirror, 8 W. 40 St., N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

Praise for the Near-Stars

Here's to the satellites—such players as Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel, Hedda Hopper, Zasu Pitts, Tully Marshall, Beryl Mercer, Neil Hamilton and H. B. Warner—whose names on any program are a guarantee of a worth-while picture; players who often take the load upon their shoulders and carry through to success a star's failure. And to the near-stars—stout fellows all but to whom that spark that creates a star has not been given—the Pat O'Briens, the Ben Lyons, the Anita Pages, the Ralph Graves, the Dorothy Jordans and the Lois Wilsons of the screen who are always to be depended upon and yet who will possibly never reach the heights. To these, the backbone of the best productions, I take off my hat.

M. H. Rhodes,
Norfolk, Va.

$1.00 LETTER

Depression Movies

Since the depression we are more grateful than ever for the movies. The wolf is not right at the door, but for several months he has been threatening to move in. We have only the barest necessities, yet we go to the movies once a week. Foolish and extravagant? Perhaps. Yet it's the one thing that keeps us going. We're a family of workers and we've always had plenty of work and good pay, and now suddenly none of us can get any kind of a job. We know it will all come out right in the end but in the meantime our weekly movie makes the going a lot easier. "Horsefeathers" and "Down To Earth" gave us all a good belly laugh that kept us cheerful all through the week. Let's have more Mickey Mouse and pictures that make us laugh. Who knows, maybe our American sense of humor will carry us out of the depression.

A. K. Clement,
San Mateo, Cal.

$1.00 LETTER

You Said It, Sister

I go to the movies for entertainment and enjoyment. I always find it. And that's a lot to get for fifty cents in *any* language.

Mrs. C. O. Magruder,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Little Disagreement

To borrow from the lyrics of "Love Me Tonight," "isn't it romantic?"

That phrase alone can describe the loveliness of this latest Chevalier-MacDonald film. It is as romantic as Cinderella, as delightfully satisfying as one of Grimm's fairy tales, as exquisitely entrancing as the Arabian Nights.

Pearl A. Katzman,
New York, N. Y.

I have just seen Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight," and it has left a bad taste in my mouth. Maurice is a fine actor, and I used to enjoy his pictures. But we can get along without that class of pictures which make us, before good company, reluctant to admit having seen.

I have a sense of humor and enjoy funny pictures; but "dirty" gags and "smutty" lines should be left for the "junky" magazines. If I publicly related off-color stories, I would be arrested. Movie producers can charge us to hear such things, brazenly illustrated, and laugh at the law.

I am not a prude. I know what Sex is. But why flaunt it in the face of adolescent youth? There is a time and place for Sex. The time is not the early teens, nor is the place the Theatre.

Le Roy E. Clark,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Garbo Versus Crawford

Who is the greatest actress—Garbo or Joan Crawford?

Without hesitation, I'd say—Garbo. She possesses great talent and poise, not to mention glamour, and all without conscious effort. Joan is still in the formative stage. She lacks perfect self-confidence, and her present breathless intensity is often tiring to watch. And, again, Joan is apt to be imitative, whereas (*Cont'd on page* 92)

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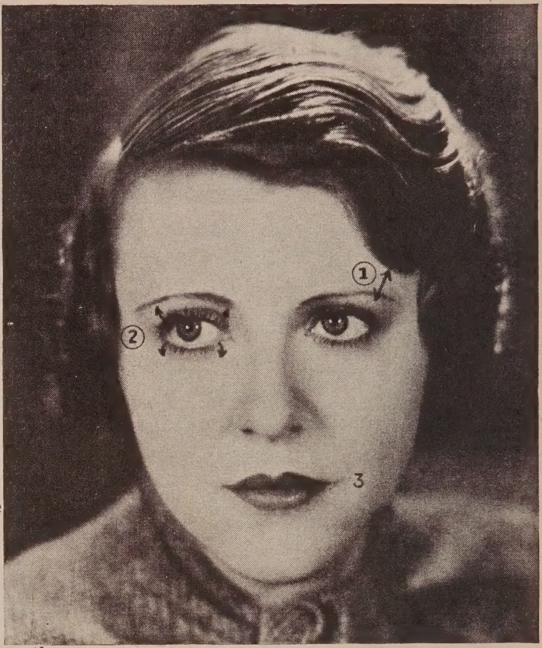
Beauty after Thirty

The Woman Past the Flapper Stage Can Learn Much from Ruth Chatterton

By Perc and Ern Westmore



AS an added service to its readers, Movie Mirror has arranged with the Westmores, authors of this beauty series, to receive and answer mail inquiries, based on these articles, for elaboration of any particular feature which may apply to you—and on which you may wish more detailed advice. You may address such inquiries to Perc and Ern Westmore, in care of Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th St., New York.

THIS particular article of our series is for those of you who've left the 20's behind. But who, at the same time, can't see that as any good reason for leaving beauty behind, too. . . .!

And so, as our prototype and model, we'll take Ruth Chatterton, and with the practical help of how-does-she-do-it-?, show you how to thumb your own nose at Ol' Man Time and the tricks the old meanie tries to play on your face.

You know, or don't you?, that George Brent admits to 29. And that Ruth, who's just taken him for her new hubby, admits she's older than he is. But does she look it? Of course not—and it's not because Ruth "is just naturally" young-looking, but rather because she has learned how to do a few little simple tricks with her hair, her lips, her eyelashes and brows, to outwit the old fellow with the scythe. And here are those tricks—

In the first place—and this is fundamental—Ruth does not try to make herself look like a flapper. The most serious mistake any woman in her thirties could possibly make is to attempt to achieve in her appearance the effect of 'teens or early 20's. The result is merely to accentuate the actual age, instead of concealing it. Instead of trying, with make-up, to *hide* the characteristics of being 30, the thing to do is to make use of certain of those characteristics to achieve a distinct type of beauty that no flapper could even hope for. And thereby, paradoxical though it seems, also achieve a definite "youthening" effect.

Let's get to particulars!

Much of Ruth Chatterton's beauty attention is paid to her hair. The way she wears it, the way she washes it, the way she keeps it—these constitute one of the basic points of her appearance.

She wears her hair in a soft, loose, rather sweeping wave that has the effect of being utterly natural—and yet is maintained with only constant care and attention. It looks extremely loose—liable, even, to fall over her face if she should lean forward too far or too suddenly. But actually, it is severely tailored, and, because she does not soften her hair by too frequent washings, the wave retains a certain firmness that is rarely disturbed.

The dip over her left eye is characteristic and important. The distance indicated on the accompanying picture by the line (1), between her left eyebrow and the lower line of her hair, is never allowed to be less than ¾ of an inch. This sounds like such a tiny, unimportant, minor point—but it's really very important. The reason is that Ruth (and you can do the same) achieves the animation of youth by deliberate use of her eyebrows in facial gesturing. To bring the hairline too low would nullify the effect of this—would, in a manner of speaking, "deaden" the expression. Try the idea out in front of your own mirror—by changing the position of your hair line, and by using your eyebrows. By actually trying it out, this way, you can understand more easily what we're driving at than by reading ten thousand words of explanation.

And here's another point, along the same line: because she does use her eyebrows so much to obtain the effect of youthful animation, Ruth Chatterton knows better than to create a too-artificial eyebrow line. It is her own eyebrow you see on Ruth—not an artificial one, spaced above or below the natural line. And moreover, Ruth does very little to her brows beyond plucking the too-stray hairs. In a woman who has passed the 20's, the natural eyebrow line is infinitely preferable unless it is exceedingly badly placed by nature.

Now as to the eyelashes. In the picture of Ruth herewith, note the direction of the arrow-mark about her right eye (2). Study the detail of the photograph, and you'll see that her eyebrows are definitely and deliberately trained *out* from the eye—that is, the upper lashes are turned UPward, and lower lashes DOWNward. They are not allowed to remain, as nature started them, sticking forward.

The effect of this eyelash training is to give the effect of a brighter, larger, more *youthful* pair of eyes.

Second point to remember in eye make-up for the woman beyond her 20's:—use little or no eye-shadow! Eye-shadow *adds* age.

Now about Ruth's mouth. . . .

The natural effect of age, as you well know, is to make the lips narrower, the mouth straighter. Well, obviously the way to outwit what Ol' Man Time does, then, is to make your lips fuller with lip-rouge. And if you'll notice Ruth Chatterton's lips (3), you'll notice that they are lusciously full in outline, and fairly dark in shade. DON'T go to the Mae-Murray-ish extreme and make your lips have that "bee-stung" look. But DO add a tiny fraction of an inch to their fullness, if years have tended to make them narrow. It'll subtract those years from your looks.

Now there you've had a set of definite advice-bits, actual things to do and not to do.

Let us add to that a few words of further advice, which do not have to do directly with such things as powder and rouge and make-up. That is this: Ruth Chatterton, realizing that beauty comes from within as well as out of boxes and compacts, watches her diet very carefully. We are not dieticians, so we cannot attempt to dictate your own diet—save in this general way!

Be careful to eat nothing that will tend to blotch the skin or to discolor it. From the 30's on, the skin becomes more sensitive to discoloration, roughening, hardening. And when these processes start, it is hugely more difficult for the woman beyond the 20's to counteract them than it is for the younger woman.

And in conclusion, one final word of general—but important advice! That is that the fault of too much make-up is much worse in the 30's than in the 20's. You might imagine, at first guess, that it would be necessary for a woman in the 30's to use more make-up to "youthify" herself than a younger woman. The reverse, however, is true. The less make-up you can use to attain the effects indicated herein, the better. Always remember that.

Why Joel McCrea Is Still a Bachelor

The handsomest man in pictures is still heart whole and fancy free. The answer why is in next month's MOVIE MIRROR. You'll want to read it.

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Do you want vital, glorious hair? Use either of these new Nestle shampoos that best fits your coloring. Each is a Nestle formula . . . made from purest ingredients which not only thoroughly cleanses but gives the sparkle of youth to hair grown drab or colorless.

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Nestle Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo are companion products to the famous ColoRinse, SuperSet and Nestle Hot Oil Shampoo.

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Originators of the Permanent Wave

Call Her Savage

Nasa's maid hurried into the room and cautiously placed a silk robe around the girl. Turning, she fled from the room, closing the door after her.

Nasa tapped the newspaper: *"Did* you have that story—"

"I gave them a dignified statement," Springer broke in wrathfully. "I didn't think they'd speak of you as they would of a tough from the water-front."

"Didn't you? Well, I wouldn't marry Charley Moffat if he were the last man alive *in a blizzard!"*

"You'd prefer Larry Crosby, I suppose?" sarcastically. "One of the worse characters in Chicago."

Nasa was shaking with rage. "You wouldn't object to that if his family could throw business to your railroad. That's the only reason you want me to marry Charley Moffat—his father's influence."

There wasn't a sin that Larry Crosby hadn't committed, he confessed to Nasa. But the lovesick girl adored him and consented to marry him

Springer's manner changed. He forced himself to calmness and a steely glint brightened his eyes. "Your engagement will be announced tonight. Is that clear?"

"Will it?" Nasa's eyes beaded into her father's. Abruptly she turned and walked from the room, calling over her shoulder: "Thanks for the warning."

CHICAGO'S smart set as well as lesser social circles knew Larry Crosby. His romances and his activities ranked favorably among the gossip tidbits that constituted small talk. Crosby was well-to-do, handsome in a weak sort of way, cynically humorous. He drank more than was good for him and he played for the pleasure of it, trusting his companion to contribute the necessary discretion. Nasa Springer had attracted his roving fancy.

(*Continued from page* 53)

The girl was wealthy and though a bit of a savage she entertained him. At the moment, Crosby sought entertainment.

He had quarreled with Sunny DeLane, a beautiful girl, obviously a gold-digger, more obviously a passionately jealous girl. She was jealous of his flirtation with Nasa Springer. Jealous or not, Crosby dismissed such an excuse as reason for Sunny's week-end at French Lick with *Mr. Smith.* He was through with Miss DeLane.

Smiling faintly, Crosby postured before the full length mirror. He nodded approval at the tall, well groomed figure.

His valet entered with several bags. Over his arm he had thrown a beautiful négligée. "Will you take this, sir?"

Crosby frowned. "Do I impress you as the type of man who would have any use for that? I asked you to pack my things."

"Oh, did you?" Sunny DeLane lounged on the threshold. "What are you doing?"

But Crosby waved aside the invitation to begin another quarrel. They had had it out once and that was sufficient.

The valet returned and bowed to Crosby: "Miss Springer on the phone, sir."

Sunny's limp body tensed. "So that's who it is," following him to the telephone. "The little — You're not going to throw me over for—" She tried to wrest the telephone from him. They struggled and Crosby, losing his temper, struck her. Sunny staggered back, fell over a chair, and collapsed to the floor.

Crosby gazed down at the girl's distorted face with dispassionate calmness. He spoke into the mouthpiece. "Hello, Nasa darling."

"You're coming to my party, aren't you, Larry?" Nasa's voice sang over the wire. "I want to talk to you."

"Oh, yes," Crosby said. "I'm coming."

Mrs. Springer entered her daughter's room and stood gazing at the girl from harried eyes. Nasa was magnificent in a beautiful, clinging gown, but her mother perceived trouble in the girl's tight lips and flashing eyes.

"Nasa," she hesitated. She had always been a little afraid of this black-eyed child.

Nasa smiled. "Darling," and kissed her mother's lips lightly.

Mrs. Springer smiled. "We'd better go down, dear. The guests are beginning to arrive. You ready?"

"For anything," meaningly.

The spacious lower floors of the Springer mansion had been thrown into one room. A dance orchestra dominated the far end. Tasteful floral decorations softened the bareness. French doors opened to the balcony. The guests who had arrived were already dancing. Others congregated at the bar.

Nasa stood with her father and mother, welcoming the steady arrival of more guests. There was nothing in her charming manner to indicate anything amiss. Her father, suspicious at first, relaxed and when Charley Moffat, an average youth slightly taller than Nasa, hurried to her side pleading for a dance, Mr. Springer urged her to dance.

The stag line had broken and several young men rushed toward Nasa and Moffat. But just then, Nasa espied Larry Crosby entering and, excusing herself to her bickering gallants, she hurried to Crosby. He smiled, took her in his arms, and moved across the dance floor.

"I saw in the paper you're engaged to young Moffat."

Nasa's father glanced toward the ballroom and, seeing Nasa dancing with Crosby, scowled.

Crosby laughed easily. "Your father thinks I'm a terrible person."

"He does," Nasa agreed.

"He's right. I doubt if there's any sin in the calendar I haven't been guilty of."

"You must have been kept awfully busy," she derided.

"I lump them together and commit five or six at a time. Do you know what you remind me of?"

Nasa looked up at him from lowered lashes. "Don't tell me if it isn't nice."

"Could it be anything else?" tenderly. "Nasa, you're like everything lovely. It wouldn't take much for me to get sloppily sentimental."

"It wouldn't take much for me to let you."

His arm tightened around her. "Do you like this party?"

The color flamed in her face. "I hate it."

"Let's blow."

"Let's go to the balcony—first."

They slipped from the crowded ballroom. Several couples had preceded them to the balcony. Nasa smiled fleetingly at them. Suddenly, the smile faded and she stared intently at the girl she had once met as Sunny DeLane. Sunny returned the stare insolently and, tucking her arm in her partner's, re-entered the ball-room.

Nasa swung around on the astounded Crosby: “Isn't that Sunny DeLane?”

“Yes. Who's she with?”

“Marshal Palmer. We'll go in,” impatiently.

“Oh, Nasa,” Palmer called. “Nasa, may I present Miss DeLane?”

Sunny drawled: “They tell me you're dynamite, Miss Springer.”

“Do they?” Her lips formed a straight line.

“Now, Sunny,” Palmer expostulated uneasily.

“Oh, that's all right,” Sunny retorted. “Dynamite doesn't frighten me. I've been in lots of explosions.” She directed this to Crosby who fidgeted nervously as he gazed at Sunny's sneering face.

Nasa slurred: “I was wondering, Miss DeLane, why you looked so frightfully scarred. The explosions, of course.”

Crosby pulled at her arm. “Shall we go out, Nasa?”

“I suppose,” Sunny's manner changed fiercely, “I suppose you know, Miss Springer, that you broke up my home.”

“I didn't know you were in a Home. When did you get out?”

Sunny dashed at her tormentor and Nasa was ready. Crosby and Palmer made frantic efforts to separate them while others rushed up to aid. Shrieks, pleas and curses mingled as a galvanized circle formed around the fighting girls. Finally, they were parted, and Crosby hurriedly led the disheveled Nasa to the balcony while others ushered the maddened Sunny to the door.

Sullenly, Nasa attempted to repair the damage wrecked on her. “Why did she pick on me?” she demanded of Crosby.

“She was cockeyed.”

“Of course,” Nasa said bitterly, “this will help me with my father. I was getting along so well anyway.”

Crosby inhaled deeply. “Nasa, let's get married.”

“What!”

“I'm mad about you,” taking her in his arms. “We'll stay at the Warwick till I can get my affairs straightened out and then the honeymoon—London, the Continent, the Riviera—”

Nasa tossed her head and laughed. “What a joke on father! Larry, I'll do it!”

It was a mad night. The race to Greenwich. Dragging the minister to the door. The brief marriage ceremony. The ride back to New York and to the hotel. The gloriously intoxicating night—with Larry—in his arms—his kisses burning, ecstasizing her. And now, this second night. Larry gone all day. She, dining alone.

Nasa prowled the floor moodily. Then her father had come. She shivered. He had been cold, contemptuous, and for the first time in her life she had begged him to be kind to her.

“You've never liked me, father. It must be my fault. It's my nature, I guess. I tried to overcome it. I couldn't. But I'm married, now. I'm going to be different. I love Larry. It isn't just a passing flirtation. I've been fond of him for months. Father,” tearfully, “I want to be like other girls. Won't you be friends with me, father?”

And he had turned away, disgusted. “I never want to see you again. If you need money at any time, my lawyer will provide it.”

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THE perfect MASCARA

Humiliated, tortured, Nasa prowled the floor, watching the slow advance of the clock. Eleven o'clock. Twelve. One. She squatted cross-legged on the floor. There was no bravado about her now, just a pathetic figure, hurt, lost in a troubled maze of thoughts.

Her eyes moved to the door as a key fumbled at the lock. Larry Crosby, uproariously drunk, staggered in, leaning heavily on a bell-hop's shoulder. "Hello," he wiggled his fingers at Nasa. The bell-hop saluted and closed the door after him.

Nasa did not move. "Where were you?" disinterestedly.

Crosby flung his arms impatiently. "You're not going to pull that on me the very second night?"

"No." Listlessly, she rose to her feet.

"I was playing poker," Crosby confessed.

"And drinking."

"I was thirsty. Aw, come on, honey. We mustn't quarrel."

"I'm not quarreling," quietly.

"You're gorgeous." With a suddenness that she had not expected, he swept the girl into his arms. His mouth covered hers. A little moan escaped her. She did not struggle as he guided her into the bedroom. As one in a dream, she felt him draw her to the bed beside him . . .

Crosby passed a shaky hand over his forehead. Nasa lay beside him, her eyes closed, her face weary, shadows beneath the dusky lashes. The telephone aroused him. Unsteadily, he answered it. Nasa opened her eyes.

"Hello," Crosby laughed. "Still there, are you? . . . Oh, she did, eh? . . . Well, don't let her leave. I'll be right over."

"Who was it?"

Crosby prepared to change into a business suit. "Friend of mine," brusquely.

"Where are you going at this hour?"

"Listen," he snarled. "I didn't get married to answer questions."

"Why did you get married?"

"To get even with Sunny DeLane for double-crossing me!" He tied his tie. "My old man owns a couple of banks in town when you need any money, and my credit's good." Nasa's stoical expression did not alter, not even when he tossed some crumpled bills on the dresser with: "Here's three or four hundred dollars. That'll last you a couple of days. Goodbye."

Nasa lay very still. Before her black eyes stalked the confusion she had made of her life. And Larry Crosby, her husband, gone back to his mistress the second night of their marriage. Her eyes regarded the bills he had flung on the dresser. She smiled with slow cunning. She would know how to be Mrs. Larry Crosby.

The smart shops became very well acquainted with Mrs. Larry Crosby. Nasa indulged in shopping orgies daily. She packed her days and evenings with engagements. The stunning, bronze-haired, black-eyed Nasa Crosby went everywhere. Her manner, like her appearance, was transformed. Cynical, witty, alluring, she moved in an ever increasing circle of friends. She wrote her mother how gloriously happy she was and her mother replied in part that "of course your father does not know I hear from you, but I am in hopes of eventually reconciling him to your marriage."

Then Nasa learned she was going to have a baby. The months passed in happy anticipation until one day, Larry Crosby's lawyer visited her to tell her Crosby was dangerously ill in New Orleans and that he wanted to see her. The childish Nasa, the Nasa who whipped her attackers, sprang alive. Larry, the contemptible scoundrel who had humiliated her—her!—was ill.

"I'll go to him," she told the lawyer. "I should like to see him—ill!"

And she went, to arrive at the hospital and be ushered immediately to Crosby's trim white room where he lay, a wreck of the handsome youth who had attracted her. His appearance startled her into momentary pity.

"Got ten dollars?" Crosby whispered craftily. He nodded toward the alert attendant. "I want to get rid of this fellow."

Three guesses as to who this charming old soul is—and you'll be wrong on all three. For it's the dignified Clive Brook, no less, in Fox's "Sherlock Holmes"

Puzzled, not knowing that the doctor had issued strict instructions to the attendant not to leave his patient alone for a single second, Nasa handed Crosby a bill.

He motioned to the attendant and slipped the bill into his hand with: "There'll be twenty bucks for you when you come back."

The attendant hesitated, then yielded. "Only ten minutes, mind you. I'll get the devil if the Doc finds out."

Crosby breathed a sigh of relief and patted the bed. "Come on over, Nasa."

Instinct warned the girl that something was wrong, but pity still dominated her. She sat beside Crosby on the bed. "What happened, Larry?"

"Flu. Been pretty sick. Nice of you to come down." Interested, he examined her beautiful jewelry. "Always had good taste, didn't you? May I?" He tried to unfasten a bracelet. Nasa helped him. He held the jewelry, caressing it. "I haven't had jewelry in my hand for months." Casually, he slipped the articles into his pajama pocket and started to get out of bed.

"Larry," Nasa was alarmed. "You shouldn't get up."

"I get up every afternoon," he lied and, sitting beside her, took her in his arms. "You're more gorgeous than ever." His voice was thick with passion.

"Don't, Larry," restraining his restless hands.

"We're married." His lips crushed against hers.

Breaking free, Nasa leaped to her feet. A crazy light illumined Crosby's eyes. He advanced, laughing a little wildly. "I'm your husband. Remember?"

Frightened, she retreated until the wall stopped her. She leaned against it, paralyzed with fear. A madman was a new and terrible experience to her. She wanted to run but her feet were frozen to the floor. She crouched as he advanced nearer and nearer.

"This," he lunged toward her and smothered her in his arms, "this is why I had them bring you down. I'm starving for you, Nasa. Starving!"

"Don't!" With a supreme effort, she tore her lips from his and wrenched herself free of his stifling embrace. The physical effort released her from the awful lethargy and as Crosby, frenzied with desire, pursued her, Nasa grabbed a stool and hurled it aloft. "Don't touch me!"

"Oh, that's how it is." Infuriated, he sprang on her and she crashed the stool down on his head. He got his hands on her throat but again and again she struck him until slowly his grip relaxed and his limp body slumped to the floor. The door burst open and the attendant, followed by the doctor, rushed in. Breathless, Nasa half sobbed her husband seemed to have gone insane.

"What's the matter with him, doctor?" She turned away as the attendant stooped and carried the unconscious Crosby to the bed.

"Delirium tremens. It's affected his mind temporarily."

"His mind?" unsteadily. "Can—can that—be inherited?"

The doctor scrutinized her. "The tendency can."

Nasa fell in a faint at his feet. The shock of the experience caused her baby to arrive prematurely but the doctor proudly declared it was the best seven months baby he had seen in many a day. The nurse admiringly said it was a lovely boy.

But Nasa, the memory of Crosby vivid in her mind, asked anxiously: "Are you sure, doctor, it's all right?"

"Nothing to worry about," he re-assured. "It's a marvellous child."

All the tenderness and softness in Nasa's nature was awakened by the baby. She did not lose heart even when Crosby cut off her allowance and her own funds sank so low that she finally had to seek a room in a cheap boarding house. Her father had said she should communicate with his lawyer if she ever needed money. But Nasa, imperious in poverty as well as in luxury, fought her battle with poverty alone. It was not a successful fight, for Nasa had no notion what to do about getting a job. Weeks passed and she was unable to pay the rent. There were prescriptions and food to buy for the baby. Nasa's resources dwindled to twenty-nine cents. She was desperate. Her eyes turned to the street.

Nasa knew what the street meant. She had seen women prowling them. She had been accosted by men, herself. Yet what else could she do but try this way? Her eyes grew tearful as they lingered on her baby. Tonight, she whispered. Tonight.

But even as Nasa made her decision, the help she had been too proud to ask for was coming to her. The girl had not neglected to write to her mother during her months of duress, but as conditions became worse and she moved to cheaper addresses she no longer sent her mother her address. Worried, suspicious because of the omission, Mrs. Springer had confided her fears to Moonglow, Nasa's childhood friend, now grown to manhood and practising law in Rollins. Upon the death of Nasa's grandfather, the girl had inherited his entire estate. Moonglow decided to investigate Nasa's circumstances. He arrived in New Orleans and conferred with a reputable lawyer who communicated with the Children's Clinic and from the head nurse learned where Mrs. Crosby could be found.

It was late, though, when Moonglow taxied to Nasa's address. Nasa had left the house a few hours earlier, leaving her baby in the care of a little girl who lived in the house. Timidly, she began her repugnant adventure. Several men spoke to her but she fled from them until, realizing she was only postponing the dreadful moment, she permitted one man to speak to her. She answered him and he took her arm. They paused as sirens heralded the coming of fire engines. But the man was impatient and Nasa yielded to his urging hand on her arm. They walked further into the shadows. Satisfied finally, the man halted and pulled Nasa into his arms.

In trembling disgust, she suffered his roughness. Their two shapes merged into one. Nasa closed her eyes on burning tears. Finally, the man released her, shoved a bill into her hand and swung away down the street. Nasa sobbed, whimpering, shamed sobs. But she had the money with which to buy the baby's prescription.

Returning wearily home, the prescription in her hand, Nasa did not notice the police guard and the crowd before the boarding house until she was right on top of them. She regarded the unusual excitement apathetically. Then she espied Moonglow standing on the steps. She gazed at him in joyous wonder, not daring to believe her eyes. "Moonglow," she ventured.

He turned. "Nasa!"

But he did not smile. "What's the matter?" she cried.

"Now, Nasa," the youth avoided her pleading gaze, "you mustn't——"

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"There's been a fire——"

"A fire!" Her breath caught on a sob. Panicky, she dashed like some maddened creature up the stoop and up the creaky staircase. Jessie, the child to whom she had entrusted the care of the baby, burst into sobs at sight of Nasa.

"It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Crosby," she wailed. "I was only out of the room ten minutes——"

Nasa brushed her aside and hastened into the water-soaked wreckage of what had once been her room. Moonglow followed her.

"Where's my baby?" Nasa demanded wildly.

SHE NEVER WALKS HOME

Music . . . dancing . . . laughter . . . Men always seek her company and plead for the pleasure of driving her home. Perhaps you have as much natural charm and yet are never the center of attraction. Achieve this popularity by bringing out the most in your own loveliness! You can have tempting red lips, a fresh youthful skin, and an alluring fragrance surrounding you, if you use Blue Waltz face powder, cream rouge, lipstick and perfume. To complete your beautifying ensemble, you can also obtain in this delightful fragrance Blue Waltz eye shadow and cold cream. $1.00 everywhere . . . Convenient ten-cent purse sizes can be purchased at your nearest 5 and 10c store.

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One Good Habit

that millions of women share + + +

THE psychologists tell us we live our lives by habits, good and bad, that take form from day to day.

One good habit many million women have in common. When merchandise of nearly any description is needed for the family, they LOOK FIRST at one of the stores of the National Syndicate Organizations listed below.

Of course, they did not form this habit overnight. It gradually grew because they found, in one shopping tour after another, that these stores can supply nearly anything they want, whether it be house furnishings or cosmetics, tacks or piece goods, at prices that stand comparison.

These days when pennies count, it is a habit worth acquiring.

The following syndicates in the United States sell LOVE MIRROR and MOVIE MIRROR:

G. C. Murphy Company
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Moonglow regarded her somberly. "You've got to be calm, Nasa."

She looked at him and gradually the full import of what had taken place came to her. "It's dead," dully.

Hours later, her grief spent, Moonglow said: "It's daylight. Won't you try to get some sleep now?"

"I'm all right," Nasa answered listlessly. "How did you happen to come?"

"Your grandfather died a month ago. He left everything he had to you."

Nasa smiled bitterly. "A little late."

"You're worth a hundred thousand in your own right," Moonglow murmured.

"A hundred thousand?" Nasa repeated. "A hundred thousand!"

But it did not matter, not now, and when she received a telegram saying her mother was dangerously ill, Nasa boarded an airplane and arrived in Rollins to find her mother dying. Clara Springer gazed at her daughter and tried to speak.

"Is there something you want to tell me, darling?" Nasa caressed the thin, faded cheek. "Can't you speak? Try, darling, Try."

The tired lips moved in a supreme effort. "You——," from outside floated the clear call of a crow. It came from a child to whom Moonglow was teaching the call. Clara Springer's eyes flooded with a loving light. "Ronasa," she whispered. "Ronasa."

Nasa gazed in stricken sorrow.

"It's over," the doctor murmured.

"I want to be alone with my mother," Nasa said.

For hours, she sat beside the still figure. Ronasa. . . . Dimly, the girl recalled the story of Ronasa. The son of an Indian chief. He had killed himself. There had been mention of a white woman. . . . Nasa's brooding eyes gazed into the lightening sky. Her name—Nasa. His—Ronasa. Her mother. . . .

The girl rose. Was that why she had always been different from other girls? . . . Moonglow opened the door. Nasa requested: "Saddle a horse for me."

He stood before her. He stared for a long, tense moment into her immobile face. They were very close, there in the room with Nasa's dead. Then without a word, Moonglow turned on his heel to obey the girl's order.

PETER SPRINGER threw himself into his work in the futile hope that it assuaged his loss. A young employee, clad in corduroys and flannel shirt entered his office.

"Mr. Springer," abashed, but firm, "taking that payroll to those wells is suicide. I won't go."

Annoyed, Springer dismissed the boy and, turning to the window, observed Nasa and Moonglow riding toward his office.

Nasa was saying happily: "You know, Moonglow, it almost seems as though I'd never been away."

"To me, too, but," rather wistfully, "in another month perhaps you'll be away."

"Would you care?"

"I like to be with you."

"Why don't you say you're in love with me?" Nasa retorted. "You know you are."

"I know my place."

"But you're in love with me anyway," determinedly.

He admitted it. "Yes."

"When did you——"

But Moonglow did not dare too much of this sort of thing. "I must go."

She galloped after him. "You can't do this to me." And, after a thoughtful silence: "Moonglow, there's something I've wanted to ask you. Did you ever hear the story of Ronasa and the white woman over whom he killed himself?"

The Indian was surprised. "Yes. But——"

"I just wanted to know if you had heard the story."

He stopped his horse below Peter Springer's window. "I'm going to the office."

Nasa, her mind still on Ronasa, nodded: "I'll see you there."

Springer turned from the window, scowling. He disapproved thoroughly of his daughter's close companionship with Moonglow, but one word from him——! Irritated, he rang for his assistant.

"Do you mean to say there's no one at all to take that payroll down to the wells?"

The assistant was worried. "I can't get a soul. Those bandits along that road——"

"There used to be *men* in this country," bitterly. He pulled at his lip. Suddenly, he smiled. "Send for Moonglow." Pleased, he lolled back in his chair and, as the Indian entered, he confided: "D'you know, I can't get anyone to take that payroll down?"

It was understandable to Moonglow why he couldn't. The trip to the wells through a bandit infested country was the same as a bullet through the head before starting. But Springer drawled: "How about you making the trip?"

Moonglow perceived the reason for the suggestion. He nodded somberly. After all, life meant only Nasa to him and Nasa could never marry a half-breed. "I'll go," he returned quietly.

In the corridor he met Nasa. "Why the long face, young man?"

"I'm taking the payroll down to the wells. Your father just asked me."

Shocked, Nasa demanded that he refuse to obey.

"I couldn't do that," with dignity. "Your father educated me."

Nasa, however, had no prejudice against doing it. Angrily, she stalked into her father's office.

"Something you wanted?" Springer asked politely.

"Yes," furiously. "First I want to tell you something. I always wanted to. I don't believe you're my father. You couldn't be. I couldn't hate my father as much as I've hated you."

The blind fury that the girl always aroused in him shook him now. He started toward her. "I'll show you. You——"

"Don't put your hands on me." Nasa clutched a paper knife from his desk.

Springer halted. "If I hear another word reflecting on your mother's honor——"

"It's no reflection on my mother's honor," heatedly. "I loved her more than you did."

"Get out of here."

"I'll get out—and stay out, but there's something else. Moonglow. You're sending him to his death. You're jealous of him. You think I like him."

"The payroll is going down to the wells. Now get out."

"Then you take it," she flung. "You're big and strong. Deliver your own money. But you *won't* because you're a coward. You're taking a coward's way of getting rid of Moonglow. I'm ashamed of even being thought your daughter." With a sob, she rushed from the room.

Stung to the quick by his daughter's flaying words, Springer jammed his hat on his head and strode to the bank. There, he took the payroll, left word to inform his office he was going to the wells, and galloped off. Moonglow re-appeared in his office a little later and learned to his horror what Springer had done. Shouting that he was going after Springer, he dashed downstairs and leaped astride his horse. When Nasa heard what had happened, she, too, headed in the direction her father and Moonglow had taken. She met a somber Moonglow returning home, alone.

"Where is he?" she cried, breathless.

The Indian said he was dead. "I got the sheriff. They took his body to Colvil."

"I'm going on," resolutely.

He stopped her. "It's bad country down there and you won't accomplish anything."

"I'm going," her voice shook, "I made him do what he did."

"You're not."

Nasa lashed at his hands on the reins with her whip. "Let go, I tell you!"

Moonglow's usual calm broke. Rage contorted his face. Slipping from the saddle he dragged the girl to the ground and mercilessly labored her with his whip. She did not flinch as the blows rained upon her. In much the same stoical manner that Moonglow had once endured the beating she gave him, she now accepted the beating he was giving her. A welt appeared across her cheek. He dropped the whip.

"Well," she smiled bravely, "now we're even, Moonglow. I whipped you once."

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "The Indian in me, I guess."

She sighed and pushed the damp hair from her forehead. "And in me. I'm half-breed, too."

"Half-breed?" not understanding.

She nodded proudly. "My mother was that beautiful white woman you said the Indians spoke of."

"Nasa!" stunned.

"Yes. It makes clear many things about me I never understood before. We're alike, Moonglow." Gently, she touched his arm. "And I—I think I'm glad."

"Nasa!" He crushed her in his arms.

Black eyes glowed into black eyes. She drew his head lower and with an intuitive, sublimely happy feeling that in him was completeness, she gave her lips to his.

Junior Grows Up

(*Continued from page* 47)

them you would never believe that he once wrote poetry.

But good acting and good athletics were not enough for him. Seriously he settled down to writing and turned out a series of—not fanciful whimsies—but good journalistic word-portraits about some of the people he knew in Hollywood. He worked darned hard on these and when they were finished he bundled them off to "Vanity Fair Magazine" accompanied by pen and ink sketches. Almost by return mail he received an acceptance check and cries for more.

He began writing short stories and, in his spare time, dashed off the lyrics for a couple of songs which have been used on the screen.

At the studio he was not only a star—but a respected entity. And although "Union Depot" was a great personal triumph he looked for new worlds.

His newest picture "Scarlet Dawn" (it will probably be released by the time you read this) satisfies him as much as anything he has done so far. He had a finger in it from start to finish, read everything he could find about Russia before the revolution, worked with the scenario writers on the story and gave valuable suggestions to the director on the set.

His private life has changed, too. Years ago, when he was just a kid, bitterly resenting the fact that he was offered screen rôles only because his father happened to be Douglas Fairbanks, he had gone it alone with very few friends, most of whom were humorless people who discussed the sorry mess the world was becoming.

Today he numbers among his friends brilliant, witty, charming men of the world. He and Joan visited Noel Coward in England. Noel is one of his best pals. The rollicking Bob Montgomery is one of his Hollywood cronies.

Doug can talk about anything. He has wit, charm, intelligence. I look at him now in his Bond Street clothes—the red carnation always in his lapel—amusing a roomful of people and, as I picture the rich life he leads—a life of activity and verve, I cannot believe that this is the same lad I knew years ago.

The change did not come suddenly—unless you call four years sudden. But it has come, nevertheless, and somehow the fact that it was not spectacular, that he was not a flash in the pan, that he had to fight and work for everything he has had—in spite of his heritage of fame—makes it all the more remarkable.

There will be a new and different type of cover on the January Movie Mirror, so arranged that the star's portrait will be suitable for framing and without any printed matter on the face of it. Watch for this. We're sure you'll like it.

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The Devine Comedy

(*Continued from page* 54)

a miniature golf course. Then I started fooling around wrestling."

"Did you ever get anywhere with it?" Regis asked.

"Well," Andy confessed, "I never lost my amateur standing but I wrestled at a couple of bouts for the benefit of the unemployed when I was so hungry myself I could hardly stand up on the mat. Then the golf course went broke so I got to be a lifeguard down at Venice—What are you sniggering at?" he blurted at Regis.

"Nothing," that gentleman observed mildly and sniggered some more.

"I pulled seven or eight people out of a rip tide one day," Andy retorted defensively, "and they'd of drowned if I hadn't."

"Did you get a Carnegie Medal?" Regis demanded.

"Naw," said Andy disdainfully. "You can't buy beans with those things."

There was another slight argument over the advantages and lack of them in owning a Carnegie medal. Then Andy continued: "I got a call for a test for 'The Spirit of Notre Dame' and got the afternoon off to make it. I thought, 'Nuts! This is going to be just like all the other bites I've had. It'll get away from me, too!' So, instead of taking my art seriously as I had up to that time, I clowned all through the test and it seemed to be just what they wanted because I got the part and a contract. Beyond that, there isn't much to write about me, I'm afraid."

And that's all Andy would say about Andy, but I can tell you this. I had to see Andy innumerable times before I got to know what he's really like. He wisecracks constantly and meeting him only casually you'd think he was just an ordinary mug with an extraordinary sensayuma.

But, sometimes, about dusk if you get him alone in a car and drive down to the ocean and sit there listening to the beat of the surf against the shore or if you drive up through the wooded passes of the mountains and sit there under the stars, looking down at the lights of Hollywood blinking below you in the distance or get him in front of an open fire, he'll start talking of what's down inside of him. He'll tell you rather shame-facedly of his ideals—although he doesn't call them that—and in moments like those you get a glimpse of the real Andy Devine. The Andy you'll never see on the screen or in a crowd, for he realizes he's a comic. He never steps outside his character, on screen or off, unless he is pretty sure it's someone who'll understand, for he hates being laughed at.

Few people know the *real* Andy. The Andy who, when he was broke, wouldn't go near his friends and who tramped from one studio to another looking for work. One day he had covered every studio—major and minor. As he trudged his weary way homeward that night—still jobless—he determined to commit suicide. Then he thought of the disgrace it would be to his family. That worried him. He won't do anything that will work a hardship on anyone else or bring them unhappiness.

Then he remembered a little gas stove in his room. The tube that connected it with the gas jet was always slipping off. And he figured if he undressed himself, got into bed, pulled the tube off and turned the gas on people would think it had slipped off while he was asleep and he had accidentally been asphyxiated.

He reached home so tired he could hardly lift his feet up and put them down again. The electricity had long since been cut off, but as he opened the door he saw a slip of paper lying in the darkness on the floor. He picked it up and struck a match. It was a polite note from the gas company to the effect that they had been regretfully compelled to turn off the gas until such time as he could pay his bill!

There was another time, after he had completed "The Spirit of Notre Dame" and got his Universal contract, when he got word his mother was incurably ill. He flew home to spend a few days with her. Andy's brother was doing well in business but she had always worried over Andy. The day before he arrived, his brother had taken her out of the hospital to see "The Spirit of Notre Dame". As Andy sat with her in the hospital day after day, she took his hand once and looked at him out of tear-dimmed eyes. "I can die happy, now, son," she whispered. "Your brother is a success and you've got a wonderful future."

The next day he received a summons from Universal and had to leave her and fly back to start work on "The Impatient Maiden." "Can you imagine how I felt, working on that picture?" he said to me once. "Practically all the scenes were laid in a hospital and there I was knowing my own mother was in one and would never come out of it. I nearly went crazy. The day before Christmas last year my brother wired me she had passed on. I suppose it sounds heartless to say it, but that was the nicest Christmas present I could have had. I knew then that she was out of her misery and she had died with the belief that both her boys would be successes."

There have been few successes in Hollywood as unenvied as Andy Devine's. He takes the bad with the good and lets it go at that. When he's down on his luck no one ever sees him. When he's got a few dollars in his pocket he's there with a wide grin and the smart cracks.

Three years ago he and Regis Toomey were working extra in "The Divine Lady" and became fast friends. They were inseparable until Regis got a contract. No one was more delighted over it than Andy—not even Regis and his wife. But from that day until comparatively recently, they never laid eyes on Andy again. He moved and left no forwarding address. He didn't want them to think he was going to become a "hanger-on" just because Regis had become successful. When he got his own contract, he turned up just as though he had only parted from them a couple of days before.

He lives on a small sail boat down at San Pedro Harbor with his dog—a pit bull—figuring that being so far away from Hollywood he won't be tempted to wear out his welcome at any of his friends' homes. And the sail boat reduces the overhead so he can save his money.

There are not many young players in Hollywood with that much sensitiveness and sense.

Which may be why Andy is such a hit.

I Tell More of My Story

(*Continued from page 67*)

She has not forgotten that she herself started on the bottom rung. She has no false illusions about her past. She does not try to forget it, to appear someone she isn't. In that, to me, lies the humility of greatness. It's easy to forget when you get to the goal—but she has never ceased to take an interest in youngsters just starting out, never has overlooked an opportunity to help.

SHE and Doug, Jr., are happy. They live beautifully, happily, contentedly. You have gone into homes where you have felt stiff and uncomfortable. Their home is friendly—it radiates hospitality. You feel that while you are in that home with Joan and Doug that you may do as you wish, that you will not be embarrassed by trivial things.

But—to get back to "The Wet Parade." If I had seen myself, two years before, in such a position, I would have said:

"Bob Young, you've arrived. That's all there is."

Now I find that this is not so. Having reached the coveted objective, I've just begun to realize that I have only a toe-hold. I've just started to work. After that picture, I played the lead in "New Morals for Old" with Margaret Perry, and learned a great many things. Then I was a son again in "Strange Interlude," with Clark Gable and Norma Shearer.

I admire Norma Shearer deeply, for practically the same reasons that I admire Joan Crawford. She literally has lifted herself to stardom by her own bootstraps.

Time and time again she has taken me aside and has told me things which have helped me—has freely discussed my work and my acting. And, in spite of her greatness, she was actually frightened and humble when she had to go out and take a bow at the opening of "Strange Interlude"!

My next rôle was the lead in "Unashamed," with Helen Twelvetrees. At present, I am working with Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain."

There are three men for whom I have the deepest admiration and respect. My first idol—and this will hold good forever—was Douglas Fairbanks. Of contemporary leading men, Fredric March and Leslie Howard, two absolutely opposed types, hold my interest. March is so intense, so bright-eyed, so breathless, so vigorous in every rôle he portrays that he's won me as a loyal retainer. Howard is smooth, suave, polished, quiet, restrained—a perfect gentleman. If we were all Leslie Howards, the world would be a perfectly ordered place in which to live. I would consider myself an actor if I could equal the performance of March in "The Royal Family of Broadway" and Howard's work in "Berkeley Square."

My circle of friends is widening gradually. Among those of whom I'm deeply fond are Jerry Asher, of the Metro publicity department, who has been of inestimable aid, and with whom I share an apartment because my home is crowded; Virginia Bruce, who is now Mrs. John Gilbert; Florine MacKinney, of Paramount, and Betty Henderson, the fresh little girl from my high school days.

Betty and I were apart for a few years. As youngsters, we'd been sweethearts, but she found somebody else and I found somebody else and that was that. But, about six months ago, I called her up. I've been seeing a great deal of her ever since.

I've always hoped to have a home and a wife and youngsters some day, and I will. But I nearly made one mistake. After I'd signed my first contract, I had an idea that I'd marry just because the future was rosy. But, just as I was about to propose to a girl I thought I loved, I paused and took stock of the situation. I realized then that although everything looked fine, there was a big chance that next year or the year after I'd be forgotten. If I married then, I'd have played a dirty trick on somebody.

Then, too, I believe that my first obligation is to my family. During the early years of my life, if brother Joe and my mother hadn't sacrificed for me, I'd have been forced to get out and make real money—I mean about $150 a month—to support myself. With their help, I was enabled to accept less strenuous and demanding work, paying less money, of course. Because of this, I had enough energy left to study dramatics. I have a genuine obligation to them which must be met before I consider marriage.

I am very serious in my attitude toward marriage. Some people look upon the first marriage as a trial. They say, "If it doesn't work, we can go to Reno and get a fresh start." When I get married it will be forever and ever. My love is going to last until I get old. And I'm going to be darned sure that I'm in love, and that the girl loves me. It takes times to find this out.

I also believe that as my salary increases, I should devote my attention to raising the level of my bank account rather than raising my standard of living. I drive a Ford roadster—or did, until I piled it up the other day. The apartment Jerry Asher and I share costs us $32.50 a month. While I do not have the satisfaction of driving around in a sixteen-cylinder car, I do know that if Mrs. Young's little boy is disowned by the fates, he will have enough to tide him over.

I have no hobbies. I'm not particularly athletic. I went out for track when I was in high school, but after a physician checked up on my heart I resigned and became a cheer leader. The only exercise I had was jumping up and down and yelling. Since then I've confined myself to walking—from studio to studio. I swim, now and then, and like the beaches.

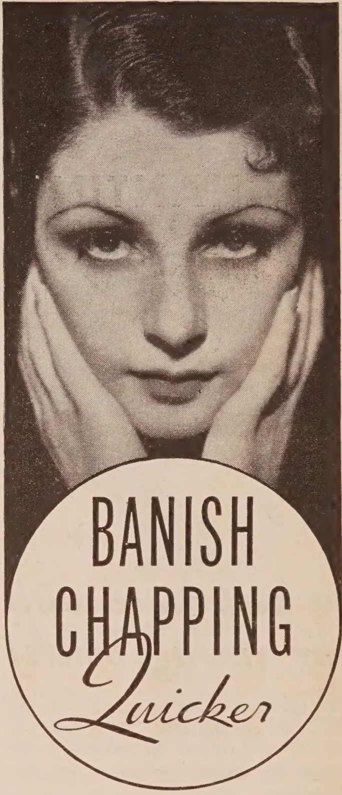
The most fun I've had recently was attending a reunion of my class at the Lincoln High School. I haven't told you that I've one talent. I'm a politician. The person who seemed most interested in me was the school registrar. She finally pulled me into a corner and whispered:

"You never should have graduated. Somebody pulled the wool over my eyes. You were two credits short."

I laughed.

"It's too late now. I've got my diploma framed," I replied.

But I didn't tell her that I was the wool-puller.



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The Two Hundred and Fifty Foot Star

(*Continued from page* 31)

for those who, like herself, had known want and privations and soul hunger.

One day the then greatest director of them all, Eric von Stroheim, sat in his office screaming, "Why can't I find a woman to play in my picture? Why are my assistants and my casting directors so dumb?"

And as he screamed and pounded the table with his fists he looked up and saw a tall, slim, bewildered girl standing before him.

"Who are you?" he yelled.

"I'm Zasu Pitts."

He laughed. "That's a hell of a name."

"Yes, sir," said Zasu. "You see I was named for two aunts."

"Never mind, never mind. We'll take a test."

And that's how Zasu Pitts came to play the rôle of the gold-maddened woman in "Greed."

Don't get Von Stroheim started talking about that picture if you have a date within the next five hours. But the fact remains that it might have been the greatest triumph in motion picture history. Why, your "Strange Interludes" and your "Grand Hotels" and all your so-called "departures" follow the old beaten cow path compared to "Greed."

He made the thing in over a hundred reels. He finally got it cut down to run eight hours. There are still scattered over the face of the earth six men who saw "Greed" in the eight-hour length. They sat in the projection room for one full day—union hours—and watched it. I've talked to five of those six men. They still speak of it in hushed, awed tones, as men talk of some great experience. You saw "Greed" in its emasculated form. It was Von's wish to run it in two parts on succeeding nights in a theatre. He wasn't allowed to do that and it broke his heart—but that's another story.

During the eight hours when the six men watched that amazing film Zasu Pitts, the girl who now makes you laugh, dominated the tremendous drama. She was magnificent. She gave a performance so rich in brutal ugliness, so deeply hewn into the bone of sordidness, so stark and so drab—that those who experienced it were completely swept away by her neurotic force.

Von Stroheim shouted, "Zasu Pitts is the greatest tragedienne of the age."

But parts like that—particularly after the box-office failure of the two-hour "Greed"—are few and far between and even "the greatest tragedienne of the age" must eat. Besides, Zasu looked so doggone funny when she opened her eyes wide and waved her hands—which are really very beautiful hands. Notice sometime.

And Von Stroheim growled and mumbled and shouted and raved as he watched her being offered, and taking, comedy rôles.

Then a most amazing thing happened. Her personality began to change. With the playing of comedy rôles her morbidity seemed to fall away from her. She looked at the world with a more wholesome viewpoint.

Her sweetness is one of the things that Hollywood likes to talk about most. You remember that she took Barbara La Marr's adopted child, after Barbara's death. She makes no difference between that child and her own.

Now don't get the impression that Zasu is a Gloomy Gus. She isn't by a long shot. She is one of the ten funniest women in the world. She kids herself always; is a swell girl and one of the best loved in the industry.

I can't quite bring myself to suffer with Von Stroheim when he holds forth about tragedy's loss when Zasu turned comic. Don't let anybody know I said it, but I would honestly exchange a dozen tragediennes for one funster like Zasu. What wearing the comic mask has done for her as a person, only her close friends know. All of her neurotic tendencies have gone.

Yet it does seem strange that she, who started out as a great emotional actress, should have the stamp of comedy forever upon her.

C	L	A	R	A	■	J	O	A	N	■	B	E	V	Y	■	S	H	I	P	S
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This is the answer to last Month's Cross Word Puzzle.

Do you remember what happened when they made "All Quiet On the Western Front"? Carl Laemmle, Jr., thinking of the Zasu of "Greed," cast her as the pitiful little German mother of Lew Ayres. They made the sequences and her work brought tears from the hard-boiled electricians and prop boys. Then they previewed the picture out of town. The minute that Zasu appeared the audience began to laugh and although her work was everything that it should have been, the audience kept right on laughing.

At great expense that entire sequence was re-taken—with Beryl Mercer.

So the "greatest tragedienne of the age" is doomed to comedy forever. And with all due respect to Von Stroheim I say, "Goody, good."

Maybe Zasu says "Goody- good" too, for her salary of several thousand dollars a week isn't hard to take and those raves from the critics are not discordant notes to the ears of an actress either.

She is the hardest working girl in town; barely finishes one picture before another is waiting for her—and no matter how small the part she gathers the film up in her long slim hands and walks away with any picture she is cast in.

She is happy, too. Happy with her home, her children, her work. Gone is her interest in "life in the raw."

Rich and famous, Zasu Pitts, the 250 foot star, is today's mistress of comedy.

Recipe for a Happy Marriage

(*Continued from page 27*)

a girl. I like to believe them . . .

"Right now, we have adopted a four-weeks-old baby. It was Florence's plan to begin with. She sent an application to The Cradle. And here comes a point I mentioned a while ago—I *could* have gotten into a swell and heated argument about this matter. Because I wasn't entirely for it. I'm not sure that I could feel the same toward an adopted child as I could toward one of our own. And I feel positive that we will have one of our own some day . . . Besides, Florence wanted to adopt a baby boy and I was for a baby girl. It's just a feeling I have—a certainty that our first child will be a boy and some slight reluctance about passing on my name to a son not of my own flesh and blood. I could certainly have argued with Florence over this certainly vital matter. I didn't do it. We kept quiet about it. I tried to look at her side of it, to enter into her feelings in the matter, to understand the longing she must have. After all, she is at home alone a lot, she wants a baby in the house . . . why not? . . .

"And, too, I realize that the type of woman who *wants* a baby is the type of woman who makes marriage successful. When I talk to women who do not want them and say so, when I see women lavishing kisses and pet names on silly little dogs, I shudder and feel ill—and very fortunate.

"We compromised finally. We decided to adopt a baby as Florence wished, but we adopted a girl, as I had hoped. She's a brunette, and we're naming her Penelope.

"Still another important ingredient in the making of a happy marriage, it seems to me, is to get the proper blend between the old-fashioned, manacled marriage and the too-free modern marriage. I wouldn't want to feel jailed nor do I want to be a jailer. Neither would I want my wife to have the freedom of the seas nor expect to take it myself. I can't say very much along these lines because neither Florence nor myself seem to have many temptations nor leanings in this way. I have never been one to take fair ladies to lunch or to dine. On the few occasions when I have gone to stag parties I have always come home to find a much more interesting group of people there and lots more fun going on. I believe that if a man and woman want to do that sort of thing, think along those lines, there is something wrong with them.

"*Marriage vacations are the bunk.* If a man and a wife want marriage vacations, take pleasure in planning pleasures alone, well—do I need to talk about it?

"Nor do I believe that picture work—Hollywood—studio life need be an ingredient that will spoil the perfect cake. It seems to me that so far as the element of other men and other women is concerned it works very much the way it does with a clerk in a candy store. He gets pretty well fed up on sweets. He comes to regard them as part of the day's work and that is all. It seems to me that a banker or broker working right in an office with one or more pretty stenographers is in far greater danger of going off the deep end than the actor who is surrounded by the sweets of picked beauties every day of the year. The man in the office would likely be bowled over if a Marlene Dietrich should descend upon him in the full panoply of her glory—whereas anyone who began his career with *Clara Bow,* as I more or less did, should be able to stand any assault and battery.

"Jealousy, of course, *must* be eliminated from the risen and successful cake of the happy marriage. It can do only two things—torture the sufferer and drive the other party as far away from the ugly sight and sound of it as possible. I know, because I used to suffer from it. Now I'm pretty free of it because I realize that I would come, in time, to dislike the cause of my agony. Unless people are pretty dumb they *know* when they are arousing jealousy. And if they are as intelligent as they should be, they just won't *do* it, that's all.

* * *

"There must be the small flavorings, of course. The flavoring of small pleasures and tastes shared together. Florence and I have a lot of them. We always like the same people, our friends are *both* our friends. We both love home-making. We like to play Bridge and Backgammon and ping-pong. Florence reads everything. I don't do as much reading as I should. Don't seem to have the time. But I know that I should keep pace with Florence and be able to discuss books with her.

"A man should be interested in and appreciate his wife's clothes. I'm afraid I'm not as good at that as I should be—at least, I'm told I'm not.

"It's important to remember anniversaries—the day we first met and where it was and what we said. Birthdays. Wedding Anniversaries, all the sweetening days of sentiment. We no longer have monthly anniversaries but we still go in for them annually, and always will . . .

"And next, and perhaps the most important of all, is to have a sense of humor. To be able to laugh, not only at the other fellow but at one's self. To see the funny side of any situation or of any problem. You just cannot get into the deep waters of quarrels and arguments if you can see how funny you look and sound.

"This is my recipe for a happy marriage. Given intelligence and the proper foundation of enough physical attraction to have acted as the magnet to begin with, I don't see how a marriage *could* go wrong. It *couldn't.*"

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MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

The Home of a Human Dynamo

(*Continued from page* 35)

Hollywood stars, takes care of Connie's investments and advises her about household budgets. A secretary looks after mail and appointments, writes checks and also, curiously enough, acts as Connie's hairdresser!

A capable white woman acts as housekeeper, presiding over a cook, a second maid and a colored butler-chauffeur. There is a nurse for Peter, a cook for Connie's studio bungalow (who helps at home with "upstairs work" nights and mornings) and a personal maid to attend her on the set.

When Connie is working, she follows a strict routine and the friends of this much sought-after couple rarely see them. She rises early to be on the set and made up by nine. At four-thirty she leaves the studio (and woe to the director who tries to keep her there after that!)—goes home and retires immediately to her bed where she remains until seven when she dines with her husband. At half past nine she retires for the night. If she has a "day off" she spends that, too, in bed. Not that she is delicate or ill. She is simply taking excellent care of her very valuable self! She considers her routine and her rest as much a part of her job as going to the studio and putting on make-up.

She never leaves or enters the house without greeting Peter and she always finds time to officiate in the nursery at bed time.

When Hank and Connie entertain they do it with dignity and ceremony. They give time and thought and attention to details. They never entertain informally and you will never find those merry, casual groups of drop-in guests, so characteristic of Hollywood, at their home.

Every few weeks they invite about fifty guests to dinner. They have never adopted the depressing habit of entertaining people "for business reasons" and so their guest lists are carefully selected groups who are interesting and who enjoy each other. Small tables are set through the wide rooms for these occasions, place cards are carefully distributed and the guests sit down to an exquisitely planned, many-course dinner. Both the Marquis and Connie prefer French dishes and these usually predominate in the menu.

After dinner the tables are cleared and the guests may occupy themselves with backgammon, bridge or jig saw puzzles, as they prefer.

Connie is as efficient and as fastidious about her entertaining as she is about the conduct of the rest of her life.

The pair lead a rather secluded existence, almost never appearing in public excepting at the polo games or tennis matches. They are ardent devotees of those sports.

This summer they acquired a house at Malibu and spent a good many leisure hours there. Connie redecorated that, too. (It was furnished when she bought it.) She and Billy Haines planned gay and novel effects, using gingham for drapes and white buckram for lamp shades, red and white chintz for chair coverings. Life is less formal at the beach—they frolic in the surf with rubber boats, play volley ball on the sand and ping-pong in the patio.

If you study Constance Bennett's home and her mode of living, you learn a great deal about the woman. With characteristic judgment, she has provided for herself a lovely, soft, luxurious background. She is aware of her obligations as wife and mother, as a business woman and as a hostess. She provides for the strict routine of her profession. She has arranged for excellent financial advice. She gratifies her tastes in music, art and in various forms of relaxation.

She lives as she wants to live and she is not to be influenced by criticism, advice, outside interference or a false idea of expediency.

She is Constance Bennett—an individual!

We'll bet these are two of the happiest high school girls in America—for they go to school on a motion picture lot and they're motion picture actresses! The beauty at the left is Betty Furness and the lass on the right is Phyllis Fraser, both seniors in High School and both under contract to RKO

When Hollywood Goes Christmas Shopping

(Continued from page 29)

does not send two people who are very intimate the same type of thing. She keeps lists from year to year so that she won't duplicate on presents.

It is a little whim of hers to have the gifts delivered by hand instead of mailed. When she is in Hollywood her chauffeur takes the gifts around, but once when she was in New York she sent all the presents to a friend of hers and asked her to see that they were brought to each house.

Louise Fazenda is another who is noted for the size of her Christmas list.

Jack Gilbert has always done his shopping through his manager. It is sad but true, that many of the stores overcharge the film stars. So Jack, and lots of other players, too, employ business managers to do almost every sort of shopping. Also the managers are clever enough to know where the shrewdest purchases can be made.

MEN, of course, usually take short cuts and do the work of buying with as little effort as possible. Ramon Novarro solves his studio problem by sending to each department on the lot an enormous basket containing fruit, jars of exotic jellies, amazing canned delicacies, candies, etc. He goes to one place for these each year and every basket is especially packed for him.

But sometimes these shopping short cuts have disastrous results. One year a clever salesman got on the lots and showed the men, with long gift lists, a line of high priced perfumes in beautiful bottles. He gave some reason why his wares were cheaper than those that could be bought at the stores and promised immediate delivery.

He took hundreds of orders and hundreds of checks bearing famous signatures. The bottles arrived. They looked lovely and smelled grand, but a few days after Christmas the women who received these gifts got together and compared notes. Each and every bottle was filled with nothing but bay rum. A few drops of the perfume had been cleverly smeared around the stopper of the bottle.

Marion Davies and Mary Pickford have staggering gift lists and Mary does most of Doug's shopping as well.

WHEN all the gifts are assembled the actual work of wrapping is done by the stars and not left to housekeepers or secretaries. For these folks love Christmas. It's the one time when petty jealousies are forgotten, class consciousness swept away and bitterest enemies behave like new found friends.

You might think that the stars would be so exhausted from shopping that they would have no energy left to enjoy the holiday itself. But that's not so. The actual day is the gayest in all Hollywood. Everybody has open house. Everybody calls on everybody else. Tables groan with elaborate food and egg-nogs are not unknown.

One popular young man went to fifteen Christmas parties by actual count.

But that's another story.

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JOAN: "Honestly, Sue, I'm ashamed to have the bridge club tomorrow . . . those dirty old window shades look so terrible I have to keep them rolled up."

SUE: "Why not get Clopay Fibre Shades like those Laura had in her cottage last summer? They're only 10c, and they look simply grand."

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***NEXT DAY** (In the "Five and Ten")*

JOAN: "I just can't believe these good-looking shades are only 10c!"

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JOAN: "I'll take 6 of the ecru . . . and 4 of that darling rose and green chintz pattern, too."

CLUB GIRLS: "Goodness, Jane, did your stocks go up? New window shades all over the house!"

JOAN: "Don't be jealous, girls. They only cost a dime. And notice the bridge table covers . . . they're Clopay fibre also. The cards won't slide off the table today."

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CLOPAY Window Shades

Box-Office—1932

(*Continued from page 17*)

the Rue Morgue" did disappointing business.

Personally I think the direction went wrong. The atmosphere that surrounded "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" was an atmosphere of horror that made the unbelievable believable. But the pall or horror you'd felt while watching those two pictures didn't descend upon you when you saw "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Once in a while you even laughed, which meant that you hadn't completely surrendered to the story. No picture has ever been a box-office riot which didn't get you completely while you were watching it.

Paramount's pet picture for 1932 was "Shanghai Express", with Marlene Dietrich. Its next best was "One Hour With You," starring Maurice Chevalier. 1932 wasn't a good Paramount year on the whole but it looks like a grand one for them in 1933. Warners' was all smiles over "The Mouthpiece" and First National's pet was "Union Depot". Now Warners and First National between them have Richard Barthelmess, George Arliss, Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, and Cagney. But who do you suppose was their most consistent box-office star? Nobody but Joe E. Brown, that's who it was. His "Fireman, Save My Child" rioted the small towns. And it's the small towns that really make the producers their biggest box-office money. The "nut" or overhead in the big theatres in the big cities is so great that the theatres are lucky when they break even. That was why "Delicious" was Fox's pet picture, because it rioted both the large towns and the small ones. So far at Universal "Frankenstein" has been their greatest box-office draw, but Universal is now that excited about "Back Street". In many spots it's beating the records made by "Frankenstein". And the funny thing about it is that while "Frankenstein" was essentially a big city picture, "Back Street" is the sensation of the small towns. The smaller the town, the bigger the furore made over "Back Street". Radio's little box-office pets during the past year have been "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and "What Price Hollywood?" Columbia's best box-office picture was "Forbidden". United Artists is singing hosannas over "Palmy Days" and "Street Scene".

Of course one of the biggest sensations of 1932 was "Grand Hotel" with its tremendous all star cast. All the other companies thought M-G-M was mad to make such a picture. To be sure, the picture was bound to be a success, but how could it possibly be a box-office success that would be equal in value to separate pictures made by Crawford, Beery, Garbo, and the Barrymores? And after fans had once seen it, how could they be content with pictures featuring only one or two stars? The consensus of opinion on "Grand Hotel" was that it would prove a boomerang for the company which made it. But all the predictions made have faw down and gone boom. "Grand Hotel" has been given 700 road shows in the most important cities in the country at prices far in advance of the usual admission. It's clicked. And how!

Let's examine the hits of 1932 a little more closely. Among the biggest box-office hits we have this same Grand Hotel, Shanghai Express, The Mouthpiece, Union Depot, Frankenstein, Back Street, Bring 'Em Back Alive, What Price Hollywood, Delicious, Forbidden, Palmy Days, Street Scene and Tarzan, the Ape Man.

Of these thirteen pictures five had great star draws. "Grand Hotel" had Garbo, Crawford, the two Barrymores and Wallace Beery. "Shanghai Express" was practically all Dietrich. Constance Bennett has never made a really bad box-office picture yet, and in "What Price Hollywood?" she gave the fans the kind of drama and sob stuff they adore from her. Connie Bennett in straight comedy isn't nearly the wow she is when she gets you reaching for a handkerchief. "Lady With a Past" was a neat box-office picture, but it wasn't sensational by any means. Gaynor and Farrell made "Delicious" a box-office wow. Without Stanwyck "Forbidden" would hardly have been Columbia's best box-office picture. But getting away from these big name pictures, what was it that made "The Mouthpiece", "Union Depot", "Frankenstein", "Back Street", "Street Scene," "Bring 'Em Back Alive", "Tarzan" and "Palmy Days" the wows they were? Every one of them had drama except the hilarious "Palmy Days"; every one of them moved fastly, except "Back Street", a typical tear-wringing tale of a woman who accepted forbidden love. It's interesting that "Back Street" and "Forbidden", both successes, had practically the same plot. Both were simple heart dramas. Both moved the emotions. Both were stories of women who sacrificed their lives for men who weren't worth it. Otherwise the big successes of 1932 were all escape films; adventure and drama and horror in big doses. Critics slammed "Delicious" and "Merely Mary Ann" because they clung to the old Cinderella formula, but the fans paid out their money to escape into a Cinderella world. Very few of the pictures that succeeded in 1932 were true to real life. The laughs were louder and the tears were greater and the drama was more melodramatic than ever before. The fans loved it that way.

Compare the big successes of 1932 with the hot pictures of 1931 and you'll notice a subtle difference. In 1931 the big seven pictures included four pictures that were sophisticated in their point of view, "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Front Page," "Bought," and "The Common Law". This year the big successes were nearly all sweet Cinderella stories or exciting adventure pictures.

The fans were furious at first when they heard that Gaynor and Farrell were not going to play together in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Gaynor, who can be amazingly wrong at times, had decided that the rôle was too sweet for her. Marian Nixon played it instead and scored her greatest hit.

We come now to dangerous ground. Who were the stars who lost ground during 1932? Clark Gable, after having

(*Continued on page 90*)

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 25)

Hollywood haberdashers are featuring George Raft shirts.

Incidentally, Constance Cummings is Georgie's current big heart throb.

This comes hot and palpitating from "The Sign of the Cross" set. A producer's small daughter had been taken to view the edifying spectacle of the Christians being tossed to the lions. Suddenly the child burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" she was asked.

"Lookit that poor lion," she sobbed. "He ain't got any Christian."

You don't have to believe it if you don't want to.

Another Tragedy

High in the hills above the movie town the big Hollywoodland electrical sign has long been a landmark in the night's sky.

Peg Entwistle, after a glittering career on the stage, met failure in the heartbreaking town of Hollywood. After an appearance in "Thirteen Women" her contract was not renewed by RKO-Radio. So Peg climbed to the lofty letter "H" of the sign and ended the fleeting search of screen fame.

The Marlene Dietrich contract is up for renewal in December at Paramount, and Mar-lay-nah hints darkly that she may not re-sign. Josef von Sternberg, her friend, counsellor and director, may also put on his walking shoes. The studio would like to keep both of them, but would like the German lady occasionally to trust her acting destinies to another director. Marlene feels that no one but Von Sternberg can direct her properly, and that's the way the matter stands. Hollywood hints that it is another case of Svengali and Trilby—and that Marlene now needs a fresh viewpoint brought to her pictures.

Next Week—"East Lynne"

An air comedy in five scenes.

Cast: Charles Spencer Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

Time and Place: 3:15 a. m.—the Glendale Airport. The motors of a New York-bound plane are roaring away.

Scene one: The Chaplin limousine arrives at the field—Charles and Paulette looking very, very sad.

Scene two: Charlie and Paulette shake hands formally. Paulette clambers into the plane.

Scene three: Paulette rushes out of the plane, and into Charlie's arms. Long, fervent kiss.

Scene four: The plane departs—fifteen minutes late.

Scene five: Sad of face, Charlie gets into his limousine, and is driven away—alone.

Stuart Erwin's traditional bad luck at gambling is still in effect. Stu wagered friends that the expected blessed event would be a girl. It was a seven-pound-ten-ounce boy, and Stu paid off. The young man's name is Stuart, Jr., and mama (June Collyer) is doing nicely, thank you.

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Hollywood Conquers Society

(*Continued from page* 59)

Claire is being taken places by Prince Ferdinand von Lichtenstein. Young Prince George of England ran away from his boat to pay court to June Collyer.

Elissa Landi is the great-granddaughter of an empress. David Manners is a cousin of Lady Diana Manners, and Gary Cooper keeps company with the Countess di Frasso. Gary even cooks spaghetti dinners for Princess Brenda of Kapurthalia.

The new aristocracy is going full force. What's more, it's the closest thing to a real caste system in America today.

It's strong enough to do pretty much as it pleases. Its romances and divorces are engineered with a regal disregard of public opinion.

And it's all pleasantly informal despite its money and power. I remember one very swanky dinner party where the hostess finished her dessert sitting in the lap of one of the young gentlemen guests. Her husband was in the room, and so was the wife of the young man. The hostess just thought that end of the table seemed more interesting from a conversational standpoint, so she moved in. There was a titled guest at the table, and after a moment of surprise the title didn't seem a bit shocked. Then, too, there was the time a movie beauty attempted a sweeping curtsy before a royal prince—and fell flat on her face. Just a bit of American naïveté, donchano.

So Hollywood is the new social stronghold. Beverly Hills is the old Fifth Avenue of stately mansions and Ward McAllister—with a rumba tempo. Malibu, with its "cottages" of many rooms, is the Newport of today. The movie premières have replaced the Metropolitan Opera House as the parade ground of Paris's best bibs and tuckers.

Aristocracy has taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone west.

If it keeps on traveling in this direction it will be back in China again before you can say Gustav von Seiffertitz. Hail to the new bluebloods who built their ancestral mansions a couple of years ago, snared all the social lions—and worked like heck to establish a good, authentic skeleton in the closet. Just like those houses in Boston's Back Bay.

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GOTTSCHALK'S
THE ORIGINAL-SANITARY
METAL SPONGE

Box-Office—1932

(*Continued from page* 88)

gone great guns in 1931, slipped a little this year. Make no mistake about it—he's still great stuff at the box-office, but in 1931 he was the great god Gable, and the end of this year finds him eighth on the list of box-office names, just after Wallace Beery. In "Hell Divers" there was no question who stole the picture. It was Beery, and for all the acting he did, Gable might have been just another nice young juvenile. "Possessed" was Joan Crawford's picture, and all that most women saw of Gable was the back of his neck. But the worst blow of all was "Polly of the Circus," that miserable old fashioned story in which Gable had to play a minister. I think the idea was to prove that he was versatile, and anyway Marion Davies wanted the best leading man at M-G-M. She got him, and the picture almost finished him. Afterwards when "Blondie of the Follies" was being filmed, Marion hinted that she would like Gable again as her leading man. She was given Robert Montgomery instead and Gable was rushed into hot-cha rôles.

A couple of years ago Ruth Chatterton's name meant gold at the box-office. She was Paramount's most precious possession. Warners' needed strong feminine stars and lured Ruth away from Paramount. But before her contract with Warners began she made a couple of gems for Paramount. The fans were a little uneasy when they saw "The Right To Love". In it Ruth Chatterton played a dual rôle, and though she was technically excellent, it was the first Chatterton picture that had ever been the least bit boring. Then Ruth made "Unfaithful" and there were plenty of cracks about whether she was being unfaithful to Paramount or not. Her pictures got worse and worse, until her fans began staying away from the box-office in droves.

Warners became frightened and wondered if Ruth was such a valuable property after all. They offered to share her with Paramount, each to have her for six months during the year. But Ruthie had an iron bound contract. Her agent told Warners that the contract said she was not to be loaned out.

Ruth made "The Rich Are Always With Us" and won back hosts of fans. Her recent "Crash" hasn't done as well, mostly because Ruth had to play an unsympathetic character. But there's still a lot of fight in this Chatterton lady.

Ann Harding, beautiful and a fine actress, has caused a lot of box-office headaches lately. You can't blame her box-office slump entirely on her divorce, because the slump was there before she got her divorce. Ann is primarily an actress and not a personality, so she simply cannot get away with bad pictures. Her admirers hope that Ann will some day repeat her triumph in "Holiday", but at present it looks very much as if Ann may end her career in pictures altogether.

Nancy Carroll has been slipping consistently at the box-office. At the time she made "The Night Angel" a magazine critic said: "If this sort of thing keeps on Nancy Carroll's name soon won't be worth an apple at the box-office." She never made anything quite as bad as "The Night Angel" again but neither has she made anything sensationally good. I doubt if Paramount would have signed her up again if it hadn't been frantic for names.

Paramount's policy in the good old days used to be to build the stars up from unknowns. Then when they became famous and demanded dizzy salaries, Paramount would let them go to another company. It's still trying to build up unknowns, but this year it had little success. Sari Maritza got tons of publicity, but failed to click in "Forgotten Commandments". Paramount is now trying to forget that picture and put Sari in something better suited to her. Peggy Shannon failed to make good as a second Clara Bow, and now she's emoting at Fox. Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins are Paramount's best bets, and they're still in the process of being built up.

Only a few newcomers clicked this year. George Raft, George Brent, Warren William, Robert Young and Johnny Weissmuller made the gods of the box-office sit up and take notice. Johnny was the most spectacular of them all, but since he has made only one picture, only fate can decide whether he's going to prove a flash in the pan or not. Among the women there were even fewer sensations. Ann Dvorak was astounding in "Scarface". I hope she gets over this idea of hers of quarreling about her contract, because she was practically just starting her career, and she may go ahead like a blue streak if she gets the right parts. Bette Davis, who was pretty much of a washout at Universal, is making her old employers wonder what sort of magic has brought the girl out. She was a sensation in "The Man Who Played God", "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Cabin in the Cotton".

Personally I'd like to place a bet on Karen Morley. From the time I first saw her, as the girl who committed suicide in "Inspiration", she has given performances that are absolutely unforgettable. She positively glittered in "Arsene Lupin". In "Washington Masquerade" this little brown wren of "Inspiration" turned into one of the most sophisticated women the screen has ever seen.

The most spectacular sensation of 1932 followed by the greatest tragedy was Jean Harlow's performance in "Red Headed Woman". The suicide of her husband, Paul Bern, may affect her career. That remains to be seen.

But that's box-office for you. It makes or breaks you. It gives you fame when it's too late or failure when it's too soon. No one person, no matter how powerful can control box-office. Millions behind a picture can't save it, if the movie fans won't have any of it. For that's the one thing we know about this thing called box-office. The pictures that please the fans are the ones that get the gold. You, the fans, are the ones who make the stars, who make or break the directors, who determine the level of this whole motion picture business. When box-office money talks, everyone sits up and listens.

There's Only One Way to Be a Good Wife

(*Continued from page* 45)

rather than ever cause her any pain again.

And the gifts—small and large—that he showers upon her are each one picked out with all the love and care of which Jack is capable. His capacity for tenderness is pretty doggone great, too.

Their meeting was like this. She had seen him on the screen "back home" and had acquired a fan crush on him. One day at the studio she saw him on the lot and remarked that she thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen. But it was not until Monta Bell made a test of her for the lead in "Downstairs" that they met. Bell thought her okay for the part but she would have to be approved by Gilbert. He approved so much that he asked her to play tennis that very afternoon. Being the old-fashioned girl she is, she declined the first invitation. That night at her house an enormous box of long stemmed red roses was waiting for her. And the romance was on.

Now don't imagine that Virginia rushed into the marriage headlong. She knew Jack's disastrous romantic history. She knew the sort of moods that possessed him. But she knew something else, which, I believe, girls with old-fashioned standards knew better than very modern young women. She knew she loved him.

Virginia was afraid that he would not approve of her when he discovered that her ideals of love and marriage were a far cry from those of Hollywood. But there she was wrong, because Gilbert's ideals are pretty much the same as hers and the fact that he has made three unsuccessful attempts at marriage has not in any way altered his viewpoint. He loves her, too. He was the first to announce their engagement—to shout it from every red tile Spanish house top in Hollywood.

The volatile, tempestuous Jack Gilbert. The calm, quiet, reserved Virginia Bruce. How will it end? I'll take a few small bets that this is the woman who is capable of making Jack happy. And, if she doesn't, it won't be her fault.

It's love, I tell you—a very sweet, tender love they bear each other. She is exactly the sort of girl to whom Jack's type of man should be married.

And I firmly believe that if he had found her earlier, if she had been his first wife there would be just one Mrs. John Gilbert. Or maybe that wouldn't have been right either. Maybe Virginia is able to love him more because she wants (her own words) "to make up for every moment's unhappiness he has ever had."

Repartee

Apparently Mae (Diamond Lil) West and Alison Skipworth didn't become bosom pals during the filming of "Hot Saturday."

Mae's patience finally reached the breaking point.

"Remember I'm an actress," she warned La Skipworth.

"My dear, I'll keep your secret," returned Skippy.

IT'S WRONG
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Easy to Reduce

There has come, in late years, a right and easy way to reduce. Modern science has discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a lacking factor, which helps turn food to energy. Its lack permits too much food to form fat.

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January Issue
Love Mirror
Movie Mirror
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Alice White is Back

(*Continued from page 13*)

little kid" was Alice White. They put in a lot more shots of her, and the film doctor wrote some good, snappy subtitles (this was in the silent days) as her "lines." And the picture was released.

Everybody in Hollywood thought it was a pretty terrible film, so they released it in "the sticks" and promptly forgot about it. And in a few weeks, Warners held in Hollywood a big convention of moving picture theater owners from all over the country.

The first trainload—a special—arrived in Los Angeles. Some of the studio executives met it, to welcome the exhibitors as they piled off the cars.

"We hoped to have some of our stars here to greet you boys," they told the exhibitors, "but Billie Dove is working on an important sequence and . . ."

AT that juncture, an exhibitor from the corn country, who had been sampling corn, yelled: "To heck with Billie Dove; where's ALICE WHITE?!?" Other exhibitors echoed the cry. And when the astonishment was over, Warner executives had learned, to their bewilderment, that their "terrible" picture was going great guns among the fans, and that people were crazy about that new kid, Alice White.

In a few weeks, her fan mail proved it. It went up, up, up, until it was bigger than any of the old-line stars on the lot. Even Alice was surprised, but that didn't stop her from being so cocky about it that she soon had full and complete ownership of the hatred of almost everybody on the lot.

Then in came talkies—and those things they called "musicals." They put Alice into them, and into some others of the quite ghastly things Hollywood turned out before it had learned what do with sound. And in the turmoil, Alice was one of the many who went down, sunk without trace, in the storm.

Since then, she's been in vodevil. The kid's "got something," that tour proved, for she packed audiences into houses that hadn't been packed for many months, in these hard times. She worked hard, and not alone while she was on the stage. She worked hard offstage, too, to find out what things had been wrong with her, and having found them, to overcome them.

That's why she's the different Alice White she is today. That's why she had her nose made over. That's why she's learned to talk in that nice new voice. That's why she has today a poise which the hoydenish Alice of old never even dreamed of. Alice is an ambitious kid, and she's translated that ambition into making herself always a little better fitted for what she wants to do—and what she's starting to do now. That is, to make a new beginning—NOT a comeback, mind you—in the movies, and to show the big shots who fired her once that she's a bigger shot than they are.

And to show the fans, who have never stopped writing her fan letters, that she's worthy of the letters.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 72*)

Garbo is thoroughly original. Garbo has always been herself—calmly and surely; Joan is working up a screen personality foreign to her own personal self.

I admire Joan extremely, but my vote goes to Garbo. That gal walks in greatness!

D. H. Chapman,
Los Angeles, Cal.

An Open Letter to Charles Laughton

Dear Mr. Laughton,

I thought I was going to "Devil and the Deep" to see Tallulah Bankhead.

If someone had told me the character of the man you portrayed in that film, I would have laughed at the idea of anyone being able to play it. It seems almost impossible to imagine a man, crazed by jealousy, who could treat his wife brutally and yet be loved and admired by his acquaintances, while his wife was hated.

I presume you were the villain of the piece, but I didn't hate you. You were magnificent! To show an audience the two sides of that man's character—to make us know why your wife hated you, and yet to show, quite logically, why those who knew you, even intimately, respected and admired you—Charles Laughton, that's art!

Dorothy Suter,
Youngstown, Ohio.

A Rap for "Grand Hotel"

Grand Hotel has come and gone and the movie mag's are full of raves about it. Will someone, please, tell me *why?* I thought it was the world's worst motion picture.

Alvhild V. Holmes,
Worcester, Mass.

Look What Irene Has Dunne!

Hats off to Irene Dunne for "Back Street"! Her "Ray Schmidt" is the most beautiful portrayal any actress has ever brought to the screen. Quietly, and without the usual Hollywood ballyhoo, Miss Dunne has achieved an enviable position in the movie world by her flawless performances in "Cimarron," "Consolation Marriage," and "Symphony of Six Million." She reaches unbelievable heights with her work in "Back Street." So, look to your crown, Queen Garbo, because it would fit Irene's lovely head perfectly!

Edna B. Walters,
Wilson, N. C.

The Story's the Thing

I get a crick in my neck reading about the poise, grace, lyrical movement, beauty, sex-appeal and other allurements of screen stars.

As a movie patron I want a good story—not slush and mush—with actors, and actresses, and situations that make me forget everything but the story. I don't care a hang who the actors are just so long as they make me live in the picture.

Edna Spink,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Speak for Yourself

"Bird of Paradise"

The theater public hears this about Greta Garbo's picture, "As You Desire Me", and that about Joan Crawford's picture, "Letty Lynton". If Movie Mirror will be so kind as to print this the movie public will hear something about Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise". I just saw her in that picture and it is the most wonderful picture I have ever seen. That statement includes, "As You Desire Me" and "Letty Lynton". The final love scene (not mentioning the others) in "Bird of Paradise" was better than all the love scenes combined in "Letty Lynton" and "As You Desire Me".

Maybe Joel McCrea and King Vidor deserve a little credit for "Bird of Paradise" being so wonderful, but had it not been for Dolores Del Rio I would never have seen the picture eight times.

Tillman Orr,
Dallas, Texas

Bring Back Musical Comedies!

What has become of all the musical comedies? When talkies first appeared we, the public, tired of this type picture because of the number of them. Practically every other picture was a musical comedy. Within two years this type picture disappeared almost entirely and the era of pictures pertaining to sex, gangland, and liquor appeared.

Speaking for a large majority of the public I say, "Oh for the return once again of a few pictures such as "Whoopee," "Broadway Melody," "Just Imagine," and "No, No, Nannette."

James H. Logan,
Charlottesville, Va.

Why Huston Is Great

I never knew, very clearly, just why I liked Walter Huston, until I happened across a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the other day, and then I knew.

Tall, angular, and slow moving, there is a strong resemblance between him and the Lincoln of the middle period. Each has the same sad expression. Huston has all the ease and manners of a great statesman giving a distinction and disparity to his rôles that is seldom found on the screen.

Virginia Gregory,
Wilmington, Delaware.

Let's Be Grateful

Some things for which to be thankful:

1. Dick Arlen is being taken out of westerns.
2. Marlene Dietrich proves she can act "without legs."
3. "Grand Hotel."
4. "Mata Hari"—because it gave some of the most beautiful photography ever seen in pictures: the love scene in the dark with only two lights from the cigarettes of Ramon and Greta.
5. Clara Bow's return to the screen.
6. Marion Davies—because of her clever mimicry.

Mary Frances Doner,
Seattle, Wash.

A Word to the Wise

I have always been an admirer of Barbara Stanwyck and I still am but I now realize why her pictures are seldom box-office hits. "The Purchase Price" SHOULD have been a great picture and I found no fault with Miss Stanwyck's acting but she shouldn't try to carry the whole picture on her shoulders because no actress is THAT good.

Please, Miss Stanwyck, when you have such a grand actor as George Brent for a leading man let the fans see his face instead of the back of his neck.

Kathleen Collins,
New York, N. Y.

What To Do With Gable

Why try to make a lover of Clark Gable when he is so essentially the he-man type? His very appearance suggests rough, fighting action—and plenty of it.

Hilda Smith,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Will This Make the Garbo Fans Mad?

I just can't stand any more! I want to say to the world that I have no place for the "mysterious," "reserved," "illusive," (and homely) screen star—especially when she is not all-American, nor yet charming. So there, howl ye Garbolians!

Thank heaven for Janet Gaynor—the sweet and demure—and she can act just that rôle, always entertaining the best people in the best way.

J. W. Vowell,
Tulsa, Okla.

(*Continued on page* 98)

IN the November issue of Movie Mirror there was a fictionization of Constance Bennett's film, "Rockabye," with Phil Holmes in the leading male role. When you see the picture, you'll see Joel McCrea in the part. But don't blame such inaccuracy on Movie Mirror. When we got the script the handsome Mr. Holmes was very much among those present. When we went to press, he still was. But just as we got the magazine in your hands, he wasn't. Blame it on last minute casting changes, please.

WHEN HE ASKED FOR HER HAND *he meant exactly that*

Her hands had fascinated him. They were so supple...so satiny...so expressive of her feminine daintiness that, manlike, he wanted to possess them exclusively...call them his.

And Willa...wise girl...didn't explain that THINC HAND CRÈME was really the magic match maker. She didn't tell Jack that a little THINC smoothed on the hands each night gave them their soft, white loveliness.

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published containing
movie gossip and
warm-blooded romance
BUT
if they aren't
the editors
and the publishers
want to know
about it
so this aim
can be
achieved

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 65*)

Heritage of the Desert (Paramount)

You'll See: *Randolph Scott, Sally Blane, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *One of those clean-cut young surveyors who gets mixed up with western ba-ad men.*

There isn't an awful lot to shout about in this except the appearance of Randolph Scott, Paramount's new western hero. Hollywood maidens have been swooning at the sight of young Scott, so perhaps all up and coming lady fans will want to have a look at the new heart-breaker. The tall young Virginian hasn't much to do, but he does have a likeable personality.

Zane Grey has written better horse operas than this, but there is no fault to find with the good workmanlike performances of the cast.

Payment Deferred (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Dorothy Peterson, Neil Hamilton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Verree Teasdale, Ray Millard.*

It's About: *A man who commits a murder, and then gets hanged for another murder of which he is innocent.*

If you are one of those people who go to funerals just for the ride, you will like the sombre content of this picture. "Payment Deferred," despite some brilliant moments, is about as cheerful as an undertakers' convention.

Because he is tired of being poor, a man murders his rich nephew. Then his conscience begins turning handsprings. He is tortured by his guilt—his whole personality changes. He is driven to being unfaithful to his wife, and she commits suicide. And things get worse and worse.

Charles Laughton is superb as the murderer, but the picture can scarcely find popular favor. Dorothy Peterson is excellent as the wife.

✓ Hat Check Girl (Fox)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, Ben Lyon, Monroe Owsley, Ginger Rogers.*

It's About: *A hat check girl who falls in love with the rich boy.*

Of course this story is just nothing else than the familiar movie formula but there's life in the old plot yet. Fox put some of their best players in the cast. Darned if it doesn't seem like a brand new yarn.

The little Eilers girl is simply swell as the hat check lady, unfortunately born poor, and still more unfortunately, getting mixed up with "a past." Ben Lyon is charming as the ne'er-do-well rich boy, and Monroe Owsley is great as the blackmailing lad from the past.

This must have cost a pretty penny for a program picture. *Such* grand penthouses. *Such* super-elegant cafés. When the bouquets are being passed there should be a bushel of roses presented to the dialogue writer.

✓ Night of June 13 (Paramount)

You'll See: *Clive Brook, Frances Dee, Charles Ruggles, Gene Raymond, Lila Lee, Mary Boland, Adrienne Allen, Charles Grapewin.*

It's About: *The goings-on that might happen to anyone on any street in any town. It includes, among other things, suicide, love and plenty of back fence gossip.*

"The Night of June 13" shapes up as grand entertainment.

Things get under way with a bang when the wife commits suicide because her husband looked with fond and loving eyes upon the pretty maiden next door. The husband is accused of murder, and, my, my how the neighbors do talk. It probably sounds like a blood and thunder melodrammer to you, but it is really an amusing comedy.

Clive Brook, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee are all excellent. The showy trouping, however, is done by Mary Boland and Charles Grapewin. Adrienne Allen is fine as the suicide wife.

Three On A Match (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Warren William, Ann Dvorak, Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot.*

It's About: *Three girls find that three cigarettes lighted from one match means bad luck.*

Three former school chums get together for luncheon, and light three on a match. Then things begin to happen. Somehow the scenario writer hasn't been any too successful in combining three separate and distinct stories. Joan Blondell, Ann Dvorak and Bette Davis are the three chums.

The story staggers through divorce, suicide, murder and gangsters, with a seasoning of romance and mother love. Too much plot but worth seeing.

Ann Dvorak and Lyle Talbot come out of the fray covered with the most glory, but very neat performances are turned in by Joan Blondell, Warren William and Bette Davis.

The Monkey's Paw (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *C. Aubrey Smith, Ivan Simpson, Louise Carter, Bramwell Fletcher, Betty Lawford.*

It's About: *A strange superstition about a monkey's paw. Rub it and you get three wishes, and where can you get one of those paws, anyway?*

From the very first this reviewer had a sort of funny feeling about "The Monkey's Paw." There was only one way it could possibly end, and darned if it didn't. It all turns out to be a ba-ad dream—so now you know what kind of a picture this is.

A very British cast does nicely with the rôles. C. Aubrey Smith, Betty Lawford and Bramwell Fletcher are all excellent. But it is much ado about nothing.

✓ Merry-Go-Round (Universal)

You'll See: *Eric Linden, Sidney Fox, Tully Marshall, Noel Francis, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *A poor but honest bellhop who witnesses a murder and gets all mixed up in dirty politics.*

"Merry-Go-Round" paints the police, the mayors and the district attorneys in hues darker than indigo. After this inflammable document some people will want to start a gory revolution.

Plenty of ruthless drama is dished forth, and it is played with sincerity and biting realism. Eric Linden, as the bellhop, happens to see a gangster murder. For various reasons no one wants to prosecute, and all hands turn to eliminating the state's witness from a pretty bloody scene.

Linden is very fine. Louis Calhern brings a new type of villainy. You'd hardly know Sidney Fox was in the picture, but it isn't her fault.

Chandu The Magician (Fox)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Irene Ware, Bela Lugosi, Henry B. Walthall.*

It's About: *If you own a radio you know already. Anyway you're not supposed to tell the plots of mystery stories.*

Such goings on have not been seen in the movies since Crane Wilbur rescued Pearl White from those harrowing messes in "Perils of Pauline."

"Chandu" began as a radio serial, and was such a sensational success that Fox upped and bought it at a fabulous figure. It's just as mysterious and amazing when brought to the celluloid.

Edmund Lowe puts aside the habiliments of Sergeant Quirt and plays the magician with exactly the right combination of mystery and suaveness. Irene Ware is excellent as Nadji. June Vlasek (wotta name) is pleasing, and if you can understand what on earth Bela Lugosi is talking about, he does nicely as Raskor.

Hearts of Humanity (Majestic)

You'll See: *Jean Hersholt, Claudia Dell, Jackie Searl, Dick Wallace.*

It's About: *Tearful happenings on the East Side, involving Jewish junk dealers, Irish cops, and two lively specimens of young America.*

This belongs to the dear, dead days beyond recall. So many tears have not been shed in a picture since the dampest days of Griffith.

If you feel like a good cry this will provide as good an excuse as any. There are some lovely, sad death scenes. Jackie Searl, the *enfant terrible* of the Paramount child stories, turns angelic for this, and Dick Wallace is the bad youngster.

Others who weep from time to time are Jean Hersholt, J. Farrell MacDonald and Claudia Dell.

Awfully lachrymose—but not entirely without merit. It *is* interesting to know that the whole thing was filmed in six days and cost just $30,000. We're rude enough to think that maybe one more day, and perhaps $49.75 more might have—but then we're not belittlin'.

✓✓ Night After Night (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Constance Cummings, Wynne Gibson, Mae West, Alison Skipworth, Roscoe Karns.*

It's About: *Love between a "speakie" proprietor and a Park Avenue deb—with very funny complications.*

After a barrage of publicity, George Raft emerges at last as a full fledged star—and he's a darned good one. He makes a "pash" romantic hero, and just wait until the ladies get a good look at his love scenes with Constance Cummings!

Paramount's new hot lover appears as an East Side lad who finally becomes the owner of New York's flossiest speakeasy. He falls in love with a patron from the Blue Book, and starts polishing his grammar under Alison Skipworth's tutelage. One sparkling situation comes right after another, and it all ends with a paprika love scene upstairs, while downstairs rival gangsters are smashing up the place.

Mae (Diamond Lil) West is a wow in her screen début, and draws one of the biggest laughs in the picture. When the hat check girl says, "Goodness, what beautiful diamonds," Mae drawls out of the corner of her mouth, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie." Her inebriate scene with Alison Skipworth is a classic. Constance Cummings, as the Park Avenue girl, gets better with every appearance, and a lot of superlatives are due Roscoe Karns and Wynne Gibson.

Too Busy To Work (Fox) (Formerly Jubilo)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Marian Nixon, Dick Powell, Frederick Burton, Douglas Cosgrove.*

It's About: *A homespun philosopher who starts out for Californy to find his estranged wife and daughter.*

What was once a swell silent picture hasn't jelled any too well in the out-loud medium. Even Will Rogers has a hard time dragging it up to the level of mild entertainment. For one thing the cowboy star is called upon to do more brave suffering than anyone since the palmy days of Madame X.

Jubilo, the hobo, after years of aimless wandering finally gets to Californy, where he hopes to find his wife, the man with whom she eloped, and his own daughter. When he gets there he finds that his wife is dead, her paramour in politics, and his daughter grown to womanhood. Jubilo starts to work as a farmhand, even if you do wonder how such an inefficient person ever landed the job.

Will does what he can with a rôle that drips with hokum. Marian Nixon and Dick Powell are pleasing as the young lovers.

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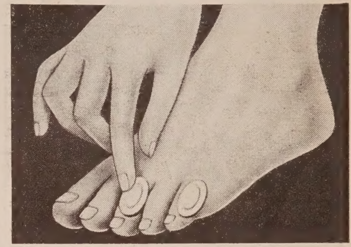

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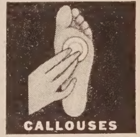

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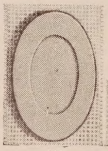

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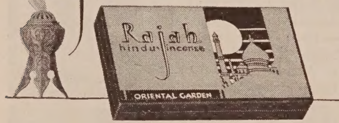

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Some of the film capital's exclusive set digging a little dirt. Left to right they are Martha Ellen King, whose daddy is director Henry King, Sheila Fitzmaurice, daughter of George Fitzmaurice, the director, and Richard Gallagher, son of Skeets Gallagher, the blond comedian.

Why Don't They Show Marlene's Legs?

(*Continued from page* 18)

bad, naughty, immoral and unspeakable reason that she is *deliberately* instead of accidentally displaying them. That is, she is hoisting the petticoats for the one and express purpose of letting her legs be looked at, and that's very very bad.

Of course, in the same "Blonde Venus," there's another shot where Mar-leggy steps out of a monkey-skin make-up and, stepping out, has perforce to reveal her legs—because (and even a censor can figure this out) she couldn't step out of a bifurcated monkey-skin fully clad in a hoop skirt. So it's all right for you to see her legs in that shot. And you do. And that's why the people who paid their four bits at the box-office after looking at that advertising still of Marlene in "Blonde Venus" weren't 100 percent disappointed.

That's the only leg scene in "Blonde Venus" for whose cover-up the censors were responsible. So, why, oh why weren't there more shots of Dietrich's legs in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus"?

Well, most of it goes back to this Dietrich and Von Sternberg question. Von Sternberg is a queer mixture of artist and showman. He's just about half and half really . . . He startled the world about seven years ago with his first motion picture, "The Salvation Hunters," which he directed and produced at a cost of less than $5,000. It made a small fortune for him and his friends. It was a box-office hit and the critics called it an artistic masterpiece. That gave Von Sternberg his first taste of real fame. His name began to be pronounced with awe in all the studios in Hollywood. Charles Chaplin then offered to back him and he directed "The Sea Gull." It was a complete flop. All those who had praised him turned on Von Sternberg then and began to jeer at him. Whenever he tried to make a picture "The Sea Gull" stalked him. Hollywood values a director according to his box-office success, as Von Sternberg soon learned. When he turned out a box-office success he was considered a great artist. When he turned out "The Sea Gull" he was laughed at for his "highbrow" theories.

Having learned this lesson, Von Sternberg began to turn out pictures for Paramount with one eye on the box-office. Paramount loaned him to Ufa to direct a German version of "The Blue Angel." You've heard the story plenty of times of how he discovered Marlene Dietrich, and signed her up for its chief rôle. It was he who urged Paramount to sign her up as a contract player. He saw in her a chance to make pictures which would be sensational box-office successes. With her help he got his chance to triumph over the Hollywood which had sneered at him when he was down. Marlene loyally turned to him for the direction of her pictures.

"Morocco" was released first. And oh, the whoop-de-do that was raised about Marlene's legs!!! Then came "Blue Angel." More legs! And then "Dishonored." The picture opened with a close-up of her two superb legs. "It's Dietrich," sighed her admirers, and settled down to enjoy the picture. The whole dramatic action of the picture was dominated by Marlene's legs. The last glorious scene was a shot of Dietrich's legs. You probably remember it. Dietrich facing a firing squad. The drums rolling. The officer feeling pity for this beautiful woman whose end is so near. Then, as he orders her shot, she reaches down, hoists up her skirt, and adjusts her garter. It is her last conscious act.

"Dishonored" was a box-office success. The critics lambasted it, and said its art was terrible, called it a "leg show" and criticized its use of light and shadows. But who cared? "Dishonored" was a success.

Ah, Von Sternberg cared. His pride was hurt. The idea of hinting that he couldn't achieve great art without showing Marlene's legs! He would show the critics. He would show the world.

Afraid that there had been too much ballyhoo on Dietrich's legs, he tried to accentuate her as an artist in "Shanghai Express." He proved his point. Legs or no legs, that Dietrich damsel was a winner. But the fans believed that having

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PERHAPS in the case of Futura readers, this question comes a year or two years too late. No doubt, along with many million other household shoppers, most of them have come to realize with true Yankee shrewdness that the figure on a price tag doesn't necessarily mean a bargain. To the woman who has been paying $8.00 for shoes, stylish pumps at $4.00 must indeed seem attractive. Yet if these $4.00 shoes are shabby at the end of the month instead of giving a full six months' wear, they aren't such a wise purchase after all.

THE publishers of Futura Magazines have no sympathy with shoddy, whether it be in publications or in merchandise. In these days of cutting corners, Movie Mirror and Love Mirror have continued each month to improve in stimulating editorial content—in vivid, graphic illustration.

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proved his point, he would go ahead and show Dietrich's legs anyhow. Not Von Sternberg! You all know about the quarrel between Paramount and Von Sternberg. There was supposed to be a scene in "Blonde Venus" in which Dietrich invited a strange man into her room while her little boy played with his toys on the floor. The camera was to be centered on the child while the woman and the man sordidly discussed the amount of money she was to be paid. That scene, according to Von Sternberg, was ART.

Paramount objected. It was afraid that Von Sternberg's ART was doing a lot of damage to the box-office.

You all know how Von Sternberg and Marlene walked out on Paramount, and how they came back again when Von learned that Marlene's career would definitely be threatened by his move. Changes were made in the script, but still Von Sternberg was all for art. Since he had been criticized by the highbrow critics for showing too much of Marlene's stems, he practically hid them. Eventually "Blonde Venus" was released, and it turned out to be neither art nor box-office. So what? Paramount, now thoroughly fed up with Josef von Sternberg and the way he directs Marlene, fears that one more Sternberg direction would irreparably wreck Dietrich. It wants to sign up Dietrich again, but it wants her to have a change of directors. Dietrich may refuse to sign up unless she has Von Sternberg to direct her. He discovered her; she has faith in him. Then what . . .? Will Paramount take a chance on Sternberg's uneven direction?

An interesting sidelight on all this is that though you imagine you've seen virtually all there is to be seen of Marlene's legs, you really haven't. You think you've beheld them from every angle and that you've seen every (well, nearly every) inch. The truth is the only time you're permitted to behold Marlene's legs is when her knees are flexed. Really you've only seen them from two angles: with one leg up and her knee bent as in the picture on page 18, and when she's lying down with one knee up and one down.

And here's the lowdown on that. Marlene's legs are stunning. Even the artists at Paramount admit that. And the artists at Paramount are usually bored by legs.

"Now there is what I call legs," one of them told the other when he saw those "Blonde Venus" stills.

"Uh huh," said the other (there are two of them in this department we're talking about), "they're just about the best legs on this here movie lot. There's this nice curve here—and then they're so nice an' smooth here, an' . . ."

But even these ultra-critics have one fault to find with the Dietrich legs, and this is a studio secret that somebody might get fired for if somebody else ever found out who told it. The fault is that Marlene's *knees* aren't so hot—that is, from the artist's viewpoint.

"Them knees," said the artist-spokesman, "spoil her legs when they're straight. When the knees are flexed, they're all right enough, but when the leg is straight, she or Von ought to cover them up."

And he does. And she does. And that's one of the reasons you don't see very much of Marlene's legs these days. . . .

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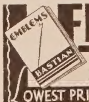

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The two most important members of the Younger Generation of Stars meet—from left to right, Mr. Jackie Cooper and Mr. Mickey Mouse. It was Mickey's fourth birthday when Jackie strolled over to the United Artists' lot and offered his congratulations. Mickey has a beautiful cheese cake for his birthday

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 93*)

Where Is Sylvia?

I am one of the very many fans of Sylvia Sidney. Where is she? Why doesn't she appear in pictures more often? She is an actress of rare ability, timid, sweet and beautiful.

Superb in "The Big House," heart-breaking in "An American Tragedy," all your sympathy for Sylvia in "Street Scene," convincing in "Merrily We Go to Hell"! How long will we have to wait for more Sidney pictures?

L. Goldin,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Movie Idols

I would be plenty willing to pay for the theatre tickets if my escorts would only notice—and copy—the devil-may-care way that Robert Montgomery puts on his hat—and I would be tempted to support them the rest of their lives if they would let Clark Gable teach them how to smile!

Frances McCormick,
Greensboro, N. C.

Giving Aline a Great Big Hand

A hundred rising cheers! Something new has happened to the cinema! Something new and something different. Aline MacMahon and what a girl.

"Mouthpiece," starring Warren William and Sidney Fox was lifted out of the "just a good picture" class and boosted to the rememberable ranks because of Miss MacMahon's sparkling, put-it-over humor.

Let's give this girl from Broadway a big welcome—she deserves it.

Harriet Salisbury,
Independence, Mo.

From a Housewife

As a housewife, whose job during this difficult financial period is to make the family's dollars work as efficiently as possible, I am more grateful for the talkies than for anything else.

For a few pennies my entertainment and recreation needs are supplied, and I go back to my "job" with more courage, a more detached view of my troubles and with dreams in my heart again.

They rekindle my urge to keep my home, my clothes, myself—more attractive.

Aline Handley,
La Grange, Ill.

Short and Sweet

Let us see more of Karen Morley.

Mrs. A. Corthaus,
Milwaukee, Wis.

I go to see every picture Rochelle Hudson plays in. And, although she's only a newcomer, she's headed straight for stardom, or I miss my guess.

A Rochelle Hudson Fan,
Jamaica, N. Y.

Constance Bennett has always been and always will be my favorite, for who else can act as well, speak as beautifully and wear clothes more stunningly than she?

Marionne Oppenheim,
New York, N. Y.

Short and Not So Sweet

No one knows how I felt when I found that Marian Nixon was to take Janet's place in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It just made me sick!

Dorothy Sutphin,
Springfield, Ill.

The fans are blasé these days from an overdose of serious problems, impossible super-thrillers and similarity.

Clyde J. Ogden,
Martins Ferry, Ohio.

Never again put Constance Bennett in a bathing suit. That scene in "What Price Hollywood" just about killed the picture for me. She is entirely too thin to take off that many clothes.

Frances Cramer,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

All the Fans Agree On This

In the words of a well-known columnist, let me say: "An orchid to the producer" who first conceived the idea of listing the characters at the end of the picture as well as at the beginning.

S. F. Currie,
Merry Point, Va.

What a Comparison!

Warren William is a cross between Lionel Barrymore and Clive Brook.

H. L.,
Whitman, Mass.

The Battle Is On

Joan Crawford will never be as great an actress as Garbo.

Marshall Leis, Jr.,
Gloucester, Va.

Who is the greater actress—Garbo or Crawford? How silly to compare them! With that irresistible fire in her beautiful eyes, and remarkable acting genius, Joan Crawford is and always will be the unchallengeable sensation of the screen.

Marie Hekemian,
Jamaica, N. Y.

There can never be anyone to compare with the great Garbo.

"An Admirer of Real Art,"
Ottumwa, Iowa.

It seems to me that anyone who can judge acting at all could clearly see that our Crawford simply draws circles around Garbo.

Mrs. R. N. McFarland,
Lynchburg, Va.

There are lots of Crawfords, but has there ever been another Garbo?

Maxine Swift,
Toledo, Ohio.

Garbo's got more emotion in her in one second than Joan Crawford has in a century.

"Janet,"
Girdletree, Md.

Anyone with common sense will tell this cock-eyed world that Joan Crawford is the apple of the nation's eye.

Belle Pearlmutter,
Chicago, Ill.

Garbo makes you look, while Joan Crawford makes you feel.

Betty Knecht,
Delaware, Ohio.

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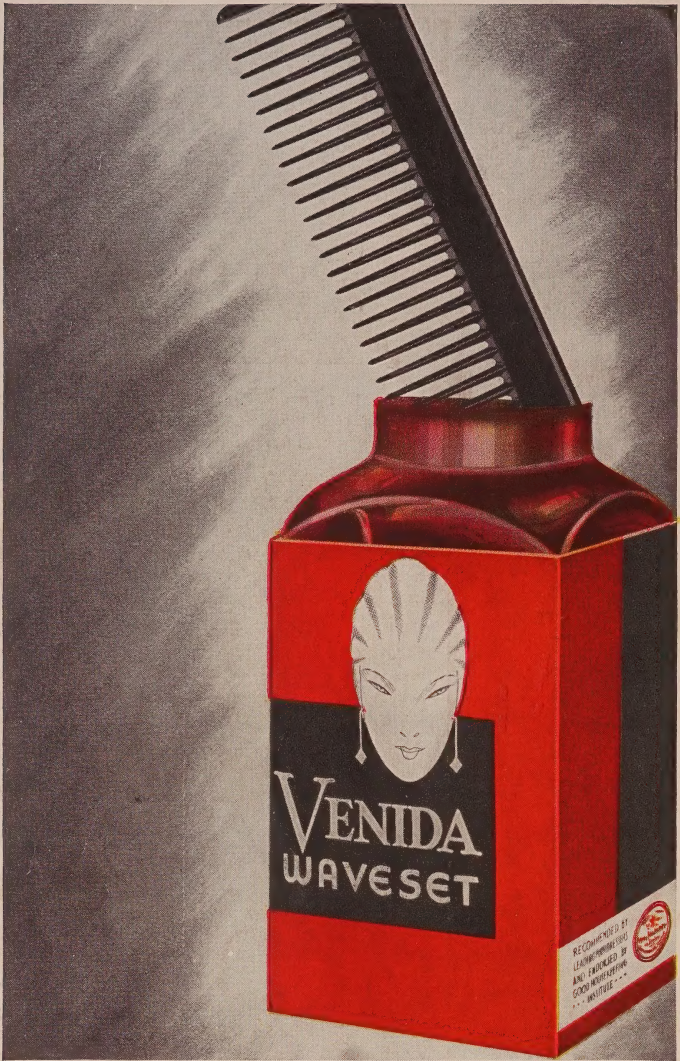
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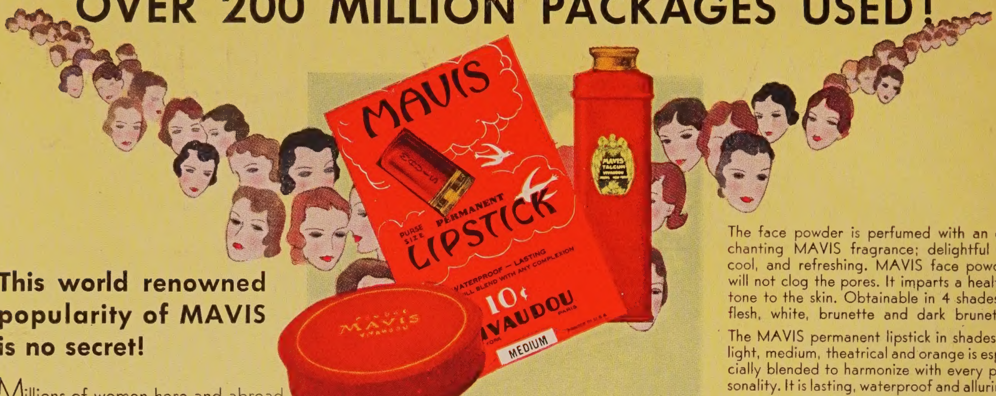

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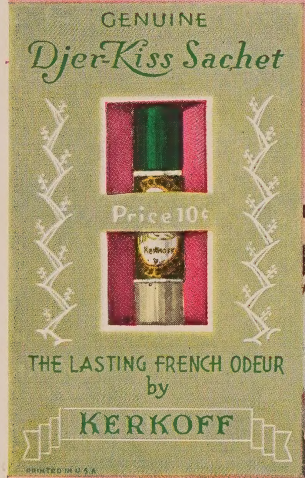

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 3, No. 3

JANUARY, 1933

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Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press:

There must be something about this balmy Californy climate . . . 34 divorces among the Hollywood celebs this year . . . and the returns aren't all in yet . . . latest couple to stop the billing and cooing business is Adolphe (tailor's delight) Menjou and the wife . . . Kathryn Carver . . . when Kathryn gets over her nervous breakdown she'll tell it to the judge . . . and the Menjous have just returned from a "second honeymoon" to Yurrup . . . too bad . . . they were *such* a popular couple stop . . . On the other hand Mrs. Grundy is whispering that the Weldon Heyburns (Greta Nissen) may kiss and make up . . . they were out night-clubbing recently . . . and dancing *likethis* . . . now isn't that something question mark . . . One wedding during the month anyway to gladden the heart of Kid Cupid . . . J. Darsie (Foxie) Lloyd . . . pa of ("Specs") Harold . . . weds Helen Marshall . . . the happy groom gave his age as 62 . . . the bride is fair (not fat) and forty . . Harold was in Europe and didn't get to throw rice at his new step-ma . . . they'll honeymoon it around the world stop.

My goodness . . . the town is getting *that* gay and giddy . . . no less than seven night clubs have sprouted in and around Hollywood . . . the movie folks just don't have time to snooze any more . . . Jean Malin's Club New Yorker keeping everyone up 'til dawn . . . and just to prove that the village is really going big town . . . a speakeasy was raided the other night . . . dun't esk WHO were there stop . . . Marlene (lady crooner) Dietrich . . . rigged out in mannish double-breasted coat . . . gray flannel slacks and all . . . took young daughter shopping t'other day . . . she bought boy's clothes for dotter . . . the saleslady almost swooned with the thrill of it all stop . . . Russell Gleason, Billy (punster) Bakewell and Ben (grown up now) Alexander are back from that European excursion . . . and not such good friends as when they started . . . what happened question mark . . . And Spencer (swell guy) Tracy says the best review he ever received was in a picture in which he didn't appear . . . "Blessed Event" . . . the critic meant LEE Tracy . . . but both boys just laughed it off stop.

Get those "welcome home" banners out of the mothballs . . . Greta (nonesuch) Garbo returns to these shores in time to eat Xmas turkey . . . which will please everyone but the turkey . . . the gorgeous one plays a queen in her next flicker for em-gee-em . . . and they say she's that tickled at the prospect stop . . . Lila (well again) Lee and George (director) Hill are still carrying the torch for each other stop . . . And a Hollywood comedy producer says blondes are funnier than brunettes . . . whatever he means by that stop . . . Lili (hot-cha-cha) Damita romps to Noo Yawk to do a musical show stop . . . A very famous brunette lady lost $3000 at bridge last week . . . now she'll have to shiver through the winter in last year's ermines . . . too-too ba-ad exclamation point.

Burglars entered Anita (cute curves) Page's house . . . and all they took were a pair of old bedroom slippers and a hot water bottle . . . if you can figure it out stop . . . Kinda nice being a movie actor at times . . . M-G-M's "Pearl Harbor" company sailed for a month in Honolulu . . . the lucky boys included Robert (personality kid) Montgomery, Jimmy (nosey) Durante, Walter Huston, Robert Young and Eugene Pallette . . . wot, no hometown wimmin and those boys headed for Honolulu big question mark . . . Those nutsy Marx Brothers will do next a satire on the Arctic films . . . ee-magine Harpo chasing an Eskimo maiden up an iceberg exclamation point . . . Dear, me . . . can't mention names or there'd be *such* a fuss . . . but a very famous married screen lady is so-o bothered about one of the screen's handsomest leading men stop . . . Paramount wants forty geisha girls for "Madame Butterfly" . . . heck, who wouldn't want forty geisha girls question mark some more . . . Doug (chip of the old block) Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery took in the Stanford-U. S. C. football games in San Francisco . . . the wives weren't along and *did* they paint the town exclamation point . . . Ethel Barrymore's favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage . . . not that it really matters one way or the other stop. . . .

This is the "biggest" scoop of the month . . . Lotus, the hippopotamus in "King of the Jungle" . . . has retired from the screen to await a blessed event . . . Lotus's kid brother, Ludwig, goes into the picture . . . apparently the studio makes no sex distinction when it comes to a hippo stop . . . if you aren't bullfight conscious pretty soon it won't be Hollywood's fault . . . Eddie (bouncing) Cantor leads off the parade with "The Kid From Spain" . . . then comes George (pash boy) Raft in "The Trumpet Blows" . . . in the meantime why not revive "Blood and Sand" with Raft in the Valentino rôle question mark . . . Congratulations to Joel (ladies' cherce) McCrea . . . studio tore up old contract and gave him a new five year ticket . . . and a lotta more dough-re-mi stop.

One more snicker from the "Rasputin" set . . . John (profile) Barrymore was urging the czar to form a duma (Russian congress) against the mad monk . . . John paused and said . . . "here is a great place for a theme song . . . I could sing 'I'm the ding-dong-daddy of the duma.' " . . . couldn't you just *die* question mark . . . Clara (still sizzling) Bow says she won't make any more pictures after "Call Her Savage" . . . she hankers for quiet ranch life . . . and this is a pip . . . someone on that picture, enthusing over Clara, said . . . "the surface of Clara Bow hasn't even been scratched" . . . f'hevven's sake Stop STOP . . . Strange town, Hollywood . . . funny business, moving pictures . . . William (matinée idol of yesteryear) Farnum plays a supporting rôle in Tom (ride 'em) Mix's next western . . . not so many years ago the two men were both great stars at Fox stop . . . Sign over movie theater . . . "Man Wanted"—also Ken Maynard . . . and was Ken's face RED flock of exclamation points . . . Cable companies will hate to see Douglas (rambling) Fairbanks return home . . . Doug and Mary exchange lengthy messages every day stop . . . Pul-leeze, Mary Pickford . . . WILL you make up your mind . . . Mary will do "Secrets" next after all . . . "Shantytown" has been postponed . . . and that's the 'steenth time plans have been changed stop.

A press dispatch says Connie (Marquise) Bennett has taken up tap dancing . . . how come question mark . . . Marlene (lady-lovely-legs) Dietrich still insists that she will not resign with Paramount in December . . . but even Garbo changes her mind stop . . . Folks are still laughing over the smart theater owner . . . the sheriff attached the seats in his theater . . . so the owner advertised "Japanese Night" . . . and the audience sat on the floor stop . . . Just one more (no, not dance) picture and John (great lover) Gilbert may retire from the screen . . . he wants to write and direct stop . . . And last month Marie (big-hearted) Dressler received requests totaling $39,000 in her fan mail . . . if people would let her Marie would give away every cent of her salary stop . . . Clark (wotta man) Gable shot a gentleman deer while on that hunting trip in Utah . . . Mary Astor's hubby went along . . . and when the boys came back Mary threw a big venison feed stop . . . Helene Chadwick . . . once a star . . . is playing an extra rôle in Fox's "Cavalcade" stop . . . Belle (mother rôles) Bennett died in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood after a struggle against ill health and nervous collapse . . . will you ever forget Belle in the immortal "Stella Dallas" question mark.

With one picture appearance Katharine (find of the year) Hepburn is boosted to stardom . . . critics raved over her in "Bill of Divorcement" . . . now she will portray the rôle of Jo in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" stop . . . And RKO will film another familiar classic . . . "Ann of Green Gables" . . . a writer of gangster stories is doing the adaptation . . . and someone remarked . . . "betcha there will be a machine gun on every gable . . . and Ann will be a moll" stop . . . James (such a good boy now) Cagney draws very grand pictures of his favorite movie stars stop . . . No wonder that George (sensational) Raft is such a wow in the hot love scenes . . . he eats practically nothing but rare steak stop . . . Too bad about Ann (run-away) Dvorak . . . she can't even work in English pictures without the consent of the producer holding her contract . . . wonder if Ann isn't sorry she walked out on Warners question mark . . . That olde Englishe sheepe dogge of Jeanette (titian beaut) MacDonald thinks it's a lap dog and it weighs ninety pounds . . . when it tries to sit on Jeanette's lap it looks like a total eclipse stop.

Here's a laugh from a preview . . . a studio writer came in late . . . "you're late," shushed the director of the film, "walk on tiptoe" . . . "what's the matter," queried the writer, "is everybody asleep already" question mark . . . It was pretty startling seeing Helen (great artiste) Hayes, in her Chinese makeup . . . lunching with

Last Minute Review

✓✓ Silver Dollar (First National)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Bebe Daniels, Aline MacMahon, Jobyna Howland, DeWitt Jennings, Robert Warwick and a tremendous cast.*

It's About: *Colorado, during the hectic eighties, the days of silver millionaires, and the spectacular rise and fall in fortune of Yates Martin.*

This has the quality that producers are always talking about and so seldom achieve . . . the epic sweep. "Silver Dollar" paints vividly and dramatically a brilliant chapter in the history of the west . . . Colorado during the eighties when fabulous wealth came from the silver mines . . . the informality of early government . . . Denver's first opera house . . . General Grant.

Best of all, the historical interest in the story does not dwarf the characters. Edward G. Robinson is magnificent as Yates Martin, who rises to untold wealth and power in politics, only to be ruined when the United States adopts the gold standard. Bebe Daniels is gloriously beautiful as the second Mrs. Martin, and wears the costumes of the eighties as if she had just stepped from an old fashion plate. Aline MacMahon blends pathos and humor in the rôle of the first Mrs. Martin, discarded when her husband rises to affluence. Robinson's personality dominates the picture, however.

The more colorful sequences in a picture that has so many spectacular moments, include the grand opening of the Denver opera house with U. S. Grant in attendance, a wedding in Washington with the President kissing the bride, and the meeting of the Colorado "senate" in a hotel barroom.

Your Reviewer Says: "Silver Dollar" is easily the best historical picture since "Cimarron," and you shouldn't miss it.

Lionel (etcher) Barrymore, dressed as Rasputin . . . but then that's Hollywood stop . . . Now this DOES seem an appropriate title . . . Maurice (parley-voo) Chevalier's first picture after returning from Yurrup will be "The Way To Love" stop . . . Richard Arlen calls the dignified Charles Laughton "Buster" . . . and he gets away with it stop . . . Elissa (granddaughter of an empress) Landi gets the lead opposite Ronald (Mayfair) Colman in "The Masquerader" . . . they do say as how Elissa gives the performance of her career in "Sign of the Cross" stop . . . Here's good news . . . Dorothy (wife of a crooner) Mackaill makes her screen return in "No Man of Her Own" (Hm!) . . . The newest hot-cha combination is George Brent and Kay Francis, whom Warners are teaming . . .

Last Minute Review

✓ 20,000 Years in Sing Sing (Warners)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Bette Davis, Arthur Byron, Warren Hymer, Lyle Talbot, Louis Calhern, many others.*

It's About: *Stark, emotion-tangling melodrama about convict life, the honor system, love and hate and revenge in their rawest moods, death.*

Here's another one of those black-and-hellish films set against a prison background. Anybody'll grant its great dramaturgy, its terrific soul-twisting force, its intensity and its splendid presentation. But inevitably, the cry will arise: Is It Entertainment? Your answer may be a loud yes; it may be a shuddering no—but the idea is, that it'll be *your* answer. And nobody, not even the one who sits beside you, can tell you whether you'll like it or not.

It's inspired by the book by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing. It tells an underworld-and-prison romance that leads through devious lanes of violence and basic emotions to the inevitable conclusion, the electrocution of the main character. Wait until you experience that last sequence—*not* the picturization of the execution, but the telling of it in a radio-broadcaster's voice from the death chamber. It's skin-creepy.

For Spencer Tracy, a loud hurrah for one of the finest character performances ever screened. For this alone, the film is truly notable. And Bette Davis, too.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll concede that this is terrifically powerful, but whether or not it's what you want when you pay your box-office money is another question.

Well, it happened at last . . . Tom Mix finally fell off his horse . . . Tony balked at jumping a fence and Tom kept right on going . . . now Tom and the Prince of Wales are in the same class stop . . . M-G-M came out victorious in that lawsuit with the brothers of Mata Hari . . . brothers charged the film injured the family reputation . . . and did you know that Mata Hari's real name was Margaretha Zella question mark . . . Two less "appendixes" in Hollywood . . . Billie (beauteous) Dove and Bette (coming right along) Davis parked them with the doctor stop. Movie producers say there is no place in films for Marian (Kiki) Roberts . . . known as the sweetheart of the late Jack (Legs) Diamond . . . Jack met the typical gangster's fate not long ago, y'know stop.

Maybe comedians aren't funny at home . . . but Andy (gravel-throat) Devine's missus upped and left his bed and board . . . Andy didn't think that was funny either . . . the judge severed the tie that binds stop . . . Mary (sweeter than sweet) Brian wishes she were twins . . . right now the town is crowded with her boy friends . . . Buddy (orchestra leader) Rogers is rushing her again . . . likewise Dick ("Blessed Event" hit) Powell and Russell (globe-trotter) Gleason . . . and the days aren't long enough for Mary stop . . . The grand movie star overheard a waitress say she had just lost her appendix . . . "my deah," said the actress to a friend, "I didn't know that class of person had an appendix" . . . Dumas' immortal "Three Musketeers" makes its next journey to the screen as a chapter drammer stop . . . And M-GM pays $40,000 for the screen rights to "Clear All Wires" . . . current Broadway stage success . . . John Barrymore will act in it stop . . . And some old meanie infers that George (heavy lover) Brent is getting so much like Ruth (bridey) Chatterton that he's acquiring that up-tilt to the nose . . . now is that nice exclamation point . . .

Cupid always gets into the Hot News, doesn't he question mark . . . Georges (prize fighter) Carpentier and Lita (ex Chaplin) Grey are starting Hollywood tongues wiggle-waggling by nite-clubbing it together . . . and Raquel Torres, back in Hollywood for film rôles, says that she still thinks Billy Leeds, of the tin-plate millions, is "such a dee-vine person!" but she denies despite all rumors that they're either wed or engaged stop.

Hollywood is still laughing over the goofiest gag of the month, played on Gloria (still glamorous) Swanson. Because she's a cut-picture puzzle fan, Director Mervyn Leroy sent to London a gift to Gloria—a gorgeous 500-piece jigsaw puzzle . . . *but* before shipping it, Leroy had the shape of several score pieces changed by a carpenter with a jigsaw . . . so, even for such a cut-picture puzzle fan as Gloria, it won't fit together stop.

The movie town, which was all a-jitter over Frances (ingénue) Dee's romance with Tennis Star Fred Perry, is wondering why, with Perry east, Dee is arm-in-arming it with Phillips (still eligible) Holmes . . . and Hollywood is wondering all the more because on the side the Dee gal is taking tennis lessons . . . so what question mark stop.

Miriam (talk about sex appeal!) Hopkins walked off the Paramount lot because they wanted her to play in "No Bed of Her Own," by this time renamed "No Man of Her Own" . . . Miriam Hopkins objected to her rôle, and even though Clark (woman's delight) Gable was to play opposite her, that was no inducement to finicky

Miriam . . . who had warned Paramount she would either play the kind of rôles she wanted *or* else! . . . her rebellion put Paramount on the spot, because they had borrowed Clark Gable from Em-Gee-Em to play in that flicker . . . now frantically hunting a new leading woman for him, they are thinking of putting Carole Lombard in the rôle . . . though it was only a short while ago that Carole herself rebelled against a part for which she was loaned to Warners, the lead opposite Cagney in "Hard To Handle" . . . stop.

These rebellions really seem to be epidemics . . . Charles (usually amiable) Farrell said he wouldn't play the part Fox chose for him in "Face in the Sky" . . . and Fox had to offer the rôle to Spencer (untemperamental) Tracy . . . who said it was just what he wanted . . . uh, huh stop . . . and was Warner Brothers' face red when George Arliss turned down the chance to play Rockefeller in a life story of the millionaire which Rockefeller had okayed . . . it never occurred to Warners that Arliss would be the one to say no exclamation point stop.

More of Dan Cupid's notes—Eleanor Hunt, getting her final decree from film player Rex Lease, whispered in the judge's ear that she's planning another marriage soon, but won't tell to whom . . . and Lenore (smouldering) Ulric admits that she and Filmactor-hubby Sidney Blackmer are all washed up, because "love doesn't thrive among show people when they're forced by their careers to be separated by many miles" . . . waddayamean *among* show people, Lenore question mark . . . and Ursula Parrott, author of "Ex-Wife" which became "Divorcée" on the screen, divorced her second husband, Charles T. Greenwood, on their first wedding anniversary stop.

Hollywood hears that blonde Jean Arthur's Hubby No. 2 is Millionaire Realestater Frank Ross of Long Island. Jean's No. 1 was annuled in 1928 . . . Phyllis (newcomer) Fraser, one of the white hopes of the RKO lot, announces that she'll become the bride of Young Broker Buddy Parsons of Hollywood . . . and the Panther Woman's boy friend is causing loads of trouble on the Paramount lot because he likes to watch her on the set and he's even taken to giving directions about how the picture should be made . . . and when the director burns up, Kathleen Burke does some real Panther Woman stuff in defense of her sweetheart stop.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, long sweeties, are listing themselves now as just pals, no more . . . but the romance between Karen (promising gal) Morley and Charles Vidor is fair and warmer . . . and Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian are here, there and there together, but is that news question mark . . . and up in San Francisco, Jackie Coogan is seen in the dancing places with a certain young lady, and how time flies bring out that exclamation point stop.

If you really want Hot News, you ought to go for this item . . . that flicker-film with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lupe Velez and such, which was formerly called "Hell to Pay" has been title-changed to "Hot Pepper" . . . Zasu Pitts didn't appreciate it at all when an admirer serenaded her by violin at one o'clock in the morning . . . in fact she called the police stop.

Hollywood agog over the report that John (English actor) Warburton told intimate friends he and Estelle Taylor were engaged . . . but he refused to confirm or deny the story . . . and Estelle is still vodevilling it in Kentucky . . . RKO actually used make-up for cows in the prologue scenes in "The Monkey's Paw" . . . and THAT is as good a place as any to stop.

Last Minute Review

✓✓ The Kid From Spain (Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Eddie Cantor, Lyda Roberti, Ruth Hall, Robert Young, Noah Beery, John Miljan, J. Carroll Naish, many others.*

It's About: *The amazing adventures of a fugitive from justice, who flees to Mexico as a famous bullfighter—and then has to go into a bullring to prove it!*

When the history of this Depression is written, the name of popeyed Eddie Cantor will have to be listed as one of the important factors in its death. Watch him as The Kid From Spain, and you'll laugh so hard that you won't be able to even *say* "depression."

Of course, the picture is *all* Cantor. Thank Allah! For he's never been funnier, even in his funniest previous efforts. And to top that off, never has he appeared in a more damn-the-cost produced movie. The combination is a knockout. Incidentally, at such times as the film isn't all Cantor, there is a flock of beauties in this that'll make even an octogenarian warm all over. And some of the songs'll be popular hits.

Prime laughs: That opening scene in the girl's dormitory, with Eddie present. And, of course, the bull fight sequence.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's another picture that'll make you glad you spent the money to see it. Advice without reservation—Don't Miss It!

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

The Editor's Page

WHO says the public never remembers?

In the November Movie Mirror there was a story "The Fate of Forgotten Faces." It mentioned George Hackathorne, among others, of the once-were stars who are still in Hollywood, trying to get along and having a darned thin time of it.

Well, since that story was published George has had an average of more than ten letters a day from fans who still remembered him. On the strength of those letters, he got a job out at Universal, playing a city chap in a Tom Mix Western. The job paid the rent and got him a new suit. Those kindly little notes of your did that.

George thanks you and I thank you.

For those of you who wrote in asking for Florence Lawrence's address, here it is: 2469½ Cheremoya St., Hollywood, Cal.

It will cheer her up, too, to hear from you.

A twelve-year-old writes in to me and asks, "Why do children always have to be taken to 'Skippy,' 'Sooky,' 'Tom Brown of Culver' and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'? We children love drama and excitement just as much as adults. So please have more thrilling movies. I'd like to see one that was a mixture of 'Red Headed Woman,' 'Tarzan,' and 'One Hour With You.'"

My young friend doesn't want much but actually there is a picture that almost lives up to that merger. It's "Red Dust" with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. My correspondent would just love it. But her obviously wise mother had better make her stay in and do her homework the night it plays their local theater. Mother herself, however, shouldn't miss it. For adults, it's a wallop.

Miss Twelve-Year-Old may go over the pictures listed on page 98 of this issue and choose one to spend her money on. That list is in answer to the many letters bewildered parents have written in to Movie Mirror, letters asking about pictures that well-brought-up juniors might safely see and enjoy. It will be a regular feature hereafter and I hope you like it.

It seems to me that the better scenario writers in the studios get precious little acclaim for the consistently good work they do. Take John Mahin, for example. I've never seen a word about him. I don't know whether he's young or old, where he came from, what his ambitions are. But I do know that his name on the credit sheet of a picture means a good story, human, salty dialogue, shrewd characterization—good entertainment, in other words.

Mr. Mahin did the continuity and dialogue of "Red Dust." He did the same jobs on "Wet Parade" and "Scarface." If he had written three Broadway plays or three novels half as good as these three pictures there would be a terrific to-do about him. In Hollywood, the writer of the picture gets completely ignored despite the fact that no star, no director, have ever yet made a story, while stories, again and again, have made directors, stars, producers, even whole producing companies.

So Movie Mirror says, "All hail, Mr. Mahin. We'll be watching you, and the rest of the writing boys like you. And when you turn out good scripts, you may expect to hear from us, with praise and gratitude."

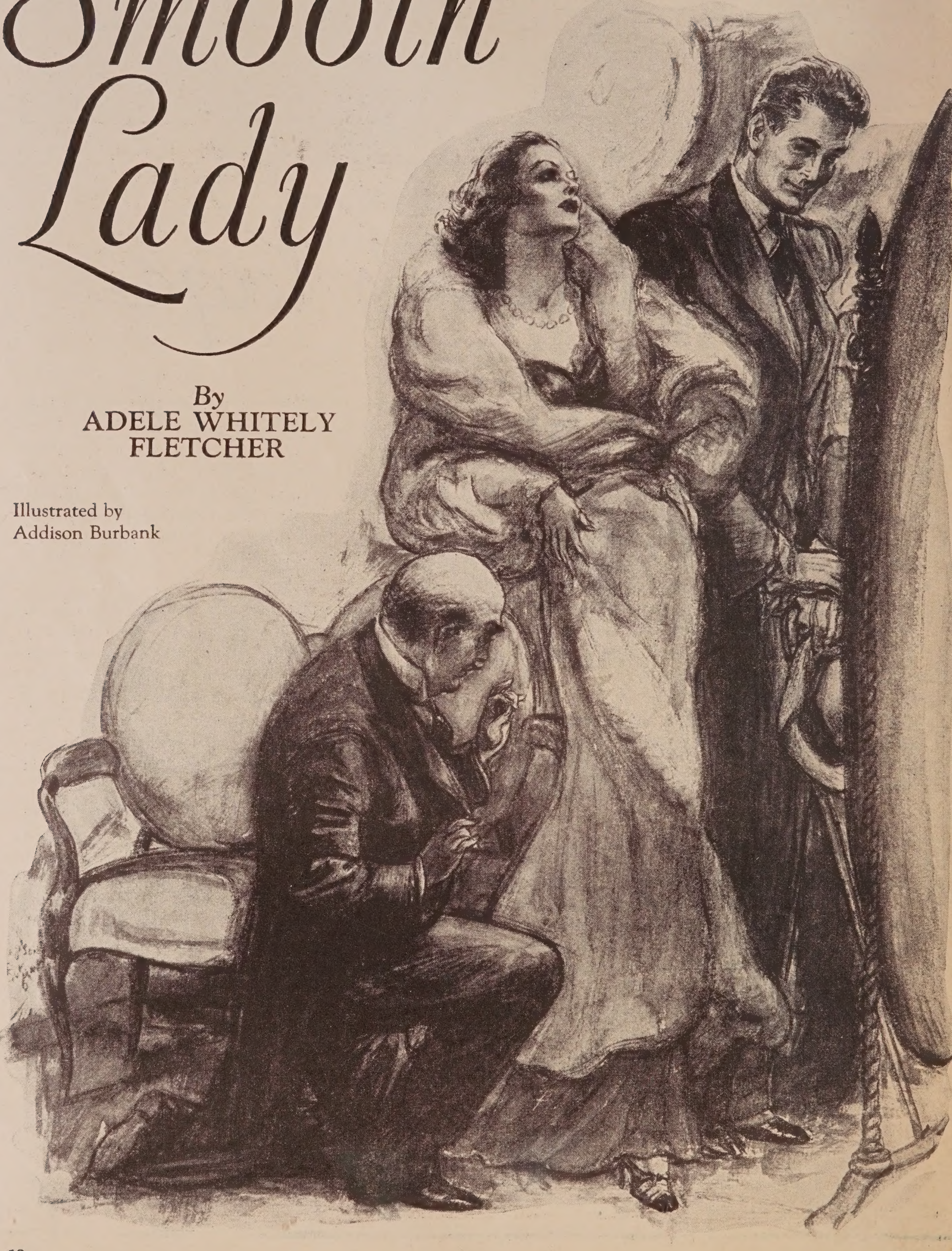
Ruth Waterbury

Editor

Smooth Lady

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

Illustrated by
Addison Burbank



John Squires dropped the young executive pose when he looked at Julie and winked, broadly, mischievously

The Story of Julie Carter, Who Wanted to Become a Star, And Who Wasn't Going to Let Love Stop Her

JULIE let the soft ermine wrap fall loosely about her shoulders but she drew it smoothly across the curve of her hips. The way she had seen Francis, the regular model, do. Up and down the silvery gray salon she walked. And in the mirrored wall her vivid reflection walked beside her.

"Turn around, please, Julie," Henri Albert, manager of Le Atelier du Nord, said. "I want Mr. Squires to see how beautifully that coat flares in the back."

When Albert had come up to the balcony where Julie worked as a clerk, whispering that John Squires, representing old Brady of Apex Films, was downstairs, and Francis was out, he had been irritated that such an important customer should arrive at such an inopportune time.

"You've watched Francis," he had told Julie. "You can do it. He insists he can tell nothing about clothes on a hanger. I think he is what Francis would call just a little edgy.

"Remember now, when you get in front of him, after you've walked up and down, turn slowly. And don't forget to act proud. That always helps."

Turning now as Albert had requested, Julie faced the customer in the mirror. To mark his lean jaw and the casual way in which he wore his clothes. To mark his Irish eyes and his easy, confident manner. Undoubtedly he was, as Albert had said, a little edgy.

John Squires looked up suddenly. To surprise Julie regarding him with wide serious eyes. He dropped the dignified young executive pose he had been at such pains to maintain and winked. Broadly. Mischievously.

Henri Albert, on his knees, gesticulating over the soft ermine folds, was oblivious to the little flirtation going on above him. To him the color and texture of skins were what the color and design of a canvas are to an artist.

Squires cleared his throat. "I wonder," he said, "if Miss Julie could walk up and down again. So I can—er—get the effect in action . . . and decide . . ."

"Certainly!" In his haste to arise that this might be accomplished the rotund Albert very nearly toppled over.

Slowly Julie walked towards the rear of the shop. She knew, although John Squires was seemingly all business, that it was because of his interest in her he had made this request; not because of his interest in the wrap.

Albert beamed his approval of the way Julie was handling herself. That was an American girl for you. Acquisitive. Resourceful. If he made this sale he planned Julie should have a raise. Well, a little raise. Or perhaps just a present. Henri Albert was French.

In the year since Julie had come to this exclusive shop as a stock girl she had learned many things. Outwardly she no longer gave any sign that she came from comparatively humble people, that her sophistication was a recent acquisition. In appearance she was like the débutantes and young actresses who stopped at Le Atelier on their way to luncheons at the Casino and Pierre's. Her hats and dresses were inexpensive copies of the same models they wore. She bought her shoes at the semi-annual sales of an exclusive bootery. Her smooth brown hair, like a shining, fluted cap, was trimmed and set by Max, hairdresser extraordinary, rapidly growing wealthy through the patronage of daughters of the rich, movie stars, and poor but ambitious girls like Julie.

Now she came back from the rear of the shop and, standing directly in front of the two men, she turned slowly, as she had seen Francis do, that the wrap might be viewed from all angles.

"Charge it, please," said Squires, "and send it to B. T. Brady, Apex Films, Hollywood, California. It's for Miss Mabel. Mr. Brady wired you'd know about the monogram in the lining. All that sort of thing."

Albert nodded. "We've served Miss Mabel for years," he said.

Squires, however, scarcely heard him. Now he was frankly giving his entire attention to Julie, to the fascinating planes of her face, to her eyes that looked as if they were cut from brown velvet.

"I wonder," he said, lowering his voice so that only she could hear, "if that wrap will ever seem quite so beautiful again."

"I beg your pardon." Albert looked up from his sales slip. That he did not call a clerk to make this slip out but attended to it himself showed Julie in what high esteem he held this customer.

"I was asking Miss Julie here," invented Squires, not at all disconcerted, "if she could get away and have a cocktail with me. She's done such a splendid job I think she deserves one."

"It's a little unusual," said Albert, "but seeing it is you, Mr. Squires . . . Seeing it is you . . ."

Squires turned to Julie. "How about it?"

"I'd love it," she told him.

In the little dressing-room Julie's pulse throbbed against her throat with excitement. But she applied her dark lip rouge with a steady finger. Smoothing the silky sweep of hair under her hat she thought how fortunate it was that she had the new black caracul she had bought through the shop. With satisfaction she pulled on her suede gloves and picked up her big flat bag.

John Squires' glance, when she rejoined him, was decidedly approving.

Francis, who had just returned, seemed a little piqued. She managed to avoid Julie's greeting. It's not pleasant to watch a pupil surpassing you. Francis had taken Julie in hand when Julie had come to Le Atelier as a stock girl. It was largely because of her tutelage that Julie's metamorphosis from a pretty but nondescript little girl into a "smooth" young lady had been so rapid and complete.

"Rather walk or taxi?" Squires asked when they were in the street.

"Let's walk!" Julie had watched sleek, fragrant girls strolling along Fifth Avenue beside casual, well-groomed men. Now she fancied herself part of such a picture.

Against the winter sky the high recessional buildings made a bold soaring pattern. Pigeons rose in startled flight from the Gothic lace of St. Patrick's spires.

"Darn nice of you to come," Squires said, "I get so blooming lonely in this town!"

"You! Lonely?" Julie's eyes widened.

"Why such surprise? Aren't you ever lonely?" Every time he looked at her his gray eyes went warm and caressing. "I suppose not. Girls like you . . ."

". . . are lonely most of the time," she told him impulsively. She had that very instant discovered her loneliness. Usually no matter whom Julie was with or what she was doing she lived her important life inside of her. Today it was different.

They turned in at the iron gate leading to "21's" tiny court-yard. The door-man saw them through his peephole. For the first time Julie had an escort for whom great doors swung wide.

Beyond that door the lights were soft and the rugs richly piled. In a stone fireplace great logs burned. Charlie, the host, bald and beaming, hurried over to welcome them, his wire-haired puppy right at his heels.

"Back for more Marivales, Charlie," Squires announced. He had a blithe, friendly way about him.

With a gesture of his hand Charlie ushered Julie towards the great curving stairway. Behind the stairs she could see the bar with its rough rafters and the little tables with red and white checked cloths. Two men were bent over a chess game, pewter tankards on the table before them.

Upstairs things were more formal. The tables gleamed with damask. The lounge seats and the curtains looped back from the leaded windows that formed one entire end of the room were of a velvet that blended the rose and gold of a summer sunset. Julie was filled with a sense of well-being.

"Marivale for you?" Squires asked. "I recommend them."

She nodded, smiling. She had glanced at the little cocktail card merely to see if the prices were as high as Francis had quoted. She wondered what her mother and her father and Bill Munn, her best beau, would say to drinks that cost a dollar apiece.

"Two Marivales," Squires ordered. "And bring along a bowl of those potato chips."

At mid-afternoon the room was almost empty. Julie was impressed by a quiet blonde girl sitting at a far table with her fiancé. She noted the silver foxes on the seat beside her, the sapphire, brilliantly blue, that slipped up and down on her engagement finger.

"To her," thought Julie, "this is no great occasion. It's the sort of place she just naturally goes . . ."

"You're a strange combination," Squires was announcing. "Most girls as attractive as you are pretty hard-boiled."

Julie cupped her face in her hands. "You make me sound interesting," she said. "And I like that."

"There you go again," Squires said enthusiastically. "That's precisely what I mean about you. You're sweet and you're naïve, Julie. That's old-fashioned of you. But you're smooth too. And that's as modern as tomorrow."

Their waiter returned with a silver tray on which reposed two fragile glasses filled with an amber liquid and the bowl of potato chips.

Squires raised his glass. "To your cinnamon colored eyes!"

The little drinking Julie had done had been confined to neighborhood parties; to concoctions of sweet ginger ale and drug-store gin. She was unprepared for the way this subtle blend curled down inside of her, banishing her shyness, bringing her to life, making her articulate about things she hadn't been aware she either felt or knew.

"I've never been in a speakeasy before in all my life," she confessed.

"I've never been to Child's in all my life,

"But nothing's too good for me and my wife," sang Squires softly.

The wife part of his song gave Julie a thrill.

"When we were walking down," he reminded her, "you said you were lonely. I take it you're on your way somewhere. Travelling's likely to be a lonely business. You lose touch with the old before you acquire any satisfying touch with the new."

"Travelling?" Julie said.

"I'm squiffier than I thought." Squires laughed. "Go on, Julie. Look puzzled some more. You're wonderful with a question in your eyes."

"What do you mean travelling?" she persisted gently.

"How can I explain? I mean you're on your way to a different station in life than that at which you came aboard. It's a notion of mine to think of people on their way up in the world as travellers. *Comprenez-vous?"*

"I certainly hope I'm travelling." Julie's soft eyes encompassed the quiet luxury of that room which once had been the library of a great man's mansion. "I hate the cheap things you have to live with when you're poor."

Squires laid his brown hand over her hand as she toyed with the matches, snapping the brittle sticks into bits and laying them in neat little piles.

"You would," he told her. "And you should! As a matter of fact, so do I. That's why I quit the newspaper game. Saw too many fellows working like the devil for a bare living . . . always talking about the great novel they were going to write . . .

"The day a boy I'd known for years came in looking for a job, wearing his wife's shoes, I decided I was through. He had two kids. Another coming. You could tell by his eyes that he was scared. I couldn't stand thinking about him after he'd left. I went out and got drunk.

"It was that same afternoon, when I wasn't all tied up in knots and afraid of Brady of Apex just because he happened to be a big shot that I sent him the fool wire that landed me my job.

"I don't drink as much as you might think, seeing me today," he added with a smile that went somewhat crooked at the corners.

In Marivales lies truth. John Squires was rarely so frank. However it wasn't altogether the cocktails. Between these two there was what the Italians so adequately and beautifully call *sympatica.* They had much in common Ambition. And a sensual love of beauty and luxury. Between them there was a spark.

"Tell me more." Julie was like a child asking for another story. "I love to hear how people get ahead, sort of make life give them what they want . . ."

"There isn't much else to tell," Squires continued obligingly. "In my wire I told Brady if I didn't hear from him to the contrary I'd consider I had an appointment with him the next day at three o'clock. And I didn't give him any address where he could reach me."

Obviously he was proud of this coup.

"Fortunately my wire amused the old codger. He gave me a job. I've done well for myself in the last two years. I'm going to get somewhere, Julie, or I'm going to know the reason why.

"And now we're through talking about me. Now we're going to talk about you."

Julie sipped her amber Marivale slowly, watching Squires over the rim of her glass.

"Nothing interesting ever's happened to me," she said. "Sometimes I think nothing ever will . . ."

"You're holding out on me," he reproved her. "You couldn't sell me that idea in a hundred years. It isn't that you're lovelier than anyone I've ever seen, that your mouth is dark and wide and that there's a hungry something in your eyes. It's more than that . . .

"You're Mary and Magdalene both . . .

"Things will happen to you, Julie. Always. Because of the unrest you'll stir in men.

"You'd be surprised if you knew how difficult I'm finding it to be good . . ."

"In a place like this," said Julie softly, "it's no great trick to seem lovely. And besides, you're all nice and warm inside from the cocktails. You've had quite a few, you know."

"They have something to do with it, of course," Squires granted, "but not everything. Not everything by a long shot.

"Who are you, Julie? Where do you live?"

"I live in Elmhurst, over on Long Island, just across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge," she told him, "with my mother and father. In a little house that's exactly like all the other houses on the block. I hate it, really." She stopped, horrified. Never before had she admitted this to herself.

"You won't always live in a little house," he assured her. "I'd bet anything on that."

"I hope you're right," she said. "I've often thought of trying my luck in Hollywood. Maybe I will some day."

"If you do," Squires beckoned a waiter and ordered another round, "look me up."

With the cocktail hour the room began crowding. Charlie went from table to table greeting his guests. The low drone of talk was shot through with laughter. In the air, blue from cigarettes, there was the bouquet of mingling perfumes. Champagne cooled in a silver bucket.

"Life like this is beautiful." It was as if Julie spoke to herself.

"I think so," Squires agreed. "It's my theory we don't appreciate our speakeasies. If they were European the American tribe would be throwing handsprings over them. Instead they trail home every Spring raving about sloppy side-walk cafés.

"Nationally we've got one swell inferiority complex."

"I always thought," Julie said, adoring every minute of it, feeling very cosmopolitan, "that Americans in Europe went about boasting how much better everything was at home."

"It's the same thing. It's the same thing, Julie dear," he insisted. "The difference lies in the way different individuals react to their national inferiority. Either they go about boasting defensively or they're as impressed as country cousins."

Squires' friends would have known from this conversation and from the swiftness with which his words ran together how very edgy he was. Julie didn't.

He glanced at the thin platinum watch, curved to fit his wrist and held by a band of gold and platinum mesh.

"Good God, it's six o'clock! I've got to step!" He signalled the waiter and settled the bill. He helped Julie with her coat She gathered up her bag and gloves. Slowly she walked beside him down the curving stairs, reluctant to have this beautiful experience come to an end.

At the door Squires put her into a cab.

"Twenty-three, ninety-four Blank Street Elmhurst," repeating her address to the chauffeur he stuffed a five dollar bill into her hand.

"I've had a lovely time," she told him.

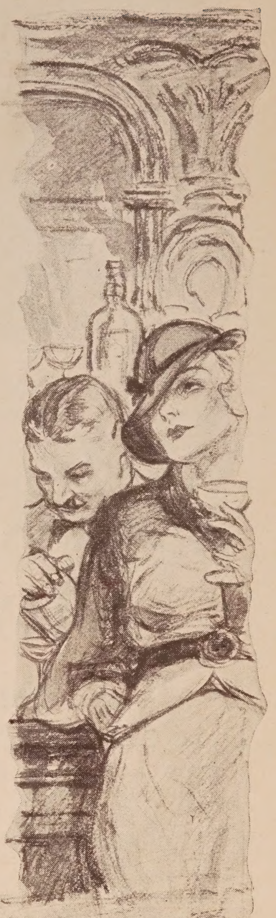
"I wonder," he asked, "if you'd kiss me good-night. So I'll know you like me a little bit too."

Julie nodded. He leaned far into the cab. His lips sought her lips.

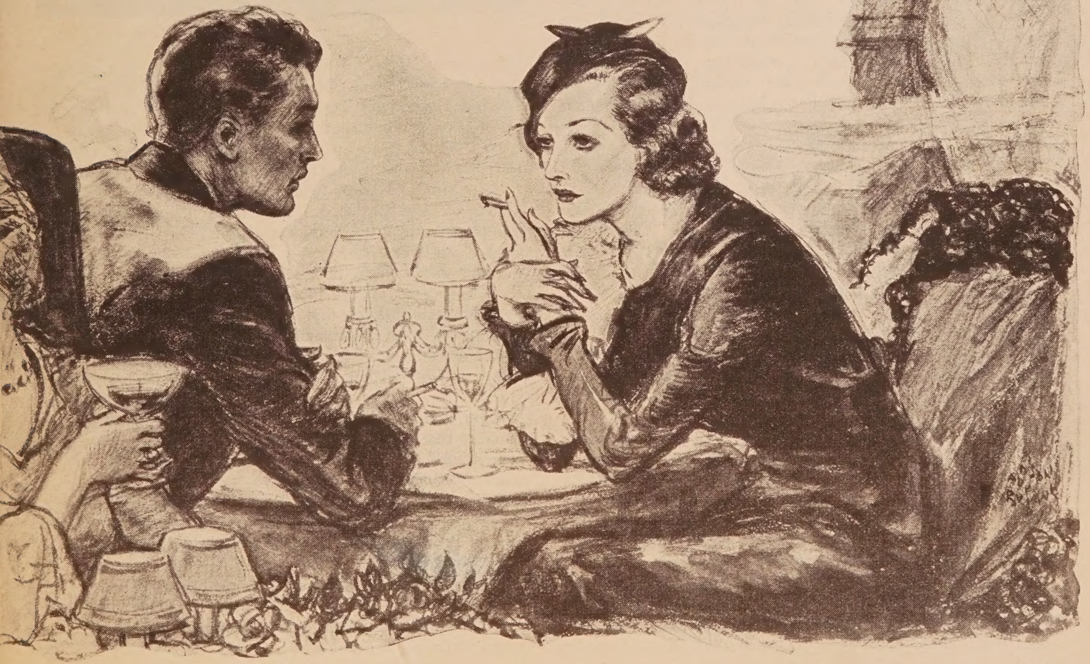
"All afternoon," he admitted, "I've been possessed to do that." He patted her trembling hand. "Well, I'll be seeing you . . . Don't be too good. That's no fun . . ."

It was over. She peered out of the little back window hoping he might turn and wave. But he didn't. He was evidently in a great hurry.

At the subway Julie considered giving up the cab. Five dollars was not an amount she could afford to spend carelessly. But on second thought she settled back and crossed one slim leg over the other. That afternoon had been a beautiful interlude. She could still feel the (*Cont'd on page 76*)



"Things will happen to you, Julie, always," said John Squires, "because of the unrest you'll stir in men"



Doesn't she look just as dizzy as any other twenty-year-old? Yet little Arline Judge doesn't think a career is half as much fun as having a baby

Flapper Mother

By HARRY LANG

TO have a Career or a Baby—WHICH?

Arline Judge has made the choice. Arline Judge, not yet 21. Arline Judge, flapper if ever there was one. Arline Judge, chorus hoofer who by force of her own beauty, work, individuality, personality, stepped out of the $25-a-week song-and-dance ranks and over the threshold of what could have been a brilliant screen career. . . .

That Arline Judge has made her choice.

She's going to have a baby. And to blazes with the career!

Arline's baby is going to be born in February. She and hubby Wesley Ruggles (he directed "Cimarron" among others, you know) are as happy as any two people can be. Wes is almost twice Arline's age and was one of Hollywood's most persistent bachelors till she came along.

"It's the biggest thing that's ever happened to me," says Arline, and adds that she'd rather have Wesley Ruggles' babies than be Garbo, Pickford, Crawford and a half dozen others, all at once. Yes, "babie-S" is right—because as soon as this one is well established as No. 1, she and Wes plan to have others.

—"and I hope we have some twins, too," adds Arline, "—because Wes loves children, and he wants a baseball team of his own! Or maybe a football team—that'd be only two more. . . ."

But never mind that wisecracking of Arline's. She feels she's got to do it. Actually, she's as sentimental and mushy about prospective motherhood—AND wifehood, too!—as any young bride could possibly be.

"Even now before it's born," she says, "baby has cost me part of my career. I couldn't do a big rôle at Columbia. But I don't care. And I'm quite sure that after the baby comes, I won't want to leave it for a moment—much less long enough to go to the studio. BUT—" (and she looks worried) "—they tell me I've got to live up to my contract, whether I want to or not!

"Instead, I want to stay with the baby. I want to nurse it myself; I don't want to be one of these part-time mothers. I want to do everything I can to make it a fine, strong baby. And I do hope it's a boy—because I know Wes wants a boy, even though he says he doesn't care. Liar!"

Then she howls with laughter, and tells you about how she's taking advantage of hubby. . . .

"Doctor told Wes that I might be nervous, irritable, during this time, and that he'd have to sort of humor me. I take advantage of it. He's a dear, but I'm doing awful things to him! Uh huh—and I'd better stop, because it's a long time from now till February, and Wes can get awfully tired of being patient about my temper. It's not temper, really—I'm more kidding, but Wes is *so* afraid something'll happen that he's being an angel, no matter what a devil I am."

Domestic?—the chorine-flapper is sewing tiny garments, believe it or not. "And it's fun!—Fun!" she crows. And she's giving up parties, and those occasional cocktails, and trim clothes and all the things young girls hold dear—because she doesn't care.

"And I hope baby is born on the 21st of February," she whispers. "Because that's my own birthday, too. My twenty-first—!"

Here's the polite start of a scene that nearly wrecked the Fox studio and which knocked out both Thelma Todd and Clara Bow

The Big Bow Battle

By JOHN ARNOLD

IF the fellow who draws the pictures for those cigarette ads—"Nature in The Raw Is Never Mild!"—ever runs out of ideas, he can draw the fight between Thelma Todd and Clara Bow.

It started out to be just another scene in Clara's comeback picture, "Call Her Savage."

But before the scene was seconds under way, both women were battling it out with all the ferocity that only two vigorous, enraged women can put into a scrap. And all because neither gal meant to have the scene stolen from her.

Fists, nails, feet went into action. Handfuls of hair were torn out—blonde and red. And it ended only when Thelma let fly one particularly well-aimed French heel, caught Clara right in the middle of the stomach, and knocked the Brooklyn Bonfire out cold!

And ever since then, all Hollywood's been talking about how Thelma licked Clara—how the Fighting Schoolma'am out-battled Battling Bow from Brooklyn.

You see, it was one of the big scenes of the picture. Clara was supposed to meet Thelma in a ballroom, a nasty catty remark was to be passed, and the two were to fight.

So both gals went in to make it look good. "It was my only big scene of the whole picture," Thelma explained afterward, "and I was going to get everything I could out of it."

Well, you know the answer. Clara never in her life let anybody steal a scene from her. And when Clara sensed Thelma was out to do it, Clara let loose. They stopped acting, and went to it.

"I didn't realize how hard we were fighting," said Thelma, "until I felt some of my hair torn loose. Then I found some red hair in my own hands. I don't remember much more, except that finally I felt my kick land square in her stomach—and she was out . . . !"

Director Dillon was a maniac at the end of the battle. He let Clara lie, rushed to his cameraman instead. "Did you get it? Did you get it?" he screamed.

"Yeah," said the cinematographer, "but it was only force of habit that kept me shooting it."

There were wild rumors, afterward, that Clara had sent a note to Thelma, saying: "I'll get you for that!" The rumors bcame so persistent that the Fox studio finally officially denied the report, let it be known that on the contrary Clara had sent word to Thelma that "there aren't any hard feelings."

And because it so happened that Thelma went to a hospital, right after the scene, there were reports that she'd been injured in the fight. But that, too, was untrue. The fact is that Thelma underwent an abdominal operation which doctors had ordered even before the big fight scene.

But even so, and all the rumors and denials aside, a redhead never forgets. And if ever it so happens that Thelma and Clara are ever again cast in a fight scene—mmm, MMM!!!

A Bride Without Illusions

That's the very modern Bette Davis—and here are her reasons why

By KATHRYN WHITE

BIG-EYED, blonde, very modern Bette Davis, one of the newest unblushing brides of Hollywood, is glad she "wasn't silly enough to marry some handsome movie hero!"

Because "every other woman in the world would want him, and I'd have to be worried to death all the time about holding him."

"I knew *that* wouldn't work!" she says.

So instead, she married her childhood sweetheart.

She doesn't know how long it'll last, though she hopes, of course, that it will.

"Marriages don't, though," she adds.

And so she won't make any sentimental remarks about her own marriage, because if, like other instances she's seen, she lands in the divorce court three months from now, she doesn't want to be "in the spot" of laughing off the mushy stuff she said.

"Matter of fact," she throws into the discussion, "I never thought actors or actresses *should* marry, anyway. Because it never seems to 'take' with them." But she did marry, and for love, too, despite the fact she's as rapidly rising a starlet as there is in Hollywood.

Today, as you probably know from the newspapers, she's the wife of Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. He's a nice-looking but non-movie lad from New England. He's an orchestra leader by profession. She's known him for eight years, now, and they went to school together in co-educational Cushing Academy, in New England.

They've settled down in a typical little Hollywood bungalow, where Hubby Harmon waters the lawn each day. And directly in back of their house, is another like it. In that lives Bette's mother.

Bette thinks that's swell, because Bette herself could never make a success of housekeeping, and it's nice to have mama handy to keep an eye on things.

Hubby Harmon hasn't been quoted on his own ideas of having mother-in-law live on the same lot.

Bette's wedding, inasmuch as she picked that stranger-to-Hollywood for a husband, excited Hollywood no end. And "my bosses—Warner Brothers, you know—weren't any too happy about it," she says. "When Harmon came out to Hollywood last spring, they immediately sent me east on an all-summer personal appearance tour. That settled it. Soon as I got back . . ."

—they eloped to Yuma, Hollywood's Gretna Green, and were wed.

"Neither of us had any idea of marriage when Harmon first arrived. I hadn't seen him for two years. And, as for that true-to-my-cheeildhood-love business, I'm *not that way!* If I'd seen anybody in Hollywood I liked better, I'd have married him. But I didn't.

"Love Harmon?—Surely. I married him, didn't I?

"Last?—oh, who can tell what's going to happen? I'm hoping we'll make a go of it. But I will *not* say a lot of sentimental things like 'it's going to be forever.' Because I've heard others in Hollywood say that. Then three months later they're in the divorce court trying to laugh off what they said. And I'm not going to put *myself* in that spot.

"We're going to do our best to make it last, that's all."

Their house—rented furnished—has a lot of old New England stuff in it. Bette's glad, because it'll help Hubby Harmon feel more at home. She herself, she says, took all of the two years she's been in Hollywood to learn to like it and she figures it'll take Harmon as long. And that'll go to make the marriage a bit more risky, too.

"But I hope," she says.

What's *your* bet?

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., Bette Davis to you. They're Hollywood's newest newlyweds

BETTE DAVIS, looking ahead for a grand New Year, and why not? She is one of the most promising of the newcomers. She's close to stardom. But she has recently married, a thing her bosses, Warner Bros., didn't want her to do. Will it affect her career?

Inside Stuff

Just a Quaint Hollywood Custom

THE other morning, Joan Bennett's designer called at the household of Joan and Hubby Gene Markey, with an armful of sketches for new gowns Joan was planning.

"Miss Bennett is upstairs," the maid told him; "will you wait a moment?"

He would, did. The maid returned.

"Miss Bennett will see you now, in her bedroom," said the maid, led the designer up, opened the bedroom door.

And there, imagine the designer's discomfiture, was Joan and also there was Gene. Side by side they lay, and there they inspected the fashion sketches, side by side, Joan passing them to Gene, Gene passing them to Joan.

Informal, anyway. And lay off, you divorce-rumorers!!!

Marlene Dietrich's bodyguard act (one follows her everywhere, you know) is outdone by Ruth Chatterton. An anonymous tip reached her that kidnapers menaced her. So now three (count 'em, three!) bodyguards guard her wherever she goes.

Well, Here's Your Laugh-of-the-Month

Lupe Velez speaking:

"I am what you call 'wash up weeth men.' I am tired of reading in the papers that 'Lupe was weeth thees man or weeth that man' so from now on Lupe weel be weeth NO man! Lupe weel eat alone, weel see peectures alone, weel BE alone, from now on unteel—well, unteel I should meet heem—the right man—and then I shall call ALL the papers mySELF and say to them, 'Lupe ees een loove weeth So-and-So!' And then all the girls een Hollywood weel know to lay off!"

(Ed. Note: Lupe made that statement in mid-October. Keep your own count.)

Smart people, those Warner Brothers! Having made lots of money with Mr. Al Jolson, they've now signed Mrs. Al Jolson (Ruby Keeler to you) for their productions

Keep-Your-Figure Note From Hollywood

Karen Morley has been dieting to keep her figure.

Karen Morley fainted on the set the other day.

Well, Anyway, The Photographer Got Credit

It was a Sunday rotogravure section of a Los Angeles newspaper. Portraits of movie stars, reproduced, with the name of the star under it, and under the star's name, the credit-line naming the photographer who took the picture. And so, because it happened to be M-G-M's ace portrait pictureman, Clarence Sinclair Bull who'd taken Clark Gable's picture, it appeared like this, in plain cold type, under Clark's picture:

CLARK GABLE
—Bull.

Music Criticism À La Hollywood

Under the Hollywood stars, in that vast natural amphitheater they call the Hollywood Bowl, Violinist Jascha Heifetz, with the Los Angeles symphony orchestra behind him, was performing beautifully.

In a box, in the midst of the rows of seats jammed with enthralled music lovers, sat a party including Alice White. Alice listened a while, then turned to a companion, and, audibly to the occupants of boxes two and three removed, expressed her opinion:

"Doc," she announced, "that band stinks!"

Helen Twelvetrees' new baby was born in a Brooklyn hospital. It's a boy.

My, my, these English stick together! Here's a group caught by the candid cameraman on Herbert Marshall's set at Paramount. At the left is the elusive Ronald Colman, then Edna Best, who's Mrs. Marshall, then Phyllis Konstan, the English star, and the debonair Mr. Marshall himself

But Jimmy Doesn't Believe in Fortune-Tellers

It was Harrison Carroll, Hollywood's chunky chatter-chaser, who told that Jimmy Cagney stepped onto one of those scales that give a printed slip telling the weighee's fortune. It read: "You are a Good Samaritan, but people take advantage of you."

"Oh, yeah?" grunted Jimmy, and made that sound that happens when you breathe out hard with the tongue between the lips.

But two minutes later, another actor asked Jimmy for a $10 loan.

Jimmy dug down, handed him a $10 bill.

The two goofiest people about a baby in Hollywood are Frank Fay and Wifie Barbara Stanwyck over the boy they've adopted. He's eight months old, sturdy as Tarzan, looks awesomely like Frank Fay himself—and they've named him Dion Fay, Dion being an old Irish name.

Little Dion's playful habit, when Mamma Barbara Stanwyck introduces him to friends, is to reach out a chubby hand, earnestly grab the nose of the person bending over him.

And what a swell time he'll have when he meets Jimmy Durante!

Here's a Gal Who'll Get on in the World . . .

Out of the hundreds of letters Perc and Ern Westmore, Hollywood studio makeup kings, received as the result of their series of beauty advice articles in Movie Mirror, they're saving one as the prize. They won't reveal the writer's identity, but it's from an eastern city. The writer is a stenographer.

She enclosed her picture, and also a DIAGRAM of the arrangement of the office wherein she works across the room from her boss. The diagram showed the boss's desk, how the boss sat. It also showed the girl's desk and how she sat—showing that the boss got a sort of quarter-profile view of his stenog.

"Please, Mr. Westmore," the letter asked, "tell me how I can dress my hair, make-up my face, to present the MOST attractive view to my boss, from this angle. . . ."

Well, she won't be a stenographer long.

Newest get-the-coin gag being worked on film stars in Hollywood. In the evening, a little band of ragged colored men, with string instruments, appear on star's lawn, begin to play and sing soft and sweet. One of the group goes to the door, tells the servant to tell the star that "wese jus' come to serenade him, we likes him so. . . .!"

And could *any* star refuse to break down with a bill?

Proper-Thing-to-Wear Notes From Filmland:

The "tuxedo" for women is the newest thing at formal functions in Hollywood.

It's cut severely tailored. Long, plain white, full skirt. White satin, close-fitting shirt, with collar a tie (like a man's white dress bow), sewed on. Plain black tuxedo jacket, cut mannish but form-fitting. Can be worn either full-formally with the jacket, or without the jacket, revealing blouse effect with short sleeves on the shirt.

And for shopping—there's hardly a star now who wears anything on the Boulevard other than slacks,

We don't know what a panther woman is but anyhow here's the girl Paramount chose for the rôle. Her name's Kathleen Burke. Interesting looking gal, isn't she? /

sandals, sweater or jersey. That's Hollywood for you.

Ramon Novarro had to shave his head clean for that Chinese rôle in "Son Daughter." A Hollywood movie column printed the item. Next day, several letters arrived at M-G-M studios from girls begging one lock of the shaved-off Novarro hair.

—and Dr. Josif Ginsburg, that Hollywood plastic surgeon who remodels so many stars' faces, says he won't be at all surprised to have a movie fan ask him for the next nose-tip he slices off a movie luminary!

Old Adage: "Turn About Is Fair Play."

No less frequently than George Brent visited Ruth Chatterton's Warner-studio-lot dressing room when she was Mrs. Ralph Forbes, does Ralph Forbes now visit Ruth Chatterton's dressing room when she is Mrs. George Brent. Sometimes Mr. Brent is present. Sometimes he's not.

Typical scene, as enacted not so long ago in Ruth's quarters, presents ex-hubby Forbes, calling, sniffling. "Ruth, I'be got a code idda head," complains Ralph; "how about a drik ob braddy-ad-soda?"

"No, no, Forbzie; mustn't have brandy-soda," finger-waggles ex-wifie Ruth.

Forbes pleaded; ex-wife relented, mixed soothing potion with her own ex-wifely hands. Forbes sipped, relaxed on the Chatterton chaise-longue, probably wondered where Mr. Brent was. Or perhaps not.

But anyway, it's all in good Hollywood palsy-walsy manner. Because the newlywed Brents and the newly-divorced Forbes are all good friends. They go places together; hubby George and ex-hubby Ralph play polo together, and not a mallet has slipped yet. Yet.

—and by the way, just what did Ruth mean when, on the day she married Brent, she cabled a certain party in Spain: "wish us luck" . . . ? And maybe some day, Ruth'll learn what the recipient said when he got the cable. And maybe not.

Depression Becomes the Mother of Invention

It was an independent producer with an already small, rapidly shrinking bankroll, who groaned as he beheld his director's newest demand.

"For the burial scene," the note said, "we should have at least twenty extras about the grave, as mourners."

Twenty extras!—hah; that would mean twenty times $7.50, or $150 for one little scene! Suddenly the producer, from the depths of his travail, fished out The Great Idea. Hotfooting he went to the director.

"Go ahead, shoot the scene," he said, "but *without* the twenty mourners. Look here—we will make this feller what's dead, see; we will make him one of these fellers what nobody liked—and so nobody comes to his funeral, see? Swell heart stuff—and besides, it saves $150, ain't it?"

The last person you'd ever think of for a mother rôle goes into it in a big way. Lupe Velez did a little adopting of her own and became "mother" to her little niece from Mexico

Typographical Error of the Month—

. . . it had been written, about a certain oft-married film beauty, that she attracted men because, "when with a group of men, she was always the life of the party."

But the way it came out in the paper was: "When with a group of men she was always the wife of the party."

—And the Hollywood Heavens Quaked!

Still Allah-plus himself is Cecil B. DeMille, when he directs. And so it was that when he walked onto the extra-jammed amphitheater set during shooting of "The Sign of the Cross," all noise, confusion, milling about, ceased as though paralysis had stricken. Hundreds of actors, extras, were silent, as in the presence of Deity. . . .

Slowly DeMille mounted steps to the director's platform. Then his voice, amplified through loudspeakers, broke the awesome hush. For several minutes he told his actors, extras, what to do, and Roman gladiators, nobles, slaves, citizens, senators, women, all listened in reverent silence while the Great Voice rumbled on. When it ceased, the silence was even more profound. And then, out of the mob, came croaking an unabashed male tongue—

"O. K. CECIL ! ! !" it shouted.

Those there are who swear the wind ceased to blow over the great outdoor set. Seven assistant directors, it is narrated, fell into swoons. Even the DeMille eyes popped in amazement, while they fixed themselves on the one who had dared this, this . . . ! They beheld a Roman gladiator—or rather, a gladiator's togs on the person of a U. S. C. football husky, hired for the scene, and utterly unawed by either the voice or the person of Cecil B. DeMille. But DeMille was still DeMille. While the hundreds of extras trembled in fear of the thunderbolt that was certain to fall, DeMille's voice sounded again:

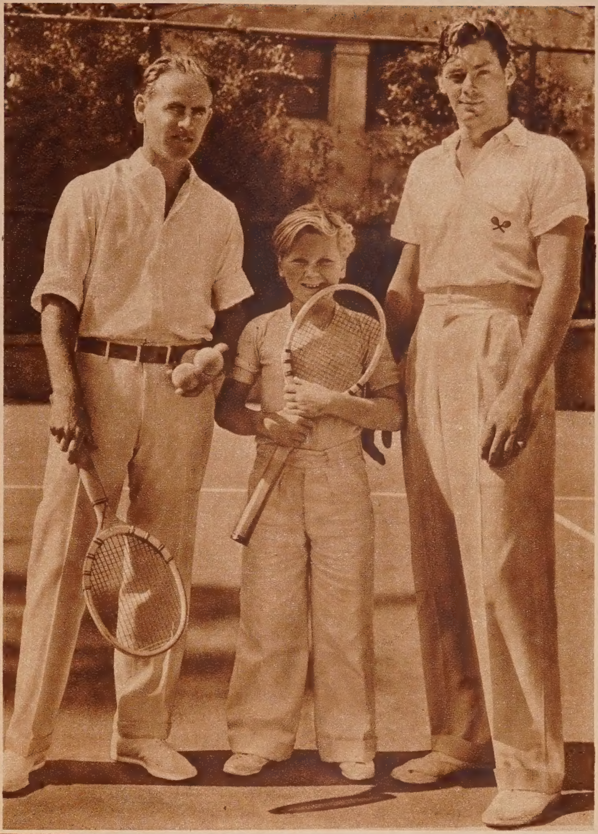
"Listen," it said, like crackling ice; "off this set I may be 'Cecil.' Off this set, I may even be 'Kid' or 'Hey, you.' But on this set, you so-and-so, I'm *MISTER* DeMille."

That should have squelched anyone. Even a U. S. C. football player. But did it? Nay—for hardly had the DeMille voice ceased to echo about the amphitheater set, than up spoke the football gladiator once more.

"Oh, *THAT'S* all right, Cecil . . .!" it said.

And Cecil gave up, and went ahead and directed the scene.

With awe, indeed, do film extras fill
When they hear and see the Guh-reeat DeMille;
But you can't expect that even these'll
Be hushed into awe by a name like "Cecil"!



Champs in three lines and all of them good. Harvey Snodgrass, former world's champion tennis player, is teaching the game to Jackie Cooper and his pal, Johnny Weissmuller. Finds they learn quickly, too

Clark Gable's got a new red-headed friend. Her name's "Queen" and her ancestry's very Irish. In fact, she's a full blooded setter

No More Phoney Autographs, Thank You!

Generally wise, nowadays, are film fans to the fact that by far the greater proportion of those "personally autographed" photos sent out by film stars are signed either by a rubber-stamp, or by a secretary or somebody in the studio publicity department; rarely by the stars themselves. And so, in Hollywood and environs at least, the fans have found a way to get the stars' REAL handwritten signatures on their photos. . . .

The fans go to big premières, theater openings, sports events, armed with a portfolio of stars' photos. Then, when the stars in person come, up rush the fans—no longer proferring, as before, an autograph book or card to be signed, but a nice, new photo of the star!

—and you know, they really can't carry rubber stamps and inkpads in their evening bags, or can they?

A Little Note to Lupe Velez:

Dear Lupe:

—you're an impulsive li'l tamale, and you every so often pop off and do some odd, cute thing, on the spur of the moment. And so they get into the movie chatter columns, and people laugh and say: isn't she cute?

Well, Lupe, it's winter now—cold in a lot of places not Hollywood. And after a lot of the fans who like and love you have squeezed out their two bits to thrill at you on the screen, they will have to go out again into the cold, buttoning up those too-often-thin overcoats they can buy, if they can buy any at all these days.

And so, Lupe, do you think they'll think it was so cute and funny and clever when they pick up that movie column that published the other day, that you'd gone and bought an ERMINE wrap for your dog?

An all star meeting at M-G-M. Lily Pons, of the Metropolitan Opera, is shaking hands with Bob Montgomery as Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro (with his head shaved for "Son Daughter") look on. Lily may sign to sing in pictures

Here's Metro's newest face. It belongs to Barbara Barondess and a bright future is predicted for her. You'll see her first in "Rasputin"

Scratchings from the Sound-Track

zzz Warners pulled a fast one on the column writers when they announced, as soon as the Cagney quarrel was over, that the title of his first would be "Bad Boy" zzz So of course, all the chatter writers made a wise crack about the bad boy having turned good boy to play in "Bad Boy" zzz So after Warners had gotten a million in publicity, they changed back to the REAL title, "The Inside" zzz But they'll probably change it again, a coupla times before release, because that's another cheap way of getting into the prints zzz zzz zzz If you've been dissatisfied with the rôles Phillips Holmes has been playing, cheer up zzz So has he zzz And that's why he wouldn't sign again at Paramount but has gone to M-G-M on a long-term contract zzz zzz zzz zzz By this time you know how good a political prophet Will Rogers really was when, a month before election, he announced that "Roosevelt will win DECISIVELY" zzz Incidentally, Will got two write-in votes for Senator on California ballots zzz And Mary Pickford had one voter write her name in the Superior Judge space in the Los Angeles ballots zzz zzz zzz zzz Estelle Taylor has moved back into the big house she and Jack Dempsey used to live in before their divorce zzz zzz zzz zzz The Indian Chief in the next Zane Grey picture, "Wild Horse Mesa," will really be Jim Thorpe, famous Indian athlete, and if you don't remember, ask Dad, he knows zzz zzz zzz zzz Charley Farrell's hair is turning grey—naturally and without the aid of the makeup man zzz zzz zzz

No adopted son, this. He's Hedda Hopper's own boy, Bill. He's more than twenty and Hedda positively boasts of the fact

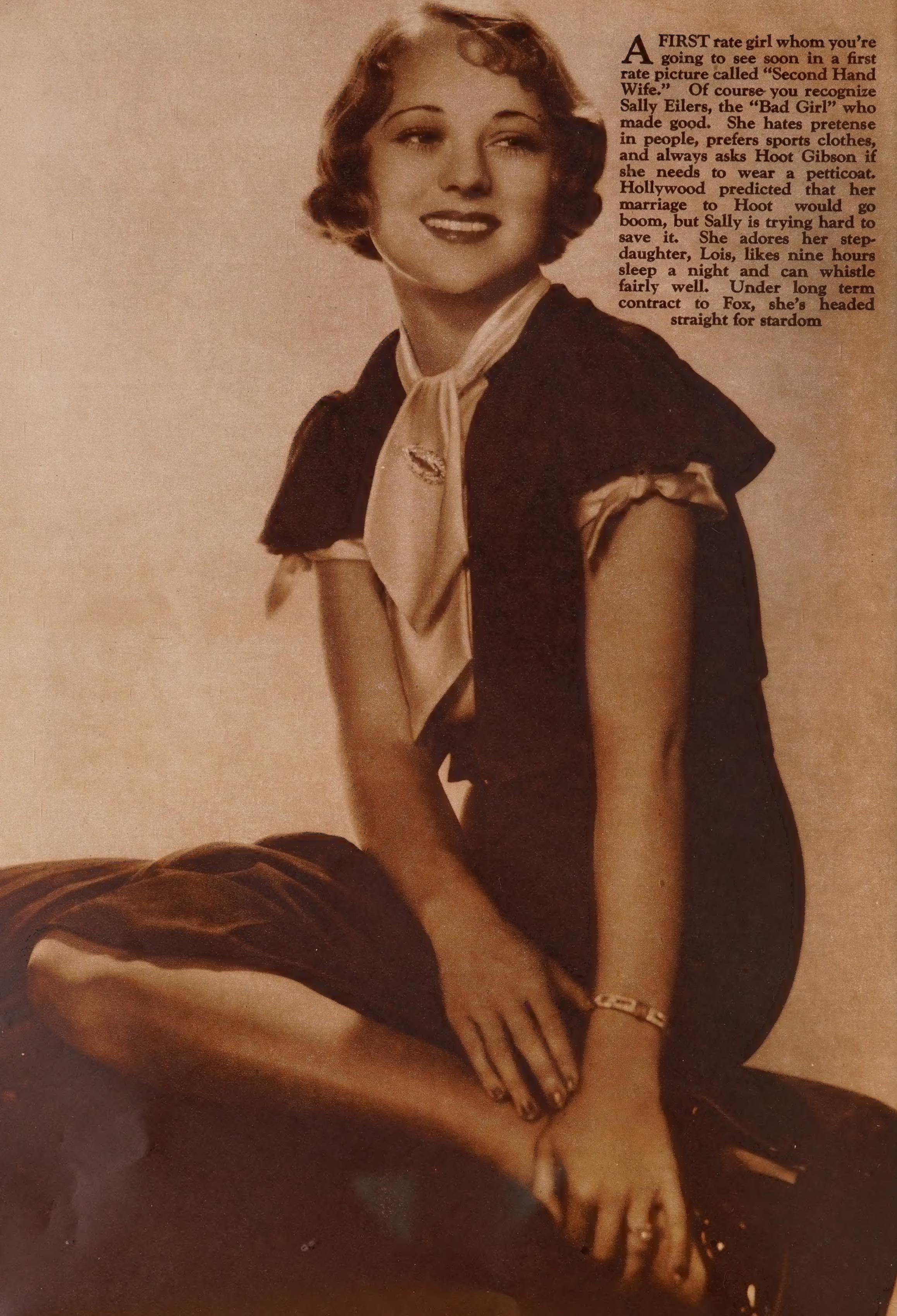
No wonder Miriam Hopkins is so good in the Lubitsch pictures! See how she bubbles over with laughter at his conversation off the set! They're great friends, those two

Emil Jannings may be dead as a last week's contract in Hollywood but he's going great guns abroad where he's just signed to do a big film in German and French zzz zzz zzz zzz And talking about old-timers, Herbert Rawlinson, once one of the ace heart-flutterers, may do a screen comeback in some shorts under the direction of Comebacker Micky Neilan zzz zzz zzz zzz Now you can call Gary Cooper "sweetheart" because that's the title he won in a Japanese movie popularity contest zzz "Sweetheart of the World" they titled him zzz zzz zzz zzz

Items of More or Less Interest. Or are They?

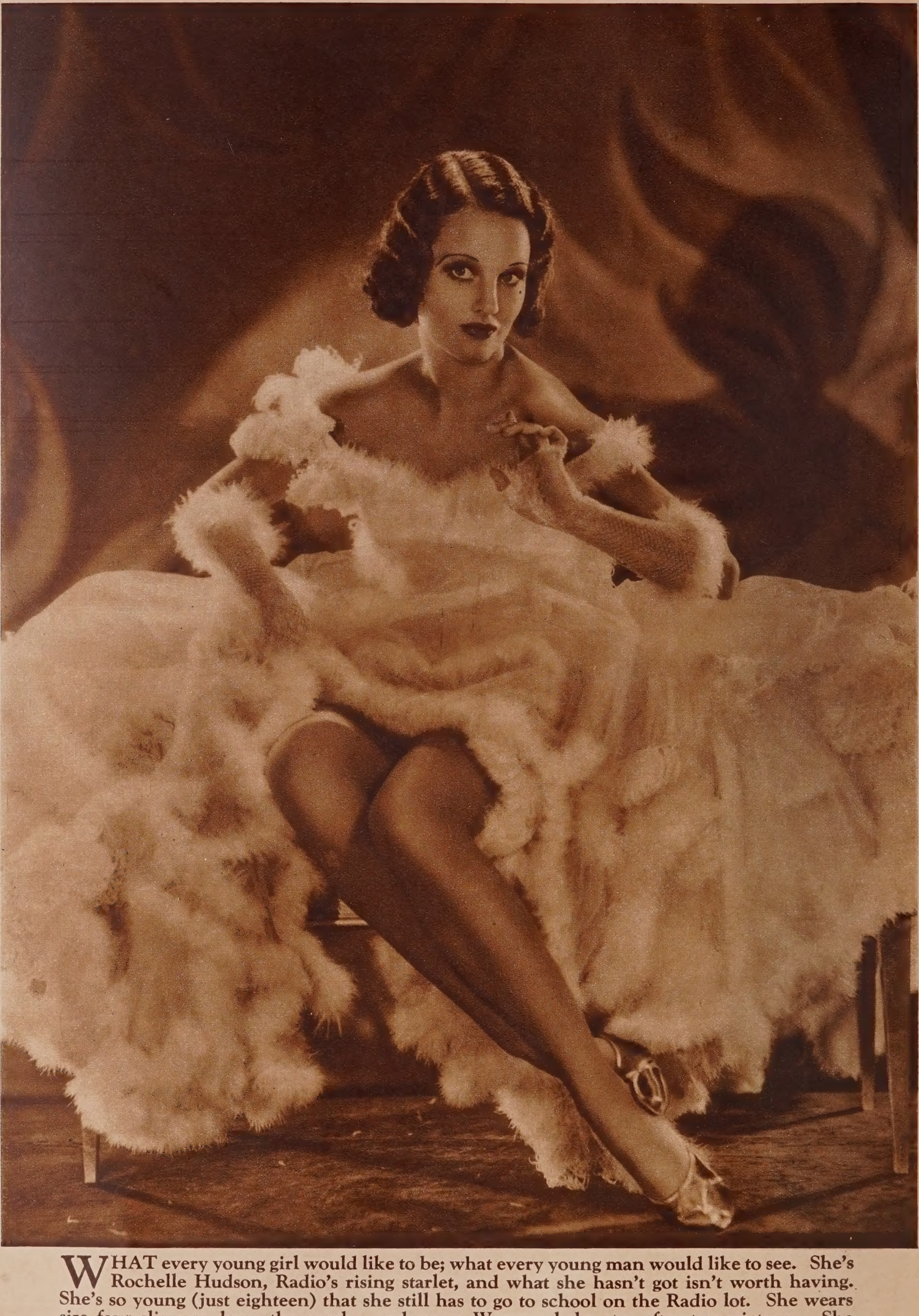
. . . Looks as though Alison Skipworth, stage veteraness, movie-heights-bound, is going to give Marie Dressler her first real race in the Gran'-Old-Lady field . . . Gwili Andre has enrolled at a Hollywood fashion school; is she skeptical about her screen future? . . . Will Rogers, learning that a champion Hampshire hog plays a big part in his next film, wired the studio: "Will be on set with my lips rouged; have the hog ready." . . . Old-time star Fritzi Ridgeway, who for several seasons ran a resort hotel at Palm Springs, California, has quit that and gone back to Hollywood to act in movies, and you'll see her in Chatterton's "Frisco Jenny" . . .

. . . Karen Morley's real name is Mildred Linton and years ago (before pitchers!) she refused to change it on advice of a numerologist because she thought it silly . . . Wally Beery, whose idea of (*Continued on page* 84)



A FIRST rate girl whom you're going to see soon in a first rate picture called "Second Hand Wife." Of course you recognize Sally Eilers, the "Bad Girl" who made good. She hates pretense in people, prefers sports clothes, and always asks Hoot Gibson if she needs to wear a petticoat. Hollywood predicted that her marriage to Hoot would go boom, but Sally is trying hard to save it. She adores her stepdaughter, Lois, likes nine hours sleep a night and can whistle fairly well. Under long term contract to Fox, she's headed straight for stardom

HERE'S a new lad, here's a grand lad, here's a different lad worth watching. Hallelujah, was the boy swell as the crooner in "Blessed Event"! His name is Dick Powell, but it ought to be Mister Cinderella. He was born in Mt. View, Arkansas, and he worked his way up from a church choir in Little Rock to Master of Ceremonies at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh. There Warner scouts discovered him. "Blessed Event" was his first picture. He was such a hit in that they signed him to a contract. He is married, he plays golf, he always orders ham and eggs and he knows a good contract bridge hand when he sees one. He's got blue eyes and red hair. Watch for him in "Forty-Second Street," his next picture

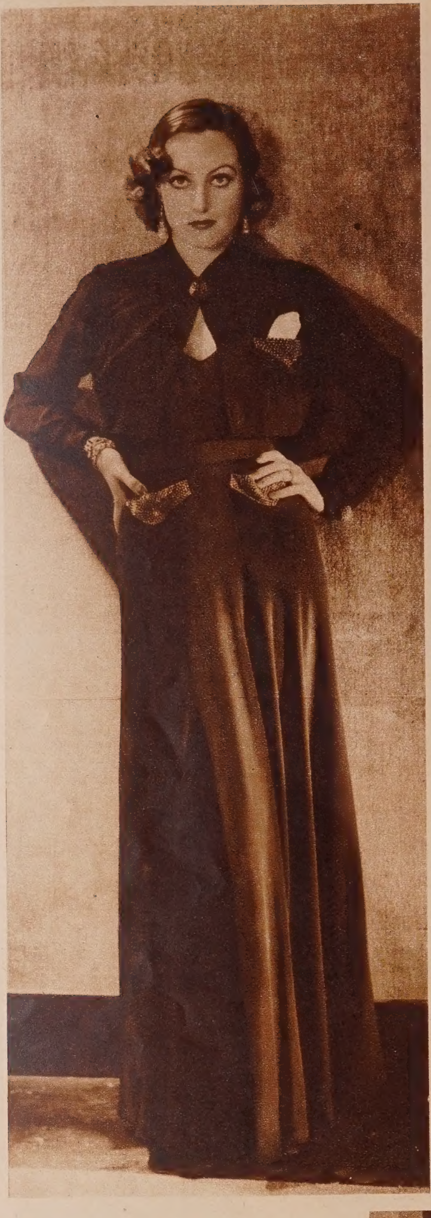


WHAT every young girl would like to be; what every young man would like to see. She's Rochelle Hudson, Radio's rising starlet, and what she hasn't got isn't worth having. She's so young (just eighteen) that she still has to go to school on the Radio lot. She wears size four slippers, loves the rumba, and was a Wampas baby star after two pictures. She comes from Clairmore, Oklahoma, Will Rogers' home town. She has black hair and black eyes and a trace of a Southern accent. Her next picture will be "Secrets of the French Police"

THE lad who licked the jinx—Dick Arlen. One of the most promising young actors in pictures, his career was threatened by poor rôles. Dick Arlen rebelled. His Westerns made money, but they didn't make Dick happy. When he signed a new contract with Paramount recently he insisted—no more Westerns. Now Dick is making a hit in such pictures as "The All American" for which he was loaned to Universal, and note his happy smile. His next picture, which promises to be a humdinger, will be "The Island of Lost Souls"

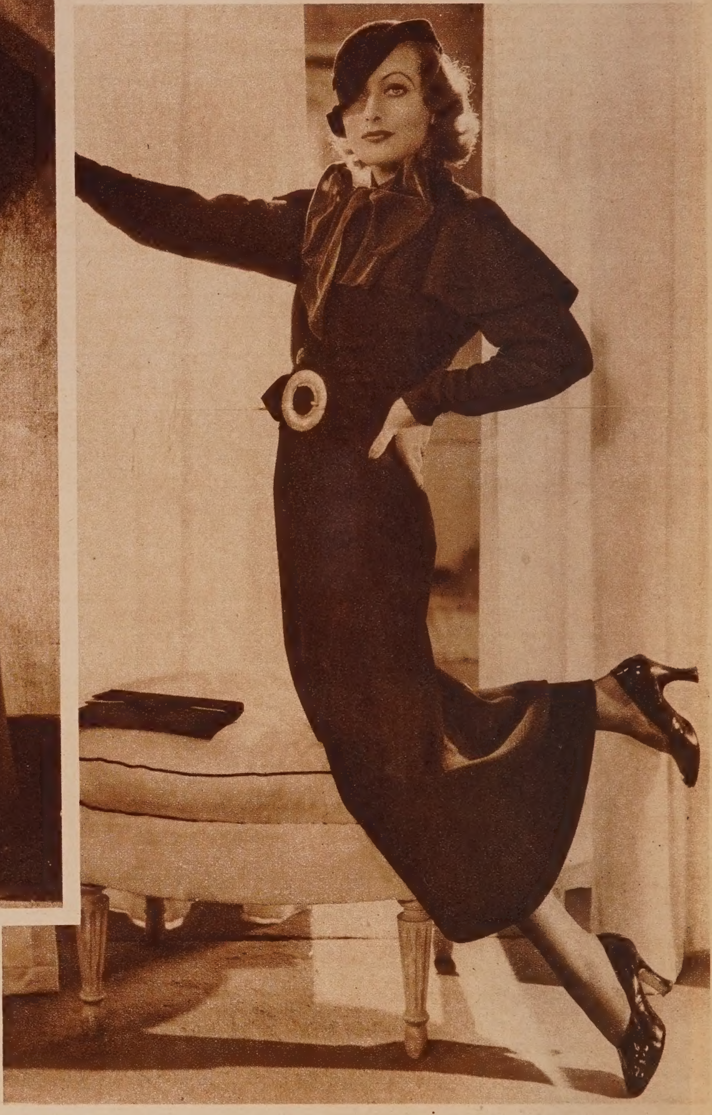
THE lad who rang the bell—Ralph Bellamy. He's tall and he's good looking, and oh, what a hit he made in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"! The lad was born in Chicago and comes from the stage. He's married to Catherine Willard, a stage actress, and his hobby is collecting old music boxes. He swims, he plays golf, he does everything well. You'll be seeing him in "Wild Girl," with Joan Bennett

WHEN you see "Smilin' Through" you'll cry all hail to a new artist, Norma Shearer. For the girl comes into her own at last. She is a warmer, more beautiful, more thrilling Shearer than ever before. Wealth is supposed to spoil people. So is success. Shearer has had both for a long time now and she continues to grow in charm and in her latest picture she is more touchingly human than ever before, and that is a great achievement



Joan Crawford's Own Fashions

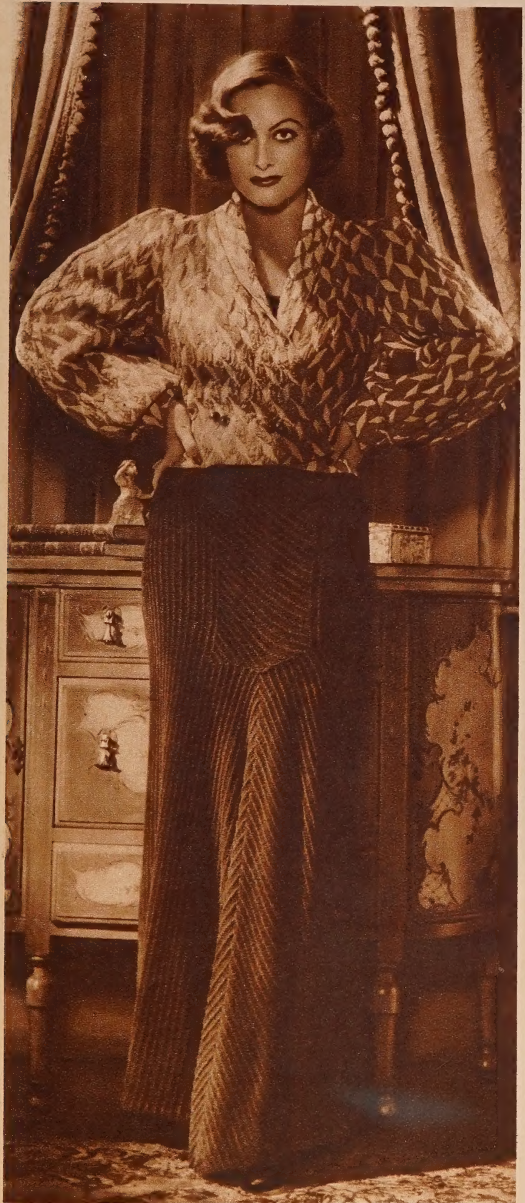
The "private life" wardrobe of a box-office darling

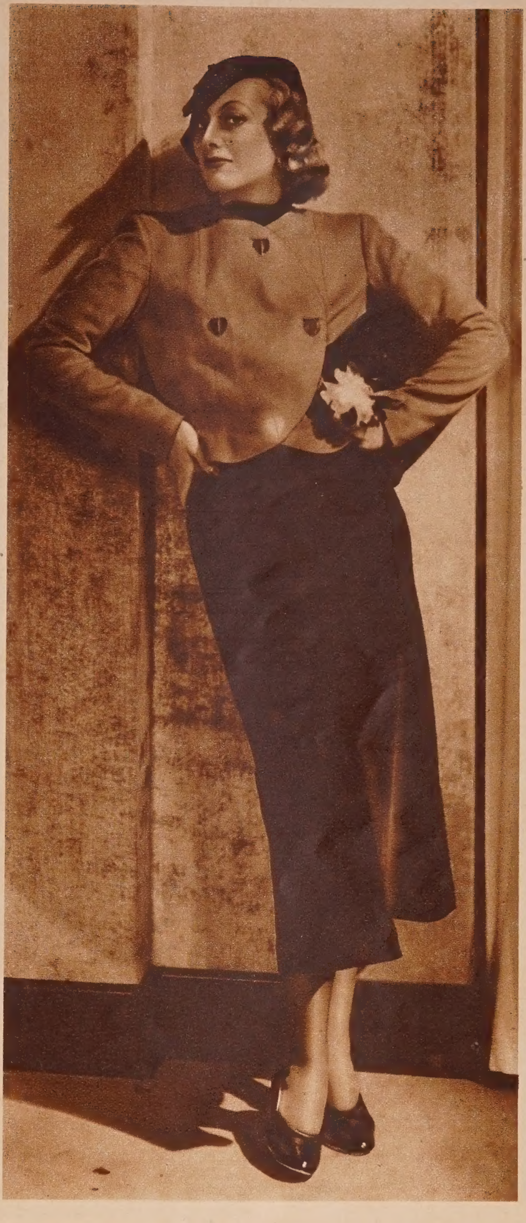


When Joan Crawford was just a dizzy dancing girl running around the Metro lot, she used to confide to her friends, "Some day I want to be smart—not Hollywood smart—but smart in the Paris and Fifth Avenue manner. Some day I'll learn." This fall Joan came back from Paris and stopped off on Fifth Avenue, New York. And in those two places she assembled the wardrobe you see here, chic, daring, provocative, and very, very smart. These are the clothes Joan wears, not in her pictures, but when she is being the clever Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

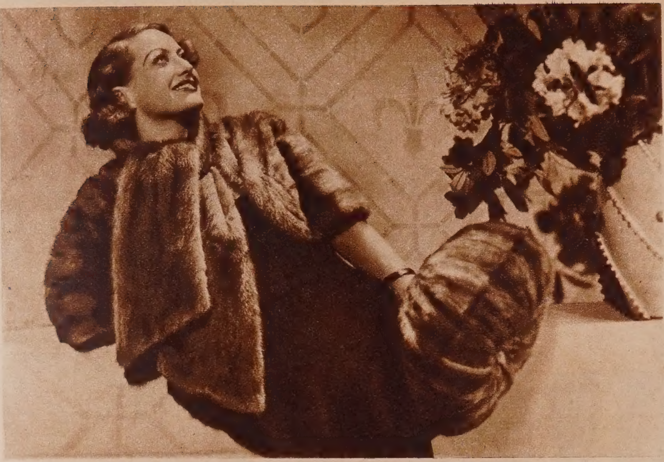
A demure evening gown and a dashing street frock adorn Joan and this page. The evening gown has that simplicity which is perfection. Of black crêpe silk with nail studded trimmings, the dress is modestly v-necked in front though practically backless. The shoulder straps and the flat pockets on the skirt are beaded in nail heads. Like all good evening gowns this winter it has a matching jacket. The street dress is enchanting—black wool with a capelet collar and wide belt with a hammered silver buckle. The dress buttons straight down the front and ties at the throat with a green velvet propeller bow

These two models are Joan's favorite Paris dresses, the creations of Schiaparelli. Paris dictates wool for evening clothes, so Joan's ensemble is a dress of a special navy blue woolen in a corded design with an accompanying jacket of heavy matelasse crêpe in heliotrope blue and white. No trimmings except the twin buttons that mark the double-breasted closing. Very different and new. Joan also has a new haircut, you'll notice, a bob very slick over the head, softly waved at the sides

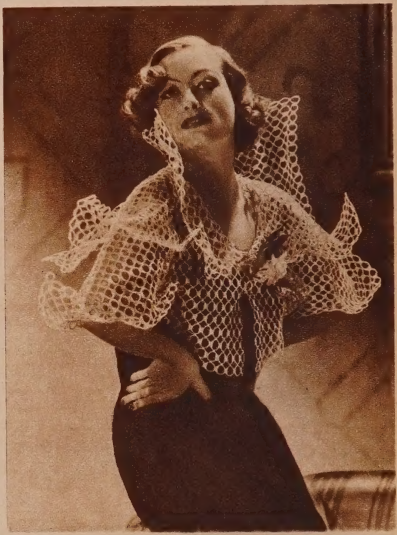


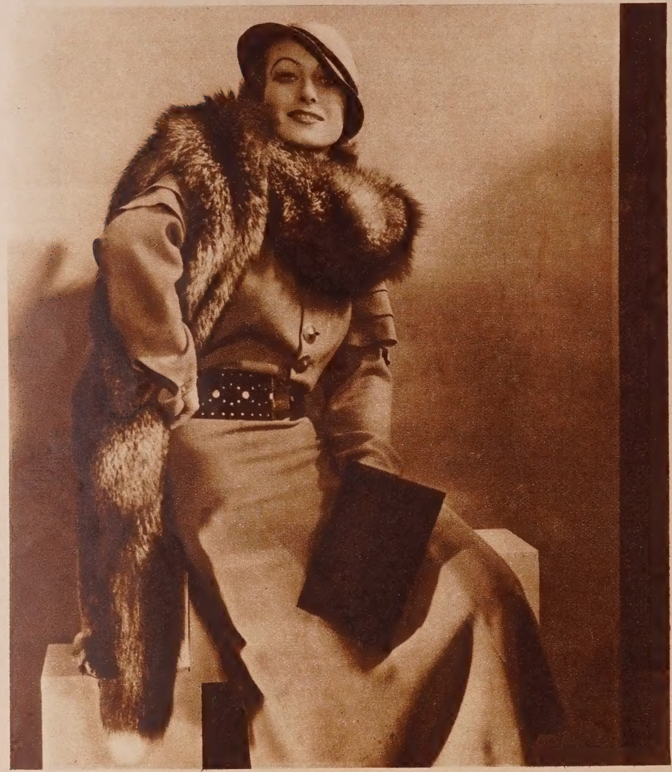


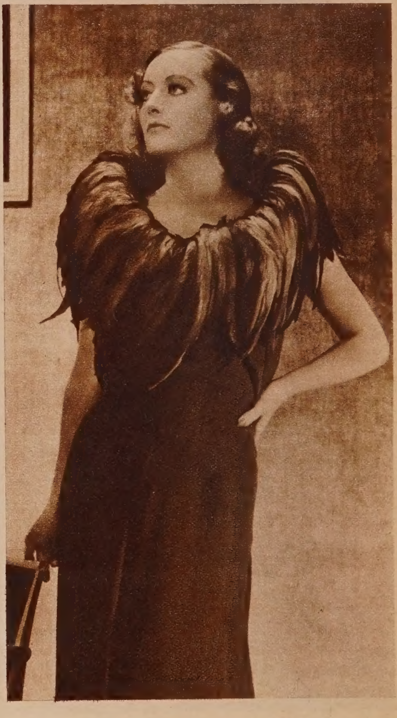
A bold, bright little get-up this. The coat is scarlet of the material that makes the uniforms for the Guards at Buckingham Palace. It is closely fitted except for its padded shoulders and closes with three bright, brass Schiaparelli clips. The separate skirt Joan wears here is black, though she sometimes wears the jacket over her blue and white sports frock on Page 35. Her hat is black felt, pulled down low over the right side of her head and completely exposing the left



All fashion attention is concentrated on necklines this winter and you just must be different. Joan accomplishes this in two amusing ways. Over a black velvet dinner dress she wears a short jacket of open mesh lace that is wired—no less—to make that face-framing standing collar. Below, you see her in a very modern version of the old-fashioned feather boa. Of green-blue cocque feathers, it slips over the head like a halter

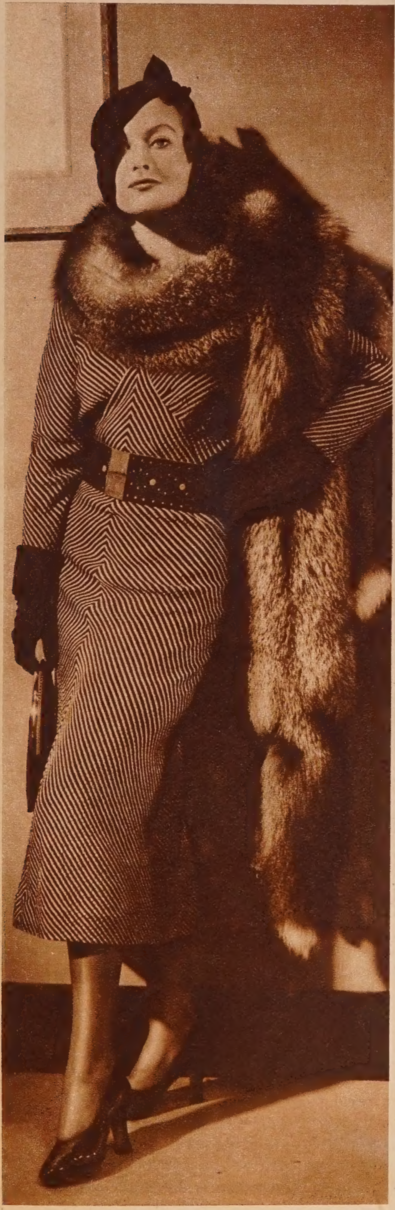


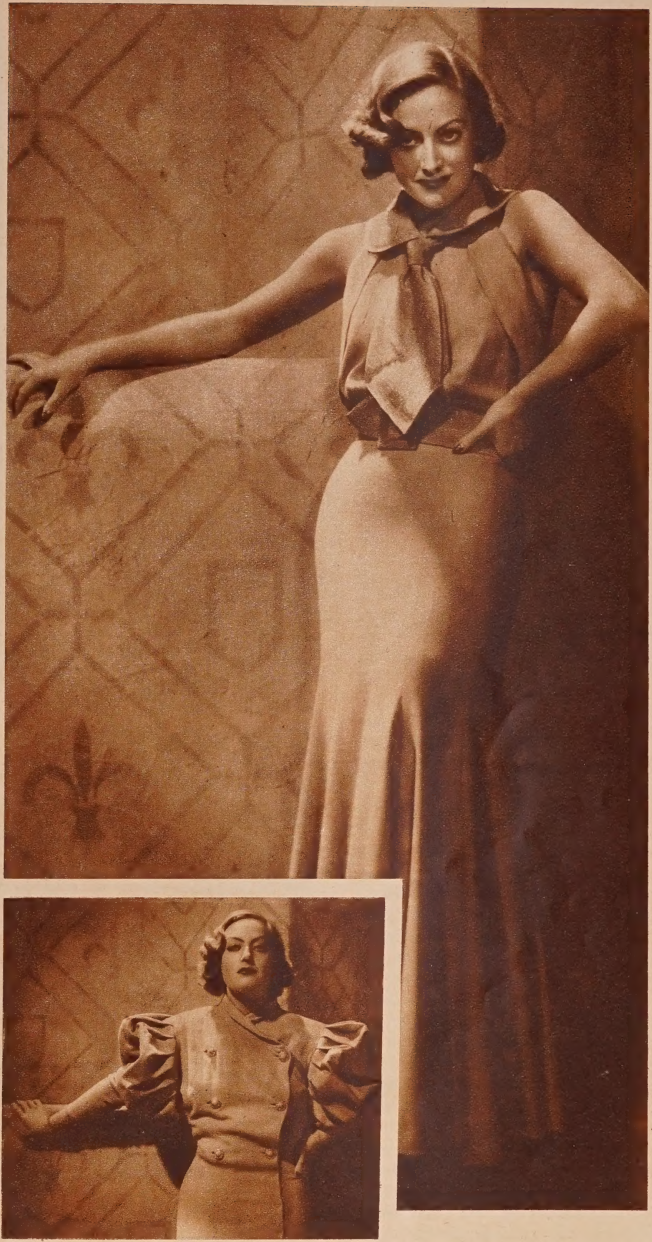




Coat frocks are absolute necessities in the wardrobe of the ultra-smart. Naturally Joan chose one, an American model this one in a soft red wool (very bright colors are correct this winter) with slender lines that focus attention to the epaulettes that broaden the shoulders (Joan likes to emphasize those beautiful shoulders of hers). The only trimming is a wide belt of black suede studded with silver nail heads. Above you see Joan's own designed mink capelet with a flaring shoulder line and an Ascot tie and a muff as big as a pumpkin

Joan calls her navy blue and white striped frock "Kiki" and wears it with a wide suede belt which shows nail head decorations and a metal buckle. A twin set of particularly beautiful cross fox adds a luxurious touch. Her bow-trimmed hat is of blue broadcloth, her bag and gloves of suede. To get that fascinating line to her hats, Joan has them made originally in cambric, tugs and pulls till she gets them just right, and then has them copied in the finished material





Joan designed this dress and accompanying coat all by herself to wear to the Hollywood opening of "Rain." It is of very delicate blue broadcloth—blue in every shade is Joan's favorite color. The frock is demure from the front and very daring from the back. The bodice shows a turn-over collar with a silver striped four-in-hand tie and a wide stitched belt, but when Joan turns, there isn't any back at all, above the waistline! The coat has huge leg-o-mutton sleeves, lined with crinoline to make them stand out, is double-breasted and is of a length that reaches to the floor. Turquoise and silver filigree buttons decorate it and made an ensemble that made every other star at the "Rain" opening sick with envy. So who says Joan didn't live up to that promise of hers to be really smart, Paris smart, New York smart? Of course she did, for this Crawford girl is quite one of the smartest girls in Paris, New York and Hollywood combined!

They've Got A Book

In Fact Hollywood Stars Even Read Them

By MARQUIS BUSBY

Everything in Hollywood is charming including its bookworms! Joan Bennett has a natural interest in books, being married to a rising young author, and John Boles is all around cultured, loving books, music, art

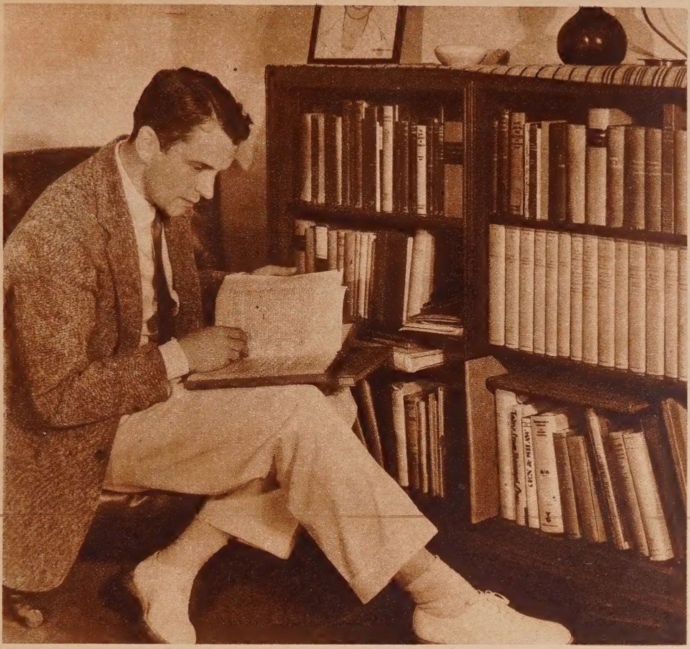
PROBABLY 'way back in the dawn of things theatrical an early-Greek comedian told that story about buying a book for a chorus girl. And the other comic fellow (you're probably ahead of me on this story) replied that the chorus girl already had a book. It undoubtedly had Aristotle rolling in the aisles. It is one of the oldest gags in the world, even antedating that beloved pioneer joke of all stag parties, the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter.

Maybe a chorus girl is convinced that she is "lit'ry" if she owns one book—but that isn't true of the Hollywood acting profession. You'll find as many good libraries in the homes of the movie stars as in the genteel residences of Boston. The movie stars even *read* their books. Such a variety in authors, too! Everything from the good, old classics to those things you used to read when mother wasn't looking. For instance, one star has a library valued in five figures of nothing but you-know-what kind of books. Another star has a medical library that would do credit to the Mayo Brothers.

Times have changed in dear Hollywood since the newly-rich star bought that big mansion in Beverly Hills with sixty feet of bookshelves. The lady was stumped for a moment, but she thought fast. She sent her butler down to the book store and instructed him to buy sixty feet of books. As it turned out the butler was interested chiefly in horticulture, but if you didn't look too closely it was an impressive display.

Today is another story. You've got to tip your hat to the literary treasures of Kenneth MacKenna, Jean Hersholt, Claudette Colbert, Bebe Daniels, C. B. DeMille, Rupert Hughes and many others. The collection of Albert Shelby LeVino, screen writer, was valued at over $100,000. Now that's a lot of money—and a lot of reading matter.

There isn't a finer George Bernard Shaw collection in the United States than you will find over at Kenneth MacKenna's and Kay Francis' house. There are first editions of everything the man has written, and by and large, Shaw has been pretty prolific with the pen. MacKenna even shows you political pamphlets written by Shaw which were never published in book form. One of



The finest of all libraries in Hollywood is owned by Kenneth MacKenna while Charlie Farrell (right) is a great lad for quiet evenings at home with a pipe, a book, and his wife, Virginia

the pets in the collection is the original prompter's script of "Candida." Another prize is one of the original scripts of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." Yet another is a rare Bible that cost more than a Packard.

Innumerable first editions crowd the shelves in this library. One whole section Ken characterizes as "his investment." These are books of value which can be turned instantly into ready cash. Actors used to buy diamonds for such a purpose—now it is books. He would as soon part with an arm as his Shaw collection—so don't try and borrow.

His valuable books are carefully marked. In case of theft they would be detected quickly by any book-dealer. It would be about as easy to steal the Mona Lisa out of the Louvre as to steal one of Ken's books by Shaw. And Mr. Shaw should be very impressed with the loving care given his literary outpourings.

Sylvia Sidney had a lot of bookshelves built in her new home to take care of her medical library. Somehow it seems sort of weird, picturing the exotic Sylvia poring over a weighty tome on the care and upkeep of the appendix. But Sylvia can carry on an intelligent conversation on everything from tonsils to eczema.

It's cook books in the Marie Dressler library. The beloved Marie has cook books from all over the world. Many fans, knowing her failing for recipes, have contributed to Marie's culinary library. At a moment's notice she can visit a bookshelf and then stir up a dish of Russian borsht or a mess of Indian curry.

This may surprise you but the Wallace Beery bookshelves are loaded down with volumes on navigation. Wally started that collection several years ago when he planned to fly the Atlantic. He's given up that idea (Atlantic airways are crowded as it is) but the library continues to grow.

Strangely enough Janet Gaynor's books are preponderantly on the subject of oriental philosophy. It's a subject that has unending fascination for the gentle Janet, and if she ever met Confucius it would be quite a surprise to him. It would undoubtedly surprise Janet, too. Another star who delves deeply into Chinese philosophy is Victor McLaglen, who is making a systematic study of China. I don't know whether Janet and Vic have ever got together on the subject or not. Maybe somebody should introduce them. Firm friendships have been formed on less than a common interest in Confucius. In fact, wouldn't it be fun to have Confucius in common with someone?

You'd just know that fashion would play a big part in Lilyan Tashman's library, and it does. The screen's best dressed lady has countless volumes of *Vogue* and other fashion periodicals. An interesting feature of her library is the manner in which she protects her valuable books from pilferers. A locked steel bar crosses the shelves. You can see the books, you can even touch them, but Houdini himself couldn't get them from behind those bars. Lilyan knows where the key is, however.

There are simply scads of books in the library of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Doug is an omnivorous reader, and can discuss anything from the Russian communism (in fact, try and keep him away from it) to the African tse-tse fly. Joan's current inclination is for the writings of O. O. McIntyre. She's keeping up a scrapbook of the McIntyre columns, and nothing interferes with her homework.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart started the library in their new home in a sensible way. They asked friends who knew authors to get signed copies of their works. The plan was successful, and now Nick and Sue have a priceless collection of signatures. There are also many signed first editions in the library of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. Gene, being a successful novelist himself, knows many writers, and the collection includes numerous volumes from personal friends.

Something rather amusing happened, however, when Joan moved into a new house at (*Continued on page* 91)

Ladies swoon with delight when they see Joel lying on the beach—but he always lies by himself, far away from the crowd

Why Joel McCrea is Still a Bachelor

By MARQUIS BUSBY

IF Joel McCrea ever marries the blushing bride will probably be Cinderella. That estimable young lady went home on the stroke of midnight, too.

Of course, Joel isn't going to lose a shoe (he doesn't think he could go for glass slippers, anyhow) or have his Packard convertible turned into a pumpkin coach if he doesn't say good night before the mystic hour. He just isn't cut out to be the young man about town. He's the sort of lad who needs a lot of sleep. He likes to be entertained, and he tries his best to be entertaining in return, as long as he can. But he likes his society in small doses. Just when the rest of the guests are warming up to making a night of it, Joel gets sleepy. Then nothing entertains him, and he can entertain nobody. So he goes home, and he has yet to meet the man, woman or child who can convince him that it isn't the sensible thing to do.

Mary Pickford is one of the few hostesses who understands that. When Joel is invited to a party at Pickfair, he is usually informed that he doesn't have to wear dinner clothes, and that he may go home early.

A great many more hostesses don't understand, and think that Joel is stand-offish. He's had complaints. Even I have listened to the grumbling of disgruntled hostesses as the McCrea coattails disappeared through the front door.

"I don't have time to fall in love," Joel explained. "I don't even have time to have a girl. I've made eight pictures this year. With a schedule like that you are pretty liable to go stale unless you have all the rest you can get. I don't wear any makeup, and late hours leave marks on your face that the camera picks up as if they were Colorado canyons.

"I haven't married because my romances have all been written by studio scenario writers, and I do my love making when the camera is turning. Anyway, I don't think I will marry as long as I am in pictures.

"My own independence means too much to me to go in for a heavy love affair unless it is the real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool article."

Joel doesn't have a "steady" girl because he doesn't think it would be fair to her to keep calling at the last moment and explaining that the date was off—that he had to work that night, or that he was so tired he would have to go to bed.

Joel doesn't have a wife because she would quite naturally want to go out in the evenings to parties and theaters. And he would be so exhausted that the only entertainment that would appeal to him would be ten hours of slumber.

"I don't even like having to explain that I'm tired," he said. "I want people to know it without being told. So, as long as I am in this business, what chance have I for matrimony?

"Of course, I have never met the girl that I couldn't get along without. Some day, I imagine, I will meet her. Then I would want to marry her if I were in the midst of a dozen pictures. I believe in marriage, and when I do get around to it, I want it to last—that's why I'm waiting for the one girl I couldn't get along without."

Constance Bennett and Joel are back together again in "Rockabye." Once there were rumors about a romance between them but it never materialized

But Joel hasn't found her, so he continues to live very quietly and comfortably with his father and mother in a pleasant house in Brentwood—a pleasant and picturesque community between Beverly Hills and the sea. His close neighbors are Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joel can spend all of his spare time—what there is of it—on the beach. For several years now strong, healthy maidens have been swooning with ecstasy every time he walks along the shore. Handsome and well-mannered, he's what the Hollywood girls consider the personal answer to the maiden's prayer. They also consider him "hard to get"—always a challenge to any up and coming young woman.

To be downright vulgar, if they fall for him, it's just too bad. Joel leaves them where they fall.

His name has been mentioned in connection with Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Lee and others too numerous to mention. But he's still the town's most popular and eligible bachelor.

None of those were romances, according to Joel. If Hollywood thought that they were, it was just because Hollywood is constitutionally unequipped to understand such a thing as a platonic friendship.

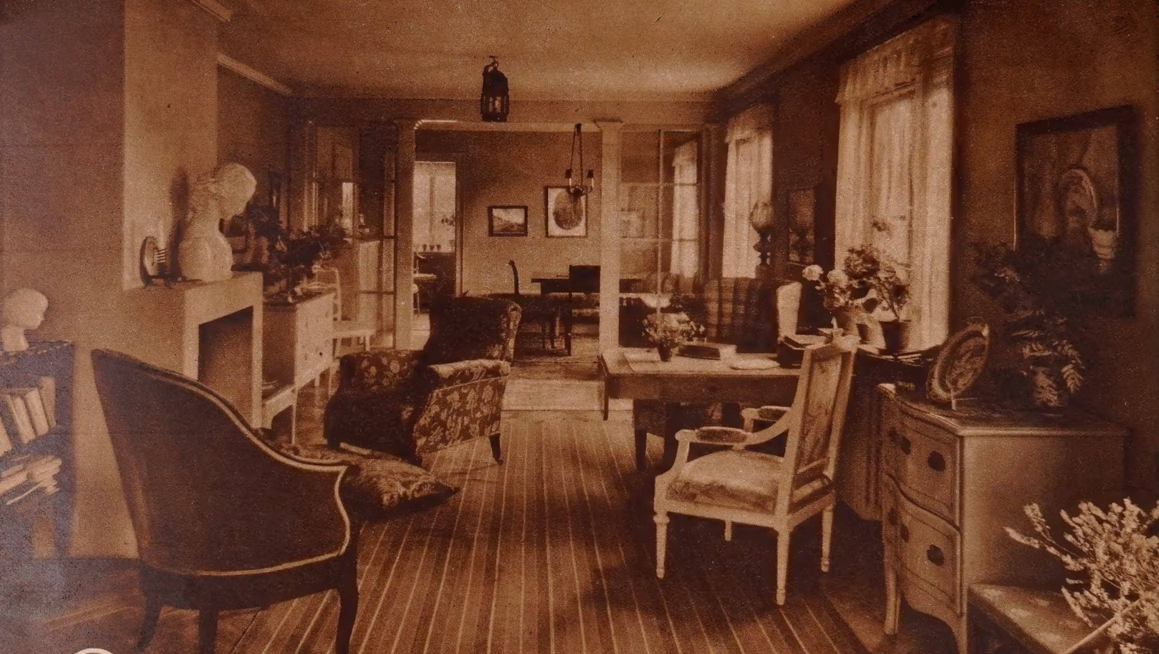
One of the newest ladies to join the "Get McCrea" club is a very famous siren from the stage, now making pictures in Hollywood. Being coy and languishing is not this lady's method of approach. She informed Joel the first time she set eyes on him that she intended to have a love affair with him.

"There's only one other man in Hollywood that interests me," she informed the startled Joel. "I prefer him—but then I happened to see him before I saw you."

She also admitted modestly that the Canadian Northwest Mounted were not the only ones who got their men, but as yet, the other loved one still confessed to being scared to death of her.

"And no wonder," replied Joel. "I'm scared of you, too."

He thinks love, for the most part, is just another racket in Hollywood, and he hasn't any use for rackets. He knows few happy unions among (*Continued on page 97*)



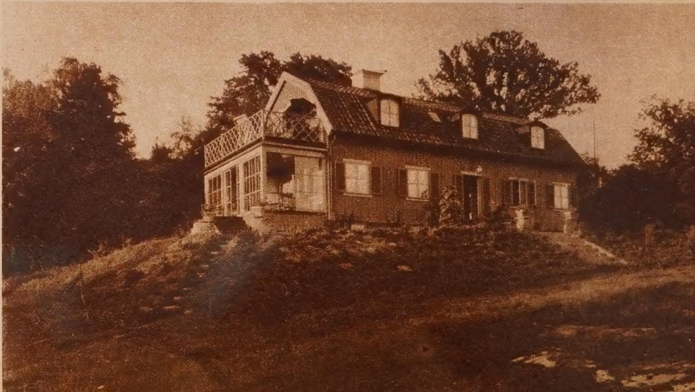
This is the living room of Garbo's country house, simple, sunny, the room of a woman of excellent, cultured taste

The Swedish Home of Greta Garbo

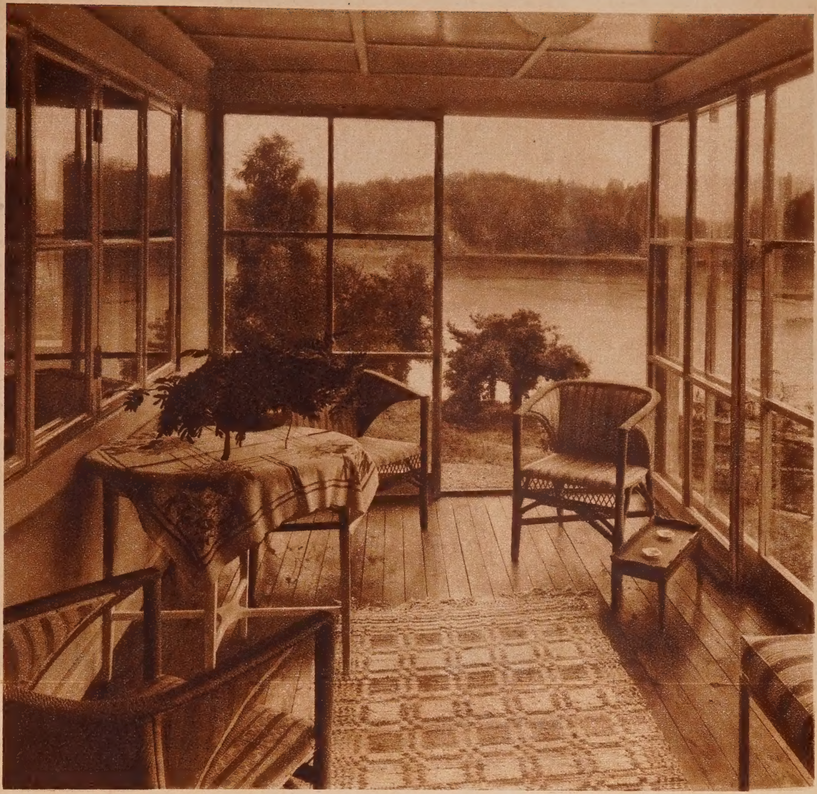
The Lovely Dwelling—Original as Greta Herself—in her Own Fatherland to which the Star Has Retired

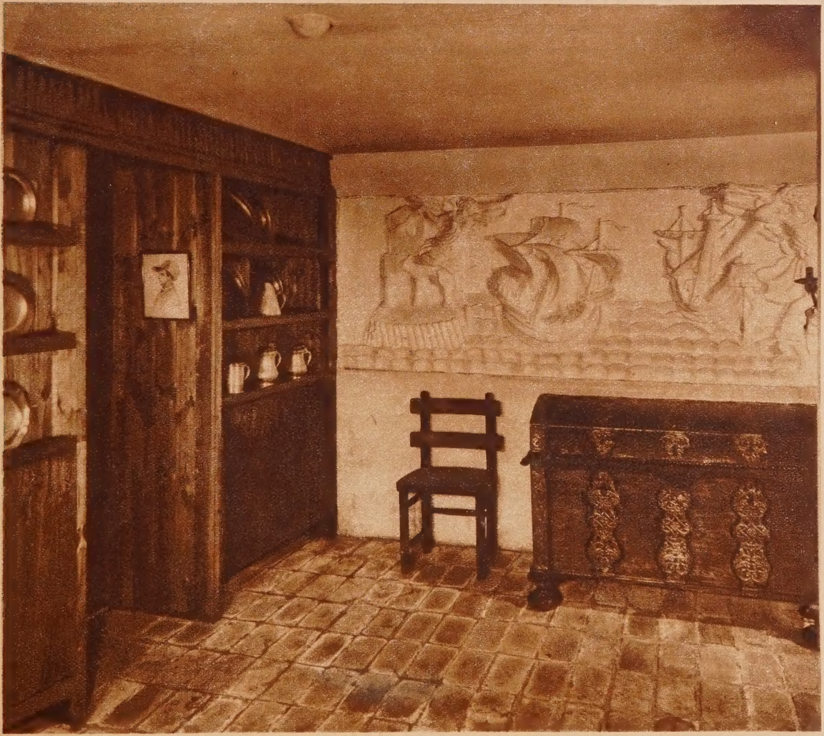
Photographed by Emilie Danielson, exclusive to Movie Mirror

The exterior of Garbo's little two story house, atop a hill on a private and otherwise uninhabited island in the Swedish Archipelago

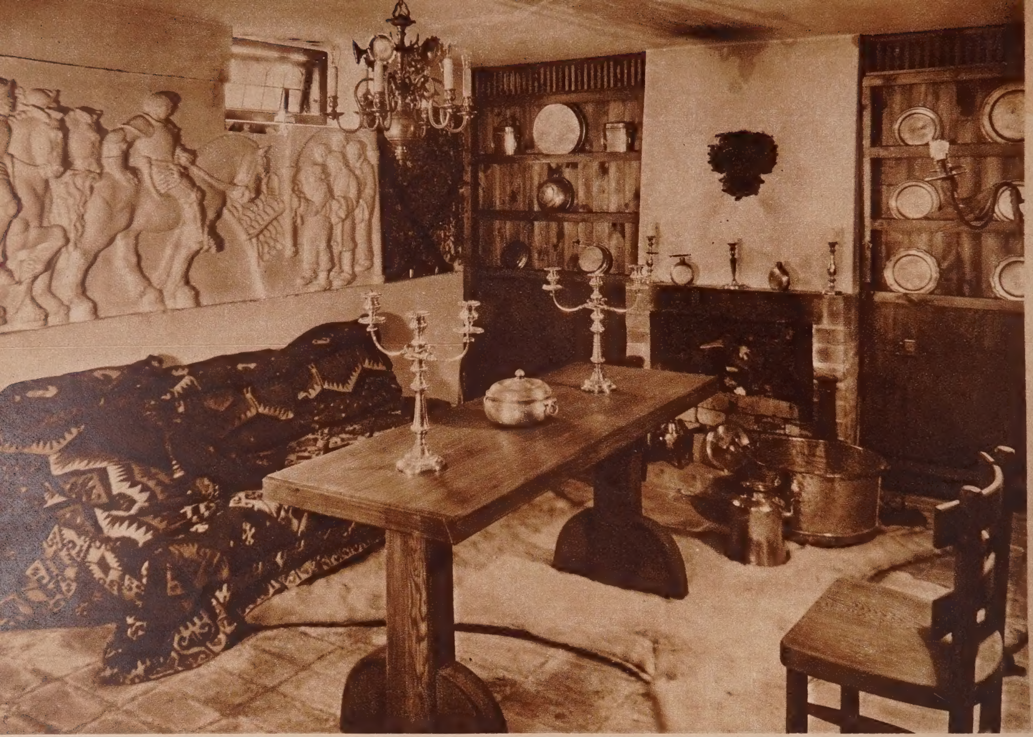


From the porch, from all the rooms, Garbo looks out on silent waters, no traffic, no crowds, and not an autograph hunter within a hundred miles. Garbo's island is forty-five minutes away from Stockholm. The house was originally inhabited by one of Sweden's most famous dentists and was decorated by Nils Sjörgren, a distinguished Swedish sculptor

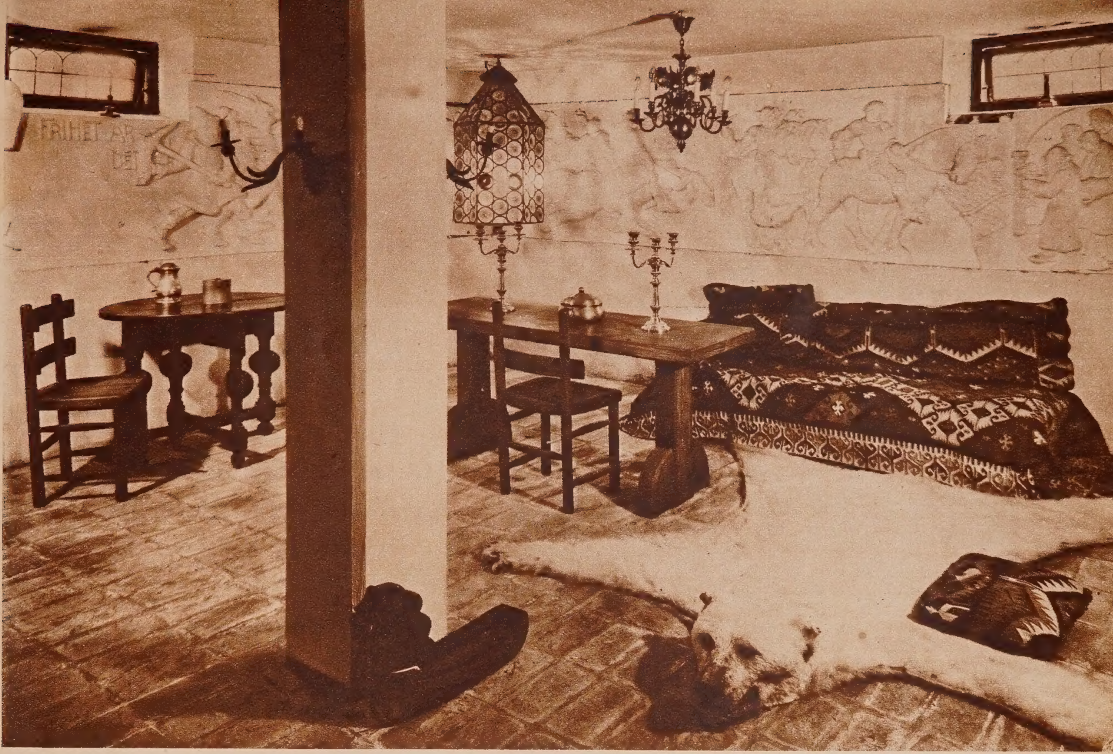




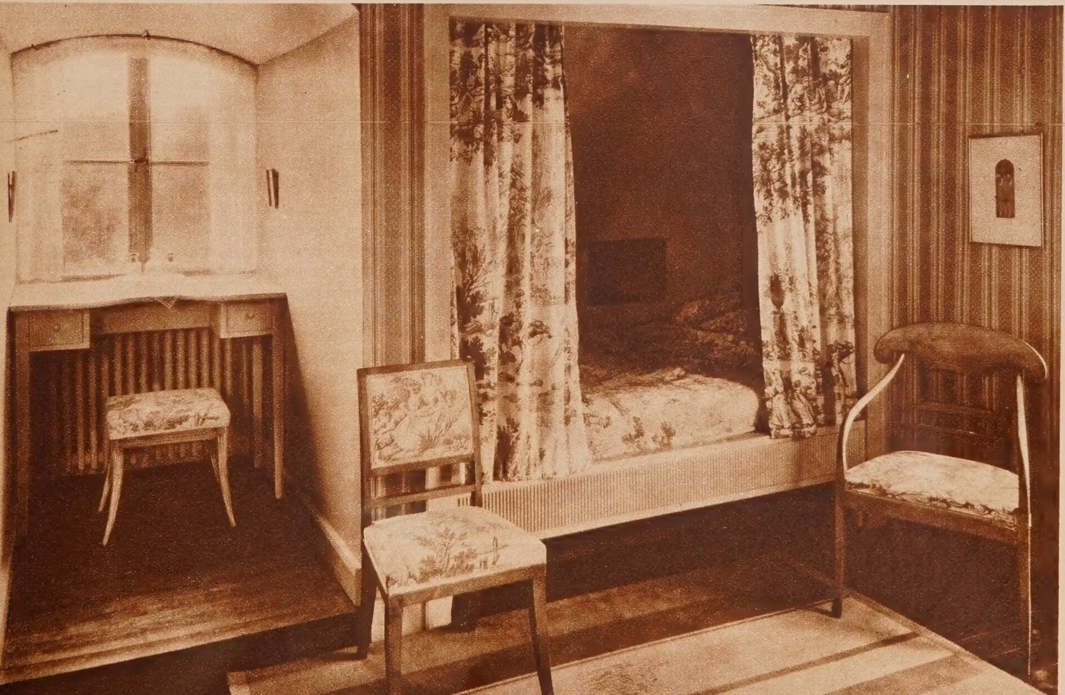
This is the entrance hall, with old red bricks for the flooring, a bas relief of Sjörgren's work on the walls, an antique chest and chair for furnishings and bits of color added in the dishes of Swedish pewter and copper. Can you imagine Mata Hari in such surroundings? Yet wouldn't you expect the Viking Venus to choose a home as distinctive as this?



IN Hollywood they would call the room at the top of this and the next page a "whoopee" room. The same simplicity is shown here and a great originality. White bear skin rugs contrast with the red brick floor. Red bricks make the mantel for the open fireplace. There is a low divan, a silk rug in vivid red, yellows and blues. The walls are dead white. The center table is hand carved oak, unstained but highly polished. The room is lighted by candles in Swedish silver candlesticks or, for reading, by an old monastery lantern (hanging from the center wall in the picture across the page)



IF Garbo wants big parties (and she does give them occasionally in Sweden) her friends dine in the room above. When she is alone, she uses the charming little breakfast room at the bottom of page 42. Below is the bedroom of the lady of mystery, with the bed built into the wall, shutting off all possible noise and light. The glorious Greta suffers from insomnia. The tiny chairs are covered in the same delicate toile that makes the bedspread and pull curtains. Incidentally, on the island Garbo is known simply as Miss Gustafsson, a name as common to Swedes as Smith is to us



WATCH YOUR ST

Edward G. Robinson with Gladys Lloyd, his wife. They like each other so much that they travel together, work together, play together. He says that she knows three things about men that have helped make their marriage a success!

The Real Edward G. Robinson

He isn't "Little Caesar." He isn't conceited. He's just a hard-working actor who's delighted at his own success

By SYLVIA CONRAD

THERE are very few actors in Hollywood who are absolutely without guile. Hollywood is primarily a place that teaches you how to simulate and mask your emotions. More acting is done on Cahuenga Boulevard probably than at any of the studios.

In the midst of play-acting Hollywood Edward G. ("Little Caesar") Robinson is an anomaly. He has never learned how to play-act off the screen. He is as transparent as a sheet of tracing paper. When he is pleased, he grins amiably and settles back in his seat with a cigar, as happy as a child with an all-day sucker. When he is furious, his hair practically stands on end, his cigar almost pops out of his mouth, and he snarls. He gets riled easily, but the storm blows over quickly, and in five minutes he is his amiable, affable self again, beaming all over. But when he is angry, let the chips fall where they may. . . . ! Hide his anger, mask his emotions? Not Robinson!

Sentimental rather than suave, he gives himself away completely. Hollywood watching him says, "Hm, he thinks himself a big shot. Will you look at that? The man is completely impressed by his own importance."

All of which is rather unfair. I could name you a dozen people in Hollywood who are a thousand times more impressed with their own importance than Robinson, but who have learned to conceal it beneath a suave exterior. The mock modesty of a dozen stars is greater egotism than Robinson's frank ingenuous acceptance of his success.

When you consider that Robinson has been a star for several years and that he is one of the greatest and most consistent draws that the box-office has known, amazingly little is said or written about him. Everybody has heard that he buys his wife lace handkerchiefs, that he plays the harp, that he is always eating fruit and constantly fixing his collar, but these things are all superficialities. They don't explain Edward G. Robinson any more than the fact that Herbert Hoover uses a certain type of bath salts would explain Hoover.

A writer's first superficial impression of Robinson would be that the man is naïvely conceited. One syndicate writer, in fact, once caused a terrible row because he hinted that Robinson thought that Robinson was the best actor in the world and that if pressed he would admit that John Barrymore was a ham and George Arliss a tyro. Robinson, aghast, wrote letters to Barrymore and Arliss explaining that he had never said or dreamed anything of the sort, and how the devil did the writer know what he would say if he were pressed . . . ?

Again the truth is that Robinson, a poor boy from a Jewish family, is pleased with his success, and hasn't learned the Anglo-Saxon habit of pretending indifference.

One evening Robinson walked down Delancey Street on the lower East Side in New York. A crowd of East Side urchins followed him. They had seen "Little Caesar", and now they stared at Robinson as though he were Rico in the flesh. Finally one boy, more courageous than the rest, walked up to him and said: "You're Little Caesar, ain't you, mister? Gee—leave me see your rod, will yuh?"

I haven't any doubt that the incident tickled Edward G. Robinson, as mild a man as ever jumped at the sound of an exploding firecracker.

At another time Robinson went into a drugstore in Chicago to buy a tube of toothpaste. The girl at the counter took one look at him, screamed and called for help. People came running from all directions to find a much abashed Little Caesar. The girl had seen his pictures, taking it into her head that such was the ideal gangster type. When she caught sight of Edward G. in the flesh, she thought he was a hold-up man getting ready to rob the store. The real Robinson is about as far-removed from any character he has ever played as hymn-praying Aimee McPherson is different from Greta Garbo.

Edward G. Robinson as Mike, the Portuguese fisherman in "Tiger Shark." He's mad about character rôles like this. Though critics still rave about "Little Caesar," he wants to forget that he ever played gangster parts

He is sick of gangster rôles and would be willing to grow a beard if it would help people to forget them. But even when Robinson played a Chinaman in "The Hatchet Man" it was billed as "The Little Caesar of Chinatown." When Robinson heard about that billing, he let out a yowl that could be heard from one side of the Atlantic to the other.

The key to Edward G. Robinson lies in his early boyhood, a boyhood which he hates to talk about and which he is trying to forget. His official biography says that he was born Emanuel Goldenberg in Bucharest, Roumania, on December 12, 1893. All of which is true. But Robinson hates the country of his birth so that he snarls, "I wasn't born in Roumania. I hate the damn country! I was born when I came to the United States, and I was ten years old when I was born."

The most revealing things about people are often the things that they hate to talk about, and Robinson could never feel the searing hatred that he does for Roumania if his early life had not had a terrific influence upon his destiny. Psychologists say that our characters are moulded in the first seven years of our lives. (*Cont. on page 82*)

Gloria Stuart isn't only beautiful, but a talented emotional actress, as you can see from this scene with Boris Karloff in "The Old Dark House"

"I've Made It My Business . . ."

This is one of Gloria Stuart's Favorite Expressions —And it Sums up her Life to Date

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

SHE was—and still is—rather wild-eyed.

At a tender age she had, among other faults, she frankly admits—one gosh-awful temper. One of those blind tempers that doesn't let its owner know what it is going to do next. Something angered her and sort of lit a fuse. The fuse burned to a certain point. The explosion followed.

There are certain memories of which Gloria Stuart is ashamed.

When she was eight years old her brother, a year her junior, teased her one day. She flew out of control and the next thing he knew he was flung out of an automobile in which they had been riding. She was sorry afterward—bitterly sorry.

When she was nine, she became angered at her teacher. She rose from her desk, planted a kick on the person of the worthy pedagogue.

For this, she was expelled from school.

As a result, she took herself in hand.

"From that time on," she explains, "I've gotten myself under control. There are no more outbursts. I knew they were wrong and that I could overcome them —master them.

"I've made it my business—"

Today, she is self-contained and composed and unruffled, a triumph of will. She gets wild-eyed only when a certain magazine writer baits her about her acting. In that case he is struck, smeared (*Continued on page* 75)

Gloria Stuart is Universal's grandest new discovery. She's blonde and she looks fragile, but she used to have one gosh-awful temper. She was born on July 4, and she's been living up to it ever since. Read how she conquered her temper, won love and got a movie contract

Sally Eilers found things difficult when she succeeded and Hoot Gibson struck hard luck

Getting Over the Rough Places in Marriage

The Secrets Hollywood's Most Famous Wives Have Discovered

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

THE marriage and divorce situation in Hollywood is a touchy one for the newspapers and magazines. You never know what you can depend upon. You announce an impending wedding or separation on the best possible authority—and then it doesn't happen and you are left looking pretty silly. That redoubtable gossip, Walter Winchell, says that he frequently rumors a forthcoming divorce which does not happen. Whereupon his critics cry, "Yah! Yah! You were wrong that time!"

"But," says Walter, "I wasn't wrong. The announcement appearing in print gave that couple just the jog they needed to bring them to their senses. It precipitated matters and they sat down to talk things over, to decide whether they really wanted a divorce, with the result that they agreed to smooth over their difficulties and begin again."

Just an old ray of sunshine, that Winchell!

Nevertheless, what he says is undoubtedly often true. If people can be persuaded to stand off and view themselves with detachment, to get a perspective on their marriage, it frequently prevents a separation.

Lilyan Tashman told me one time, "People won't try as hard at marriage as they will at any other sort of a career. If you are an actress and things begin to go wrong with your work and you find you are not progressing as you should—you don't throw up your hands in despair and cry, 'It's no use. I'll quit and try something else! I'll go and become a seamstress!' Not at all. You sit down and try to figure out what is wrong. Perhaps you are playing the wrong type of rôles. Maybe your diction will stand some improving. Or maybe you haven't been getting along with other people as well as you should. You try to analyze your trouble and remedy it.

"But when people encounter a rough spot in marriage, they are all too ready to throw up their hands and wail, 'Oh, dear! It's a failure.' And away they go to get a divorce and try it again with someone else. Usually they are not one bit better off. You will observe that a person who makes a failure of one marriage is very likely to fail in the next one. He hasn't learned to try. He doesn't make that extra effort to get over the rough places. People marry, unfortunately, with the assumption that the thing is going to be perfect. When they find that it isn't, they quit!"

Of course, marriage is admittedly more difficult for picture people than it is for men and women in most other groups. Actors are emotional beings, impelled by their temperaments to dramatize all the large and small events of their lives. Professional success or failure affect them with devastating intensity—and anything may happen to an actor's career over night. Two careers in one family present all sorts of difficulties. Imagine the clash of egoes in such a household! When you think about it, it is a wonder that any of them make a success of marriage. Yet there are a lot of happily married couples in the picture colony—and most of those marriages are successful precisely because those couples have made sincere and concerted efforts to get over the rough places.

Take Joan and Doug, Junior. There are two young, vital, intense people, terribly in love with one another. Doug, the gay, capricious, talented son of his famous father. Charmingly mad—naturally. Charmingly erratic. An ardent admirer and disciple of the still madder John Barrymore. And Joan. Burning with the white flame of ambition. Consumed with that terrible desire for self-expression and for the recognition that she knows she deserves. Miserable, always, with the awareness of her own shortcomings. Judging herself relentlessly, flaying herself, brooding, searching. Trivial things can cast her into amazing depths of despair. But her habitual unhappiness is not trivial. It is a restless seeking and yearning for something she doesn't understand.

Well, imagine those two trying to make a go of marriage! And yet—they have done very well, when you think of it.

Joan and Doug, Jr., two young, vital, intense people, terribly in love but subjected to the awful emotional pressure of Hollywood

Joan has no illusions about herself in the domestic rôle.

"I am a rotten wife," she told me. "In spite of all the goo that has been written about my domesticity, I know that I am *not* a good wife. Although goodness knows I try . . . I am irritable and moody and difficult to please. The details of running a house and planning meals drive me *wild*. I can't help it. When they come and ask me what we shall have for dinner, I have the darndest time to get my mind on it at all. I say, vaguely, 'Oh, yes! Dinner. We must have dinner. Oh—well—lamb or something. I don't care.' And then I realize that I have to care and I try desperately to think about it—to convince myself that it matters whether we eat and that it is my job to attend to it. It's just the way I *am*."

Imagine Joan going home from the studio, tired, distraught, troubled. She is always troubled over her rôles—and that, perhaps, is what makes her so vital, so important a figure on the screen. She begs Doug not to talk to her . . . she wants to be quiet and think. Doug is distressed at once. Has something happened at the studio to bother her? Has *he* done something to trouble her? Is she ill? Perhaps he should call the doctor . . . maybe she should have a massage. . . . No. Joan is all right. She merely wants to be quiet for a little while. Doug contemplates her in worried silence, concentrating on her, puzzled, anxious. At last Joan, worn down by this scrutiny or, perhaps, snapping out of her mood, cries, "Do talk to me! Say something!" And Doug who has only just now persuaded himself that all she needs is quiet for the purposes of reflection, is overcome with masculine bewilderment. Joan tries to explain. He tries to understand. By this time they are both in a state of nerves and their evening is off to a grand start! It's all so young and so natural!

And yet—they try. Last summer, after Joan had finished "Grand Hotel" which worried and harassed her even more than most of her rôles, she was in a state of nervous exhaustion which frightened me, lest she should collapse entirely. The depression which accompanies such a state convinced her that everything possible was wrong with her life and her career. She could see no gleam of hope anywhere. But she did a very sensible thing. She went away by herself, "to think things out." Away into the desert or the mountains or somewhere . . . and stayed several weeks. Doug took a yachting trip—a gay, carefree trip with some cronies. Doug didn't want

Bebe and Ben found married happiness in a spot where you'd never dream of looking for it to be alone for thinking purposes. He wanted to play. Afterward Joan was at Catalina for some weeks, on location with the "Rain" company. Doug telephoned her every day and spent every possible week-end with her. But they weren't together day after day—breakfast after breakfast. The atmosphere cleared amazingly. They went to Europe together and had a grand holiday time. Away from Hollywood and pictures and nerves. And they came back, happy together once more, companions and friends. They got safely past one rough and trying spot in their marriage. And they did it neatly and very sensibly, if you ask me!

Take the Clark Gables. Consider what that marriage must have had to survive in the past two years! A friend of Clark asked him the other day, "How does Mrs. Gable feel about all this? It must be trying for a woman who is in love with a man to see him thrust abruptly into the limelight—and *such* a limelight! A woman-in-love-with-a-man must suffer some qualms when she sees him pursued, besought, actually worshipped by a million ardent and hysterical females! What does she *think* about all this?"

Clark was quite frank in answering this query. "Naturally it has been difficult," he said. "Any normal woman would feel some resentment, some discomfort, about such a situation. But Mrs. Gable has been most intelligent and tolerant. After the first few bad moments—and there were some bad ones—she began to see that all this feminine hysteria—whatever you call it—was a part of this nice, remunerative job. It was the thing, indeed, which made the job remunerative. And she began to rationalize the whole thing. She began, in her sensible way, to achieve the attitude of the wife of—say—a traveling salesman. She knows that her husband must be away from her a great deal, that he must meet a great many people and that if their marriage is to survive she must learn to trust him. Else they will both go mad! She recognizes it as a part of his job. She learns—and this is important—to smile at the right moments. That attitude is the salvation of any marriage."

Lilyan Tashman thinks of marriage as she would think of a job—and uses common sense in making good at it

Mrs. Gable, fortunately, has a sort of maternal attitude toward Clark. He calls her (are you agog?) "Mommy." Which indicates something or other about the relations between them. Fortunately for Clark, he is married to a woman with a tolerant view of the human race and a trusting attitude toward her husband. Otherwise, that particular rough spot in their marriage might have been a great deal rougher. Clark says, emphatically, "I *know* that there will never be a separation in this family!" And that, my dears, is saying something in the motion picture industry.

There were Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. The first year of that marriage wasn't as rosy and ecstatic as maybe you imagined. Both of them were a little spoiled. For years, Ben, as a prominent leading man, had been pursued and made much of by beautiful, exotic and famous women. And Bebe had been the recipient of ardent attentions not only from gilded youths but from numbers of interesting and really distinguished gentlemen. Bebe had become an important star, just prior to her marriage, with "Rio Rita," while poor Ben had slipped sadly in pictures because of the years he spent on "Hell's Angels." Not a too auspicious beginning for matrimony!

With Bebe and Ben it was mostly a matter of adjusting themselves to marriage and to each other. There were difficult, restless, trying moments during which they didn't want to be alone together. They wanted people around them—lots of people and a sort of hectic gaiety to keep their two minds off their two selves.

Of course Ben began to come back nicely in pictures. Then the baby was born and afterward they made that personal appearance tour together. It was then that they really discovered one another. That was their real honeymoon—that trip about the country—after more than a year of marriage.

(*Continued on page 96*)

THE MASK OF
FU MANCHU

From the story by Sax Rohmer
An M.G.M. production with Boris Karloff
Fictionized by Constance Brighton

THOUSANDS of miles and many countries separated two men. Circumstances made them bitter enemies. The one, though erudite and cultured, resorted to the mysteries and the cruelty of the Orient to win his objective. The other, an official of Scotland Yard, attempted to parry the swift, merciless attacks of his enemy and win to the same objective without bloodshed. The one was Fu Manchu. The other was Nayland Smith. Of the two, one was destined to survive. Innocent co-workers were doomed to die. The struggle of East against West was to be pitiless.

The man of the West made the first move. It was a cold, foggy night and Nayland Smith awaited, in his Scotland Yard office, the arrival of the famous archaeologist, Sir Lionel Barton. Smith was slim, white haired, wiry. His brain was seething with the dangerous problem that had been entrusted to him. He was calm, except for the fingers that drummed a tireless tattoo on the flat top desk. The fog seeped through the closed windows and dulled the office lights a sickly yellow. Smith sat in concentrated silence. The lives of millions depended upon the outcome of his conversation with the man he had summoned to him, as he himself fully realized.

Cast

Dr. Fu Manchu	*Boris Karloff*
Nayland Smith	*Lewis Stone*
Sheila	*Karen Morley*
Terrence Granville	*Charles Starrett*
Fah Lo See	*Myrna Loy*
Von Berg	*Jean Hersholt*
Sir Lionel Barton	*Lawrence Grant*
McLeod	*David Torrence*

A discreet rap at the door and an officer in plainclothes announced "Sir Lionel Barton, sir."

Tall, slightly stooped, with the fine aesthetic face of the dreamer and the student, Sir Lionel entered and smiled: "I received your message, Nayland."

"We will make this brief, Sir Lionel." Smith drew a

The beautiful daughter of Fu Manchu was as incredibly cruel as her sinister father

"Father is all I have," Sheila said. "I must go to him." "Not all, darling, you have me," whispered Terry

chair forward for his visitor. "First, a question. Do you love your country?"

A surprised expression crossed Sir Lionel's face. "But you know," he gestured widely.

Smith leaned forward. "Sir Lionel, the British Government is asking you to risk your life again."

The elderly archaeologist said simply: "I am at your service."

"Thank you." Smith hitched his chair closer to his visitor's. "You're going from here to the British Museum to meet of some your friends. You're going to ask them to join you in an expedition to the edge of the Gobi Desert where you hope to find the buried and lost tomb of Genghis Khan."

Sir Lionel was astonished. "How did you know that!"

"It's my business to know things," Smith nodded. "Furthermore," and he tapped his desk to punctuate the importance of his words, "you *must* find that tomb. We cannot allow for a failure. You must be the *first* to find it."

"Why such haste, Nayland?"

Smith's mouth tightened. "Ever hear of Fu Manchu?"

"Vaguely." Sir Lionel frowned.

"Well, Fu Manchu is trying to find the tomb."

"Oh," he brightened, "he is also an archaeologist?"

"No," grimly. "Fu Manchu is a brilliantly educated Oriental, insane for power. Of course, you know what you expect to find in the tomb?"

Sir Lionel's eyes sparkled at the vision of the treasure waiting to be excavated. "I'll find records," he murmured. "The gold plates with the threat of Genghis Khan to return to this world. The golden mask he wore and the golden scimitar he wielded which was hardened by some secret process similar to steel."

Smith gripped the other man's arm. "Exactly! In your hands, these things are interesting archaeological specimens and will go into the British Museum. In the hands of Fu Manchu—," Smith shuddered and continued: "Once Fu Manchu puts the mask of Genghis Khan across his yellow face and takes that scimitar into his hands, all Asia rises! Do you realize what spectacular dream Fu Manchu has set his very soul on realizing?"

Sir Lionel listened entranced.

Smith pointed a steady finger at his visitor. "If Fu Manchu gets the mask and the scimitar he will declare himself to be Genghis Khan come to life again as the prophecy promised. He will lead hundreds of millions of fanatical soldiers against the white races. He will burn, rape, kill, and torture in his mad dream to exterminate the white race and rule the world as the emperor of the yellow race. That, my friend," and Smith relaxed in his chair, "that is what *you* have to prevent. Find the grave of Genghis Khan. Be the first to find it and return, with your treasures, safe to England."

Sir Lionel fidgeted in his excitement. "My dear fellow, what a fascinating story. But of course I shall find the tomb and of course I shall return with the treasures. You see," he squared his shoulders and smiled, "I *know* where the tomb is buried."

"Good," Smith rose to his feet. "You are going now to the Museum to plan the expedition with your friends?"

"Yes." Sir Lionel shook hands, "and we will leave for the Gobi Desert within the week."

In the Trophy Room of the British Museum, three

Fu Manchu tortured the starving Sir Lionel with fruit that he could not eat, gave him sips of salty water when he was gasping with thirst

The beautiful Fah Lo See enjoyed seeing the handsome white man's suffering

Terry was drugged, drugged with Oriental poison, drugged with the beauty of Fah Lo See

Death was hovering close to the intrepid Englishman. Fu Manchu has ordered the silver fingers to close in, tighter and tighter upon his body

men awaited the arrival of Sir Lionel Barton. There was Dr. Von Berg, thick set, bespectacled; Dr. McLeod, tall and lean and a little stooped; and Terrence Granville, young, attractive, broad-shouldered. The older two, together with the curator, were arguing heatedly over several new Egyption pieces that had just been sent to the Museum. They did not hear the outer door open nor the brisk footsteps of Sir Lionel on the marble floor.

Sir Lionel strode across the deserted room immersed in thoughts of the expedition to be discussed and of the dangers it involved. He paid no heed to the eerie mummies that lined the walls but as he passed one mummy case, lost in thought, the eyes of the mummy moved after him and the case opened slowly to reveal a dark, cruel Oriental face. As Sir Lionel passed into the Trophy Room the mummy case was closed on its living occupant.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, gentlemen," Sir Lionel apologized.

"Not 'atall. Not 'atall." They welcomed him warmly. "We were just—"

But Sir Lionel, placing hat and stick on the table, interrupted with: "Gentlemen, I had hoped to have a long talk

Terry, who loved Sheila, was now the abject slave of the Oriental princess

but something has come up that has changed my plans. Gentlemen, the expedition must depart at once."

"Another expedition?" Von Berg inquired eagerly.

McLeod rubbed his hands together happily. "Good. London's beginning to bore me."

"Where do we go now?" Von Berg was impatient for details.

Sir Lionel smiled. "We are going to the tomb of Genghis Khan."

"What! But no one knows where the tomb is." Von Berg was disappointed.

Sir Lionel laughed. "Patience, my friend. I know. My daughter Sheila," and he squeezed young Terry Granville's arm affectionately, "she, too, knows. I don't suppose she mentioned it to you, Terry?"

Granville looked bewildered. "She certainly didn't."

They were all on edge for more news though Von Berg still mumbled doubts that Sir Lionel knew where the tomb was.

"I'll show you where it is," he said and walked over to the large map which was built into the wall. Switching on the light and taking the ruler that leaned against the map, he pointed out the route they were to pursue, explaining: "We go so—and secretly, most secretly. It will be laborious and slow crossing this mountain and getting into the valley. Then up over this range of hills and right here," he tapped a spot on the map, "right on the edge of the Gobi Desert—that is where we camp. Gentlemen," he turned from the platform on which he stood to look down into the attentive faces below him, "you must know the truth. From the moment we start on this expedition, we are in great personal danger. It is necessary that we move silently and secretly. Another man seeks these treasures. That man is Dr. Fu Manchu, a fanatic, dreaming a murderous dream. You all recall the prophecy that Genghis Khan had inscribed on his golden plates?"

Von Berg guffawed. "The 'I will return' prophecy. It is nothing. Words—words."

"Words—perhaps," Sir Lionel replaced the ruler against the wall and switched off the light above the map. "But those words, my friend, are the dream of Dr. Fu Manchu. With the mask and the scimitar of Genghis Khan in his possession he will pose to the yellow race as the incarnation of Genghis Khan."

The four faces grew sober. Four men exchanged restless glances. Four minds doubted and yet did not doubt.

"Tomorrow, gentlemen," Sir Lionel picked up his hat and stick, "we will meet at my house and perfect all details and on Monday, we sail for the Gobi Desert. It is agreed?"

It was agreed with thunderous yesses. Thanking them for their confidence in him Sir Lionel bid them good night and turned to the door. It closed behind him. He retraced his steps across the marble floor. Behind him drifted the excited voices of the men who were to accompany him on his dangerous mission. Sir Lionel passed the mummy case. The case opened. The figure within it stepped noiselessly after Sir Lionel. Three heavily padded figures separated themselves from the shadows. Hearing a slight noise, Sir Lionel turned. His startled cry was stifled in his throat by a

(*Continued on page* 85)

Sheila was frightened by Terry's manner. "You are not my Terry," she cried

Heaven in Hollywood

That's What the Aristocratic June Collyer Has Found in Her Marriage to Stu Erwin, the Small Town Clown

By KATHRYN WHITE

SPLICE Park Avenue and Squaw Valley (of *all* names!), and the result is Heaven.

Proof?—Gorgeously lovely June Collyer and Dumb-Pan Stuart Erwin, uncontested champions in Hollywood's happily-married-couple field. Because June, who's as Park-avenue as anybody could possibly be, and Stu Erwin, who comes from just exactly the kind of burg that *would* be named Squaw Valley, have found Heaven on Earth in that lovely Beverly Hills Spanish bungalow they call home—with their brand-new baby, a fussy black Scottie and a Mammy Silver Persian with her family of kittens.

When they married, a year and a half ago, Hollywood sneered and said: "It can't last! THOSE two—as well try mixing oil and water!"

But if ever *any* marriage went to prove the saying that "opposites make the best marriages," June-and-Stu's does.

June (even though she *is* a "studio widow" these days, and more about that later!) is an even more beautiful wife and mother than she was a screen star, and that's saying a lot. And she has never, for one instant of her wifehood, regretted swapping stardom, fame, career for wife-and-motherdom.

"I'm happier now than I ever was before. I love Stu more than ever. And that baby!—oooh, I could eat him up! Honest—every time I look at him, it's all I can do to keep from eating him."

And Stu himself just hovers about, a huge grin splitting that famously foolish face of his, and marvelling at how much the baby looks like him.

June, who before her screen career was a Park Avenue deb, and who at one time was "rushed" by Prince George when he visited Hollywood, is now just Mrs. Stuart Erwin. Career?—oh, some day, she says, she's going to resume her picture work—but she says it with a certain wistfulness, which is explained by:

" . . . and honestly, anxious as I am to go back to work, I hate to think of what it'll mean. Take me away from Stu, from baby, from here . . . !" and she sweeps that lovely home with a gesture. "But I do know one thing—no matter HOW big the rôle, I'll never take a part that will take me away from Stu on location trips! I've had too much of that already!"

Not that June's been away; she hasn't worked in pictures since her marriage. But Stu has been "away" for days at a time. For those days, June and Stu Junior haven't seen hubby-and-daddy, *even though he hasn't been out of Hollywood!* The answer is that June is a "studio widow."

(*Continued on page* 81)

Ladies' Man

Alexander Kirkland Started Falling in Love at the Age of Twelve—and He's Still at It

By S. R. MOOK

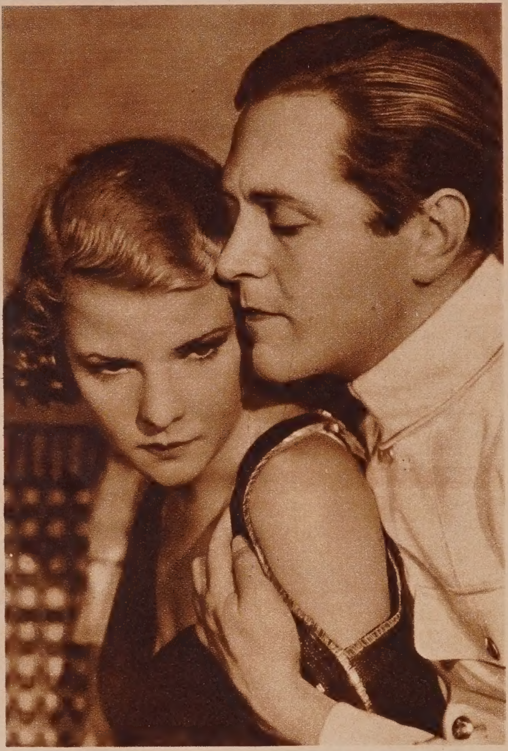
HIS name is Alexander Kirkland, which even starts him off romantically. His mother calls him "Alexander the Great." His friends call him "Bill."

He was born in Mexico City of American parents. When he was seven, Mexico was in the throes of one of its then periodic revolutions and he was carried out of a burning village on the back of a marine.

On the train, Bill was regaling the porter with tales of his harrowing escape and lamenting that he hadn't got to see life. The porter assured him he would fix that. He called Bill next morning about daylight and for a mile Bill rode through a lane of dead men—two dangling from each telephone post on either side of the road.

Now, he regretfully tells you, Mexico is safer than Chicago and more orderly than Glendale, California.

His mother brought him to New York, put him in a boarding school and returned to Mexico. Life became one boarding school after another for Bill, and he hated them all.



Even in pictures Alexander Kirkland has been lucky with the ladies. Here he is in "The Devil's Lottery" opposite the alluring Elissa Landi

Once he prevailed upon his parents to let him return to Mexico for the summer. He was about twelve. His mother had hopes of making a gentleman of him and enrolled him in Miss Maddox's Dancing School there. Bill was less interested in learning to lead a cotillion than in living up to his reputation of being the Peck's Bad Boy of Mexico, and he seldom attended. But one bright day as his steps led him away from the dancing school instead of towards it, he saw a ravishingly beautiful girl going into the building and had the song been written then, Bill would have been singing,

"I took one look at you
That's all I meant to do
And then my heart stood still."

He followed the girl into the school and became a regular attendant thereafter. On the days when there were no dancing classes he mooned beneath her iron-barred window. The girl afterwards became famous as Dolores Del Rio. Bill wonders if she remembers him.

There was another girl the following summer. Her name was Ana Christina and this time his affections were requited. He was, maybe, fourteen and she a year or so younger. He was permitted to visit her in her parlor—chaperoned by her mother, her aunt and her cousin. After some time had elapsed they were permitted to stroll in the garden—with her mother, her aunt and her cousin keeping a watchful eye on them.

When the mother, the aunt and the cousin thought things had gone far enough, they sent word to Bill's parents that the children seemed very fond of each other and they would be glad to discuss an engagement — which was all according to Hoyle in Mexico.

But Bill's parents were Americans and the thought of Alexander the Great being engaged at fourteen caused Mrs. Kirkland's hair to curl up on end. It's still curled to this day—even though it no longer stands on end.

Bill was returned to school in the States—post-haste. He was tired of conjugating verbs, declining nouns and parsing sentences. He got himself expelled, thinking to return to Mexico and Ana. But his mother put him in another school—in Virginia. He promptly fell in love with another girl—the warden's daughter. Unappreciative of the honor bestowed upon her, she became engaged, after two months—to someone else.

Bill was in a fury. For a time—a short time—he didn't know exactly what to do. But that's one thing about Bill. He usually does know what he wants and contrives—somehow—to get it. He had always wanted to go on the stage. This seemed the golden opportunity if he played his cards right.

He convinced the doctor he was suffering from a severe nervous breakdown and (*Continued on page* 92)

Alexander Kirkland is one of Hollywood's newest and most popular leading men. He's nearly six feet tall, blond-haired and blue-eyed. He pursues two things with equal fervor—his work and what is called the fair sex. Read his story on the opposite page

"Scarlet Dawn," Doug Fairbanks Junior's new picture, is just another disappointment. It simply doesn't make the grade

Movies of the Month

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓ ✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

IT makes your reviewer proud to be even slightly on the inside of the movie industry this month. Because if the movies can turn out slam-whiz-bang pictures the way they're doing right now, what's a depression? When in the same month four pictures like "I Am a Fugitive," "Trouble in Paradise," "Red Dust" and "Air Mail" can be turned out, each so different, each unmistakably great—well, what is there to say? Variety—you've been pleading for it. Well, this month you get it—and how! "I Am a Fugitive" is not only a picture—it's an EXPERIENCE. Every adult ought to see it.

Naturally, many of these pictures are great only for adults. You don't want little Johnny to go to see pictures like "Red Dust." So Movie Mirror this month, because you've been asking us what pictures you can take children to, starts something new. You'll find a list of pictures suitable for children on page 98. And if there is ever anything we can do to make these reviews a better guide to save your dollars, just let us know about it.

Joan Bennett and Charles Farrell are charming in "Wild Girl," the talkie version of "Salomy Jane"

✓✓ I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson, Preston Foster, Sheila Terry, David Landau, Hale Hamilton, many others.*
It's About: *The nearly unbelievable cruelties of the chain-gang system, as shown in the case of a youth who escapes, makes good, but is forced back into terror by legal trickery.*

Make up your mind, when you enter the theater to see this one, that you're going to be torn to little bits inside—torn, twisted, stunned. Rarely, if ever, has there been a more powerful crusade picture of any kind—and to its great further credit, add that it's also tremendous entertainment. NOT *amusement,* but entertainment that grips fiercely, certainly.

Paul Muni, in this his first film work since the unforgettable "Scarface," turns in a magnificent portrayal as the chain-gang youth who breaks away and then goes back. But it is the fierce power of the story itself, and the aid of the grand supporting cast that will make "I Am a Fugitive" a filmplay long to be remembered, once seen. Suspense?—why, never, perhaps, has there been a more suspenseful screen sequence than that closeup of Muni, fighting to slip the shackles off his ankles while they close in on him. . . ! It'll drive you jittery, when you experience it.

"I Am a Fugitive" is allegedly only truth—the horrors it shows (and a preview audience gasped and shuddered at some) are, according to foreword, actual reproductions. If so, it's time a picture as strong as this showed them.

Your Reviewer Says: It'll play the very deuce with your emotions, but it's a screen experience you shouldn't miss.

✓✓ Trouble in Paradise (Paramount)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall (and watch THAT man!), Edward Everett Horton, Charlie Ruggles, C. Aubrey Smith.*
It's About: *Society-crook stuff—but WAIT!—it's NOT that old junk, but a brand-new style of mixed Meller-drammer, Sex, Laughter, Sophistication, and pooh-pooh to bluenosery. And it's SWELL!*

Ol' Cigar-Chewer Lubitsch has cracked out a pippin of a movie, here. You'll howl at the opening shot of the Venetian garbageman; you'll chortle and chuckle at that amazing dinner Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall start the action with—and from then on, you'll giggle and blush and howl and thrill and when it's all over, you'll say: why in so-and-so can't they make *more* pictures like *that?*

It tells the adventures of two crooks, Miriam and Herbert (and if you *must* know, their relationship is one they celebrate by observing "the second anniversary of the day we *didn't* marry!"), in their campaign to get away with the money and jewels of a rich (and oh, how lovely!) widow, Kay Francis. They get away with it, which makes the picture a complete nose-thumbing at accepted standards of movie morals. But Lubitsch and his cast have done it with such an air of tongue-in-the-cheek light-heartedness that you won't be offended.

Never have Kay and Miriam been more sexily lovely. It's a toss-up as to which of them was the more Lubitschy.

What a treat for the radio fans ***"The Big Broadcast"*** *(top) is!* ***"Kongo"*** *(center) is a horror picture laid in the jungles.* ***"Air Mail"*** *(bottom) is the best air romance yet turned out*

And as for Herbert Marshall—*there's* a new film rage, and it's easy to understand why Edna Best, his wife, turned down a film job rather than leave him alone in New York. Yes, we know he's played in other pictures, but they didn't give you a chance to see the Herbert Marshall New York and London playgoers raved about. This time you get the full effect of his charm.

Your Reviewer Says: *DON'T* pass this one up, if you're 15 or over.

It will rack your emotions. It will tear you in pieces. It will leave you limp and weak, but after you have seen "I Am a Fugitive" you will know that you have seen a great picture

✓✓ Air Mail (Universal)

You'll See: *Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Russell Hopton, Slim Summerville, Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond.*
It's About: *The thrills and chills of carrying Uncle Samuel's mail through the air.*

Quick, Meadows, trot out that dictionary. At least a dozen brand new super-superlatives are needed to describe "Air Mail." It's bang-up entertainment, and far and away the best air romance yet turned out.

The story sweeps you through storms and crack-ups, hairbreadth rescues, villainy and romance. Probably no great amount of money was squandered in the making. But, somehow, a truly great picture comes into being.

Many of the scenes are night shots, and there is something breathlessly exciting in these soaring and dipping planes in an inky sky.

Ralph Bellamy is ideal as the superintendent of the little air station, and Pat O'Brien as the seducing, gin-guzzling, no good flyer makes you like him anyway for his reckless heroism. Fine work from the entire cast and Slim Summerville's caustic comedy is just the right safety valve for the high-powered dramatic chills.

Your Reviewer Says: For air stunt scenes and thrills and chills, this simply ought not to be missed.

✓ Six Hours to Live (Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, John Boles, Miriam Jordan, George Marion, Sr., Halliwell Hobbes, Edward McWade.*
It's About: *The thrilling things that happen when a slain diplomat is brought back to life for a six-hour period, just as he is involved in deep tangles—political and personal.*

Here's one of those imaginative, pseudo-scientific nerve-tinglers—and it's far above-the-average entertainment. A diplomat, lone holdout in a world pact, is slain by his enemies so they can put through the treaty. But by luck, an inventor of a life-restoring machine gives him back six hours of life. The diplomat, gaining second-sight in his renewed life, thwarts his enemies sensationally, and also suffers the heartbreak of giving up his sweetheart to another.

It's perhaps less the story than the fine way it's told that makes this film particularly interesting. There are moments of sheer grandeur. And thrills—that scene wherein Baxter is given life in as weird a machine as has been constructed for movies is a revelation in film wizardry.

Two great performances from two great stars make "Red Dust" one grand picture. The team of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow fairly sets the screen on fire

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you're a hard-boiled realist and an overdone cynic to boot, you'll get your money's worth out of this one.

✓ Wild Girl (Fox)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy, Irving Pichel, Eugene Pallette, Sarah Padden.*
It's About: *A little mountain wild flower (growing wilder every day) who lives and loves in pioneer California.*

Come out from behind that fancy title, Salomy Jane, we know you. "Wild Girl" is just another name for the famous Bret Harte story which has delighted more than one generation of readers. The beloved little spitfire has romped across the screen before, but never so delightfully as in this magnificently pictorial production. Maybe it's

In spite of a tawdry, sordid story, Tallulah Bankhead gives a good performance in "Faithless" (top); "Trouble in Paradise" (above) is an elegant mixture of sex, laughter and sophistication

rude to point out the scenery first, but wait until you see the superb beauty of California's forests of giant Sequoias. It almost dwarfs the story—but the old Harte romance is made of sturdy stuff.

Joan Bennett is exquisitely beautiful as Salomy Jane—although she is a bit too gentle for the true characterization of the girl. And we'll bet the real Salomy Jane never had a marcel. Ralph Bellamy is sweepingly effective as the gambler. Irving Pichel is fine as the sinister Rufe, and Charles Farrell is romantically convincing as the stranger. Grand humor from Eugene Pallette, and a terrific moment of drama from Sarah Padden as the pioneer wife.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're tired of sophistication, and want to see an old-fashioned story told in an old-fashioned way, this is it.

✓ The Big Broadcast (Paramount)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Bing Crosby, Leila Hyams, Sharon Lynn, George Barbier, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, Donald Novis, Arthur Tracy, Vincent Lopez and Band, Cab Calloway and Band.*

It's About: *Well, with all those names you can't expect much of a story, can you?*

"Six Hours To Live," with Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan, isn't a super epic, but it's exciting, unusual entertainment

The radio field was combed for glittering names, and there's everything in the picture but static. Everything—well, if you're going to be fussy you might mention a pretty feeble story.

Just forget the story and have a swell time saying "howdy" to your favorites of the ether waves. The young maidens will swoon when Bing (Bang) Crosby croons those tender love ditties, and Bing is handsome enough to be an idol even without his voice. Burns and Allen are simply hysterically funny, and you'll love hefty, deep voiced Kate Smith, the Boswells, the Mills boys and Donald Novis. Swell music from Vincent Lopez, and you haven't lived until you hear Cab Calloway warble "Minnie the Moocher." It's the biggest moment in a picture chock-full of big moments.

Stuart Erwin is excellent as the rich boy who takes over the broadcast station, and Leila Hyams has never looked more beautiful in her life.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're a radio fan, don't miss this. If you're not, this is just another picture.

✓ Little Orphan Annie (Radio)

You'll See: *Mitzi Green, Buster Phelps, May Robson, Matt Moore.*

It's About: *The adventures and troubles of two orphans, and how it all turns out happily-ever-after.*

Most of you know the Little Orphan Annie comic-page pictures. Well, here they come to life—Mitzi as Annie, Edgar Kennedy looking quite like the cartoon-idea of Daddy Warbucks, and Buster Phelps thrown in for good measure in the kiddy department. This Buster Phelps, by the way, is a youngster who steals more than one scene from Scene-Stealer Mitzi! As a matter of fact, Mitzi has all she can do to keep her share of the honors, what with Buster and Old Trouper May Robson, who turns in a grand performance as the rich old adopter-of-orphans.

The story wanders mostly through (*Cont'd on page 74*)

Joe E. Brown, up among the box-office leaders, wealthy because he has taught the world to laugh. As a boy he was regularly beaten, starved and overworked

He Learned To Clown Through Crying

The Very Amazing Story of Joe E. Brown, Whom You'll Respect and Admire As Never Before, After Reading This Touching Interview

By DORA ALBERT

"YOU'LL like Joe E. Brown," the press agent said. "You can't help liking him."

Now there are a lot of people I can perfectly well help liking, but I rather expected him to be right. Having seen Joe E. Brown on the screen, I thought I'd have an hour or so of howling entertainment, and that Joe E. would practically have me rolling on the floor.

The press agent turned out to be right (they sometimes are) but not for the reason I thought. Joe E. is as different off screen from the boy you see on the screen as turtles are from raspberry jam. Though he has a swell sense of humor, underneath that humor he's a pretty serious guy. There's a lot more to him than a wide mouth and the wise cracks. A whole lot more. His eyes are blue and twinkly and the corners of his mouth turn upward, but there are lines of character and suffering on his face, especially around his eyes. He's taken a lot of punishment and he's never whined. And though he never went to more than grammar school, life has taught him a lot of tricks that the wise boys missed. And he's worked out a philosophy of life—well, if I told you some of the things he said to me, you would hardly believe it. I hardly believed it myself. He's amazingly intelligent and he sees things deep and true. I don't know why we should imagine that comedians aren't overblessed with brains, but somehow we do. Joe E. is a revelation.

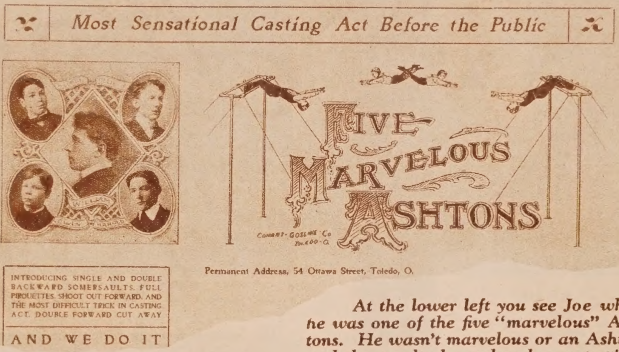
Let me tell you about it.

First of all, maybe the tip-off on Joe E. Brown is that his real name is Joseph Evan Brown. He was born in the small town of Holgate, Ohio, and there never was a theatrical person in his whole family. The family wasn't upper middle class nor lower middle class, just plain poor. Joe makes no bones about admitting that. His father was a carpenter and contractor—his mother, well, just a mother such as you and I have known struggling

Joe E. and his greatest interest in life, the whole Brown family. He's been happily married for seventeen years

to bring up her children. There were seven of them, and they were all named from the Bible. First John, then Michael, then Joseph (that was Joe), Cornelia, Paul, Louella and Charles. Joe got that middle name of his, Evan, from his grandfather on his mother's side, who was named Evan Evans.

When he was five Joe's family moved to Toledo, Ohio, where Joey started going to grammar school. Even as a boy he was quite a card. Always clowning around. Never sitting still for a minute. "Jumping Jack" the woman next door called him. He'd bob up one minute in one place and another minute in quite a different place. Land's sakes, what a boy!



Most Sensational Casting Act Before the Public

FIVE MARVELOUS ASHTONS

WILLIAM
EDWIN
HAROLD
CONANT-GOSLINE Co TOLEDO-O

Permanent Address, 54 Ottawa Street, Toledo, O.

INTRODUCING SINGLE AND DOUBLE BACKWARD SOMERSAULTS. FULL PIROUETTES. SHOOT OUT FORWARD. AND THE MOST DIFFICULT TRICK IN CASTING ACT. DOUBLE FORWARD CUT AWAY

AND WE DO IT

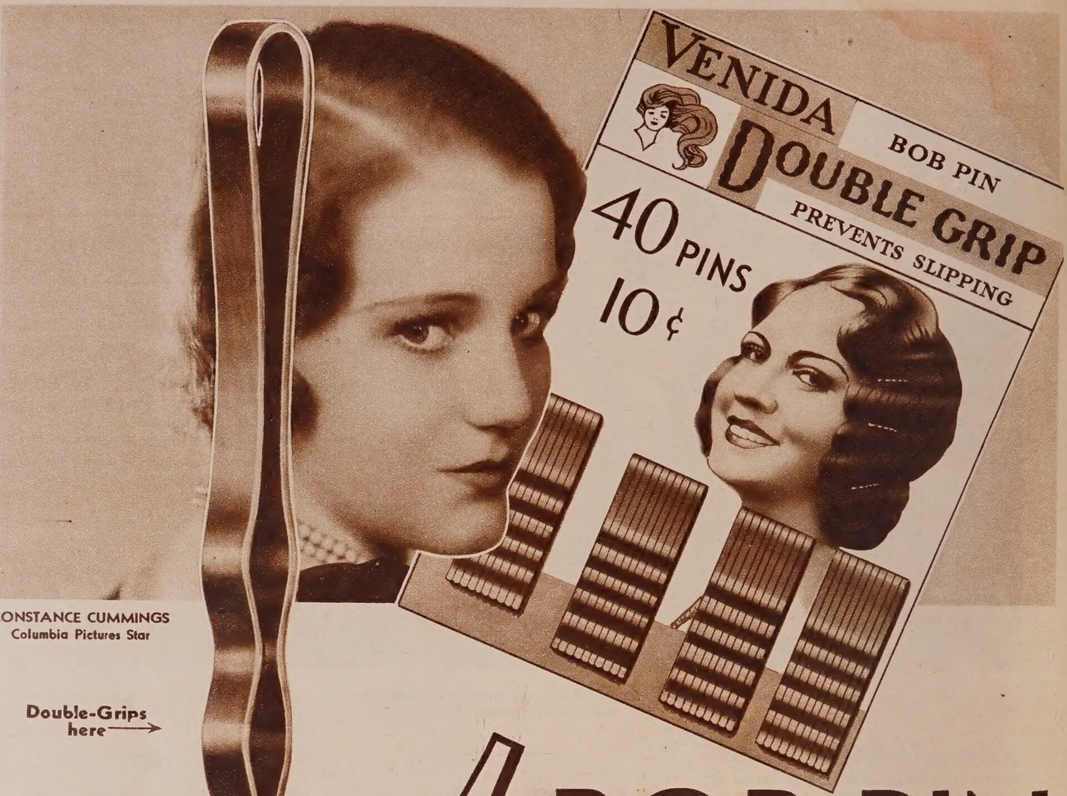
At the lower left you see Joe when he was one of the five "marvelous" Ashtons. He wasn't marvelous or an Ashton and the cruelty he endured was terrible

One day Joe was turning somersaults in the school yard, when someone passed by and saw him. Joe was nine by this time, and how he could turn somersaults! Like almost every other boy, he'd cherished dreams of belonging to a circus, and one day the dreams came true. For the man who had seen him turning somersaults was the head of a troupe of aerial acrobats. One of Joe's friends had done a little work with the troupe in Toledo, and Joe confided to him how much he'd love to work with the troupe. How elated he was the day the man who'd seen him turning somersaults said he thought he could use another boy and Joey would do. If he had only known how cruel and ruthless that man was, how little he would have dreamed of rejoicing at this opportunity!

Joe E. didn't run away with the troupe. He went with them with the full consent of both his parents. Though he was only nine, he was a self-reliant boy and they had always thought of him as the member of the family who was "different"—and might be able to carve out a career for himself. Besides, as I told you, the family was poor, and if Joe E. left—there's no use mincing matters—there'd be one less mouth to feed.

"And you can quote that if you want to," said Joe E. to me.

And that's how Joe, at the age of nine, became one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons. He was the fifth marvelous Ashton. It was a casting act, if you know what that means. Two men hung on their knees over a net forty feet above the ground, and one of them tossed Joe E. to the other. If you know as little about aerial acts as I do, you'd probably imagine, as I did, that there's nothing for the castee to do except let himself be tossed about. But that isn't right. When Joe E. was tossed by his feet, his feet were supposed to be just twelve inches apart and just even with (*Continued on page* 94)



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
Columbia Pictures Star

Double-Grips here

and here

and here

and here

A BOB PIN that really holds!

40 BOB PINS ON EACH CARD 10¢

The Venida Double-Grip Bob Pin holds better than any other because it has an exclusive, patented, DOUBLE-CRIMP which keeps your hair in place, **without slipping!** It is made of the finest tempered watch-spring steel . . . that's why its grip is extra strong, and that's why it "stays put."

Exquisitely groomed hair . . . hair that stays just as you arranged it, for as long as you want it to stay there . . . that's your assurance with Venida Double-Grip Bob Pins! Featured everywhere. 40 pins on each 10c card . . . 18 on each 5c card. Guaranteed by the makers of Venida Hair Nets.

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Double-Grip Bob Pins

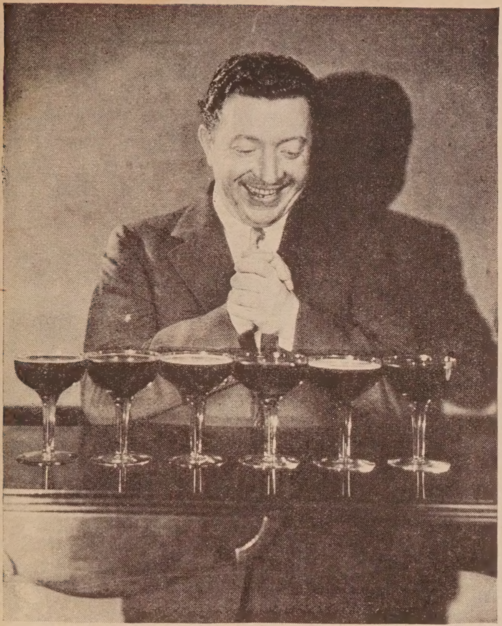
Remember—Venida Rules the Waves!

Actual Size

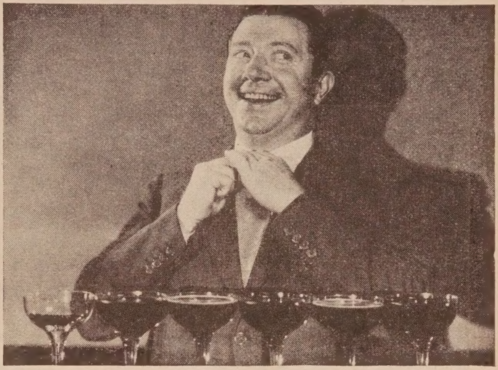
of regular pin. Also available in invisible size. Note the four DOUBLE-GRIPS which keep each hair in place as long as you want it to stay there. Remember, no other Bob Pin has this exclusive, patented feature! Insist on Venida!

NEW YEAR'S CHEER

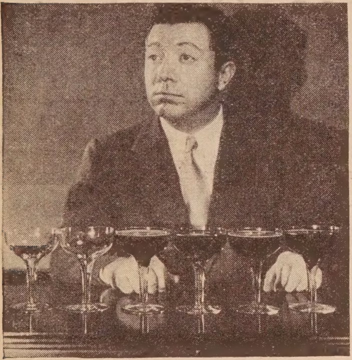
(Posed by Frank McHugh, whom Warner Bros. is lucky enough to have under contract)



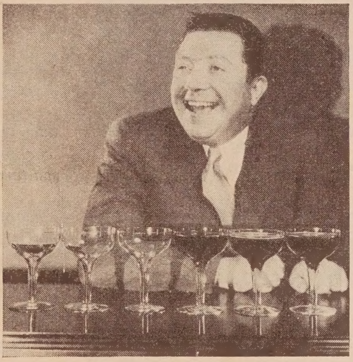
1. Oh, boy, ohboy, ohboy!! Happy New Year! Happy days. Six little cups of cheer! *Mmmmmmmmm!*



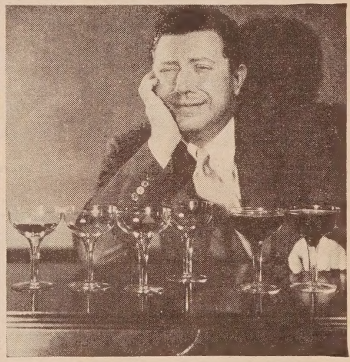
2. First little number down the sink. Whatta feeling. Ain't life grand?



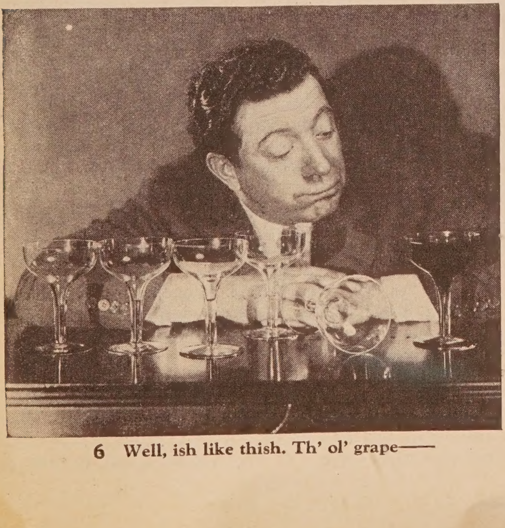
3. Excuse ME! Pardon my glove. That lil ol' second one had ol' dynamite in her



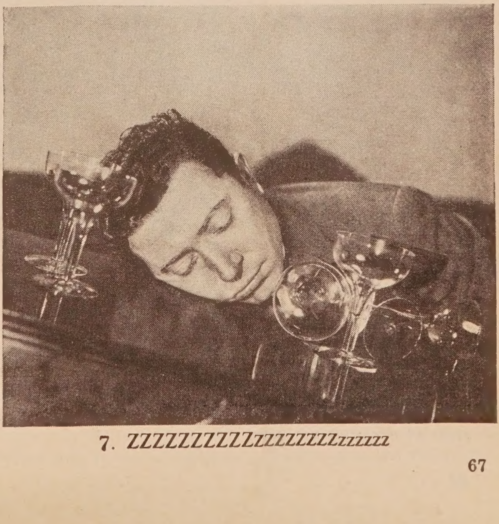
4. Heah! Heah! Funniest ol' world you ever saw. Three to go!



5. Ain't that too bad? My wife never did understan' me. 'Sfierce



6 Well, ish like thish. Th' ol' grape——



7. ZZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Hairdressing for Perfection

This Article Will—Positively—Solve All Your Hairdressing Problems

By PERC *and* ERN WESTMORE

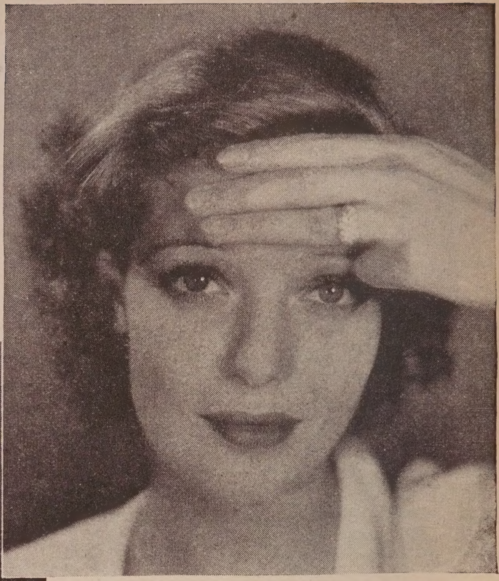


FIG. III. *The perfect forehead is three fingers wide. If your forehead is less wide or wider, you must dress your hair accordingly*

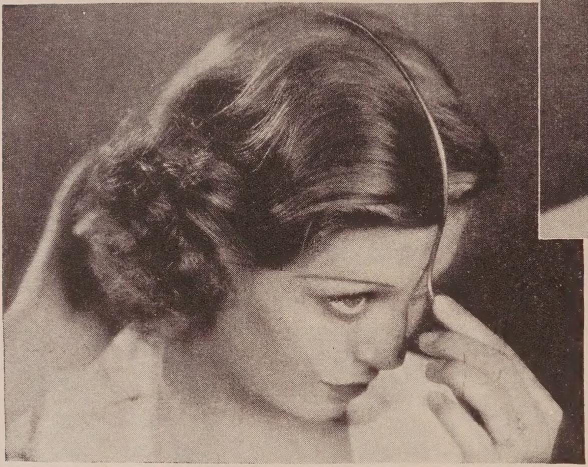


FIG. I. *The big trick is to make an absolute pattern of your head*

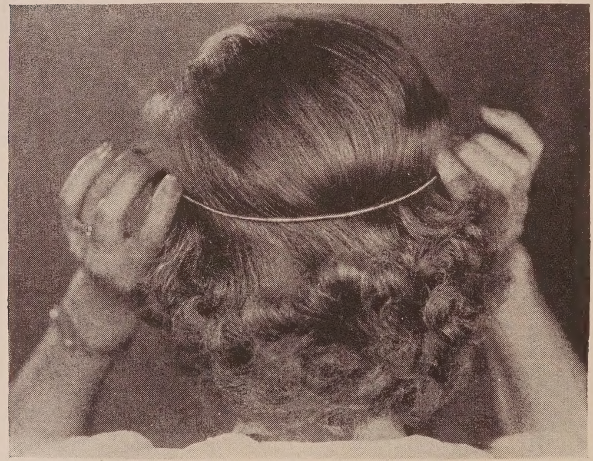


FIG. II. *You must get the contour of the back of your head as well as the front*

FOREWORD: *Because by far the greater proportion of inquiries received by Hollywood's beauty wizards, Perc and Ern Westmore, come from women who want to know more about hairdress, the Westmores have herein revealed, for the first time, a few fundamental rules of dressing the hair.*

They tell you, and show you in a series of photographs specially posed for MOVIE MIRROR *by lovely Loretta Young of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, plus two diagrams drawn and charted by the Westmores themselves, just how each of you can pattern her head and from these patterns learn how to make your head appear perfectly contoured, beautifully proportioned according to the fundamental rules of beauty.*

MAKE a PATTERN of your own head—and you'll know how to dress your hair correctly, to achieve the most beauty.

That's the newest beauty-trick from Hollywood, as practiced by many of the screen's charmers, and revealed here for the first time. It has been used by the majority of Hollywood's loveliest actresses, to learn how to be even more lovely. It will help every girl everywhere.

This head-patterning trick is simple; it requires no more elaborate equipment than a ruler, pencil and paper, and a piece of solder-wire—you can buy a yard of it at the nearest hardware store for next to nothing. Ask for ordinary solder-wire. It's that non-elastic, non-springy stuff that doesn't spring back when bent, but remains in whatever shape it's curved into. And that's the trick.

Look at Figures 1 and 2, and you'll get the idea right away. See?—take, say, half of that yard-length of wire, hold one end firmly against the middle of the forehead, draw the other end firmly and closely-to-the-scalp over the top of your head and to the nape of the neck. Then slip it off—it will retain the shape of your head perfectly—and, with a pencil, trace its curve on a sheet of paper (See Diagrams A and B). Follow a similar procedure to pattern the contour of the back of your head (Figure II), holding the ends of the wire just over the ears, and drawing it

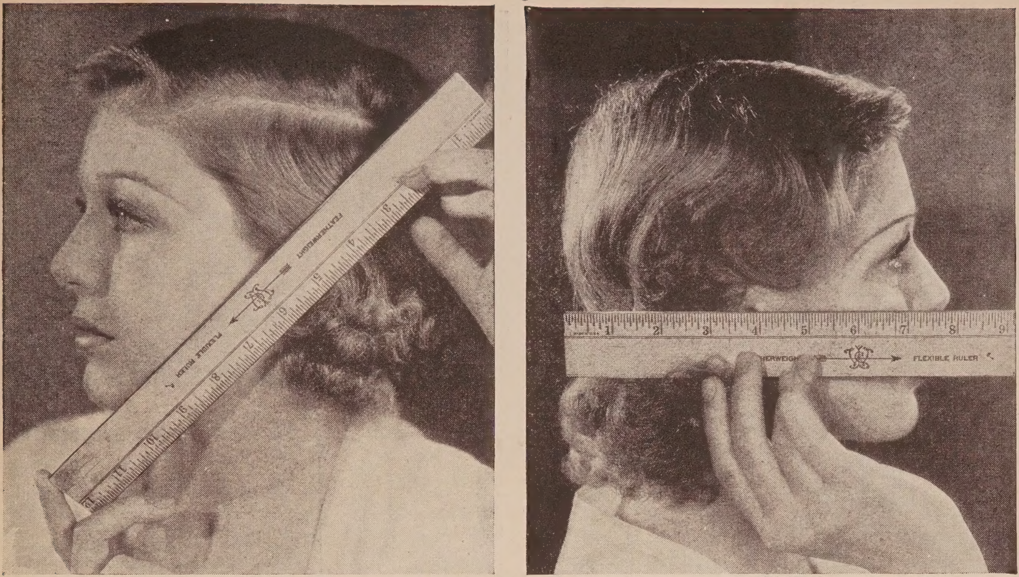
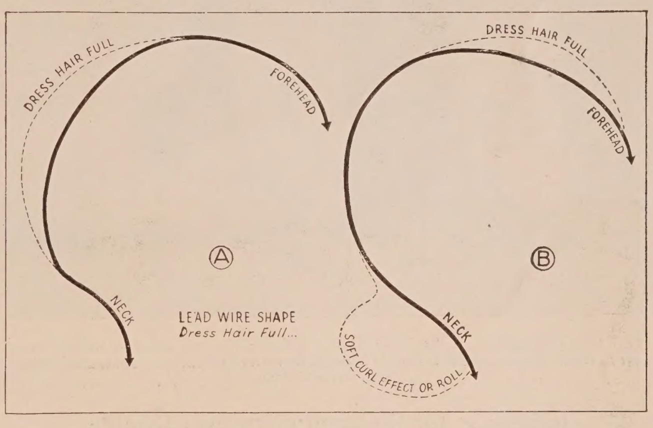


FIG. IV. *The distance between the crown of the head and the point of the chin should be in an eight-ten relationship to the length between nose and the back of the head (Figure V), that is, ten inches to eight inches*

closely around the back of the head-curve.



This article tells you how you can get the real shape of your head and then, by hairdressing, give it ideal proportions

Now, with these two wire-curves mapped on a sheet of paper, you can see at a glance, how to dress your hair to achieve the effect of a beautifully proportioned head, even if Nature has fudged a bit and dealt you one not so perfect, in actuality.

Examples:

Diagram "A" shows a head which Nature has flattened too much at the back. The dotted line indicates where you should have your wave set full, so that it will build up the uncomely depression, if this is your head-fault. Diagram "B" shows the opposite defect—a too-long head, bullet-y in back, depressed top-front. The trick here is to have your wave set fuller in front, flat in back, and then (to overcome that too-pronounced indentation at the nape of the neck), let it turn into a soft curl effect or roll, at the point indicated.

The line you get from charting the back of your head, as in Figure II, will, in a similar way, show whether your hair should be dressed full at the sides or in the middle of the back of your head.

Figure III, and Figures IV and V, show you how to measure your head, as another step in this patterning business, in order to see whether or not, by dressing your hair as indicated by the wire-patterns, you are achieving the correct-proportion result.

You see, the proper distance between eyebrows and your forehead hair-line should be just the width of the three first fingers of your hand, as shown by Loretta Young in Figure III. Loretta has a perfect forehead; Nature has made it just three fingers wide. Many of you will find you're similarly well treated; others that your forehead width is too narrow, or too wide. The remedy is simple and obvious. If too narrow, dress the hair back from the forehead, accentuating the width, giving the effect of more space there. If too wide already, then bring your hair down a bit below the natural hair-line, of course, to the three-finger width.

Now Figures IV and V. These show the proper proportions for a perfectly modelled head. The distance indicated by the ruler in Figure IV (from the chin-tip to the top-rear of the head) should be in ten-to-eight proportion to the distance indicated by Loretta in Figure V, (from the nose-tip to a point on a horizontal line to the back of the head).

If this ratio is not ten-to-eight, make it so by dressing your hair properly. If the Figure IV line is too short, then dress the hair more full at the top-back of the head. If the Figure V line is too long, then bring your hair sharply in at the rear at that point, even though you do resort to the soft curl a bit lower, as Loretta does in that picture.

TIPS *on* TALKIES

"Our Gang" ushering in the New Year. They're the big noise in talkies now. Left to right Stymie, Spanky, Dickie Moore, Dorothy De Borba and, seated on the floor, little Cotton

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **Smilin' Through**
Because it restores your faith in romance and love. Because you'll have such a beautiful cry. And because Norma Shearer is exquisite.

✓✓ **The Phantom President**
Jimmy Durante in the wildest, most insane and funniest performance he has ever given. It's a howl.

✓ **Madison Square Garden**
Packed with excitement. It has most other sports pictures skinned for thrills. I'm not usually interested in fight pictures, but when one of them gets me the way this did it must be good.

— Also —

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ American Madness
- ✓✓ Back Street
- ✓✓ Bill of Divorcement
- ✓✓ Blessed Event
- ✓✓ Congorilla
- ✓✓ The First Year
- ✓✓ Horse Feathers
- ✓✓ Life Begins
- ✓✓ Make Me a Star
- ✓✓ The Most Dangerous Game
- ✓✓ Movie Crazy
- ✓✓ Mr. Robinson Crusoe
- ✓✓ Night After Night
- ✓✓ Once in a Lifetime
- ✓✓ Speak Easily
- ✓✓ Strange Interlude
- ✓✓ Tiger Shark
- ✓✓ What Price Hollywood

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE** (Radio) A sexy campus story that's so well done it makes one dandy little picture. You'll like the breezy youthfulness of the players. Richard Cromwell is very appealing. And is Arline Judge grand! Dorothy Wilson, the stenographer who got her first big chance in this picture, is talented.

✓ **ALL AMERICAN,** ☆ **THE** (Universal) The fall and rise of a football hero, admirably played by Dick Arlen. Exciting glimpses of real all-American football players, Dalrymple, Baker, Booth, Carideo! Hot cha romance with Merna Kennedy, and real romance with Gloria Stuart and June Clyde (this is a brother story)! All in all, the best football picture of the season so far.

✓✓ **AMERICAN** ☆ **MADNESS** (Columbia) A grand story about how a banker's faith saved a big bank from crashing. You'll want to get up and cheer for Walter Huston's magnificent performance. Pat O'Brien wins second honors. This is interesting; this is human; and you haven't seen a million other pictures about the same subject. You're bound to like it.

✓✓ **BACK STREET** ☆ (Universal) A powerful, moving drama about a woman who sacrifices everything for the grand passion of her life. Irene Dunne does her best work since "Cimarron." John Boles plays his rôle with marked sincerity. Take three handkerchiefs along.

✓ **BIG CITY BLUES** ☆ (Warners) "Big City Blues" is a series of episodes about New York. It takes you through speakeasies, police courts, gambling joints, and big city life. Eric Linden, the boy wonder, is the Indiana lad who finds love and tragedy in New York. He gives a fine, sincere performance. Nice work also by Joan Blondell as a chorus girl.

✓✓ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT** (Radio) A strange theme handled fascinatingly. John Barrymore gives a powerful performance as a man who comes back to his family in England, sane in mind again, after fifteen years in an asylum. Katharine Hepburn is the most interesting newcomer in years. Though her voice is a bit too harsh at times, subsequent pictures will probably remedy that.

✓ **BIRD OF** ☆ **PARADISE, THE** (Radio) What makes the South Seas so glamorous? Pictures like this. It's stunningly photographed and has a beautiful musical accompaniment. Dolores Del Rio is bewitching as the native girl. And are you going to rave about Joel McCrea in this!

✓✓ **BLESSED** ☆ **EVENT** (Warners) There's a lad named Lee Tracy who can knock you out of your seat with his whirlwind performances, and "Blessed Event" is your chance to discover him if you haven't done so already. Mary Brian is charming as his leading lady.

BLONDE VENUS ☆ (Paramount) Glamorous Marlene Dietrich in a weak story. Marlene, a devoted housewife and a good mother (imagine that!) sacrifices her virtue to save her husband's life. He drives her out of her home.

the brute! Marlene becomes a cabaret beauty and then a tarnished lady. Charming Herbert Marshall is wasted on the husband rôle. The photography is beautiful, but the story—oh, the story!

☆

✓ **CABIN IN THE COTTON** (First National) As a Southern boy Barthelmess looks amazingly young and is tremendously appealing. The Southern atmosphere in this is charming. Dorothy Jordan is lovely and Bette Davis absolutely brilliant.

☆

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox) Hocus pocus and trick photography which children will adore and adults smile at indulgently (maybe). This radio drama is as wild as a tale from the Arabian Nights with its Yogis and its good magician and the madman trying to wipe out half the world with a death ray. Edmund Lowe is urbane as the magician, Bela Lugosi a bit monotonous.

☆

✓✓ **CONGORILLA** (Fox) Do you like adventure, strange settings, animals, darkest Africa? Then "Congorilla" is something you mustn't miss. It was photographed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, those two experienced travelers, and every foot of it has action, drama, suspense and what is more unusual for a travel epic, humor. Children will simply adore it.

☆

CRASH, THE (First National) Disappointing. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent wasted on unsympathetic rôles. Ruth is selfish; George Brent is spineless. Even Ruth's charm can't overcome such a handicap. Better wait for their next picture.

☆

✓ **CROONER** (First National) A diverting picture. David Manners is excellent as the nice young lad who becomes impossibly conceited when he gains fame as a crooner. Maybe the change from the modest young lad to the overbearing and effeminate crooner is extreme, but it's good satire. Ann Dvorak is a bit wasted as a ga-ga heroine, but you'll enjoy Ken Murray's performance as a press agent.

☆

DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount) Poor Tallulah Bankhead! Here she is again playing one of those icy wives who meets the strong, silent passion flower, said passion flower this time being Gary Cooper. Her husband, played by new discovery Charles Laughton, and I advise you to watch him, discovers the romance and sinks Tallulah, Gary and himself in a submarine. That should be exciting, but it's just silly as they've done it. A good cast, good photography all wasted on twaddle.

☆

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M) A fairly entertaining program picture. Jackie Cooper as the child of divorce steals the honors from such experienced troupers as Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson. There's a nice balance between the smiles and the heart throbs.

☆

✓ **DOCTOR X** (First National) The first horror picture to be filmed in Technicolor. The story's about a noted doctor who's given 48 hours to solve a series of weird murders. There are splendid performances by Lee Tracy, Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill. "Dr. X" will make your blood run cold, but you'll like it.

☆

✓ **DOWNSTAIRS** (M-G-M) John Gilbert's best talkie. He's a coward, a blackmailer, a thief and a cad in this picture, and you'll have a sneaking admiration for him just the same. And is Virginia Bruce, the new Mrs. John Gilbert, great!

☆

✓ **DOWN TO EARTH** (Fox) What Will Rogers has been needing is a good story and he gets it in this. Its about how the depression hits a well-to-do family and how they have to move back into a cottage. There's nice work by Irene Rich, Dorothy Jordan and Matty Kemp.

☆

✓✓ **FIRST YEAR, THE** (Fox) Here's the best Gaynor-Farrell picture in years, and ain't dat sump'n? You bet it is. This picture's human, that's what; and Janet Gaynor is adorable in it. Though the picture isn't the over-sweet sugary kind she objected to, it isn't the sort of sophisticated sex stuff other stars have been turning out. Charles Farrell gets better all the time. The supporting cast is swell.

☆

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount) Paramount's mistake of the season. The big scenes from Cecil DeMille's silent thriller, "The Ten Commandments," with a picture of modern Russian life. It introduces Sari Maritza, the foreign find with a lot of sex appeal. Given a better picture, she may make a hit.

Tarzan stuff done well! When Raquel Torres' plane in which she was traveling from Boston to Hollywood was forced down by bad weather, those comics, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, decided to go primitive with Raquel. They met her with a prop gorilla, a prop gun, called her the Tarzana woman and practically scared her speechless

☆

✓ **GOLDEN WEST, THE** (Fox) A Western that's different. If you're a George O'Brien fan, how you'll go for it! It's one of the best things he's done—this story of a white boy reared by the Indians who is torn between loyalty to them and his own race. Romance? Of course. With charming Janet Chandler.

☆

GUILTY AS HELL (Paramount) Here's something unusual in murder stories—you see the crime committed right before your eyes in the first few seconds of the picture. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are their old bickering selves in this. You'll like "Guilty As Hell," but you won't think it's any world beater. Dick Arlen's talents are wasted on a meager rôle.

☆

HAT CHECK GIRL (Fox) Much too whimsical. A lightweight story of a hat check girl who falls for a rich playboy. Ben Lyon, who was so grand in some of Connie Bennett's pictures, overdoes the playboy thing here and becomes rather silly. A nice routine performance by Sally Eilers makes "Hat Check Girl" fair entertainment.

☆

HEARTS OF HUMANITY (Majestic) Something to stay away from. The dampest, saddest, silliest story of the month. Everybody in it, including Jean Hersholt, Claudia Dell and Jackie Searl weeps. You won't weep with them.

☆

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount) Very mediocre horse opera, notable only because it introduces Randolph Scott, Hollywood's new heart-breaker. He's likeable but needs better stories.

☆

HOLD 'EM JAIL (Radio) Here's a picture kidding the great game of football, and with Wheeler and Woolsey in it, you know just what to expect. They're railroaded to jail to help the jail win its big football game. It's mad, merry entertainment, with Rosco Ates and Edna May Oliver helping.

☆

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS (Columbia) Hollywood may speak in this, but it doesn't tell the truth. A lurid, silly story which paints Hollywood as people who have never been there imagine it to be. Pat O'Brien turns in a pleasant performance, but fails to save the picture. Genevieve Tobin is miscast.

☆

✓✓ **HORSE FEATHERS** (Paramount) Just the kind of idiotic, nonsensical, magnificent comedy we've been needing for a long time. Four whoops for the four Marx brothers. They're simply elegant in this lunatic picture about how they help win a football game and how Groucho Marx runs a college. Thelma Todd is the college widow, which gives you an idea. Zowie, is this a hit!

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS** (First National) A gripping drama laid in the maternity ward of a big hospital. Eric Linden gives a moving, sincere performance. Aline MacMahon doesn't wisecrack as much as usual, but there's tenderness in the way she plays her rôle. Loretta Young has never given a more poignant performance. But the gal who steals the picture is Glenda Farrell, as a night club girl who doesn't want a baby, and is going to have twins.

☆

✓ **LOVE ME TONIGHT** (Paramount) A gay, romantic bit of fluff about a princess who falls in love with a tailor from Paris. Chevalier is just as delightful as ever; but Jeanette MacDonald is better than she has ever been before and steals the picture from Maurice himself.

☆

✓ **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (Paramount) A ten-round fight with a crooked opponent! Excitement, thrills! Sports racketeers and sure fire gamblers! A thrilling wrestling match! A crooked promoter and a fight manager who defiies him! Glimpses of Jack Johnson, Stanislaus Zbyszko, Tommy Ryan, Mike Donlin, Billy Papke and other old timers! Glimpses of sports writers! Jack Oakie simply grand as a middleweight fighter! You never knew William Collier Sr. could act the way he does in this. Top-notch performances from the whole cast. Don't miss this. It's grand.

☆

✓✓ **MAKE ME A STAR** (Paramount) Here's the talkie remake of "Merton of the Movies." Stuart Erwin makes one swell Merton, grand in the comedy scenes and equally fine when the story approaches tragedy. Joan Blondell, perfectly cast, gains new laurels.

☆

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE (Paramount) One of the mysteries of Hollywood is why Claudette Colbert is always put in pictures that are terribly dull. This, for instance, is. It's about a woman who thinks she's a war widow and is ready to fall in love again, when back into the picture comes her husband, and he suffers and she suffers and everybody suffers. Not even the fact that Clive Brook is in the picture can make this entertaining.

☆

✓ **MERRY-GO-ROUND** (Universal) Now changed to "Afraid to Talk." What happens to a young bellhop who witnesses a murder. A scorching exposé of how politics and crime are mixed up. Eric Linden is very fine as the young bellhop. There isn't much for Sidney Fox to do. She continues to represent sweetness and light.

☆

MONKEY'S PAW, THE (Radio) Rub the monkey's paw and you get three wishes. That's the idea on which this is based. Made with a British cast, it is below the standard of most American pictures.

(*Continued on page 93*)

SPEAK for YOURSELF

Boots Mallory in Fox's "Walking Down Broadway"

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

She'd Rather Be a Movie Fan

I wouldn't exchange my $30 per week for Norma Shearer's thousands. I can take my yearly vacation without getting a telegram bringing me back for retakes. When I arrive home at night, no telephoned message awaits me telling me that a scene was wrong and must be corrected. No wire brings me back from a week-end trip for a new picture.

I can have friends and not be forced to say continually, "But we're just good friends." My life is my own; no intimate details of my life, my friends, or my likes and dislikes will appear in print. And when I stop working, it won't be because a fickle public said, "Someone new, please. Who's next?" Nope—I *like* being a movie *fan.*

Mrs. Dorothy Magruder, Los Angeles, Cal.

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

THE $10 LETTER

A Lesson From "Igloo"

The depression had hit us hard, and for months we had not attended a movie. My husband and son often begged me to go, but I couldn't "snap out of it," and they refused to go without me.

Then came "Igloo."

"Mother, you just must go this time! The story is a true-life picture of the Eskimoes. Just think how it would help me in my school work!" was Sonnie's main plea. So I went.

Igloo! The very name sends a shudder through me! How it crucified me! I suffered tortures!

But it was stark life, bared of all its outer finery, and when I left the Avalon that night I had a new outlook on everything.

Depression? Why, I had never gone hungry; had never seen a child or parent of mine sacrificed for want of food! What had I been afraid of?

Deeply stirred, I saw our timid souls for once as they really are, and I walked out to face the future smiling and unafraid, knowing that there is enough latent fire within each and every one of us who are true Americans to carry us through any number of depressions such as this!

Mrs. Willis Loui, Platteville, Wis.

$1.00 LETTER

Pictures For the Middle-Aged

The majority of pictures shown today deal with young love. But why don't the producers give us an occasional picture starring the woman no longer young? Mrs. Brown, with a son in high school and a daughter in college, may enjoy seeing Janet Gaynor or Constance Bennett in a picture, but she could never imagine herself in their shoes. She wants a picture dealing with her own problems, the problems of women in their forties. Such a picture with the charming Irene Rich or the sophisticated Hedda Hopper, dressing and acting their age, would undoubtedly be a treat. If Marie Dressler can pack movie houses with her comedy, surely we have actresses, no longer young, who could do the same thing with drama.

Mrs. R. M. Braden,
Watertown, N. Y.

"GIVE us more music!" is your cry this month. You complain that once the producers gave you nothing but musical comedies, till you screamed for mercy. Now you would like to see and hear an occasional musical—with real singers this time. You want John Boles to sing again, and Ramon Novarro too.

Your raves are distributed among a lot of stars this month, and there are very few knocks. This seems to be the month of the homely hero. There's praise and to spare for such as Edward G. Robinson and Wallace Beery.

The news event of the month that made the pen-pushers write vehement letters was the Weissmuller divorce. How you hate to see a marriage go smash!

George Raft and George Brent are the white-haired boys this month, as the result of recent performances.

Letters still keep pouring in telling Janet Gaynor to stay sweet, and to beware of sophistication. Some fans have even taken to telling Gaynor what they think about it in verse.

"Back Street" still leads your favorite pictures, with a few bows to "Cabin in the Cotton," "Igloo," "70,000 Witnesses" and "Bill of Divorcement."

We'd like to know what you think of some of the new pictures. The critics are slamming "Rain" because they don't think it compares with the play. But you who haven't seen the play and don't care—what do you think of it? What do you think of revivals anyway—should old pictures be revived or allowed to rest in their graves? Address Movie Mirror, 8 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

$1.00 LETTER

Maybe Heaven Protects Them

I am a movie fan, getting a great deal of pleasure out of pictures. But why, oh why, will movie directors persist in giving poor shop and other working girls the most extravagant kind of living quarters! Even in "An American Tragedy," that poor (and honest) factory girl had a room with fully eight windows, the most charming furniture and the most palatial entrance. How can they afford it—both working girls and directors if they are both trying to be *honest!*

M. Lott,
Baton Rouge, La.

$1.00 LETTER

Copying the Stars

Last week our daily paper recorded the fact that fifteen small boys were injured while trying to emulate their hero, Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller. This item was later the subject of an editorial writer, who bemoaned the fact that our young people are so prone to copy the stunts of their idols of the screen.

Maybe so. But why shouldn't it work the other way around? I know many girls who adore Ruth Chatterton, and, in their attempts to copy her, have been definitely improved in the process.

And if the boys copy Tarzan's tree-swinging, isn't it just possible that they will also be influenced by the good manners of Fredric March; and that they may absorb some of the good common sense and every-day philosophy of Will Rogers?

The movies have always been blamed as a bad influence for children. I think it is about time they received credit for helping them as well.

Margaret Keily, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 LETTER

Heart Throb Stuff

Nearly every evening a little white-haired lady hobbles past my porch, bound for an excursion into the Land of Make Believe at the neighborhood theater.

Fate hasn't been the least bit kind to her. At fourteen she was orphaned with two younger brothers to care for. When they were independent of her, she married. She raised four children of her own, but was widowed before they reached maturity. Now she lives with a cute little four-year-old child that she has adopted. She takes the child to the shows with her. On the way home, she explains the story and draws morals from it that the baby can understand and appreciate. The only enjoyment she gets from an otherwise dull existence are her "pitcher shows" as she calls them.

And still narrow-minded bigots deride the movies!

Jack White,
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 LETTER

Breaking Up Teams

If I may "speak for myself," I'd like to ask why producers grumble about finding stars that "fit." They won't let stars that do fit stay that way. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman were the screen's ideal lovers and a picture in which they co-starred was sure to draw a crowd. They were separated for "bigger money" and today Vilma is across the water and Ronald gets a good picture once in a while.

Will this same thing happen to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? To James Dunn and Sally Eilers? I sincerely hope not. When I saw "After Tomorrow" I couldn't help but wish that Janet was there instead of Marian, though she's a dandy actress. I admire Peggy Shannon, but I would have enjoyed "Society Girl" much more if James Dunn had been making love to Sally Eilers. To me and others these are the ideal teams of today and no matter what type of rôle is played, the pictures co-starring them will be a success.

An ardent movie-goer begs—please let "fit" stars stay "fit."

Mary Ellen Roberts,
Florence, Ala.

(*Continued on page* 83)

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 63)

vaguely associated episodes. As a unit, it's nothing to crow about. But as an hour or so of entertainment, the various gags afford amusement aplenty. And you'll choke up a bit at the sequence wherein Grandma Stewart puts little Mickey to bed. And the funniest scene is NOT Mitzi's imitation of the Marx Brothers, but rather a scene where a dog gets into an argument with a mechanical toy lion.

Your Reviewer Says: Grownups will be only mildly diverted if at all, but kids will howl with delight at this movie.

✓✓Red Dust (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, a new "red-hot" team; Mary Astor, Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, Willie Fung.*

It's About: *Gable, rubber plantation foreman, takes what he wants when he wants it, gets tangled up with two women and a husband, gets a bullet just before the happy ending.*

"They Were Born to Co-Star" shriek the newspaper ads on this, the first team picture Gable and Harlow have made. Well, whether or not birth had anything to do with it, the certainty is that these two burn up the screen when they turn on the heat. You'll want to see 'em together again. And again and again and again.

The story is one of those things made to order for each of them. Gable's out of minister's togs, playboy togs and back into the whiskers and rough stuff that made him the big shot he is. In this, he's the "civilized brute" again, hooray. And Harlow's rôle is a "natural" for her—a wisecracking woman of the tropics. Uh huh, you've guessed it—"Red Dust" is not a Sunday-School story. *But* it'll clink many a coin over the box-office till, because it steams with passions, hard living and talking, and to blazes with the meringue. And all the censors to the contrary, that movie formula *does* pay dividends.

Laughs aplenty. Wait till you see the scene where Gable intrudes (?) on Jean's open-air bath!

Your Reviewer Says: If you need a dish of emotional chili, red hot, put the children to bed and go see this.

✓Faithless (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Tallulah Bankhead, Robert Montgomery, Hugh Herbert, Maurice Murphy, Louise Closser Hale.*

It's About: *A fabulously rich heiress who loses her ALL in that, by now, famous depression.*

Say anything you like about the tawdry, meandering story, but Tallulah Bankhead finally comes into her rewards on the screen. Never has she been more glamorous, nor has she ever given a more poignant or realistic performance. She triumphs brilliantly over a depressingly sordid story.

"Faithless"—and you might as well know that the title doesn't mean a thing—takes a girl of great wealth and plunges her into abject poverty. Where once she had refused to marry the man she loved because he expected her to live on his $20,000 a year salary (imagine) she finally weds him when he is destitute, too. When he is injured in an accident she goes into the streets to pay for his medical attention.

There is one scene you will remember for a long time. The girl, after going hungry for days, finally secures enough money to buy a bowl of soup. Then, at the point of starvation, she is too ill to eat it. It is so bitingly realistic that you feel that you are looking through a window at someone's terrible, secret tragedy.

Robert Montgomery is charming as the man who loves her—being at his best in the whimsical earlier moments in the story.

As detective dramas go, "Sherlock Holmes" with Clive Brook and a new find, Miriam Jordan, is one of the best

Hugh Herbert and Louise Closser Hale are effective.

Your Reviewer Says: The story isn't so hot, but M-G-M has made Bankhead look more glamorous than heretofore.

Scarlet Dawn (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Doug Fairbanks Junior, Nancy Carroll, Lilyan Tashman, Sheila Terry, Guy Kibbee.*

It's About: *The quite caddish sex-and-love adventures of a young Russian nobleman and his servant girl, after the Red revolution.*

This is just one of those things that happens too often in movie-making—an idea that didn't jell on celluloid.

It starts with a succession of old-time newsreel shots of the Russian revolution, sandwiched in between studio shots which are meant to be connective, but only result in jerky confusion. And it leads to the story of a half-baked young officer of the Czar (Doug) who flees the revolt with his servant-girl (Nancy Carroll), and after doing everything else, finally marries her in Constantinople. Then a glamorous boudoir-mate of the old days (Lilyan) crosses his path, and he's sore tempted to shake servant-girl wifie. But in a last-moment surge of something or other, the picture winds up in a rather silly reconcilation scene. Ho, hum.

Too bad that Warners, who are making such good movies lately, stumbled on this one. They and Doug feel rather badly about it.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like young Doug, better forget this and wait for his next.

Kongo (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Lupe Velez, Conrad Nagel, Virginia Bruce, C. Henry Gordon, Mitchell Lewis, Forrester Harvey, Curtis Mayo.*

It's About: *An embittered, crippled brute who rules the Kongo with an iron hand—and then gets caught by his own cruelty.*

Even as a silent picture, with Lon Chaney as the famous "Deadlegs" Flint, this jungle melodrama added no brilliant laurels to the cinematic wreath. Of course, with sound you can hear the beat of tom-toms and the weird gibberish of native palaver. It's horror stuff of the first order and all right if you go for that. You remember the story—the half-crazed white man who spins an elaborate web of intrigue to gain vengeance on an enemy and the enemy's daughter. The girl, leave it to a playwright for that, turns out to be his own daughter.

Virginia Bruce as the daughter, so bedraggled and mud besmeared that you can scarcely recognize her, gives a sympathetic performance. Walter Huston is very workmanlike and Lupe Velez isn't nearly as sultry as you would expect.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, well, if you're so keen on horror pictures that you liked even "White Zombie," this will do.

✓Sherlock Holmes (Fox)

You'll See: *Clive Brook, Miriam Jordan, Alan Mowbray, Ernest Torrence, Stanley Fields, Reginald Owen.*

It's About: *Good ol' Sherlock, 1932-styled, turns the tables on an international gang of crooks who used American methods in ol' Lunnon.*

This sort of stuff is always good screen fare, because it packs, of necessity, plenty of action.

Clive Brook makes as good a Sherlock as has ever been seen, and that goes for Mr. Gillette, too. Wait until you get an eye-and-earful of him in this, disguised as an orthodox maiden aunt. It's a howl—particularly with the ultra-dignified Mr. Brook doing it. And there's another laugh in the sequence where the American gang bigshot tries to racketeer an English "pub" proprietor.

The rest of the film is thrills, with a bit of romance thrown in by the very, very romantic Miriam Jordan.

Your Reviewer says: As detective-dramas go, this is one of the best.

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"I've Made It My Business . . ."

(*Continued from page* 46)

or assaulted otherwise with anything handy. But it's all in fun.

It takes a certain something to lick a temper like that. But once Gloria decided to get rid of it she did.

Whatever Gloria wants she gets, whether it is self-composure or a new dress or a job in motion pictures. It has been that way from the very beginning.

She was born in Santa Monica, California, on July 4, 1910. Perhaps that's why she had such an explosive temperament.

"Before I was very old," she confesses, "I developed into a liability around the house. Of course, I could say that I was precocious, and that this was the reason for my entering school at the age of four and a half years. Honestly, I believe that I was such a problem to my fond parents, Frederick and Alice, that they simply got rid of me for a few hours a day."

She tried to play with the little girls on her street. They'd have none of her. She made several overtures, which were rejected not without a certain rancor.

"You're too young to play with us," said the girls.

"Very well," she replied. "But I want someone to play with. If you won't play with me, I'll find somebody. I'll make it my business——"

The net result of this promise was quite startling.

The surprised youngsters who had rejected her were envious when they learned that she had made friends with one Marshall Duffield, later to become one of the greatest football players of his generation, Divie, his little brother, and Phil Neill, who also starred on the gridiron. They cheered for Gloria then and now, after fifteen years of friendship, they still cheer for her.

She progressed with great speed at school. At eleven she was in junior high. At thirteen, she reached an important decision.

"I wanted to be educated," she explains. "I wanted to understand what people were discussing, to know the mechanics behind getting an education, I wanted to learn to think for myself. I wanted to know how to speak properly and I wanted to know how to study. So I began planning to go to the University of California. From that time on, I made it my business——"

And, in the meantime she was busy taking singing and piano lessons, getting high marks in school, becoming interested in dramatics, having a crush or two.

Upon her arrival at Berkeley, she began investigating the drama department. She had decided that whatever else happened, she was going to be an actress—at least an amateur actress. She made it her business.

She found all the answers to all her questions. Before she was a junior she was playing in virtually every important production at the university, scoring hit after hit. But that didn't satisfy her after the first thrills wore off. She must learn more, must enter a bigger field. So she decided she'd better make it her——

She did.

She sought out Everett Glass, manager of the Berkeley Playhouse, and asked him for rôles. Impressed by the very determined young woman, he gave her plenty to do. She played leads in "The High Road," "Interference" and "The Farmer's Wife," the latter being virtually a star rôle.

There was a determined and talented young man on the Berkeley campus who had decided to be an artist and sculptor. He met Gloria. He showed very clearly that he liked her. She liked him. His name was Blair Gordon Newell.

"I liked him very much," she says. "We went around together for about a year. I got to like him better and better. In fact, I made it my business——"

The engagement was soon announced.

Well, it's beginning to look as if we were getting over our point. You must suspect, after reading this, that Gloria gets what she wants. Despite an appealing and almost fragile blondeness—a delicate beauty—she is far from being mentally fragile. There's nothing ethereal about her determination. She doesn't wait for things to happen to her. She goes out and happens to them.

There's a secondary point to be brought out.

It is that when she doesn't want anything any longer, she gets rid of it. If it's worn or old or boring because of its sameness, be it a dress or a manner of living, it goes into the ashcan. Pronto.

"I got tired of going to the University," she will tell you. "I had learned what I wanted to know after three and a half years—HOW to study.

"Blair was graduated and I went back for my senior year alone.

"Blair wasn't far away—just across the bay in San Francisco—so you can't say that I was lovelorn or anything like that. I was just fed up with routine, that's all. I always want to feel that when I'm fed up, I can chuck what I'm doing and try something else.

"I love good clothes and good food and I love to have money and spend it, but if the fates will always let me try something new when the old wears out, I'll be happy."

Anyway, the young philosopher stepped out of the scholastic picture. And where do we find her next?

At an altar, of course. She'd made it her business——

The year is 1930. Gordon is beside her.

After the wedding, to Carmel-by-the-Sea, where writers and musicians and poets and dramatists abound.

"We wanted to go to Carmel, where Gordon could work and I could study," she says, "so we made it OUR business—"

When the Blair Gordon Newells went to Carmel, they had considerable wherewithal, what with generous wedding presents from well-wishing parents. They got a big house, entertained, had the time of their young lives. And Gloria proceeded to prove that although she had acted and majored in philosophy she was a capable person with the kitchen utensils.

"I became a good housewife," she points out, "but after the routine set in I rather lost interest."

So she made it her business to go to the offices of The Carmelite, weekly newspaper in the winter and daily in summer. She applied for the job of associate editor. She got it without difficulty.

Unfortunately just about this time the money began to show signs of disappearing, and so she and Blair moved to a smaller house. Blair was working hard and having some success, even in the face of depression, which is always hard on artists and such, and he was just beginning, too. But his success wasn't Gloria's—and she wanted a slice of her own. Nothing second hand, if you please.

Housekeping and newspaper work didn't take ALL of her time, so she proceded to get herself a job acting at the Theatre of the Golden Bow at Carmel. That helped brighten life considerably but by this time finances were still lower and the Blair Gordon Newells moved into a smaller house.

Gloria had so much time on her hands that she blossomed out as a stage director, staging three one-act plays.

In November, 1931, she came to an abrupt decision.

"I decided that I wanted to get into motion pictures. There wasn't much chance of this in Carmel, several hundred miles from Hollywood," she declares. "I thought I could get parts at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena. I went to Blair with my desire and he understood exactly how I felt. He told me to go ahead and try my luck.

"I did that thing. I made it my business——"

She got a job at the Community Theatre.

Phil Friedman, then Universal casting director, saw her. It was in February, 1932.

He rushed to Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal production manager, with the news that he had found a potential star. Laemmle, Jr., signed her with other studios bidding for her services. She made four pictures in quick succession, the first being "Street of Women," Warner Brothers having bid for her services. Then she played feminine leads in "The Old Dark House," opposite Karloff; in "Air Mail," opposite Ralph Bellamy, and in "The All-American," with Richard Arlen. A leading rôle in "Laughter in Hell," a Jim Tully story, was next.

She isn't taken off her feet by this success.

"I've not gotten anywhere yet," she says. "I'm just starting to go places."

Her husband joined her in Hollywood in February. The Newells live in a house on the side of a hill with lots of gardens. Gloria doesn't like apartments.

She believes that marriage and careers mix and is proving it with an extremely happy wedded life.

"The main reason for this," she asserts, "is that my husband refuses to quarrel with me."

She is an expert swimmer and once was on a well-known California team. She refused to train. She is an expert horsewoman, enjoys bridge, collects scrap books and old relics. If you go in for statistics, she is a natural blonde, has hazel eyes, weighs 120 pounds, and is five feet, five inches tall.

Compromising, one might describe her as an athletic sort of bookworm.

Scotch plaids and how they grew! At left is Dorothy Jordan in the regular Highland costume, plaid skirt, plaid sash, plaid socks, and at right is Dorothy in the latest 1933 version of plaids for the girl about town

Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page* 15)

pressure of his lips on her lips, the pressure of his hand on her hand. She would not ruin it by rush hour in the subway.

"If Mrs. Tremaine's at her window when I pull up," Julie thought, "she'll be convinced I'm no good." Whereupon she began to wonder if it was because of something deep and instinctive with her or because it never had been worth her while to be anything else that she was still what is known as a good girl.

"If the latter's the case," she reasoned, "I'm not good. Not really."

Ever since Julie had been a little thing she had insisted upon looking at things squarely . . . calling a spade a spade. To the extreme and perpetual embarrassment of her timid, conventional mother.

In the Carter dining-room the lights burned brightly in the inverted dome painted with bunches of purple grapes. Under their glare the dinner cloth seemed to Julie more objectionable than ever. It wasn't soiled. But it was far from smooth and gleaming as the cloths at "21" had been. It hadn't been folded carefully when it had been put away in the buffet the night before and the night before that.

"Like the left-over ham fixed up this way, Julie?" Mrs. Carter asked. "I got the recipe from Mrs. Lee on the radio. She seems a very nice woman."

"It's very good," Julie knew how her mother tried to have things that would tempt her, "but I ate so many potato chips I'm not hungry."

"I guess high life doesn't agree with you," her father said. "I guess you don't take after your old man."

"It's the cocktails." Mrs. Carter's mouth set in a straight line.

"I still say, Julie," she continued, "that they have no right to ask you to model. You're not employed as a model. And you see what happens the minute you start that sort of thing.

"Smile if you want to. It's not nice."

"But it was nice," Julie protested rebelliously. "It was awfully nice. I've never had a better time. Mr. Squires was much better behaved than the boys you think so grand would have been. He didn't try to make love to me all afternoon. He didn't even play footy under the table. I kept wishing he would!"

"That's fine talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter. But she didn't take Julie seriously. She was used to her "goings on."

Julie stacked the dishes and began to carry them into the kitchen.

"Go ahead," her father said, "I'll help your mother. Bill's comin', ain't he?"

Julie glanced at the clock on the mantel. "I have plenty of time."

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" her father insisted. He attempted to take the pile of dishes from her and a plate and some silver went crashing to the floor.

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mrs. Carter said, "where more dishes like these will be coming from." At Julie's request they were using the best china.

There had been evenings when Julie had been anxious for Bill to arrive. Tonight, however, she wished he wasn't coming. She would have preferred to go to bed with a book, and after she had turned out the light, to lie in the shine of the street lamp and live over that afternoon, then dream of another meeting.

It was while she was powdering her nose, rehearsing every minute from the time Squires had winked at her until he had kissed her good-bye that Bill arrived. Julie didn't hurry. She no longer made any effort to spare Bill long conversations with her father. He apparently enjoyed them.

They were smoking and discussing the "big fellers" who were cornering the market when she started down-stairs. Their talk of Wall Street was perpetual and parrotty. Both of them repeated, as nearly verbatim as they could remember it, what they had read and what they had heard. However, working in a bank, Bill really considered his viewpoint that of a financier.

"It never occurs to them that they might get to be big fellows too," thought Julie, "that they might corner something or run something themselves. They always talk about anyone of importance as if he were a different kind of animal."

But what she said was, "You're looking very well tonight, Mr. Munn."

Bill beamed. So did her mother. Young men in banks might not make a great deal of money but their work was refined and usually their positions were secure. As Mrs. Carter had said to Mr. Carter a hundred of times, she would feel better when Julie was married. Julie was so restless. "A home of her own that she can fix up her own way," she would elaborate, "and later a family. That will settle her."

Mrs. Carter snipped a dead frond from a Boston fern that stood on a little bamboo taboret by the window.

"Hear you've been sporting," Bill told Julie.

"I was telling Bill," offered Mrs. Carter, "how you had to go out with a big customer and what a swell place he took you to."

Julie felt quite sure her mother had omitted any mention of modeling and expected her to do the same.

"It was really pretty grand," she began. Her description of "21" was minute and colorful.

(*Continued on page* 78)

In "MOVIE MIRROR" for

FEBRUARY

Don't Miss It!

"FROM UNDERWORLD TO STARDOM"

The amazing life story of George Raft, whose early pals were gangsters, yet who now is a movie idol from coast to coast.

A STRIKING feature for *Movie Mirror* readers! The inside story of Paramount's sensational newcomer in the movie world. A few years ago this astounding young actor was hobnobbing with underworld characters of the Gas House District of New York. Today he is being acclaimed as a "find" of the year. A thrilling tale of a boy's struggles against almost overpowering obstacles.

★

What a NIGHT CLUB HOSTESS learns about men

Mae West, the famous actress who brought "Sex" to Broadway gives her views on Hollywood men and tells why she can't be bothered with any of them.

Ronald Colman's "CYNARA" in fiction form

One of the most successful Broadway productions of last year, now done in the movies with Ronnie Colman and Kay Francis. A famous love story thrillingly cast in story form. In itself a truly fine work of fiction.

Here are just a few of the outstanding features to look forward to in next month's Movie Mirror. It is an issue packed with things you'll want to read, the kind you'll be telling your friends about.

Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page 76*)

"I'm darned," said Bill, "if I can see how you remember all that just seeing it once."

Mrs. Carter paused on her way next door for a game of cards. "Julie always has been like that," she said with a little purr of pride.

"I never knew the beat of her," insisted her father.

There was a little flurry of good-nights and the door closed behind them.

"Joan Crawford's at the movies," Julie said. "Feel like going, Bill?"

"Gee," he protested, "I'm kind of all in tonight. And it's none too often we have this place to ourselves." Hearing Mr. and Mrs. Carter arrive next door, satisfied they would not be coming back, he pulled Julie down on his lap.

"Got a kiss for me?" he wanted to know, rubbing his cheek against hers.

She slipped away. "Don't, please," she said, "you're mussing my collar and cuffs. And I just spent fifteen minutes sewing them on."

In one of the fret-work compartments of the mission library table she found a new motion picture magazine. She had read it thoroughly the night before but she hoped it might divert Bill from his amorous purpose.

"It must be wonderful to live at Malibu," she said, turning to a picture layout.

"Imagine it's pretty wild." Plainly nothing as remote as Malibu held any interest for Bill.

Next came a fashion spread featuring Loretta Young.

"If I were a man," Julie said, "I'd go for her. I think she's beautiful."

Bill edged closer. "When you're around," he told her, "Loretta Young doesn't get a look-in." Again he attempted to pull Julie to him. Again she resisted.

"Going to read that magazine all evening?" he wanted to know.

"You read the sporting pages sometimes," Julie said. "And I don't complain."

Disgruntled, Bill repaired to the other end of the sofa and picked up the evening paper. He had always told the boys at the bank that if a girl pulled any temperamental stuff on him, he'd fix her, he'd leave her alone. Now Julie gave him an occasion to put this theory to the test.

Julie realized Bill must find her disagreeable but she could do nothing about it. It was as if that afternoon had alienated her from her own life. She found herself taking stock of Bill.

"It isn't that he's not good-looking," Julie considered. "It's that he won't make the most of himself. How can he slump there with his vest unbuttoned?"

"I'll tell you what, Bill," began Julie, hoping to get away from herself. But she got no further. She was answered with a loud snore.

"Married to him," she thought, "this is how it would be." She could see Bill growing older, turning into another edition of her father, falling asleep night after night behind his paper. She could see herself, like her mother, worn down by years of a domestic routine and "managing." She could see both of them sacrificing everything so they too might own a little house, remembering one year because it was then they had bought a new kitchen sink, and another year because that was when they had planted a few little shrubs beside the porch steps to the envy of their neighbors.

Such a life plodded along uneventfully like tired oxen. The life she wanted streamed and flowed. . . .

Bill snored again. With her nerves on edge Julie jumped up and turned on the radio. There was the blare of a dance orchestra.

"Come on, Bill," she called, moving the dials to tune it down. "Let's dance. *Let's do something.*"

"You're a funny one, all right." Bill yawned and stretched. "Okeh, Julie. Let's dance."

He did not know that while he slept he had lost her.

"THERE'S no sense," Francis told Julie about a week later, "in you working yourself into a state of the jitters over that Hollywood gentleman. He's left for California."

"How do you know?" demanded Julie. She did not try to pretend this news didn't concern her. She knew that would be foolish. Every day she had been wearing her best clothes. Whenever the telephone had buzzed she had rushed to answer it.

"How do I know?" Perched on the edge of Julie's desk, Francis admired the scarlet brilliance of her finger-nails. "Read it in the movie column of this morning's paper. It seems he bought the movie rights to one of the new shows and departed for the coast unexpectedly."

"Otherwise I'd have seen him again," Julie insisted. "I'm sure of it."

"Listen," said Francis, "Squires had no idea of becoming a boy-friend. Don't be simple, Julie.

"Oh, I know. . . . You think I'm all hot and bothered because I wasn't the one to go to '21' with him. Maybe I was but I'm over it. Right now I can't think of anything but the chap from Princeton I met at an affair last night. I'm trying to give you a right steer. So help me."

Julie addressed one of the great square envelopes that were to carry the announcement of a private sale to Le Atelier's customers.

"Go on," she said, "I guess I can stand it."

"Men like Squires," Francis continued, "have a way of taking what they want from life. He didn't relish drinking alone so he took you along.

"To do him justice he thought you'd understand what it was all about. You have no kick coming, really. You had fun. You got to a swell speak. He paid you for your time."

"*Paid me for my time?*" questioned Julie.

"He didn't expect you to keep that taxi, Stupid." Her voice became a little exasperated. "It was his way of slipping you a five."

"But he did like me, Francie," Julie protested. "I could feel it!"

"He couldn't help liking you," Francis said generously, noticing Julie's eyes darken with hurt. "But men like Squires manage to like quite a few girls in their time.

" 'Use men before they get a chance to use you!' that's my motto.

"After all, Old Lady Nature did give us girls the trump card. It's kind of dumb not to play it. . . ."

"You mean. . . ." said Julie.

"Exactly," Francis told her. "I mean sex. S-e-x—Sex! You might as well use it to get yourself an apartment on Park Avenue and a few diamond service stripes as to get yourself an 'itty, bitty house with a great big mortgage and a seven dollar wedding-ring."

She slid down from the desk. "Here comes the gink who's going to take Henri's place while he runs over to Paree for a spell. I understand he's going to do some designing while he's here. They also say he's a bad boy."

When Francis had gone Julie sat staring into space. The realization that Squires had looked upon her merely as an attractive drinking companion she found galling. Nevertheless she continued to think about it to the exclusion of everything else, growing bitter in the bargain.

THE threads of circumstance upon which our destinies hang are often very slight. Had Robert Bernard not taken Henri Albert's place at "Le Atelier du Nord" the pattern of Julie Carter's life might have been very different.

Bernard was not far from handsome. But there was something about him, over-massaged, over-manicured, over-groomed, that Julie disliked intensely.

"He's spent a good part of his life in ogling and pawing women," she insisted to Francis, "or he wouldn't be so slick about it."

Bernard, on the other hand, found Julie irresistible. That, at any rate, is what he told her when she drew away from the predatory arm he was inclined to rest on the back of her chair.

"You ought to be model here," he informed her one day. "If Albert remains in Paris I shall make some changes." He gave her arm a little squeeze.

This was Julie's first intimation that Albert might not return. It concerned her. She doubted that with Bernard in charge she could remain at Le Atelier. He constantly became more persistent. She was afraid it might be difficult to find anything else.

Twenty isn't usually the happy, care-free age it is supposed to be. Neither is it usually as difficult as Julie found it. She was, more than she had ever been, a stranger in her own home, among her own people. She saw Bill as little as possible. They had become quarrelsome and Julie both knew and regretted that this was entirely her fault. Evenings if she didn't go to the movies she went to bed with a novel or a motion picture magazine. In Cinderella stories of motion picture stars she found encouragement. John Squires had told her to look him up if she ever went to Hollywood. She banked on that. Given a chance she was convinced she could make good.

Late one afternoon when Julie was clearing her desk for the day Bernard sent for her.

"I'd like you to stay tonight," he said.

"I have a costume to design for Ann Adair, the new Bowman star. It's a rush order. And Francis has a date."

Julie found Francis in the dressing-room.

"Bernard says you have to go home . . . that he asked you to stay but you have a date. . . ." She was breathless.

"I do have to go home," Francis said, "that's darn tooting right. Got a date with that Princeton chap I was telling you about. But if Bernard says he asked me to stay he's a liar and a horse-thief."

"I'm in for it all right." Julie was frightened. "I suppose I might as well go down and quit now, save myself a lot of grief."

"He's never played Casanova with me," Francis said. "He's always been too busy being a great designer. But I'll admit it's you he's got a yen for.

"If he gets funny, tell him sweetly but firmly that it's not Field Day."

Julie telephoned her mother she would be late. Then she went back downstairs. The designing-room at the back of the shop was a far hail from the elegant salon. On the big cutting table were bolts of the unbleached muslin which Bernard used for his original patterns. On the floors were bits of fur and material and hundreds of pins. An old chair was piled high with copies of *Woman's Wear* and different fashion magazines. The lights were hard and bright.

"Got a slip on?" Bernard asked.

Julie nodded.

"Take your dress off then, will you? I wouldn't ask you otherwise."

"I wouldn't otherwise," Julie told him evenly. She began pulling her dress over her head, determined to appear unconcerned. She was, she assured herself, no more undressed in her slip than she would be in an evening gown or a bathing suit.

"I'm working on the idea of a cloth dress and fur jacket," Bernard explained. "We'll tackle the dress first."

"It's going to be a wool dress, I take it," Julie said. She hoped to establish their relations on a friendly, business basis and keep them there.

Bernard trimmed the muslin lengths which he had pinned across her shoulders.

"The dress is to be dark green wool," he said, "the jacket soft brown kidskin." He reached over to the table for a swatch of the fur and cloth he planned using.

Julie held the two together. "It ought to be lovely," she said.

She turned to facilitate the fitting, fascinated by the skill with which Bernard worked. He knew exactly what he wanted to do and exactly how to go about it.

He took a wedge of dressmakers' chalk and began drawing a red line that would indicate a dart from her waist to just below her breast.

"So the figure will show," he said. "For Adair, of course, I'll pad a little. *She's* skinny."

He no longer moved surely or swiftly. He began fumbling. Julie wondered if he could feel the frightened beat of her heart under his prying fingers. And when she was unable to ignore his intention any longer she pulled away.

"I'd be much happier, Mr. Bernard," she said with a hurt smile, "if you'd show a little less feeling for your work."

"You make a joke because I'm human," he told her. "Come on, Julie. I'll try to be good. But you are very tempting."

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"Thanks," she said coolly. "Thanks awfully."

He worked silently for a long time. Again and again he would trim pieces from the muslin, mark it carefully for the tailor.

"Now off with it," he said finally. "I'm ready to begin on the coat."

Standing in her peach silk slip, Bernard's appraising eyes taking inventory of her, Julie felt ashamed.

"Ready?" she asked. She would feel safer when he began to work again, when lengths of muslin were pinned about her.

"I appreciate your staying like this," he told her. "Maybe when we've finished you'll take dinner with me at my hotel?"

"I'm sorry," Julie lied, "but I couldn't possibly. My mother'll be waiting for me." She wished her heart would cease its pounding; that the hot color would leave her cheeks.

"You're beautiful," Bernard whispered. His hands stole up the sides of her body discovering every slender curve. His arms locked her in a close embrace.

Julie turned her mouth away from his. "If this is going to be part of my job here," she said, wrenching free, "I'm underpaid." She was not frightened now. She was revolted and angry.

"Don't worry about that," he said. "I'm planning to make you a model . . . see that you get ahead. . . ."

She grabbed her dress from a chair and pulled it over her head. Then, her back against the door, her eyes blazing, she stood facing him.

"If you were Rockefeller," she flung at him, "you still wouldn't have enough money to pay me for what you want!"

"You're fired!" he yelled. Her shot had found its mark, sunk deep into his ego.

"Oh no, I'm not," she said, "I'm quitting. You can mail me what you owe me."

In the dressing-room she didn't wait to smooth her hair or even to powder her nose. She couldn't get out of that shop quickly enough. She ran downstairs and through the dimly lit salon. And in the mirrored wall her shadowy reflection ran beside her.

In the street she paused for a minute to inhale the cold night air. Gratefully. There was the cry of a policeman's whistle and the shriek of brakes as a taxi, trying to beat the traffic light, came to an abrupt halt.

Julie headed West. Mentally she had reached a crisis. Now all the rest of her life hung in the balance.

"Things will happen to you," John Squires had told her, "because of the unrest you'll stir in men."

"And in the future," Julie vowed walking along, "I'll see to it that the things that happen to me are of my own choosing. I'll see to that!"

She had spent many sleepless nights arriving at the resolution which now crystallized to shape her plans. In a savings bank there was the seven hundred dollars her mother and father had been saving for her ever since she was a baby. It had lain there sterile, accumulating dribbles of interest long enough. Now Julie would use it. It would take her to Hollywood where there was, at least, a chance that she might find the manner of life that she wanted, without which she sometimes thought it might be better to die.

Francis, she decided, was right. It was stupid not to use men instead of always allowing them to use you. Bill . . . John Squires . . . Bernard. . . . When you came right down to it there wasn't much difference between them. One out of three might mean to marry you. John Squires had told her to look him up if she ever got out to Hollywood. Well, she'd do that. He was in a position to serve her well.

"Now's the time for me to go," Julie reasoned. "If I wait I might fall in love . . . with Bill or someone else just like him. . . .

"What is love anyway? A fever that gets into your blood and won't let you be. A few glamorous years and then what? The rest of your life in a cheap little house surrounded by cheap things. Scrimping . . . Marking time. . . . Until you die without ever having begun to live. . . ."

She dropped her nickel in the subway slot and waited for the grinding clanking noise the turnstile made. In time she thought, hysterically, that din might very well crush your soul.

Parental objections lay ahead. Now she was eager to meet and defeat them. Surely they must see that nothing worse could befall her in Hollywood than had befallen her in New York. She shivered a little, remembering Bernard's exploring hands.

It proved far easier than she had expected to bring her mother around. And that meant bringing her father around too. Her mother had been worried about her. Going into her room at night, to tuck her in, several times she had found her with tears on her lashes and sleeping restlessly as if her dreams disturbed her.

As Mrs. Carter whispered to her husband, lying in bed beside her, "We'd let her go to the mountains alone. I'm not afraid to trust Julie. I know how she's been brought up. She needs a change. And when she finds she can't get anywhere in the pictures she'll be glad enough to put them out of her head. Come back home. Settle down."

It was two weeks later that Julie boarded the Twentieth Century. In her bag were her tickets from Chicago out on "The Chief." She was traveling deluxe, as she expected to travel from then on.

She waved to her mother and father from a window of the observation car. To her great excitement and delight she was traveling on the same train with Claudette Colbert. They were taking flashlights of Claudette on the platform; presumably as she waved good-bye to New York.

"That's how it will be with me one day," Julie promised herself. "And John Squires is going to help me get there. He used me. Now I'm going to use him. Turn about. . . . That's fair play. . . ."

What lay ahead of Julie in Hollywood? Was she able to make her promise to herself come true?

She found in Hollywood a different John Squires than the one she had known in New York. What did she do about it?

Don't miss the next absorbing installment of this serial of a girl's struggle in Hollywood. It will be continued in the February issue of Movie Mirror, on sale January 5.

Heaven in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 57)

You see, at Paramount, where Stu works, they're in peak of production. Stu works many hours a day—sometimes as many as 20! He leaves home early, when June and the baby are still asleep. He comes home late when June, recovering as she is from her starring rôle in "Birth Of Stu, Jr.", is asleep again—and ditto baby. So Stu tiptoes about—and as far as June and Junior are concerned, might as well be a million miles from home!

Sentiment and movies don't mix, in actual life, even though they *must* on the screen!

"Why, the thing I wanted most," says June, "was for Stuart (she calls him that, NOT "Stu") to carry the baby into our home for the first time when we left the hospital. They'd promised him the day off. But when the day came, the studio schedule was so busy that they couldn't let him off —not even for two hours. And the nurse had to carry the baby into our home while Stuart worked!"

She makes a wistful little face, as she says it.

"But even so," she smiles in an instant, "it's heaven being his wife and HIS (and she looks adoringly at tiny Stuart Junior) mother!——

" . . . and I wouldn't swap all THIS for *any*thing Park Avenue or stardom could offer! And I've had both."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Movie Mirror, published monthly at New York, for October 1, 1932.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Dorothy Crowne, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is business manager of Movie Mirror, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Leonard Dreyfuss, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Dorothy Crowne.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Futura Publications, Inc., 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George Engel, Leonard Dreyfuss, Jerome van Wiseman, Berthold Nussbaum, all of New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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(Signed) DOROTHY CROWNE.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of October, 1932.

(Seal) ELIZABETH A. HAWKESWORTH,
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The Real Edward G. Robinson

(*Continued from page* 45)

Robinson was born the fifth in a family of six sons. His father was a contractor who built beautiful homes for other people to live in.

In Robinson's native country Jews were despised and hated. They had few educational opportunities, and were constantly subject to pogroms on the part of fanatical Christians whom Christ himself would undoubtedly have repudiated.

One gathers a pitiful story of the boys huddling together for safety in their home, as a crowd of rowdy college students passed by, bent on an Anti-Semitic demonstration. Stones were hurled through the windows of the Robinson home, as they were through other Jewish homes, and the boy who was one day to become "Little Caesar" cowered and shook. No wonder he jumps today when he hears a firecracker explode! The terror he feels is pure nerves—part of the heritage of a persecuted race.

I said that one gathers all this—but if you ask Robinson to go into details, he becomes furious. He does not want the story of his unhappy childhood emphasized, lest it seem like a bid for pity, and "Little Caesar" is not asking pity of anyone.

When Robinson was ten years old, his father, wanting his children to have the opportunities denied him, left for America. The family lived at first on the lower East Side, in New York. It goes without saying that they did not find the streets of New York lined with gold. But they did find something more precious—a chance for the boys to be educated, and if you have ever known any typical Jewish families, you know the almost fanatical value that they place on education.

The saga of Robinson's father is that of the typical foreigner, middle-aged, of middle class suddenly transplanted from his environment and trying to adjust himself to conditions in a strange country, finding it difficult, but plodding on, so that his children might have the opportunities that had been denied him. He couldn't find work as a contractor, so he worked at every pitiful little job he could get. Finally he was able to start a little crockery business of his own, and the family moved to the Bronx.

Edward G. Robinson went to public school and high school in New York. His father and his brothers pitched in so that he could get the schooling he dreamed of. But money was scarce in the family and Robinson worked summers during his school days, as many boys who have to help support themselves do. He acted as an errand boy when he was about fourteen, getting $7 or $8 a week and his carfare. Needing money badly, he often walked long distances, used all sorts of transfers and hitched rides so as to save the fare.

As a boy he went through a period of being obnoxiously radical. He used to get up on soap boxes and make long speeches. That was his first training for the career of an actor. His first appearance on Broadway was when he got up on a soap box on the corner of Forty-second Street and urged people to vote for "Hearst for Mayor."

Now Robinson talks of Radicalism as something that almost every boy goes through, like measles or the rash. But the aggressive streak in him is very broad, and he battens on an argument.

He has the avid intellectual curiosity of his race, and heaven only knows how many courses he took at City College and Columbia University. His biography, put out by the publicity department at First National, says that he got his M. A. at Columbia. That isn't true, though Robinson probably took enough courses to get that degree and more. Whenever he was appearing in a play on Broadway, he took more courses at Columbia, but he never even went through the formality of getting a college degree. It was characteristic of Robinson that he didn't bother about the symbols of education, but was concerned only with slaking his own thirst for knowledge and more knowledge.

His parents wanted Robinson to be a lawyer, and harbored a tremendous prejudice against the stage. Robinson, who loves the play of mind against mind and who had started making soap box orations while he was still in knickerbockers, thought of being a lawyer, thought of being a minister, thought of being an actor. He played in amateur theatricals, organized a dramatic club in his own neighborhood, and was captain of the City College debating team. When he was about nineteen he decided definitely that he wanted to be an actor. He went to the Sargent Dramatic School for two years (more education!) and afterwards got a job in a small stock company. He planned an ambitious theatrical career for himself, and then the war came along. He joined the Navy and saw the world.

Back from the War, he played in vaudeville and on the stage. He must have had a tremendous struggle at this time, but he doesn't talk about it. Mostly he played sweet and gentle old men, and something tells me that there isn't quite the demand on the stage for kindly old men that there later developed for the racketeers Robinson was to play. His first picture was made in silent days. He played a gentle old man, the father of a family, in "The Bright Shawl," with Dick Barthelmess, and he hated himself so in the rôle that he decided that he would never make another picture. And for years he stuck to his decision.

About eight years ago he first met The Girl. She was Gladys Lloyd, and they met at a party in his house in New York.

"Was it love at first sight?" I ventured.

ERMINE Chairs! A Pink Taffeta Piano! An All-White Living Room! A Collection of Hands! These are just some of the extraordinary features of the home of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. You must see the pictures of them. They are thrilling. And you must read the story. Both in the February issue of Movie Mirror

"Yes," said Robinson simply. You figure that one out. He certainly hasn't got a handsome mug, but Gladys Lloyd fell for him just the way he fell for her. They were married less than a year after they first met.

When writers write about the great loves of Hollywood, they very seldom mention Robinson and his wife. And yet those two, unpublicized, unwritten about, have found something more precious than Hollywood.

These two people like each other so much that they even like to work together. Shortly after their marriage, when Gladys Lloyd had a part in a play called "Henry Behave", Robinson got a part in the same play, even though he didn't like the rôle, just so that they could be together. Later when he had an important part in "The Racket," the stage play that started him on his career as The Menace of the Stage and Screen, his wife took a small part in it to bring him luck.

Afterwards she practically gave up the stage, but she kept on reading the scripts of the pictures in which Robinson was to play. When she read "Little Caesar" she at once decided that it was going to be a great picture. She begged for a part in it, because she wanted to have something to do with the making of what she swore would be an elegant picture. She played a bit in that, and since then she has played bits in "Smart Money," "Five Star Final," "The Hatchet Man" and "Two Seconds." Edward G. Robinson says that when she plays in his pictures she brings him luck.

He himself attributes the success of his marriage to her and I suspect that he is right. "She is so gorgeously understanding," he says. "When I fly into a temper, she lets it ride, knowing it'll blow over in a few minutes. When I come late because I've been held up by work she doesn't get suspicious and ask a lot of silly questions. When I have to be pleasant to people because of my work, she doesn't let jealousy get the better of her."

"How do you account for the fact," I asked, "that in Hollywood where so many marriages have gone to smash, yours manages to stay safe and sane?"

Robinson bridled. "What," he asked, "has Hollywood to do with us? What has Hollywood to do with love? The same people who go off the deep end in Hollywood would go off the deep end anywhere else in the world. Hollywood is just an excuse.

"Women sometimes fail in their understanding of men. There are three things that every woman ought to understand about men if she wants to make a success of her relations with them. First—most men are like kids and should be treated like children most of the time. Second—men like to be babied and spoiled and flattered, and they love the women who do it for them. Third—never make jealous scenes and never impute wrong motives to a man for his actions, for if there's anything that riles him, that's it!"

So there you have him. Edward G. Robinson, otherwise known as "Little Caesar." Perspicacious, clever and shrewd, but a clever woman could twist him round her little finger. Provided, of course, that she knew how to do it.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 73*)

"Blondie" Makes Good

Three cheers for "Blondie (Marion Davies) of the Follies"!

I have seen many, many pictures and a great many of them have been good pictures, but I think the most enjoyable was "Blondie of the Follies." Marion Davies, in my estimation, is one of the best, if not the best, comedienne in the movies.

Lillian Kelly,
Jamaica, N. Y.

They Sent For the Parson

I personally know a couple who, the night they went to see "Lady and Gent", had no intention of getting married, although, like the character in the picture, the girl had been a faithful companion for ten years. But the ending of that picture did for her what years of pleading could not do. Good or bad, there is not a picture on the screen that one cannot draw a moral from.

Mrs. Grace K. Dunn,
Staten Island, N. Y.

What "Back Street" Has Dunne For Irene

Irene Dunne is natural. She is not starved to the thinness of Crawford. Nor has she developed the mysteriousness of Garbo. She is a woman, sweet, making her pictures as real as life. Let us see more of her—and please, let John Boles be her leading man. They are perfect together.

Mrs. L. G. Guth, Jr.,
Greenville, Miss.

Bring Back "The Student Prince"

About every good picture (silent) has been brought back as a talkie. Why not bring one of the best back, "The Student Prince of Heidelberg"? Can anyone imagine *that* as a talkie? The good music, singing, acting, the marvelous story? And with the *same* players!! Norma Shearer —Ramon Novarro. Wouldn't *that* be one of the hits of the year?

Marie Olivine,
West Reading, Pa.

Wotta Team!

Others can rave about their Garbos, Shearers, Bennetts and Gables. But give me the good old team of Zasu Pitts and Thelma Todd. For after all we go to the movies to get a laugh out of life, not to come home feeling miserable and blue. And as for looks—Miss Todd has them all knocked cold. She is absolutely—gorgeous.

Mrs. Paul Troup,
Fairmount City, Pa.

The Greatness of Joan

Underneath the magnetic personality of Joan Crawford, underneath her dramatic ability and her lovely voice, runs a deep basic stream of tireless energy, at times rumbling loudly, at times so soft it can scarcely be heard, but always there—conscious, vibrating, electrifying!

Joan Crawford played "Letty Lynton" with glamour, yet with great sincerity. And when glamour is combined with sincerity, there an artist springs forth.

Ruth Wood,
Portland, Oregon.

We Say the Same

This past week I saw *The Night of June 13, Life Begins* and *Grand Hotel!* Imagine! Three such pictures in one week. And yet some say the movies are going to the dogs. If these be samples, I say let them keep on going.

Mrs. R. J. Redding,
Houston, Texas.

What, No Tragedies!

Mr. Producer, bring us "Down To Earth" with "Blessed Events," "The Crowd Roars." Send us "Movie Crazy" with "The Red Headed Woman" is "The Roar Of The (public) Dragon." . .I pray thee, Mr. Producer, do away with "Big City Blues" and take us "Merrily To Hell." Fie fie on "Dr. X" and "The Man From Yesterday." "Make Me A Star" and give me "Fast Companions" in a "Huddle." "Laughter" is our cry. Away with "American Tragedies"!!!!

Stanley Miller,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Howard With Garbo?

A suggestion for M-G-M: if the Divine Garbo decides to make any more pictures for this company, I wish they would beg, borrow or kidnap Leslie Howard to play the lead in a picture with her. Garbo is a most accomplished and delightful comedienne, and they would make a wonderful team in a picture wherein comedy was mixed up with the romance.

Kay Newton,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Brother Lionel

I wonder if the famous Royal Family is proud, surprised, or a wee bit jealous of the extraordinary success of Brother Lionel?

His every performance is better and more convincing than the last. And he proves conclusively that real success is not a matter of face or figure; and not a matter of years; but a question of spirit and perseverance and giving!

Norma M. Hale,
Birmingham, Ala.

Why?

Why doesn't Richard Barthelmess reduce? His face looks like a full moon.

Why doesn't Mary Pickford quit crying about her inability to make good in the talkies? She's had her place in the sun for years, longer than most stars.

Why so many stories about Carole Lombard and William Powell? I, for one, am tired of reading what their marriage has done for them.

Why so many would be Clark Gables? There was only one Valentino and there'll be only one Clark Gable!

Laura Norris,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 25*)

the social life used to be expressed with that unspellable sound entitled razzberry, has suddenly gone partyish and is featured by Hollywood hostesses . . . Mae ("Court Room") Murray crashed the news columns again by telling the court she was so broke she couldn't pay her income-tax adviser the judgment the latter won . . . Goldwyn pictures people have changed the title of Cynara back from "I Have Been Faithful" to "Cynara" again and will tell the public that it's pronounced with the accent on the "sin" . . .

Both Ends of the Hollywood See-Saw:

In Los Angeles newspaper classified columns one day ran this ad:

> WANTED—Children, 36 inches tall, must talk. Also cross-eyed boy, 1 to 3 p. m. Jack Hays Productions, Metropolitan Studios.

—the ad meant work, good pay, for some film-ambitious youngsters, parents.

But on the very same day, in the very same paper, there were two news items. One told of the suicide of a 21-year-old lad who was starving, after endless effort to get work as a film extra. The other told of the narrowly-averted suicide attempt of the starving wife of another youth, who was storming casting offices in vain search for film work.

Extra gals on Clara Bow's "Call Her Savage" got a break, besides their salary checks. They got free, beautiful corsages to wear home, after the day's shooting where they were worn. A specially-rented icebox failed to keep the corsages fresh overnight, so the girls were allowed to take them home.

Add to the Trials of Movie Actresses:

Besides income tax, weight and diet, complexion, boy friends, etc., there's still another nuisance-factor for actresses. Their animals! For instances: Marie Dressler's cat got lost when she moved. And Minna Gombell's pooch chewed up three expensive hats in a store and Minna had to pay, and pay, and pay . . .!

Screwiest Gag of the Month

They hang it on Jack Oakie. Jack, they say, has ruined three clocks of his own and four in his friends' guest-rooms, trying to figure out the answer to: "If the time is such-and-such, and the hands are reversed, what time will it be an hour from now, eastern standard time?"

Mr. Novarro Gets Himself Bawled Out!

Ramon Novarro may be a movie star to you and you and you, but to Operadio Star Lily Pons' manager, he's just another pest, that's all!

It happened backstage in the Los Angeles auditorium where Pons was appearing in opera. Among those who sought admittance to pay their respects to the singer was a slim youth, who was at once recognized by the excited fussy manager who told them all they couldn't enter. He glared at Novarro.

"You ought to have more sense than to come here before the performance is over. Anyway, I wouldn't go to YOUR house without being invited," he shrieked.

Novarro shrugged his shoulders, suffered himself to be turned away with the others, as the manager ordered the doorman to "let nobody in here—even if they ARE movie stars!"

Smiles of peace, friendship, happiness, box-office receipts and what not! Jack Warner, of the Warner Brothers, and Jimmy Cagney of the belligerent disposition, have made up, thank goodness, and Jimmy will be back making those typical Cagney pictures, more thank goodness. The first one is going to be called "Hard to Handle"!!

But Opera's inhospitality wasn't paralleled by the studios. Next day, Pons was made welcome at the M-G-M lot; had lunch in the studio café with Stars Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery AND Ramon Novarro!

It's all wrong that "Ramon"
Should rhym with "jamon,"
Whose meaning am,
(In Spanish), "ham!"

—which brings to mind the story of the Hollywood restauranteur who, to get square with a young actor who'd been a bit disorderly in his café late one night, next day "specialled" on his menu a sandwich which was named after the actor.

And when it was served, it was just *ham on a bun!*

"Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown"

And the old adage is well exemplified by what's happened to several big-names in Hollywood—Dot Mackaill, "Diamond Lil" Mae West, and Dick Arlen and his wifie Jobyna Ralston—

It's because eastern racketeers, driven west to dodge police activity, have picked Hollywood as their happy hunting ground. Dot Mackaill and Mae West were robbed of jewels—Mae at gunpoint while sitting in her auto on a Hollywood street!

And Arlen and his wife are now bodyguarded, since, on two successive nights, their car was trailed all the way from Hollywood to his suburban home by a mysterious automobile filled with men.

—and from the Younger Idea: it was a Hollywood schoolboy of 8 or 9, and the first day of school. He doesn't like school. That morning, he got up with a long face; slowpoked through his dressing; glummed through breakfast; finally reluctantly (and not yet having uttered one word!) picked up his books, opened the front door. There he stopped, spoke the first sound his mother had heard from his lips that morning:

"Merrily We Go To Hell," he said, and slammed out!

Here's the Low-Down on Those Movie "He Men!"

"I get a laugh," laugh-gets Barbara Stanwyck, "every time I read the press-agent ballyhoo about these new 'he-men' of the screen and if you want to know whom I'm talking about, I mean George Brent and Preston Foster, for two of them . . .

"In 'The Purchase Price,' there was one of those knock-em-down scenes where the two men and I were all in a struggle, and I was supposed to be knocked down. 'Make it a good fight,' the director told us, so I did. The only trouble was that when it was all over, I was standing up and Brent and Foster were on the floor!"

Barbara weighs just a bit over a hundred.

You'd be Surprised at the Answer

When the Paramount Theater in New York was trying to fill its seats with that feature-name bill which included, among others, Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Fifi Dorsay, which one of those three was it who sent the wire to a Hollywood agent, and said: "I'm packing them in."?

Radio's cast Joel McCrea in the title rôle of "World's Champion." And all he'll wear'll be a pair of trunks.

The Mask of Fu Manchu

(*Continued from page* 56)

strong, suffocating arm. The four attackers did their nefarious job like clock work.

Sir Lionel was gagged and bound. A heavy fist struck him and he lapsed into unconsciousness. When he regained consciousness, he was to have found that several weeks had elapsed. He was to recall vaguely the sensation of travelling, but he was to awaken to find himself a prisoner of Fu Manchu. The West had made the first move in the struggle of East against West, but the East had struck the first blow.

Sir Lionel Barton's home was in the smart, Mayfair section of London. Here he lived with his daughter Sheila, a lovely girl of twenty-one. His wife had died years ago, but between father and daughter was a close bond of affection. Sheila was fascinated with her father's work. She had studied archaeology and Sir Lionel so respected his daughter's comprehension of his work and its many problems that he had made her his confidante in his project to discover the hitherto undiscovered tomb of Genghis Khan.

The night Sir Lionel was abducted, Sheila waited up for him until a late hour. She was eager to learn what Nayland Smith had wished of him and also to learn the outcome of his conference at the Museum. But as the hours ticked by and he did not return, the girl yielded to weariness and to sleep.

Discovering the next morning that her father had not returned to the house, Sheila became worried. She telephoned Nayland Smith. He made light of her fears but no sooner had he hung up the receiver than he pressed a button on his desk, sent for several assistants and instructed them to search for Sir Lionel, As the day wore on and Sir Lionel was not found, Smith's worry grew.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Sheila, accompanied by Terrence Granville, appeared at Smith's office. He had been delayed, however, and Sheila, nervous and fidgety, roved around the office.

Granville eyed her anxiously. "You mustn't let yourself go like this, Sheila. You—"

"I can't help it, Terry." The sensitive mouth quivered and tears glimmered in her gray eyes. "Father is everything to me. He is all I have. He—"

"Not all." Gently, Granville took her in his arms. "You have me, Sheila." His lips rested against her smooth cheek. "You will always have me, dear."

She raised her head and gazed at him tenderly. "Always, Terry?"

"Always."

Her arms were around his neck. Her lips against his.

After a moment, she withdrew from his embrace and dabbed unashamedly at her eyes. "I'm an awful baby," she murmured brokenly.

"You're a darling," he whispered, adoring her.

The door opened and Nayland Smith entered. "Good morning, Sheila. And you, Terry."

A plainclothesman whispered in Smith's ear. He nodded and reached for the telegram on his desk. "Just a minute, Sheila." His pleasant expression changed to scowling apprehension as he read the message: "Sir Lionel is Fu Manchu's prisoner. Smuggled out of country. Enroute to Fu Manchu's stronghold. Route is devious and diabolically covered up."

Smith looked up, folding the message as his eyes met the imploring ones of the girl. With a smothered sob, she ran to him: "That message concerns my father! What have they done to him? Why don't you do something?"

Smith compelled her to sit down. "Sheila," his voice was grave, "you must be brave, my dear. Your father is a prisoner but we are doing everything we can for him."

She was not, however, to be treated like a child. "But the expedition," she cried. "Terry says the expedition will leave without father."

"It must." Smith seemed to appraise the girl, to weigh in his own mind how much her strained nerves could endure. He decided to confide in her the vital purpose behind the expedition and why, at all costs, it must be accomplished without further delay.

Sheila listened attentively. She was torn between grief and interest. Her father seemed a part of her interest. Because of him she would not remain at home and eat her heart out with grief. She would go with the expedition. Having been her father's confidante, she was sure she could save the expedition many weeks of futile effort. She told this to Smith when he had finished his story.

"Sheila, my dear," he protested. "We can't permit you to undertake such needless dangers and hardships."

"I am going." Sheila rose, her head high, her voice firm, yet her eyes appealed to Terry for his support.

Granville answered her appeal, though he said nothing. He crooked her arm in his and, side by side, a handsome, courageous young couple, they proudly confronted Nayland Smith. Smith made an oddly passionate gesture of negation. He, more than they, encompassed to the full the subtler dangers that menaced the expedition. He, more than they, knew the relentless, merciless force of their antagonist, Fu Manchu. For a brief moment, he saw these two clean, upstanding young things sacrificed to the demoniacal ambition of their Oriental enemy.

Then Sheila, straight and slim beside her tall, broad-shouldered fiancé, spoke again. "I am going," she said quietly.

Nayland Smith sighed. So be it. The die was cast.

As unobtrusively as if they were mere tourists embarking upon a trip to the Far East, the hand-picked few who were to lead the perilous expedition into the sterile wastelands of the Gobi Desert got ready.

Sheila Barton exchanged her stylish frocks for puttees, corduroys, flannel shirts, and heavy coats. The men strapped revolvers to their waists. Implements, clothes, and food were packed. The small caravan started early one morning for its destination. They were totally ignorant that their every move, quiet though it was, was being spied upon by Fu Manchu's men. They

Achieving PERSONALITY *through* CLOTHES

WITH no one is the question of personality more important than with a screen celebrity. Her whole success depends on how cleverly she is able to project herself through clothes and manner. Yet many of motion picture's leading lights were nothing until they learned how to make the most of themselves in this way. Garbo was once an awkward school girl, clumsy in carriage, timid and shy. Yet today her style of figure and dress has swept the country and created a whole new type of American womanhood.

Read MOVIE MIRROR regularly for the inside stories of how the stars are gowned. Each month MOVIE MIRROR shows the exclusive wardrobe of some favorite star—both her reel and her real wardrobe.

MOVIE PEOPLE AT HOME

Each month MOVIE MIRROR pictures the interiors of some of Hollywood's most famous actor homes. Here you can view the daily life of screendom's favorites—the atmosphere in which they are able to achieve the relaxation and quiet that their work demands. The little comforts they require! The newest in the way of interior decorating! Architectural features widely imitated!

The February issue will feature the home of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe.

Here's the lovely new home Nancy Carroll has just purchased for herself out in Beverly Hills. Looks as though the battling red-head had decided to be a good kid and stay in pictures!

were in the enemy's country and the enemy kept them under surveillance.

Several days before the expeditionary caravan started, Sir Lionel Barton awoke to full consciousness. He found himself in a bizarre bedroom. Beside his bed stood two inscrutable Orientals clad in the loose garments of their race. Their almond shaped eyes were fixed on the carved wall. Their arms were crossed.

Sir Lionel sat up and buried his aching head in his hands. His guards had been given their orders what to do when the prisoner awakened. They forced him to dress and each seizing an arm they led him through devious corridors and secretly manipulated doors into an enormous room. Here, they released him and disappeared. Sir Lionel stared around him in amazement. Except for a few chairs, the room was empty.

"Ah, my friend, so you have recovered?"

Sir Lionel swung toward the voice. His indignant eyes met the almond shaped ones of the man he knew to be Fu Manchu. He scrutinized the tall Oriental in the beautifully embroidered robe. Thin, black moustachios drooped like a crescent on either side of the narrow cruel lips that smiled when they were cruellest. They were smiling now, and the slender fingers were clasped in such a manner as to show the long, glittering finger-nails, the symbol of the aristocrat in the East.

"How did I get here?" Sir Lionel demanded.

Fu Manchu still smiled. "You do not remember?" softly.

Sir Lionel's hands clenched. "I insist you release me immediately."

"Release you?" Fu Manchu laughed chidingly. "My dear Sir Lionel, you are my guest, not my prisoner."

Sir Lionel advanced angrily. "I want to know the meaning of—"

But with a clap of his hands, Fu Manchu turned. The blank wall before him opened. A chair resembling a throne was seen before a huge Buddha. To one side of it was a smaller chair. Fu Manchu seated himself on the throne and motioned Sir Lionel to the chair. Two half-naked negroes took their position on either side of the Oriental.

"Can you remember what has happened to you, Sir Lionel?" Fu Mnchu smiled with interest.

"I was attacked in the British Museum," heatedly. "I was drugged, of course. I think I've been kept under drugs for days. Then I was in a plane—and now I'm here. You are Fu Manchu, I believe."

The Oriental bowed courteously. "I am a Doctor of Philosophy from Edinburgh and a Doctor of Laws from Christ's College. I am a Doctor of Medicine from Harvard. Sir Lionel, my friends out of courtesy call me 'Doctor'."

"I beg your pardon," sarcastically, "and now, three times Doctor, what do you want with me?"

Fu Manchu clasped his hands. "I have sent for you to make your fortune."

Sir Lionel laughed shortly, but the Oriental interrupted with: "My friend, what good are the relics of a dead warrior to you?"

"The English people enjoy looking at such things."

Fu Manchu dismissed the English people with a wave of his hand. "Are the treasures of Genghis Khan worth a million pounds to you?"

"My dear fellow," Sir Lionel expostulated. "I cannot sell you what I haven't got."

"Then you will tell me where they are —for money, I mean."

Sir Lionel's chin set stubbornly. "Not for anything in the world. I—" but he stopped abruptly as an exquisite girl, almond eyed, inscrutable, dainty in silken attire appeared.

The girl asked in a sing-song voice: "You want me—my father?"

Fu Manchu smiled, and without speaking extended a hand which his daughter, Fah Lo See, pressed to her forehead. "My daughter," he purred, "explain to this gentleman the rewards that might be his. Point out to him the delights of our lovely country, the promise of our beautiful women." He glanced at Sir Lionel. "Even my daughter, dear friend, even my daughter will I give you in exchange for your secret."

"Fu Manchu," leaping to his feet, "I am not for sale."

The Oriental's face changed. He rose haughtily and pointed to the outraged Englishman. Two guards seized Sir Lionel, dragged him across the floor to a high ceilinged room dominated by a large bell beneath which was a concrete platform.

"Prepare him," Fu Manchu commanded.

The guards stripped Sir Lionel of coat and vest and forced him to the concrete platform. They buckled chains around his wrists and ankles, and stepped back.

Fu Manchu bent toward his victim: "You have read about this—the torture of the bell? It never stops, Sir Lionel. Minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day." There was a deep-toned clang of the bell as the black giant holding the rope drew it toward him.

"It seems harmless, doesn't it?" Fu Manchu laughed quietly. "Just a bell, ringing, but the percussion and the repercussion of sound against your eardrums will soften them and destroy them until the sound is magnified a thousand times. Sir Lionel, you can't move. You can't sleep. You will be frantic with hunger and thirst. You will be foul. But here you will lie, day and night, the rest of your life, until you tell. My friend," persuasively, "why go through this torture?"

Sir Lionel glared into the face above his. "You be damned!"

Fu Manchu motioned to the men holding the rope and as the bell began its unending detonation of sound, the Oriental, followed by his daughter, turned and left the torture chamber.

Sir Lionel's courage was that of a martyr's to a cause, but as he endured the torture inflicted upon him, the expedition which he was to have led moved doggedly on, overcoming the obstacles with which Nature crowded their journey, unaware of the skulking shadows of yellow men who spied upon them and who kept their master, Fu Manchu, informed of the party's progress.

Sheila Barton endeared herself to the

men by her sweetness and her unfailing courage. Her knowledge of the route saved them much valuable time and finally they arrived on the edge of the Gobi Desert where they made camp, even as Sir Lionel had said they would. Guided by Sheila, they found the cave beneath which was the long-lost tomb of Genghis Khan. With unflagging energy they fell to with spade and shovel seeking through the sand and dirt for the trap door entrance to the tomb.

Many miles away Fu Manchu listened daily to the reports his spies brought him of the expedition's progress. He was pleased. The white man would labor. Later, he would take. Daily, he visited his prisoner beneath the bell. He tormented him with bowls of cool, healthy fruit. He tortured him by placing a golden cup which contained salted water to his lips. He laughed delightedly at Sir Lionel's helplessness and suffering and he was coldly enraged at his prisoner's stubborn silence.

In Scotland Yard, Nayland Smith never relaxed his vigilance to find and free Sir Lionel. But the unobtainable and secret entrances to Fu Manchu's stronghold defied the clear cut methods of the white man. Failure after failure was cabled to Nayland Smith until one afternoon, after a conference with the heads of Scotland Yard, Smith left his desk and set sail for the port from which the expedition party would sail on its return voyage.

In the dark cave which held the mysterious entrance to Genghis Khan's tomb, the stocky Von Berg, the tall, lean McLeod, and the husky Terry Granville worked like supermen, directing their crew, digging, digging. And Sheila, a slim figure in puttees, corduroys, and shirt opened at the throat stood by, studying the blue prints prepared by her father, striving to perceive in its maze of markings the exact location of the tomb.

"It is here," she exclaimed, pointing. "Here, Dr. Von Berg."

Von Berg drew a khaki sleeved arm across his dripping forehead and paused to adjust his spectacles more securely to his nose. Then he fell to with a will and in a moment he shouted:

"Sheila's right. It's here."

Inspired, now, the three white men scraped around the trap door until it was cleared of sand and dirt. Von Berg stooped and opened it. A rope ladder was flung into the unknown depths. Von Berg drew his flashlight.

"I go first," he said.

Cautiously, he lowered himself into space. His flashlight played around. Its beam illuminated two massive doors and Von Berg cried their search was ended. Rapidly, the others clambered down the rope ladder. In their excitement, they failed to notice that two of the crew separated into the shadows to vantage points, the better to observe what followed.

Von Berg split the crude lock that held the doors. They opened. Before the dazzled party stood the magnificence of Genghis Khan's tomb. A warning had been engraved on a plate of the tomb. Von Berg paused to read it. Though he scoffed at its threat, the ghostly warning of seven hundred years ago chilled his blood even as it did the others on the party. It said that he who dared deface the tomb of Genghis Khan would be cursed and the curse would never lift until the defacer paid with the penalty of death.

"Bosh!" Von Berg was the first to shake off the dread that hushed the group. "Who believes such superstitions?"

Granville instinctively put his arm around Sheila. She shivered nervously. They all recalled the curse of destruction found in the tomb of King Tut and they recalled, too, that premature death had wiped out the members of the brave party who had defied that curse.

Sheila sighed and managed a smile. "Of course, the curse means nothing."

Von Berg patted her shoulder happily. "Good girl. Now, McLeod, give me that axe. We're going in."

Carefully, so as not to mar the beautifully engraved doors more than necessary, Von Berg chipped at the gold lock. It gave. McLeod took the axe from him and slowly amid tense silence, the doors were pulled wide. A gasp of ecstasy was heard as enchanted eyes roved over the splendor before them. There was a touch of the gruesome in the skeleton so royally cloaked, but covering the skull was the golden mask that had been Genghis Khan's and near at hand was the marvellously jeweled scimitar that had been Genghis Khan's.

Rapidly, now, they worked, for with their objective achieved, they each and every one appreciated that this was but half their job. The golden mask and the scimitar must be transported safely back to the seaport city and thence to the British Museum. Fu Manchu's efforts to wrest their prizes from them must be outwitted. The lives of millions depended upon this valiant little party's success. Opposed to them was still Fu Manchu, brilliant, cruel, lusting for power, and Fu Manchu, they knew, had not yet really shown himself to them.

But he was preparing to. He summoned the more powerful of his followers to a banquet and welcomed them with smiles. He invited them into the banquet hall where table after table, laden with delicacies and wines, waited them.

And when they were seated, Fu Manchu rose with majestic calm and in the respectful silence that fell, he spoke with false, exaggerated humility:

"I am ashamed and humiliated at the meager and poor fare I have placed before the great men of the world. As I look down on these poor dishes and goblets, the knowledge that they are only gold shames me. I have brought you here for important things. I am the most unfortunate of men. I have no son to follow me and in shame I ask you to receive and listen to my insignificant daughter. I am asking you to listen to her who speaks to you of a vision which has come to her."

He motioned toward the door and Fah Lo See, ravishing in her delicate silks, entered to do her father's wishes. The vision was his, not hers, but the impassioned eyes gazing upon her would believe all that she told them because of her beauty and their desire to attain this beauty.

"Speak, my daughter," Fu Manchu ordered.

In her sing-song voice, Fah Lo See dutifully began what she had been taught to say: "I have seen a vision. I have been

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ORIENTAL GARDEN

February Issue Love Mirror Movie Mirror On Sale JAN. 5th

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told that the prophecy is to be fulfilled. Genghis Khan," her voice rang, "comes back to us. Genghis Khan—masked in his plate of gold, bearing the scimitar that none but he could ever wield."

Cries and shouts dinned the air. Fah Lo See waited for silence. Then: "I have seen the vision of countless hordes swarming to recapture the world. I have seen them victorious. I have heard the groans of dying white men. Genghis Khan comes back," she cried. "Genghis Khan leads the East against the world! The white race is doomed!"

To a man, the guests sprang to their feet, screaming and shrieking vehement approval. Only Fu Manchu remained seated. He smiled at the martial scene before him and clasped his hands loosely. It was as he wished.

An isolated house bordered a small, eastern city. To this house, the returning expedition band made its course through the night. The leading camel was stopped at the gate. Prodded by its driver, it knelt and Terry Granville ran forward to assist Sheila Barton. The girl staggered as she stepped to the ground and Granville picked her up in his arms and walked toward the dark house.

Von Berg and McLeod directed the unloading of their precious treasures and followed the burdened natives into the compound and toward the door.

Inside, Sheila clung closely to Granville. It was dark and deathly silent.

"Wait a minute, darling," Granville said. "I'll strike a match."

"Don't do that, my boy."

Sheila gave a little cry of surprise as Nayland Smith walked out of the dusky background and stood close beside her.

"Mr. Smith!"

He quickly hushed their exclamations. "Everybody be as quiet as possible. Get the things into the house. I'll talk to you later."

But Sheila implored: "Mr. Smith, my father—what about my father?"

"Nothing yet." His hand pressed hers.

The coolies, carrying boxes, continued to pass through the dark room, guided only by the directions of Granville, Von Berg, and McLeod. Not until they finished unloading and had departed and the door was securely bolted did Smith speak again.

"Sheila, we are doing everything we can to find your father, but we have not been able to locate Fu Manchu. He's around," grimly. "That we know, and very near. I am here to get you all out of the country safely with this stuff. Then I will be able to deal with him. He will show his hand then—if," in an undertone, "he doesn't before."

Granville protested. "I don't see why we leave here until we find Sir Lionel."

"Young man," Smith was stern, "your business is to obey orders. I will have you out of the country tomorrow or the next day—every one of you."

Sheila sobbed: "You are hard—hard!"

"My dear, I'm worried and I'm frightened." He looked around at the others. "No one must show a light here tonight. People must think this house is empty, as it has been for months. That is our only hope for safety. You understand? No lights!" He turned to Sheila. "Now, young woman, off to bed for you."

With military precision, Smith guided Sheila to the room that was to be hers. "You must get some rest."

He left her to Granville's comforting arms and kiss and motioning to the perturbed Von Berg and McLeod went to the room where the boxes were stored.

"This," pointing to the heavy chest in which the treasures of the tomb were contained, "we'll take to another room."

Together, they carried the chest to the designated room and placed it in the center of the floor.

"Now," Smith wiped his moist face. "Dr. McLeod, you will take the watch for the first four hours. Dr. Von Berg, you will take it the next four hours, and I—"

McLeod objected. "Now, see here, Smith. I'll take the whole watch and then I'll know everything will be safe."

Both Von Berg and Smith protested but McLeod was firm. They finally yielded and departed to get what rest they could while McLeod, yawning widely, unbuckled his revolver belt and placed the revolver on the table beside the chair which he carried from the corner. His back was partly to the open window but the stillness was such that McLeod suspected nothing could move without being heard.

His suspicions did not give proper credit to the man who coveted the treasures that he guarded. Even as McLeod prepared for his nightly vigilance, two shadowy figures climbed over the compound and crept to the tree whose branches extended to the treasure window. The figures consulted, lips close to the other's ear. One skinned up the tree and made his way out on the branch. He peered into the room and perceived the slumped figure of a man. Motioning to the figure below, he drew a rope from his belt. To one end of this were attached prongs. The man swung his arm in a wide circle and the pronged end of the rope flew up and caught in the roof of the house.

McLeod jerked erect at the sound. He listened, tense, but no successive noise followed. With a smile at his nervousness, he relaxed. His head commenced to droop. The silence was like an opiate. But not to the alert figure in the tree. The figure twined the rope around his left wrist and suddenly sprang clear of the tree. Back and forth, like a pendulum, he swung before the open window, a knife in his right hand ready to throw. As the momentum of the rope decreased, he took careful aim and let fly with the knife.

McLeod uttered a piercing cry and staggered to his feet. He clutched at the knife buried in his back and turned to the window. At sight of the blurred figure dangling there, he picked up his revolver and fired. A scream and the figure dropped, a dead weight, to the ground. His accomplice waited for no more, but climbed agilely over the wall.

"McLeod! McLeod!" Smith and Von Berg, closely followed by Granville and Sheila, dashed for the door. As Smith threw it wide, McLeod crumpled to the floor.

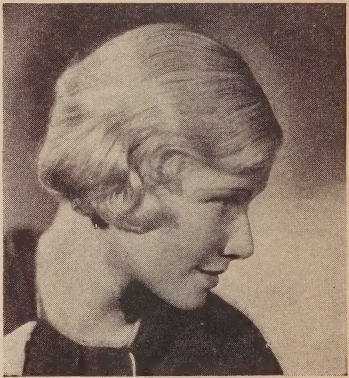
It was a silent, desperate band of men and one girl who accompanied McLeod to his last resting place. Nayland Smith read the prayers over the grave. A crude cross was erected beside it. Grief stricken, the group returned to the house. Fu Manchu had drawn second blood in his war to get the treasures.

"There will be no third time," Smith stated. "No one leaves this house today, but tonight you travel."

"But we've been travelling for days without rest." Granville's over-rawed nerves made him irascible. "We can't do it, Smith."

"You must. Sheila, go to your room and try to sleep until we call you."

"But my father," she half-sobbed.



The same girl? No. Sisters? No. No relationship at all except that they are both young, both beautiful, both talented and both work for RKO-Radio. The top one's Ann Harding, the lower, Julie Haydon

"I don't believe your father is really in this country at all," Smith lied. "Nevertheless, I stay here to make sure and I can do it better alone. Now, Dr. Von Berg, you rest also. Terry will stand the first watch."

"See here, Smith," Granville spoke in a low voice. "We're done in—exhausted. We can't go tonight. For heaven's sake, think of Sheila!"

"She's the one I'm thinking of," sharply. "Do you suppose for a moment that Fu Manchu doesn't know we have a beautiful white girl with us?"

"But what—"

Smith stirred impatiently. "He wants the mask and the sword and I'm not so sure he hasn't also decided he wants Sheila."

Granville turned sharply on his heel. He could stand any trial and any hardship, but the thought of Sheila being in danger!

Scowling, he took his watch beside the treasure chest. He glared bitterly at the chest which contained the cause of their misery. After all, what was the importance of those—things—compared with Sheila's safety?

Granville was young and he was in love. His emotions were deeper than his loyalty to dead treasures. Suddenly, he got to his feet, crouching, revolver in hand. Some one was at the outer door. He advanced, murder twitching his trigger finger, and jerked the door wide.

An oily, smiling, elderly Oriental stood squarely in the doorway. He bowed repeatedly to the glowering youth before him.

"What do you want here?" Granville snapped.

"The young lady, she wishes her father, yes?"

"What do you know of her father!"

The Oriental bowed. "Out here," gesturing toward the yard, "we can talk better, yes?"

Granville hesitated, but only for a second. He followed the Oriental to the gate. "Sir Lionel is alive," the man whispered. Granville seized him in a merciless grip. "Sir Lionel," smoothly, "will be returned to his daughter here, alive. The price is the mask and the scimitar that you have brought back from the tomb of Genghis Khan."

"Sir Lionel is unharmed?" Granville was shaking with excitement.

"He is—alive."

"And the mask—the sword, how do I know—"

"I tell you so," pleasantly. "You will bring the treasures to the Blue Dragon. There you will be met. Sir Lionel will return with you. So?"

Granville was in an agony of indecision. His love clamored that he do this for Sheila. "I'll bring them."

The Oriental merged with the shadows. Granville dashed up to Sheila's door. "Sheila!" low. "It's Terry. I must talk with you."

Trembling, the girl slipped into a kimona. "What is it?"

Granville entered quickly. "Darling, your father is living. He's here, near by." And he confided to her what had just transpired. "Your father's life," he ended, "is worth ten thousand relics. I've no time to lose. Right or wrong, I shall make the exchange. Say nothing to Smith. I'll face him when I bring back your father." He took her in his arms. "My darling." He was gone.

Fu Manchu's passion for drama and acting was second only to his passion for the treasures of Genghis Khan that the young man before him had brought. He seized the scimitar, unsheathed it, held it aloof with fanatical adoration. Then his manner changed. He strode to the room that served him as a laboratory.

Fascinated, Granville watched this extraordinary creature turn a switch which set into sizzling action an electrical current. Fu Manchu plunged the point of the sword into the floor. Imperatively, he raised his hand. The lights were extinguished. From the electrical apparatus emanated a thin, narrow flame. Fu Manchu seemed to play with this flame until he directed it to the hilt of the upright sword. He stood back, then, watching with enthralled eyes. Only the hum of the machine and the swish of the flame disturbed the breathless silence. To Granville's horror, the sword began to melt.

Fu Manchu clapped his hands. The lights were turned on. His terrible eyes beaded into Granville's.

"This sword is a counterfeit. The sword of Genghis Khan is the only one ever made that will withstand this test. You have lied to me and for this you and others will pay the supreme penalty. Seize him!"

The girl, Fah Lo See, had unobtrusively joined the group. Her strange, almond eyes were fixed on Granville. Observing their fixity, Fu Manchu's face relaxed.

"Ah, my daughter. Shall I turn the young man over to you?"

Fah Lo See's expression was inscrutable, but with a gesture curiously like her father's she motioned the guards on and they dragged the struggling, protesting Granville to still another room. Here he was stripped of coat and shirt and strung up so his feet just missed touching the ground.

"Beat him," the girl commanded, and as the two huge blacks rained blows upon the nude body, a sadistic frenzy overwhelmed her. "Harder!" she stamped her foot. "Harder!"

The blows continued until Granville fainted from pain. "Enough," Fah Lo See ordered. "Untie him." She stood over the still figure gazing at him from eyes still bright and impassioned. Motioning again to the guards, she led the odd procession to her bedroom. Fu Manchu, however, was preparing an experiment for which he would need Granville.

In the treasure house, Terry Granville's absence and that of the treasure was discovered and Sheila was terrified. Something had gone wrong.

"Sheila," Smith sensed the girl was concealing something from him, "are you sure you don't know where Terry is?"

"I've told you," she cried. "I don't know."

"But the mask—and the sword," Von Berg was heartsick.

"Oh, those," Smith, to their bewilderment, was indifferent. "That sword was a counterfeit. I had it prepared in London. I feared just what has happened. But it's Terry—Terry I'm worried about now."

He had cause to be, for Fu Manchu, ready for his experiment, had Granville brought to the operating room. Clothed in surgeon's attire, Fu Manchu mixed a diabolical serum which he prepared to inject into Granville's imprisoned arm.

"This will not harm you, my friend," he purred. "You will still be able to love —my daughter." Fah Lo See did not smile. Only her eyes remained fixed on Granville. "This little injection," Fu Manchu explained, "will merely make you do my bidding, my friend." He jabbed the hypodermic needle into Granville's arm. "You will return to the house," Fu Manchu spoke with authority, "and you will bring back Von Berg, the girl, and the real mask and sword."

Dr. Von Berg and Sheila were standing in the outer hall of the house, discoursing in low tones, when suddenly a human hand dropped to Von Berg's feet. He stooped. He saw the initials on the signet ring. They were L. B. With an agonized scream, Sheila gazed at that ring.

"My father!" she sobbed. "They have killed him!"

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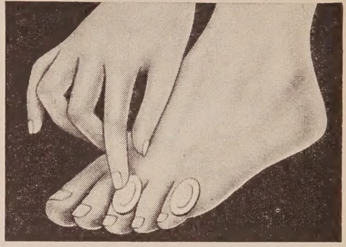

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The Wisdom of the Sages

"No, no, no!" Von Berg could not believe this. "It is only a gruesome trick of Fu Manchu's. They have not killed him."

Sheila sobbed uncontrollably. Von Berg put his arm around her and led her to her room. A few minutes later, some one knocked.

"Sheila. It's me—Terry."

She let him in and with a moan of relief put her arms around him. It would be all right now. Terry was back, safe. But Granville embraced her apathetically and she looked up in hurt wonder.

"Where have you been, Terry?" He smiled foolishly. "What is the matter, darling? What have they done to you!"

Her questions irritated him. "I want Dr. Von Berg. He must hear what I have to say, but make no noise," craftily. "I don't want Smith on top of us again."

Bewildered but obedient, Sheila found Dr. Von Berg and together they listened to Granville's message from Fu Manchu. Sir Lionel was still alive. The sword that he, Terry, had taken to Fu Manchu in exchange for Sir Lionel was a fake. They must all come with him and bring the real sword else Fu Manchu would kill Sir Lionel.

Sheila stared at her sweetheart in disbelief. "Terry, they have done something to you, my darling. Look at me, Terry," she compelled his wavering eyes to look into hers. "Darling, this is Sheila."

But Granville became irritable again. "We must go."

Von Berg roused himself from his reverie. "Yes, we will go."

It was some time later that Nayland Smith discovered the absence of Sheila and Dr. Von Berg. He also discovered the absence of the real sword. Frowning, he considered the situation. There was a dull plop and the body of Sir Lionel Barton dropped to the ground. Smith spun around, revolver ready, but he saw no one. Then sombrely, he dropped to his knees beside the body of his friend. Dead and one hand amputated. Smith jerked the coat from the dead man's shoulder. There he saw Fu Manchu's mark, the emblem of the dragon. Smith delayed no longer. Getting his helmet, he strode from the house, direct to a curio shop which, in his secret investigations, he had come to believe was one of the strongholds of Fu Manchu.

But even as Smith swung into action, Fu Manchu prepared to realize the great ambition of his life. He had sent messengers to summon his followers. Granville had done his bidding well. Together with the white girl and Von Berg, he awaited him. Fu Manchu dressed in his robes of state. His daughter also dressed for the occasion that would change the history of the world.

Frightened by Granville's unrealness, Sheila clung to Dr. Von Berg. She turned toward the door as Fu Manchu, followed by his daughter, appeared. With elaborate courtesy, the Oriental welcomed his guests. Softly, he complimented Granville for his splendid work. The young man smiled foolishly and as Fah Lo See touched his arm he moved close to her side. Sheila stared at him unbelievingly, but Fu Manchu permitted no emotional side-play. There was still work to do.

Again he entered his laboratory and again he performed the electrical test on the sword. This time, the jutt of flame did not melt the blade. Triumphant, Fu Manchu clapped his hands. Men appeared as though by magic. Sheila and Von Berg were seized. Granville looked on dully.

"Terry!" Sheila implored.

Fah Lo See held Granville's arm.

"Terry!" Sheila jerked free of restraining hands and ran to his side. "Terry, you must hear me. It's Sheila, darling. Sheila!"

A dazed expression flickered into Granville's face. He shook off Fah Lo See's hand. The drug Fu Manchu had injected into him had worn off. He suddenly came to.

"Sheila," he seized her in his arms. "Darling, what have I done! What have I done! They drugged me, Sheila, they—!"

"Take them away," Fu Manchu ordered.

Granville was dragged to a death chamber. Von Berg was dragged to another. Sheila was respectfully escorted to a bedroom and here she was made to change into a pure white robe. When she was clothed, Fu Manchu entered. "What have you done with my father?" she cried.

The suave Oriental was destitute with grief, but Sir Lionel was dead.

"And now, my young friend, it is fitting that you be the sacrifice in the temple to the return of Genghis Khan."

Sheila no longer cared what happened to her. Half unconscious with grief, she was placed on a golden stretcher. Four stalwart blacks carried her to the temple entrance. Hundreds of excited followers of Fu Manchu awaited his appearance. He appeared from a side door, the golden mask of Genghis Khan on his face, the sword in his hand. His daughter followed him, stood humbly to one side as Fu Manchu strode forward.

"My friends," he welcomed. "I bring you glad tidings. Genghis Khan lives again." He thrust the sword into the air amid thunderous shouts. "Genghis Khan lives! The prophecy is fulfilled. Death to the white race. A sacrifice to the gods!"

A gong sounded. The doors at the rear of the temple opened. Hundreds of eyes turned toward it. Cries rent the air at sight of the beautiful white girl, robed in white, being carried up the aisle. The stretcher was placed before Fu Manchu. Sword in hand, he smiled cruelly down upon his victim, but even as he gazed death reached out for him.

When Nayland Smith arrived at the curio shop, he persuaded the elderly Oriental clerk—and he was the same man who had induced Granville to take the sword to Fu Manchu—to let him have a pipe and a bed. Once in the opium den and the man gone, Smith investigated each sleeping occupant. He was taking no chances on possible spies.

From the adjoining joss-house yowled the discord of oriental music and the sing-song voices of dancing girls. Smith opened a door and stepped into the room. He pursued a cautious path to an empty table against the wall. Before him sat a plump Oriental. A dancing girl came over to him, slipped a caressing hand around his shoulders. The man's robe fell back and Smith started as he espied on his shoulder Fu Manchu's mark of the dragon.

An oil lamp burned beside Smith. He seized this and, unobserved, flung it to the center of the dance floor. Flames spouted up. Pandemonium. Smith watched the Oriental in front of him. The man rose. Smith followed him. The man led him a dizzy pace but despite secret doors Smith followed until he found himself in a small room containing the huge statue of a Buddha. The statue moved as Smith pushed it but as it did a trap door gave and he dropped. Two men seized him. Smith struggled, but he was helpless. They forced him to another room, stretched him on a stretcher, bound his wrists and ankles with rope, attached a weird cone shaped object to the end of the stretcher. The floor divided. The helpless man was lowered into a cave. Crocodiles slunk around. From the cone shaped object poured sand and the weight being removed from the lower part of the stretcher, Smith found himself slipping slowly toward the hungry crocodiles.

He worked frantically to free his hand. The ropes gave. He sat up, untied his feet, gauged the distance to the door and made a run for it. Free of the hideous death behind him, he dashed for safety. He heard cries and forced his way into the room where Granville was on the verge of being killed. Together, they dashed to the adjoining room to save Von Berg.

"Sheila's in the temple," Granville groaned. "We've got to get to her."

"Not like this." Smith had discovered Fu Manchu's laboratory. "Three of us, unarmed, haven't a chance. What's this apparatus?"

Granville explained. Smith turned on the switch. Both Granville and Von Berg watched him as though he were insane. But Smith had his own ideas of Fu Manchu's electrical genius. He fumbled for what he was sure was a trap door. His finger touched the spring. The trap door opened, framing the picture of shouting men in the temple below.

Fu Manchu was standing over Sheila. He raised the sword that had been Genghis Khan's. The white girl would be its first victim. But as Fu Manchu raised the sword, Smith increased the voltage of electricity and directed it toward him. The man who had dreamed of exterminating the white race and ruling as emperor of the world in the masquerade of Genghis Khan crumpled, a lifeless thing, to the floor.

Instead of shouts of triumph, the temple now rang with screams of fear. But high above the rioting multitude, Nayland Smith grimly directed the instrument of death that Fu Manchu had invented. Man after man dropped to the floor. Granville, together with Von Berg, raced down to the temple and rescued Sheila. In her sweetheart's arms, the girl awoke to consciousness and happiness.

Several days later, a boat sailed from the city where Fu Manchu had once thrived. Aboard it were Sheila, Terry Granville, Dr. Von Berg, and Nayland Smith. They were bound home, saddened by the deaths of their friends, but happy in the work they had accomplished against such overwhelming odds. When the boat was out of sight of land, the four survivors of the expedition assembled at the rail. Nayland Smith held in his hand the sword of Genghis Khan.

"Its last resting place will be the sea," he said. "The curse of Genghis Khan goes with it."

The sword, for which so many had paid the price of death, splashed into the sea and disappeared. The West had vanquished the East, but the East still kept its treasures.

They've Got a Book

(*Continued from page 37*)

Malibu Beach. A photographer came down to take some home portraits. For one picture he wanted Joan sitting in a big chair, reading a book. The photographer, being a young man of ideas, thought it would be clever to have Joan reading one of Gene Markey's books. Joan agreed. It *was* a cute idea. A hasty survey of the house brought forth no Markey novel. And was Joan's face red? However, she explained that she had just moved in, and all the books were not yet in place.

I remember that Mary Duncan had a *most* unusual library. Mary studied law at Cornell, you know, and there were a lot of volumes on legal carryings-on. (Why is it that law books always look dusty?). In one corner of the room was a tier of shelves which reached from floor to ceiling. Mary removed a book, pressed a button, and the shelves began to swing back. All I can say is that I was glad I wasn't reading a mystery novel when that happened. There was a secret room back of the shelves, all fitted up with a practical gingerale (or did you ask me?) bar. Now that's making a library do double duty.

Just as you would expect, books on music are in the majority in the homes of Ramon Novarro and John Boles. John has a pretty complete collection of musical history, and Ramon is an enthusiastic collector of old Spanish and Mexican folksongs. Many of Ramon's songs have never been published, but have been written by hand by fans from Spain and Mexico.

One of the best Hollywood library stories came to light during the divorce proceedings between Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. Rather lurid disclosures were made in that suit if you recall, and Sherman testified that Helene was addicted to reading naughty novels—the kind you can't get at the circulating library. Someone remarked that Hollywood was holding out on its sympathy until it found which person was given custody of the books.

It's a stupendous estate, and there is a stupendous library in Harold Lloyd's magnificent home in Beverly Hills. Incidentally there's a story about that library which bears re-telling. It seems that soon after Harold took possession of the place, he was forced to call the architect and ask for a blueprint. There were so many doors, and after days of search Harold was still unable to find the library.

You can understand that when you know there are so many rooms in the house that even Mrs. Lloyd didn't have an idea as to the exact number. Questions about it were numerous, however, and finally Mildred made up a number. Everybody was satisfied then.

Probably a finer research library does not exist in these United States than in the beautiful home of C. B. DeMille. It isn't on the history of plumbing, as you might suppose. C. B. can go into his own library and find out what Roman senators ate for breakfast, what Elizabethan maidens wore to the theater, and what Russian czars did with their leisure moments. Brother Wm. DeMille's library is a treasure trove of the American theater.

Evelyn Brent has thousands of volumes in her library. It's the kind of diversified library that you and I would love to own—signed editions, biographies, philosophy, popular novels, poetry, and a prized first edition of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn."

You know Betty loves books. Didn't she get sued for a back bill by her book dealer just this year? And that, by the way, is the first time on record where a movie star was sued by a book store. Golly, the town is still talking about it.

Eric von Stroheim has a signed copy of every important German book of recent years, and you'll find impressive collections in the homes of Richard Arlen and Chester Morris. The Jean Hersholt library is famous, and represents an investment far up into the thousands of dollars. In fact his library is so fascinating that he has to keep the door locked when he gives a dinner party. Guests are prone to settle down with a good book, and then the dinner gets cold.

When Claudette Colbert moved from New York to Hollywood she brought no furniture with her. The only things to be moved from her New York apartment were the hundreds of books. Marian Nixon, for some reason or other, goes in for Scandanavian literature. Elissa Landi, the authoress of three novels herself, haunts book stores for volumes on Russia. Greta Garbo doesn't buy many books, but she does lay in a heavy supply of fan magazines. She likes to read them—and discover what new and fantastic things have been printed about her. When she recently sailed for Sweden, however, she was reading "The Epic of America" by James Truslow Adams.

The Pickfair library appears small at first glance. The bookshelves are telescopic—one shelf in front of another. Goodness knows how many tiers back the things go. They work automatically, otherwise Doug would always leave the shelves ajar. Mary, wise housewife that she is, thought up that feature herself.

My own favorite library anecdote concerns Lupe Velez. Lupe was showing her new home in Beverly Hills to a friend. At last they came to a closed door. Lupe proudly flung over the door, and announced that *THIS* was the library.

It contained a stuffed owl (shot by Gary Cooper) and a Mexican mandolin.

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June Clyde always writes her mother, who lives in San Francisco, when she gets a new picture rôle. And so, when Junie was assigned a part in Janet Gaynor's newest starring film "Tess of the Storm Country," she wrote her mother so.

Back came a wire:

SO GLAD BUT TELL ME DO YOU PLAY THE RÔLE OF TESS
MOTHER

June wired back:

NO MOMMA I'M THE STORM
JUNE

Ladies' Man

(*Continued from page* 58)

the doctor communicated the sad tidings to Bill's parents. He returned to Mexico to recuperate—picturing Ana Christina as a shadow of her former self—wasted away to nothing pining for him. Then the first time he saw her on his return, she was queen of a charity bull fight! The smiling matador was handing her the bull's ear as a token of affection and Ana Christina was smiling too, from under her mantilla! She had forgotten Bill's existence.

So the doctor proved a help once more and warned Bill's parents if he was to survive the breakdown, he would have to be permitted to live his life as he liked. Bill broached the subject of the stage and was promptly enrolled in the Sargent School of Dramatic Art in New York, given an allowance and found himself emoting in the company of Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien. Spencer's father had objected to his son's going on the stage so Spence refused to accept much help. Bill's parents couldn't give him much. They each got an allowance of about thirty dollars a month—and it was plenty tough sledding, eating and sleeping on that little.

The three of them—Bill, Spence and Pat—fell in love with the same girl. Her name was Dolores Graves but she had a Dutch bob so they called her Hulda.

Hulda learned there was to be an amateur night at Keith's Eighty-First Street Theatre. Bill learned there were to be cash prizes. He felt they should compete for the prizes.

"We don't know how to do anything," Spencer objected.

"I'll sing," Bill volunteered.

"But you *can't* sing," Spence persisted.

"I *will* sing," said Bill enthusiastically.

He and the faithful Hulda proceeded to the theatre for an audition. He had prepared two songs—"April Showers" and "Pick Me Up And Lay Me Down in Dear Old Dixie Land."

They passed the try-out and were told to report on the momentous night. Mr. O'Brien couldn't bear to witness the slaughter but Spence sat in the front row with that worried expression on his face and a resolve in his heart to applaud and encourage—even if some of the vegetables should be directed at him.

Presently Hulda took her place at the piano and began the accompaniment of "Dixieland." Bill stepped blithely on the stage. He got through the verse somehow but when it came to the chorus he found to his consternation he had switched the words and was singing the lyrics to "April Showers." To make matters worse some of the words didn't fit the tune.

Then Heaven sent him an inspiration. He silenced Hulda with a gesture of his hand and stepped down to the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "I'm very sorry but I've forgotten the words." He bowed and made a dignified exit. That was Bill's first appearance on any stage.

Leaving the Dramatic School, he got a stock engagement in Detroit. They had a guest star there the week Bill made his début. Her name was Ann Harding. Bill was happy in his $75 a week salary. But at the end of the week Miss Harding approached him. "If you stay here you'll never be anything but a stock actor. I'm going back to Jasper Deeter, the director of the Hedgerow Theatre where you really learn something about acting. Why don't you come along?"

Bill gulped but he never hesitated. The idea that a star could be sufficiently interested in him to offer a suggestion was too much. He went. At Hedgerow he received his room, board and laundry—and no salary. But he learned about acting.

He returned to New York at the end of the summer and made a test for the New York Company of "Cradle Song"—but nothing came of it. So he went to Europe and disported himself about the continent for a number of months.

Once he took a house on the French Riviera with an English couple. Everything was swell for a time—a short time—until they discovered they had no money left with which to pay the rent and buy groceries. Something stirred vaguely in Bill's memory.

"Let's sing," he suggested.

"But we can't sing," they chorused.

"Well, we'll sing anyhow," Bill insisted.

So they got a job singing in the Casino, paid the rent, bought groceries and saved a little besides.

Then Bill got a cable offering him the part in the road company of the "Cradle Song" if he could be back in New York in seven days' time. The English couple also had offers if they could get back to England.

There wasn't enough in the family coffer to pay all transportation expenses, "and anyhow," said Bill, "it was more important for them to get home than for me because there were two of them and, besides, I always come out all right in the long run."

So they flipped and the Britishers won and took the money and went home.

Bill went to one of the large steamship companies. They had, it seemed, two ships sailing on the same day—one of which took five days to make the crossing and the other ten. "I've got to get to New York," Bill explained, "and I've got no money. You'll have to let me have a ticket and I'll pay for it when I get there. Or—" a thought struck him—"I'll sing for my fare."

"It won't be necessary," said the thoroughly alarmed official. "We can't do it."

Bill continued talking. He talks persuasively.

It ended by his returning on the faster vessel, ensconced in the fourth best suite—private sitting room, bedroom, private bath and private sun parlor.

He played the "Cradle Song" on tour for twenty-six weeks—a tour of one night stands and constant bickering. Zita Johann was also in the company and she and Bill were the only ones who got along without quarreling.

Zita approached Bill: "We're sick of this tour. I want to be a great actress in New York and you want to have your own theatre. We'll never get anywhere traipsing through Nebraska and Montana playing to Indians and things. Let's refuse to take salary cuts and they'll have to close the show."

"It sounds like a good idea," Bill agreed.

They approached the minor players to see how they felt about continuing. They, too, had had enough. Bill and Zita refused to accept the reduced pay checks and the actress-manager flew into a rage. "You've closed my show," she stormed. "I'll see to it that you never get a job in New York as long as you live. Just *try* to get into town—that's all."

Six months later Bill, in "Wings Over Europe," and Zita, in "Machinal," had scored the two outstanding triumphs of that year's theatrical season.

Following "Wings" he played with Nazimova in "A Month in the Country." She has probably exerted a greater influence on his career than any other one person. He worships her. So do I—which is beside the point.

* * *

Bill had just given a party—a farewell party—for Francesca whom, at the moment, he was convinced was the only girl he'd ever really loved. She was sailing next day for California. The last guest had gone, the last cigarette had died on the tray. It was winter. New York was cold and sloppy.

He thought of California—of orange blossoms and sunshine and the warm waters of the Pacific—and two or three weeks on the steamer with Francesca.

He 'phoned two of his friends who had just left the party and got them back. They arrived about four in the morning. By nine o'clock all his things had been packed or stored and Bill was waiting at the bank for the doors to open. He reached the dock as the steamer was pulling out, pushed a startled attendant aside and made a wild leap for the gang plank. He was pulled in off the plank and presently stood with Francesca at the railing, waving farewell to the same people with whom, a few hours before, he had been wishing Francesca *bon voyage*.

In due time they reached California.

An agent from New York saw him. "What you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing!" Bill snapped.

"Good," responded the agent. "I'll get you a job. You should be in pictures."

By nightfall the agent had got him a contract with Fox for "Surrender" and before the picture was finished he had been placed under a long term contract. He continues making pictures. His option has just been taken up for another year and Norma Shearer sent him a wire after the opening of "Strange Interlude" congratulating him on the excellent notices he got for his work.

But things can't go on like this forever. There's bound to come a day of reckoning. I tried to prepare him for it once. "Bill," I asked earnestly, "have you given any thought to the future? Have you thought what you'll do when you're through in pictures?"

"I'll sing," said Bill without a moment's hesitation.

"But you *can't* sing," I wailed.

"I'll sing, said Mr. Kirkland magnificently. And that was that.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 71*)

✓✓ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE** (Radio) This is exciting! It'll hold you breathless. The story's weird—about a mad Russian nobleman, tired of hunting animals, who hunts down humans instead. Leslie Banks is superb as this madman. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are excellent. The suspense during the scenes of the manhunt is almost unbearable.

☆

✓✓ **MOVIE CRAZY** (Paramount) When a Harold Lloyd comedy is as funny as this, it's worth waiting a year or more to see. There've been plenty of stories about Merton-like lads in Hollywood, but Harold Lloyd makes this one a pip. Constance Cummings makes one dandy leading lady for Harold.

☆

✓✓ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE** (United Artists) The charm of this is almost indescribable. You'll have to see it for yourself. It has humor, it has excitement, it has romance, it has everything. The best Douglas Fairbanks picture in years.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT** (Paramount) The picture that makes George Raft a star! With his suggestion of something sinister behind his suavity, he looms up as one of the big bets of the year. The speakeasy proprietor he plays is George Raft. He lived this rôle. He gets under the man's skin. And oh, what love scenes there are with Constance Cummings, who, by the way, is getting better all the time.

☆

✓ **NIGHT MAYOR** (Columbia) The escapades of a certain ex-mayor of a certain largish city. The picture's a holiday for Lee Tracy. Boy, how he plays the part! He acts like a house afire. Evalyn Knapp gives him some excellent support.

☆

✓ **NIGHT OF JUNE 13** (Paramount) The "Street Scene" of suburban life. Out-of-the-ordinary entertainment. Fastly paced, there's an unusual idea behind the court trial it features. Excellent performances by Clive Brook, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond and Adrienne Allen and direction that is perfect.

☆

✓ **OKAY AMERICA** (Universal) A rather exciting story in which a columnist tries to solve a big kidnapping case. Lew Ayres does fine work, though he seems too much just a sweet young boy playing at being a hard-boiled columnist. Maureen O'Sullivan is charming.

☆

✓ **OLD DARK HOUSE, THE** (Universal) Horror stories are still minting money, so Universal comes forward with this new shudder-thriller. It isn't as gruesome as "Frankenstein," though it has its moments. Splendid acting saves it from being just one of those things. Boris Karloff is excellent as a scarred deaf mute. Eva Moore makes her sinister rôle stand out.

☆

✓✓ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Universal) Here's the gorgeous satire against Hollywood which was such a triumph on the stage. Jack Oakie is a riot as the sap who is hailed as a genius. Aline MacMahon, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Sidney Fox are all delightful. If you didn't see the play you must see the picture.

☆

✓ **ONE WAY PASSAGE** (Warners) It's an elegant combination—that one of Kay Francis and William Powell. They were grand together even when they were playing in so flimsy a story as "The Jewel Robbery," so you can imagine what they are like in "One Way Passage," where they're given a real story. It's the story of a man trying to escape the hangman's noose and a woman who has only a few weeks to live. They meet on board a ship, and what happens afterwards is drama with a capital D.

☆

PAINTED WOMAN, THE (Fox) Just another tale about a light of love lady with a heart of gold. Don't they ever get tired of that plot? Spencer Tracy does nice work as usual; and Peggy Shannon is better than she's ever been, but the plot of this story will just bore you to tears. So what?

☆

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M) A morbid psychological study of a man tortured by guilt. Charles Laughton is superb as a murderer, but the picture is depressing without being great.

☆

✓✓ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE** (M-G-M) This is clever, this is funny, this is original. What more do you want? The shades of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt join in a quartet; the creatures of the woodlands sing "Give Her a Kiss"; Jimmy Durante pulls off almost all his clothes and smashes the radio while making the craziest political speech on record; George M. Cohan has a dual rôle and Claudette Colbert is pretty and charming. The result is great fun.

☆

✓ **RAIN** (United Artists) Worth seeing because of Joan Crawford's tremendous performance. As Sadie Thompson she absolutely dominates the picture. Walter Huston's Reverend Davidson is pompous and dull, a stuffed shirt. His very colorlessness makes Joan Crawford all the more vivid. The drama itself suffers from being warmed over so many times.

☆

✓ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM** (Fox) If you're tired of sophisticated pictures, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be a relief—and how! Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy are delightful in it.

☆

✓ **RED HEADED WOMAN, THE** (M-G-M) It's the sexiest, fastest-moving, most laughable farce that's been screened in a long time, and nine chances out of ten you'll enjoy it. It's a whale of a comedy. In spite of some excellent support from Chester Morris, Leila Hyams and Una Merkel, the picture's all Jean Harlow's.

☆

✓ **70,000 WITNESSES** (Paramount) A murder mystery with a new twist. Johnny Mack Brown is murdered right in the middle of a big football game, in front of 70,000 witnesses. Phil Holmes is suspected. There is an unusual solution.

☆

✓✓ **SMILIN' THROUGH** (M-G-M) Norma Shearer moves triumphantly through the smiles, the tears and the laughs of this. Norma plays a dual rôle and is breathlessly beautiful. What leading men she has, too! Fredric March and Leslie Howard, no less, and are they great opposite her! Here's a clean, glorious romance of the kind you've been asking for.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable. Ralph Morgan is swell as an old-maidish fuss-budget. Eugene O'Neill's strange drama of frustrated emotions makes an impressive, unusual picture.

☆

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio) An exciting book with a weird story made into a movie that's only fair. However, you'll enjoy the performances of Myrna Loy, Jill Esmond, Mary Duncan and the other women in the story.

☆

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners) Too many stories woven into one keep this from being top-notch entertainment. A grand cast has been wasted on this. It's a shame that such players as Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Warren William should have been put into a mediocre picture.

☆

✓✓ **TIGER SHARK** (Warners) Boy, this is thrilling! It's exciting, red-blooded he-man drama, but don't think for a moment you won't enjoy it if you're a woman. Women crave excitement, too. Edward G. Robinson is magnificent as a Portuguese fisherman. Richard Arlen gives a sincere and effective performance. Zita Johann is an excellent actress, but she has not been photographed well.

☆

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal) Here's a pleasant little picture, absolutely clean, pure and wholesome, but the story's too slim, and there aren't enough thrills to go round.

☆

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox) Even Will Rogers doesn't like this. You can't blame him either. The picture, from the story "Jubilo," is feeble. Will Rogers' performance as a hobo is somewhat monotonous.

☆

✓✓ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?** (RKO-Pathé) Here's a picture you mustn't miss, both because it gives you an amazingly true idea of what Hollywood is like and because Connie Bennett and Lowell Sherman give such brilliant performances. Neil Hamilton is charming, too.

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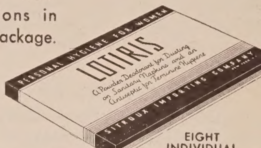

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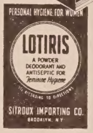

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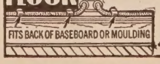

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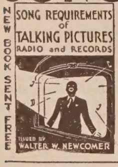
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He Learned to Clown Through Crying

(*Continued from page* 65)

each other. Only sometimes they weren't. Then the head of the troupe who was supposed to catch him would knock his ankles together horribly while he was swinging him in the air. Today both ankles are still swollen, where they were knocked together hundreds of times. Joe E. never whimpered. And because he was just a kid and there wasn't anyone to protect him, the head of that troupe would beat him and cuff him and slap him and knock him around for making mistakes. Once he smacked him with a broomhandle across his shin. And Joe E. never whimpered.

The boy got all of a $1.50 a week for being one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons, and he was supposed to get his meals too. But all the head of the troupe ever gave him was a dime to buy his lunch or his dinner. A dime for a boy who was as hungry as Joe! He'd buy himself a lot of bread and eat that and in some places he could get meat for his dime. But he was doing heavy physical work and he was a growing boy with a growing appetite. Often he'd get terribly hungry. And the head of the troupe would delay giving him the dime just as long as he possibly could while Joe got hungrier and hungrier. Sometimes when the boy awoke at nine, the man would make him stay in bed till twelve, so that he could save the cost of one meal anyway. And Joe never whimpered.

The Five Marvelous Ashtons went to Topeka, Kansas and played with the Sells and Downs Circus and a lot of other circuses. And wherever Joe went he was beaten and kicked and his ankles were knocked together by the manager of the troupe. No boy could have tried harder than he did. And Joe was rated quite high in his act. But sometimes he didn't hold his feet just right, which made it harder to catch him. And on those nights he'd get his regular beating. He was the youngest member of the troupe and the most unprotected and the handiest when the manager got into one of his regular tempers.

Now the troupe played summers and Joe E. would return home winters to go to school. And then back to the troupe in the summer time. That went on for four years. He never breathed a word at home of the way he was treated. He never told how he was beaten and cuffed around. He was afraid that if he said a word, his mother wouldn't let him go back.

But why you ask, in the name of heaven—and I asked it too—did he want to go back, when he was treated that way?

It's a difficult thing to explain. Only if you've ever known ambition that was like a searing flame inside you could you understand. Only if you have had the same tortuous ambition as Joe's could you hope to understand. But he explains it a little differently.

"What's ambition, anyway?" he says. "Isn't it wanting to show someone else that we can do something that they said we couldn't do?"

Once Joe's mother wrote suggesting that he come back home for good. "What," Joe answered, "come back home and have the kids at school say that I was a flop!"

And though he was only a youngster, Joe was already formulating his life's philosophy, in a vague sort of way. As soon as he was of thinking age his ambition was to be a comedian. And he got the idea that if he allowed himself to be a flop at what he was doing, he'd never be able to succeed at what he wanted to do.

"Being a success at *anything*," he says, "helps you to do the thing you want."

Four years of this sort of life he endured before he decided that he'd taken enough punishment. By this time he'd worked himself up to a really swell castee, and to $7.50 a week. Out of that money he was able to send a lot home to his folks, and to help them out quite a bit. Now he went to a new manager, who was starting a vaudeville act, to be called the Bell Prevost Trio. The manager signed him up, and there he was. But by one of those strange queer quirks of fate, the manager of this troupe was also a bully, and treated the boy just as badly as the first one had done. Joe was with him for about a year and a half. One night he made a mistake. The manager told him if he didn't hold his knees properly while turning a double somersault, he'd let him fall. That made Joe so nervous he made the mistake he'd been warned against. And the man kept his threat. He let Joe fall, and the boy broke his leg.

Frank Prevost, the other member of the troupe, rebelled against such brutality and he and Joe left the manager and formed a troupe of their own.

"We were together for ten years," Joe E. Brown said, "and Prevost was always very kind to us. It was with a feeling of real grief that we saw him buried about five years ago."

When Joe E. talks about himself he never says "I". Just "we". It seems that once an interviewer asked Joe a lot of personal questions and when Joe answered them he went away and wrote an article about Joe's being the great-I-am because he talked about himself. You know the kind of interviewer. If a guy doesn't answer his questions, he says he's an egg, and if he does, he says he's an egotist. All that happened several years ago. Joe might have crawled into his shell, and refused to give any more interviews. And if anyone would have been justified he would have. For a person with half an eye could see that Joe's life is bound up with other people, his wife and his three children, and with the people who go to get a little laughter out of his pictures. But all Joe does is say "We did so and so" when you ask him a personal question. So you won't misunderstand and call him the great-I-am. I think it's sort of pathetic.

Joe worked with circuses and carnivals and in vaudeville houses as an acrobat, and all the time he wanted to be a comedian. The circuses were damp and chilly on rainy days, and he dreamed of being inside a theatre where it wouldn't matter whether it was raining outside or not. Where he wouldn't have to wash out his own tights, the way he had to when he was with a circus. And the food at some of those circuses! There was one place where every morning for breakfast they gave one strip of bacon, one egg, hominy and fried potatoes. And if you didn't eat it one morning, you had to the next. The same breakfast day in and day out.

Summers Joe E. played professional baseball and winters he played the circuses and the carnivals and the vaudeville houses. Until one day he got a job as second comedian with a burlesque show. He took the job at half the salary he was getting for being an acrobat in vaudeville. Oh, he knew what he was doing, that boy. He knew where he was going, and he was willing to take half salary because he was on his way. He played 40 week stands, and he played dinky little towns. And he never whimpered.

Well, one day when he was going from Duluth to Winnipeg and then on to California, he met The Girl. Their romance started with a flirtation. They met on a train, brown-haired Kathryn McGraw and Joe. She was traveling with her mother to California, where they were planning to move.

"We flirted with her mother first," said Joe. "We're no fool."

They saw a lot of each other for four weeks and then they corresponded for almost a year. And though Joe was a comedian, did they take each other seriously, *did* they! One day Joe wired her (he was in New York by that time and she was in California): "I have $110 saved up. Let's get married." And they did. That was seventeen years ago. And they're still married. To each other. They have two sons, fourteen, fifteen and a sweet little mite of a girl two years old, named Mary Elizabeth Ann. Rumor has it that there's another blessed event expected in the family. If you ask Joe his hobby he says, "The Brown Children." And means it.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. While he was playing in the burlesque show, John Cort, the producer of "Listen, Lester", offered him a job with the road company of the show. Which Joe at first refused.

"We wanted to prepare ourself first," he says. "It's too easy to go into something that's over your head and flop." Which was using the Joe E. brains to good purpose.

After he learned all he could with the burlesque company, he signed to go with John Cort's show. And it was there that he perfected his precious brand of comedy. Nobody before that time had paid much attention to his mouth. It was just a mouth, a little wider than most, but that's all.

In "Listen, Lester" Joe E. had a lot of one word wisecracks to get off. He was afraid the audience might cough or something and miss all the answers. So to make sure they'd look at and listen to him, he opened his mouth as wide as he could just before he spoke, held it open an instant and then spoke his piece. It was just an accident that he hit upon this, but everybody hailed it as great comedy.

I read a piece in the paper once that said that Joe E. Brown was sick and tired of comments about his mouth, and that he'd told Warners that they mustn't refer to it in advertising or publicity in any way.

"That's the bunk," snorted Joe. "That's not a sore subject with us."

But at first nobody realized what the cavernous depths of his mouth would do for Joe. So when one of the critics mentioned how wide Joe's mouth was, John Cort, the producer of the show, was furious. "Let him come and measure his mouth against Joe's any day," he said, "and we'll see which is the wider."

One day John Cort offered Joe a chance to play Lester in his New York company. Joe, just at this time, was flat broke. He had his wife to feed, he had his baby, and there was a second baby coming along. Cort promised him an advance of $300. On the night Joe was to play the part he went to his dressing room and got ready to go on. He was all made up and waiting by seven o'clock. He waited and waited. Eight o'clock came. The Overture played. And he waited some more. Then someone knocked at his door.

"There won't be any performance tonight," the fellow told him. "Equity's called a strike."

Joe didn't know what Equity was but he found it. He found out what it was striking for and then he went on strike too. There wasn't anything else for him to do anyway. He went over to Equity and joined up. He didn't have $5 to pay his Equity fee, so he signed an IOU.

She Understands Love

THIS is the sympathetic title of the story of the one star in pictures who isn't hotcha, who isn't sensational, but who understands the greatest emotion of them all. You'll want to read about her in next month's Movie Mirror.

The strike went on for five weeks. Four weeks after it began he got a telegram from home saying that his father had died. He didn't have enough money to go home and he had too much pride to write his mother and tell her so. He went to Equity and borrowed enough money to bury his father.

He didn't know whether he'd get a job or not after the strike was settled. But he got it. "Not because I have to take you," said John Cort, "but because the fellow who was playing Lester in the New York production is lousy."

The rest of Joe's career is pretty much history. He wowed New York in a number of comedies, and the movies took him up. His first few pictures were dramas, but after that Warners got wise to the fact that they had a great comedian in Joe. About two years ago they signed him to a contract.

I asked Joe what the "marvelous Ashton" who had treated him so brutally thought of it all now.

"Oh, he's perfectly satisfied with the way he treated us," said Joe. "In fact, he takes a lot of the credit for such success as we've had." And then he smiled a bit. "And do you know, I think maybe he's right. If life doesn't give you a lot of hard knocks right at the start, you may not be able to stand the knocks that come later on."

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BEHIND THE SCENES in HOLLYWOOD

EVERY month *Movie Mirror* offers its 500,000 readers the last-minute news of America's movie center. Not only does this news include inside stories of the lives of the stars, but it also reveals fascinating, intimate details of their habits and ways of life.

Anecdotes

Stories they tell about the screen's famous—stories with a laugh, stories of happenings "on the lot."

Love Affairs

No private life in Hollywood is completely private—it's the penalty of fame. And behind every screen success is a romance of love, either happy or tragic.

"Lucky Breaks" and Misfortunes

The chief factor in movie success is, of course, real ability and "appeal." But chance also plays its role. And no small part of *Movie Mirror's* monthly "Inside Stuff" is concerned with the favors of Lady Luck in the case of well-known screen characters.

Food and Diets of the Stars

Ten years ago Joan Crawford was a rather plump hey-hey girl. Today her figure is the envy of 40,000,000 women. Every actress has her problem of diet. Read how some of them have beaten Old Man Avoirdupois.

What They're Like in Daily Life

The screen roles of movie stars tell only half the story. The question is: "What are they like in daily life?" Clark Gable, Norma Shearer—what sort of people are they when you meet them "off the lot"? Marquis Busby has met them all, if they're meetable. Read what he has to say about it.

●

A Specially Interesting Department of "Hot News" in Movie Mirror for February. An Issue You Must Not Miss

Getting Over the Rough Places in Marriage

(*Continued from page* 51)

"Those hours," Bebe will tell you, "that we spent in Pullman drawing rooms, playing backgammon or double dummy bridge, were the happiest that we had ever known in our married life! We found that we actually resented outsiders who interrupted our fun, our being together."

That isn't such an unusual story. Lots of young married couples have found that it took a year or two—and perhaps a slight mental jolt—for them to adjust themselves to the *habit of matrimony.*

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson are still trying. When they were married, the debonair Hoot, nearly twice as old as his dainty bride, was a wealthy man and a distinct success in pictures. Sally was still struggling for recognition. Her triumph in "Bad Girl" coincided almost exactly with Hoot's loss of most of his possessions—and with his toboggan in the profession.

Maybe Sally took her success a little too seriously. Maybe Hoot was unnecessarily bitter and embarrassed over the whole situation. However it was, the reversal of their professonal positions brought trouble.

Well—they love each other. They separated once and announced their coming divorce. Then they went back together again in a desperate effort to save that real and fine affection with which they entered matrimony. They are still trying. As I write, Hoot is in Texas, putting on a rodeo. Sally is in Hollywood, working in a picture. They are exchanging constant telegrams and telephone calls.

However this situation culminates—Hoot and Sally have tried.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes tried. They bridged one difficult time—and it was not dissimilar to Hoot's and Sally's dilemma. They came to Hollywood and Ralph succeeded in pictures where Ruth failed. Ruth had been the more prominent in the past on the stage. It would be only human for her to be sensitive and resentful about Ralph's success. They were separated for over a year.

Ruth told me once, "We simply found that we had more fun together than we did apart. I don't know how long it will last. If it fails—Ralph and I are civilized, adult people. We will never separate in anger or in a moment of melodrama. If we part—permanently—it will be after mature consideration and according to a mutual agreement."

That is exactly the way they did it. They are still friends. They tried, definitely and sincerely, to make their marriage a permanent success. And they failed.

So, you see, divorce is not the casual, light-hearted affair that you may have thought, among picture people. The obstacles to marriage actually are greater in these circles than they are in most other ones. In so uncertain and emotional a profession, it takes more thought and care to keep one's perspective on life. There *are* happy marriages in Hollywood—lots of them. And for the most part, they are the result of earnest and anxious efforts on the part of these couples, to get over the rough places.

Why Joel McCrea Is Still a Bachelor

(*Continued from page 39*)

film people, and even among some of the most publicized "perfect marriages" he knows that all is not moonlight and roses.

"I don't think marriage has much chance of enduring in Hollywood," he explained. "There's too much gossip. When I first began to make pictures I thought that the ideal union would be with an actress. She would be busy at the studios, and she would understand when you were tired and just wanted to be quiet. I've changed my mind about that.

"I wouldn't want to marry an actress now. And again, I will have to say that if I fell in love with one, of course I would marry her if she'd have me. However, I don't believe love will come that way.

"In two or three years I'd like to own a ranch in California, live there most of the year, and maybe come back to Hollywood and make pictures just once in a while. Then I'd like to be married. I've been sort of a lone wolf all my life. I didn't bring other kids home from school. I didn't join a college fraternity. I don't have a lot of pals now. But I'm not so satisfied with my own society that I wish to spend all of my life alone. I'd like a wife on that ranch. I'd like children. Hollywood doesn't strike me as just the place to bring up youngsters."

Now, hold tight to something, Joel's ideal girl will probably be a surprise to you. The girls he has escorted about Hollywood have been the glamorous Connie Bennett, the scintillant Gloria Swanson, and the hail-fellow Dorothy Mackaill. He likes sophisticated women of the world for his girl friends. He doesn't want an overly sophisticated girl for his wife. He would want her to be young and sweet and interested in the things he loves most—swimming and horseback riding—an outdoor life. Joel was not cut out to be a tea hound, a cocktail guzzler (he says a cocktail party is the world's dullest entertainment) or a matinée idol. He drinks tea only with his lunch, doesn't drink cocktails at any time, sometimes smokes a cigarette after meals and sometimes forgets all about them for weeks at a time.

Sometimes Joel must feel something like the old lady who murmured—"lack-a-day, this is none of I." His parents are substantial people of good social background. Joel knew the society débutantes of Los Angeles long before he knew a movie star. The theater had no place in the McCrea family tree, and, quite emphatically, his father and mother would have preferred it if Joel had selected a less spectacular profession.

And Joel would have been happier, probably, if a bountiful Fortune had not cursed him with good looks and a graceful body. Being a perfectly normal young man, not given to temperamental tantrums, he might have been quite contented selling bonds, raising cattle, or just sunning himself on the beach. He likes to be lazy and admits that he was born indolent.

After he had his first taste of picture work he liked it. He still likes picture work—even if he doesn't always approve completely of Hollywood itself. It hasn't been an easy pathway to the grand contract he now has with Radio Pictures. M-G-M had him under contract for six months and couldn't get rid of him fast enough. He was told that he was too tall for pictures—that he should get a lot of training in stock—that when he was older he could play Ernest Torrence rôles but he could never be a romantic leading man.

Joel stuck it out. He wouldn't quit under fire. Stars like Marion Davies, Constance Bennett and others, taking an interest in the youngster, gave him friendship, advice and encouragement when he needed it the most. He appreciated it, kept their friendship, and didn't try to start romantic attachments.

If Jöel has some trouble understanding Hollywood, it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Hollywood, the portion that knows him but slightly, doesn't understand Joel, either.

He knows that if he expresses his opinions he is liable to sound like Sir Galahad. He likes horseback riding but he doesn't want to be any virgin knight riding a snow white charger. Joel isn't a goody-goody. He's an athlete who respects his health and his body. He has his own opinions and he isn't afraid to express them. In a town where "yes" is the easiest thing to say he isn't afraid to say "no" to influential hostesses, or to ladies who would like to add him to their chain of conquests.

He likes "almost everybody" he says, and "almost everybody" likes Joel. For a boy who could be so popular if he chose, he does not have many close friends. One of his best friends is a cutter at the same studio where he works. Only two actors have ever visited him in his home at Brentwood, and only one actress has ever been there. Constance Bennett dropped in one afternoon to call when he was ill.

Approaching twenty-six, he is still very much a bachelor, and for some reason or other, has escaped any serious romantic entanglements. In three years—well—in three years, he says, it will be about time to start thinking of a Mrs. Joel McCrea.

But unless that "ideal girl" shows up sooner than he expects, he's going to be a Hollywood bachelor for some time yet. He has just gone Leap Year safely.

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This is the answer to last Month's Cross Word Puzzle.

How *Sensational* New OREON Shampoo Soap TINTS HAIR TO GLORIOUS DEEP RICH BEAUTY

MORE THAN A SHAMPOO—MORE THAN A RINSE—YET NOT A DYE AND NOT A BLEACH. THE MOST IMPORTANT HAIR BEAUTIFYING DISCOVERY SINCE THE PERMANENT WAVE.

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Hair as Beautiful as a Movie Star's

Shampoo with OREON and your hair is transformed into entrancing loveliness. It seems richer, thicker and fairly gleams with natural highlights no one would suspect. OREON softens the hair and makes it easier to manage. It rinses out quick and easy as it removes the dirt and dandruff. There are *SEVEN SHADES*, from Blonde to Brunette. *Costs only 10c and 25c at G. C. Murphy, Neisner and Scott Stores, also leading 10c stores, drug and department stores.*

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One Good Habit

that millions of women share

The psychologists tell us we live our lives by habits, good and bad, that take form from day to day.

One good habit many million women have in common. When merchandise of nearly any description is needed for the family, they LOOK FIRST at one of the stores of the National Syndicate Organizations listed below.

Of course, they did not form this habit overnight. It gradually grew because they found, in one shopping tour after another, that these stores can supply nearly anything they want, whether it be house furnishings or cosmetics, tacks or piece goods, at prices that stand comparison.

These days when pennies count, it is a habit worth acquiring.

The following syndicates in the United States sell Love Mirror and Movie Mirror:

G. C. Murphy Company
Neisner Bros., Inc.
J. J. Newberry Co.
Grand-Silver Stores, Inc.
McLellan Stores
J. G. McCrory Company
W. T. Grant Co.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 74)

Hot Saturday (Paramount)

You'll See: *Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, Eddie Woods, Randolph Scott, Lilian Bond, William Collier, Sr.*

It's About: *Scandal and love-lives in the fast set of a small suburban community and how wagging tongues do dirt.*

"Hot Saturday" isn't so hot. Oh, it's so-so, but it'll never get into the lists of the month's best pictures.

You may get some amusement out of the way the picture rides into these small-town gossippers, and what they do to clean people's reputations. That's what the story is all about—how clacking tongues put a straight girl in bad, almost cost her her happiness, but get foiled in the end when she lands the nice lad (in a clean way) with whom the gossip-guzzlers had linked her unjustly. Cary Grant, as the hero, will flutter many a feminine movie-fan's heart in this—and probably in future pictures as well. He's got that something.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, if you've got nothing else to do, this'll be all right.

The Crusader (Majestic)

You'll See: *Ned Sparks, Evelyn Brent, H. B. Warner, Lew Cody, Walter Byron, Marceline Day.*

It's About: *A district attorney gets all tangled up when his sister kills to save her honor. The D. A.'s own not-so-good wife, plus a hot newspaper reporter, make things even tougher. But—yeah—it ends okay.*

Here's one of those law-and-murder-and-love messes, in which all sorts of cross purposes tangle things up. Lots of times, pictures suffer from no plot, but sometimes too much plot is worse. This one might have suffered from that, but is saved by some sterling performances—especially Ned Sparks as the reporter. Sparks, with that dolorous face, steals the the honors in the show.

The D.A.'s sister kills a gigolo whose intentions aren't honorable, by heck! It turns out that he's a former lover of the D.A.'s wife. That's too bad, but it's even worse when the reporter learns that there's cover-up work under way. Between mooching hooch, cussing the city editor and otherwise behaving as screen reporters do, he manages to make the D.A. do his stuff, end the story happily.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like this sort of thing, you'll like it. IF . . .!

✓✓The Conquerors (Radio)

You'll See: *Richard Dix, Ann Harding, Guy Kibbee, Edna May Oliver, Julie Haydon, Donald Cook, others.*

It's About: *A somewhat "Cimarron"-like epic of America's greatness; particularly America's inevitable certainty of a glorious comeback after depression.*

Here, told in the story of a family's three generations, is a soul-stirring presentation of Faith—Faith in America and America's men and women. But lest you gather from this that it's all propaganda and preachment, let's hasten to add that it's also swell movie entertainment.

Something of that quality that made "Cimarron" the great film it was has entered into this. Anyway, "The Conquerors" is strongly reminiscent of that other grand show. You're guaranteed, without reservations, thrills, heart-tugs, laughs (and plenty of them!), and above all, a stimulating reassurance that all's well with America, and a fig for the Depression!

Your Reviewer Says: Not quite up to "Cimarron" but even so, a swell show.

Recommended Films for Children

Sherlock Holmes—because, gang-and-gunny though it is, it shows the triumph of right, and besides, what youngster doesn't get a swell drive out of Sherlock Holmes' stuff?

The Kid from Spain—because it's a typical Eddie Cantor funfilm, and the only ideas it'll give the youngsters will *not* be the kind mama and papa'll have to worry about.

Rackety Rax—because it's gang stuff burlesque that youngsters will get a great boot out of—and it's got action enough for any of them.

The Penguin Pool Murder—because you mustn't let the title mislead you into thinking it's too gruesome for Little Willie. It isn't at all, and on the other hand, it'll give him lots of good clean laughs.

The Cowboy Counsellor—because it's a Hoot Gibson western, and they're always great stuff for the youngsters.

Pride of the Legion—because, although it's a sort of gang picture, it extolls a policeman's bravery, does not glorify the gangsters, and there's some fine stuff for the youngsters in Rin-Tin-Tin Jr.'s film work.

The Fourth Horseman—because it's Tom Mix and Tony who star, and any time Tom and Tony aren't 100 percent for kids, we don't know it.

Telegraph Trail—because it's good, lively western action stuff, and sticks close to historic verity in the story of the first east-west telegraph line's building.

Renegades of the West—Tom Keene shows, in a typical lively western, that clean living and straight courage are worth while.

Six Hours to Live—because, although it's full of abstruse matters, it nevertheless packs enough excitement stuff to make up to the kiddies for what's over their heads—and it's clean.

Little Orphan Annie—because, of course, it's a 100 percent "kid picture," and Mitzi Green and Buster Phelps and the dog will keep your youngsters howling with glee.

Men of America—because, while they'll tell you they've seen better, the kiddies will have a lot of fun watching all these goings-on, and it won't hurt 'em any.

The Conquerors—because it's packed with the very things that'll help make a youngster a better adult, and because at the same time, it's great entertainment for them.

Trailing the Killer—because it's a finely made animal picture, and will keep the youngsters right at the edges of their seats. And what's more, you'll be glad you took them, because you'll like it yourself.

Evenings for Sale (Paramount)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Sari Maritza, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Bert Roach, George Barbier, others.*

It's About: *Love and such things in the topsy-turvy world of a post-war Vienna, where masters and servants occupy reversed positions nowadays.*

From the review of The Hollywood Reporter, let's (with full credit to that reviewer) take a paragraph that'll tell you about everything on this picture:

"Americans as a nation have the reputation of preferring whisky to champagne. Perhaps there is too much of the subtlety of the royal beverage in 'Evenings for Sale' and not enough of the high proof kick found in such attractions as 'Tiger Shark' and 'Red Dust' and the like to lift this. . . ."

In short, "Evenings For Sale" will tickle you, but it'll never hand you a big wallop. So if you're ticklish, go see it, but if your skin is thick, a burlicue show'd be better.

Herbert Marshall's work will disappoint, if you've seen him previously in "Trouble in Paradise."

Your Reviewer Says: For red-blooded, gutsy movie fare, look elsewhere. But for suave chuckles, this'll do.

✓The Penguin Pool Murder (Radio)

You'll See: *Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Mae Clarke, Donald Cook, Clarence Wilson.*

It's About: *How the mystery of who committed the murder in the aquarium is solved to the accompaniment of one continuous giggle.*

Congratulations, Hollywood!—congratulations on your plain discovery that even the shudderiest of murder mystery tales can be turned into deliciously amusing entertainment—and yet without losing one bit of the mystery and suspense value. That's what this is, and you'll love it, fans.

Your Reviewer Says: More pictures like this, and fewer like "(write in your own choice)", and you'll go to the movies more often.

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Do people regard you as pretty *sometimes?* Or do you bear the reputation for constant loveliness that goes with a delicate flawless complexion?

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Outdoor Girl is the only face powder in all the world made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the very first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this *different* face powder today. It is delicately scented and comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

Outdoor Girl Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are priced to meet the limits of your purse. Available at leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to try five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon for the Outdoor Girl "Introductory Sampler."

SIDNEY FOX, *beautiful Universal star, in a scene from one of her recent pictures.*

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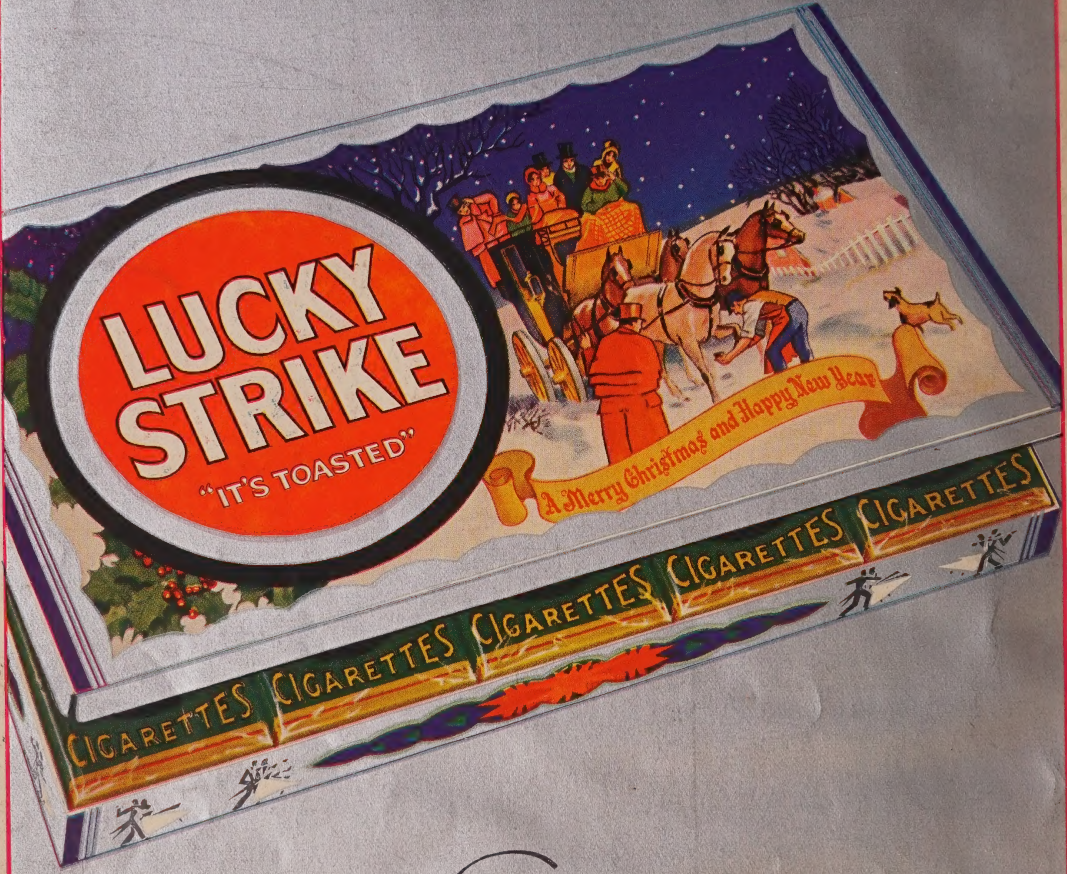
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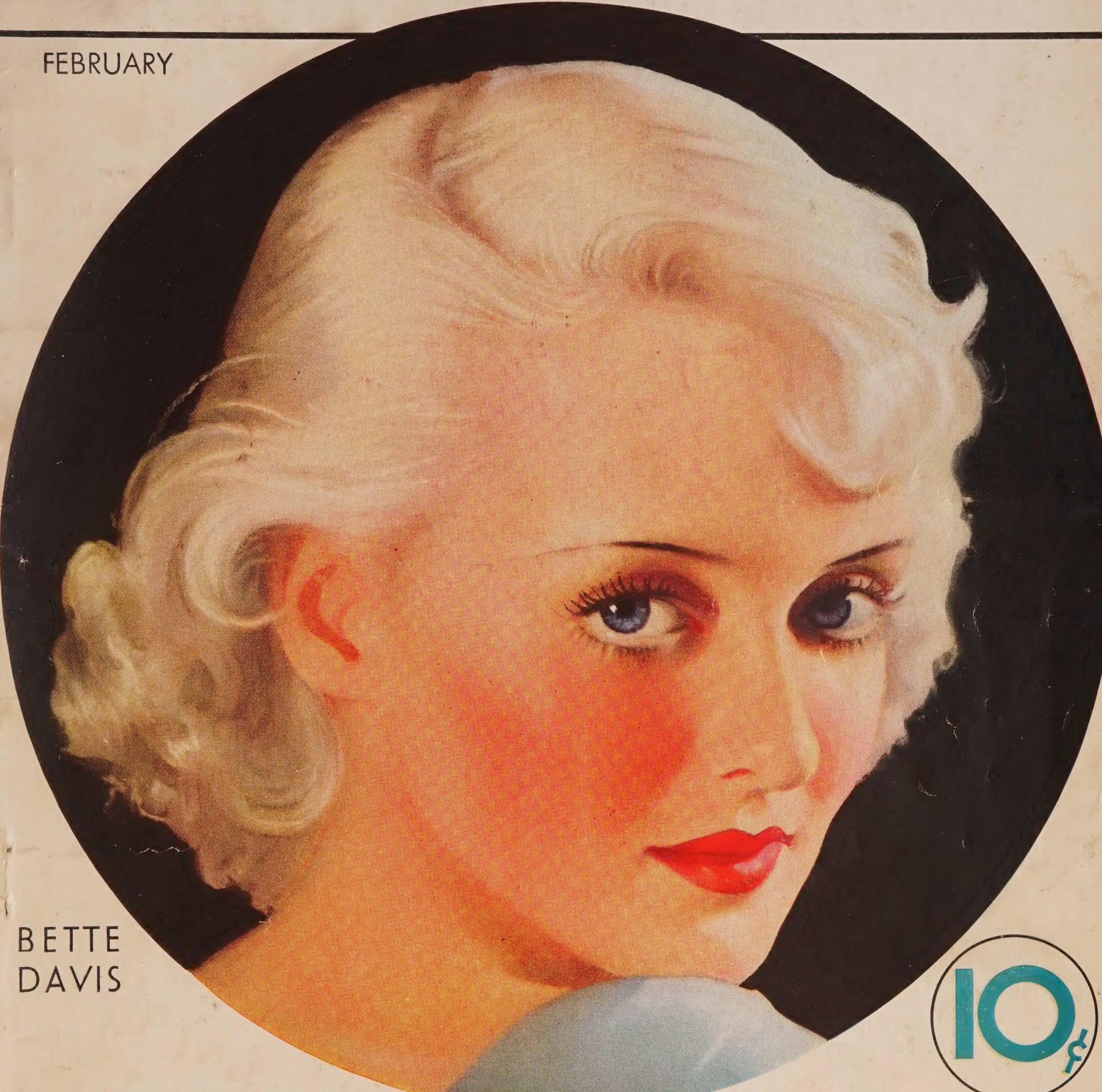
Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY



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of **George Raft**

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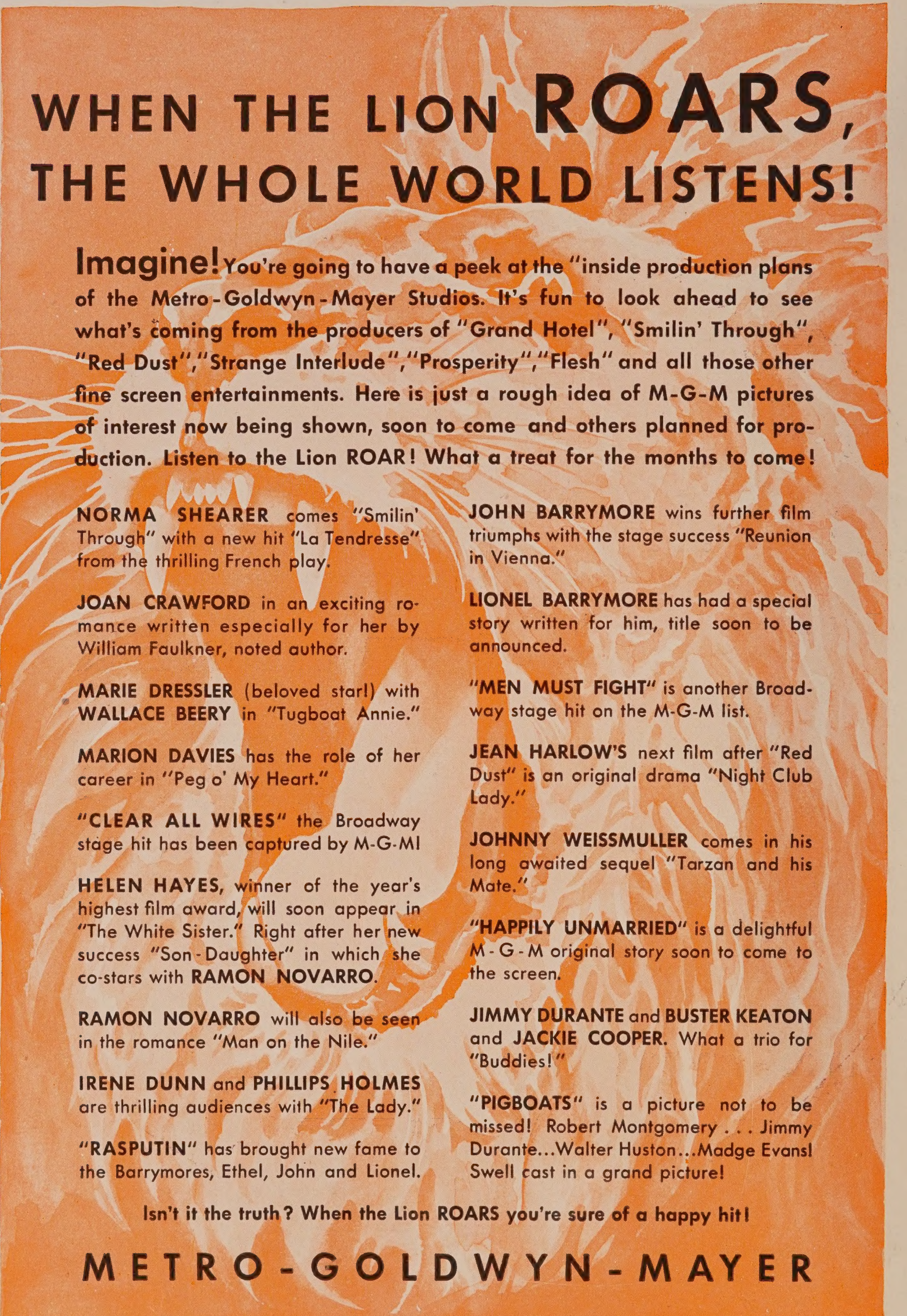

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust", "Strange Interlude", "Prosperity", "Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO.**

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER.** What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Growing up to the Responsibilities of the New Age in which we live

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when chain stores were less developed than they are today, few of the national store organizations carried anything but unbranded merchandise. It was the day when the only service of chain stores was to offer the public the best possible values. Quite properly did chain store executives feel it was their function to pass on to their customers the vast economies of large scale buying and selling.

And this is still one of the chief services which the chain store can and does perform.

A New Demand which Chain Stores are meeting.

Today, however, the men and women of America are looking to the chains for another class of merchandise which has in the past few years developed rapidly in sales and prestige. We refer to nationally advertised brands—those products of outstanding merit on the quality of which their makers have staked their own reputations by branding them and offering them from coast to coast. And so the leading chain store organizations are now carrying their service one step further by stocking those well-known makes of toilet, drug, food and household products which the public has come to demand.

There is now hardly a single widely used, widely known product which you cannot secure at your nearby chain store. And remember, these items, like all chain-store merchandise, are always "turned over" rapidly, so that when you buy them they are freshly made, freshly packaged, with a minimum of delay from factory to you.

Futura Publications
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Movie Mirror **Love Mirror**

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

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Assistant Editor

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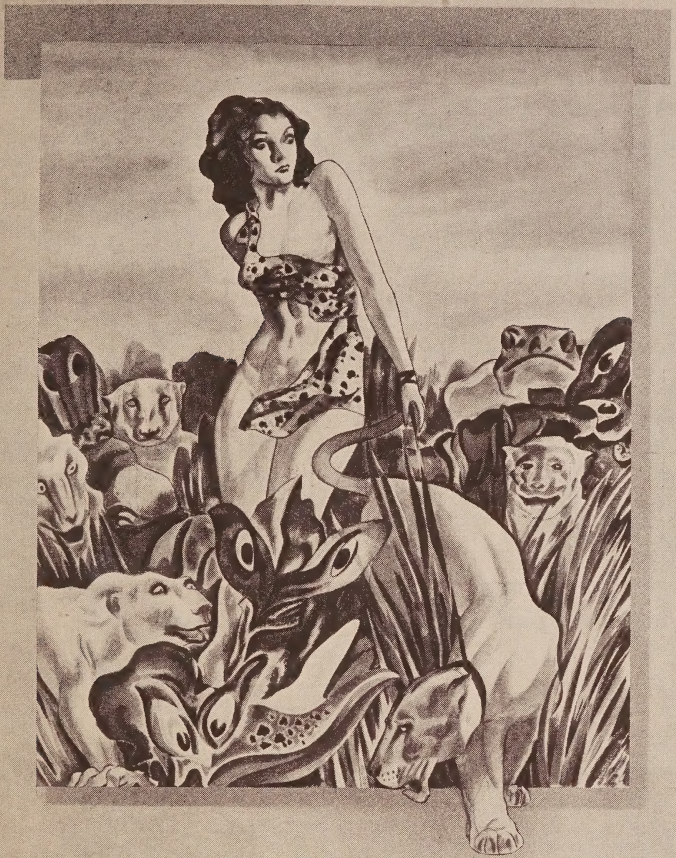


He took them from his mad menagerie... nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts... from his House of Pain they came re-made... Pig-men... Wolf-women... thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with CHARLES LAUGHTON
BELA LUGOSI
RICHARD ARLEN
LEILA HYAMS—AND THE
PANTHER WOMAN

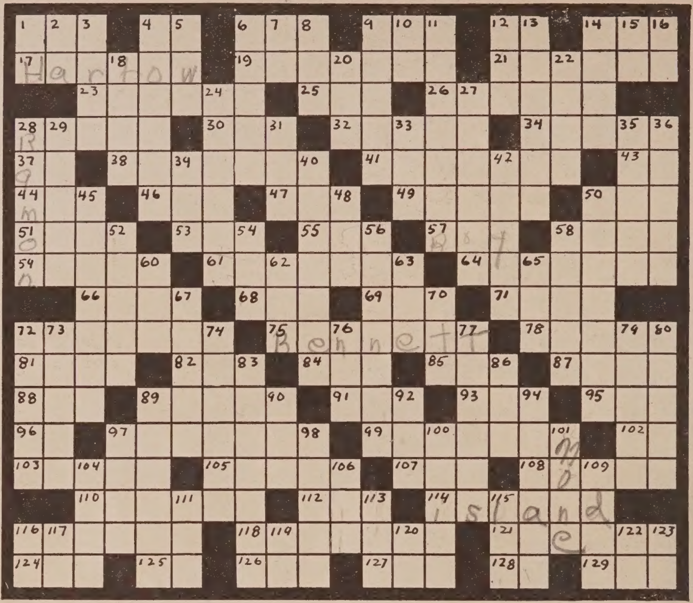
Paramount Pictures
TRADE MARK
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

73 Down

110 Across



17 Across

75 Across

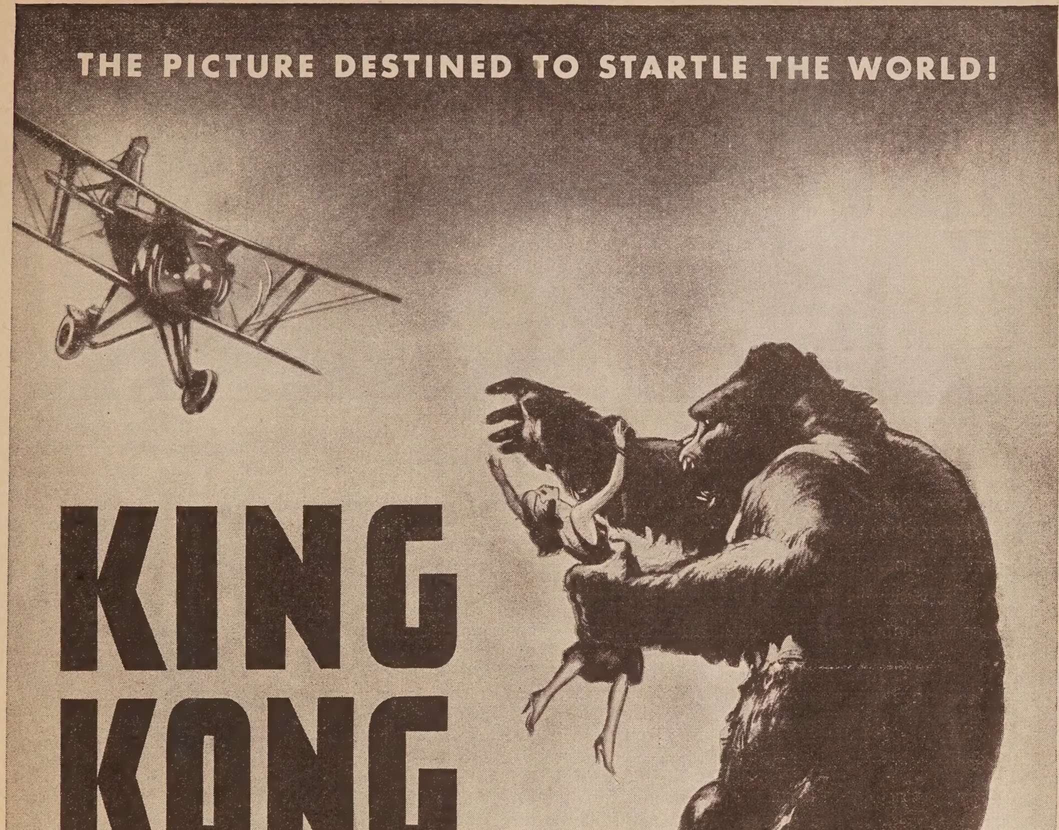
ACROSS

1 Something you see in a jungle film.
4 Pronoun.
6 Frequently (poetic).
9 One of the things Dietrich is famous for.
12 Part of to be.
14 Hasten.
17 Co-star in "Red Dust."
19 Gaynor's co-star.
21 Star of "Arrowsmith" and "Cynara."
23 Leading man in "Letty Lynton."
25 An evergreen tree.
26 Religious holiday.
28 Famous opera.
30 That slippery fish.
32 A giant.
34 Furred aquatic mammal.
37 Sun god.
38 Pertaining to bodily organs.
41 Joan and Constance Bennett are these.
43 Of, in a French version.
44 To piece out.
46 A small boy.
47 Where a girl sits in a necking party.
49 Votes.
50 A famous rôle of Marie Dressler's.
51 Tunes.
53 Bebe's husband.
55 To knock on a door.
57 Man's nickname.
58 Stop.
59 Groups of ball players.
61 A Paramount comedian.
64 Goes to bed.
66 Small tastes.
68 Also.
69 Born.
71 Small stream.
72 Church dignitary.
75 The Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray.
78 Stalks.
81 Uncommon.
82 Mischievous little demon.
84 Ocean.
85 Help.
87 Winter rain.
88 Printers' measures.
89 An Indian's wigwam.
91 A number.
93 Scotch cap.
95 Silk-worm.
96 Ed Wynn's most famous radio word.
97 What a gambler pays when he loses.
99 Mrs. Edmund Lowe.
102 One.
103 To scoff.
105 Fits of anger.
107 Part of the foot.
108 Accomplishing.
110 Star of "The Match King."
112 Point toward, as a gun.
114 Land surrounded by water.
116 Unclosed.
118 Young Doug's co-star in "Scarlet Dawn."
121 Breakfast dish of eggs.
124 Evergreen tree.
125 Steamship (abbrev.).
126 Wing of a house.
127 Part of to be.
128 Biblical pronoun.
129 One's self (an actor has lots of this).

DOWN

1 Exclamation.
2 Ma's husband.
3 Makes a mistake.
4 Former Universal leading lady.
5 Female sheep.
6 Frequently.
7 Note of the scale.
8 Attempt.
9 The doctor (with the birthmark) in "Grand Hotel."
10 Swede comic.
11 Marion Davies' father in "Blondie of the Follies."
12 European unit of area (plural).
13 Automobiles.
14 Most famous Western star of silent films.
15 The, in Italian versions.
16 What Lil Tashman calls her husband.
18 Poisonous weed, made famous in Western stories.
20 To steep, as flax.
22 Clears, as profit.
24 A school book.
27 Branched horn, of a deer.
28 Negotiate.
29 Comedian star in "Once in a Lifetime."
31 Mrs. Edmund Lowe's nickname.
33 Tilt.
35 Roman magistrate.
36 Leases.
39 Chatter.
40 Ships' freight.
42 Older.
45 Rubbers on pencils.
48 Chum.
50 The German Garbo.
52 A pleased expression.
54 Hard shelled fruit.
56 This is waved in a college football film.
58 Handles.
60 Mineral spring.
62 Sailor.
63 What you go to the movies to do.
65 It is (contraction).
67 Where pigs live.
70 Greek letter.
72 Iron.
73 M-G-M's Mexican star.
74 An emperor's realm.
76 Prefix, meaning new.
77 Tax of one-tenth, paid to church (plural).
79 Dressler's comedy co-star.
80 Sway.
83 Atonement.
86 A water barrier.
89 Mexican actress, made famous in "White Shadows in the South Seas."
90 The companion to ham.
92 To take food.
94 Polite form of address to a woman.
97 Not fat.
98 Child actor who plays brats (boy).
100 Makes dirty.
101 Not any.
104 Water jug.
106 A man's title.
109 An actor is this when his contract is not renewed.
111 Highways (abbrev.).
113 What you do to cut grass.
115 That Oriental-looking American girl.
116 Belonging to.
117 In geometry, 3.1416.
119 The mammy singer.
120 Note of the scale.
122 For example (business abbreviation).
123 Toward.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 84. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.


THE PICTURE DESTINED TO STARTLE THE WORLD!
KING KONG
with
FAY WRAY · ROB'T ARMSTRONG · BRUCE CABOT

A COOPER-SCHOEDSACK PRODUCTION—AN RKO RADIO PICTURE—of course!
From a Story by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper—David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

RKO RADIO PICTURES • RKO BUILDING • RADIO CITY • NEW YORK

Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press:

Adolphe Menjou and his wife have reconciled... Katharine (new sensation) Hepburn is considered the most eccentric star in the business . . . t'other day at the studio she was discovered reclining in the street . . . calmly reading her fan mail . . . and dressed in overalls . . . of all things stop.

This doesn't seem to make a durn bit of sense . . .'tis said that M-G-M will assume the remainder of Ruth (so-o British) Chatterton's contract with Warners . . . the Freres Warner paying half the salary and Mister M-G-M the other half . . . and will somebody pul-eeze explain how the Warners figure any gravy in *that* BIG question mark . . . M-G-M is still tinkering with "Rasputin" after umpty-umph weeks . . . and a local wag suggests the flicker should *really* be called "Five Little Rasputins and How They Grew" stop . . . Guess everything is hotsy-totsy again between Marlene (body-guard-ed) Dietrich and Joseph (Oedipus Rex) Von Sternberg . . . they attended the première together of "Maedchen in Uniform" . . . Marlene wore that famous tailored suit once more... and lots of folks wish to gosh she'd start wearing dresses for a change and leave the pants to the men folk stop.

Well, things should be up and coming soon . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . . the International Institution . . . is coming out to make a moompitcher for Paramount . . . Peggy expresses interest in Gary (worn to a Frasso?) Cooper . . . lots of the Hollywood gals are already putting padlocks on their boy friends. stop . . . Pomegranate juice is the new Hollywood diet for them as can afford it . . . whoops exclamation point . . . Omigosh, Raquel Torres says she wants a Tarzan boy friend . . . well, Johnny (physique) Weissmuller isn't *quite* so busy now stop . . . El (Swede) Brendel says he never found a pearl in his oyster soup . . . but on the other hand he never found an oyster, either . . . ain't he the card, though question mark . . . Renee (Big Parade) Adoree spent Thanksgiving Day in Hollywood . . . and if her physicians say yes the little French lady will spend the winter in town . . . here's hoping she does stop . . . We don't know how they figure but . . . the hero of "Madame Butterfly" will be so whitewashed that even the Boy Scouts will be proud of him . . . and the baby born to Poor Butterfly will be full-blooded Japanese . . . wonder what Puccini would say to *that* question mark.

Marie (grand trouper) Dressler made her stage début at the age of five as Cupid . . . in a church cantata . . . Marie says that's one revival you'll never see stop . . . That ole davil "flu" knocked Clark ("Red Dust") Gable for a row of hospital bills . . . and Rosco (stuttering) Ates says he's g-g-going to go Clark one b-b-better and introduce a mock-turtleneck sweater . . . enuff of that stop . . . Universal has given up that long search to find an Injun hero for "Laughing Boy" . . . and will probably turn the story over to Warners to worry about . . . in that case Richard Barthelmess would get the rôle . . . and *is* Dick hopeful exclamation point . . . Fox wants a woman over six feet tall for "The Warrior's Husband" . . . if you qualify don't tell us . . . whisper it in Mister Fox's shell-pink ear stop . . . Billy (the wag) Haines and Tallulah (dynamite) Bankhead have made up whatever they were mad about . . . Billy ate Thanksgiving turkey at Talul's house stop . . . Maybe it's because she hasn't any other place to put 'em . . . what with necklaces, bracelets, etc . . . but Lil (Mrs. Vogue) Tashman is wearing diamond clips in her hair . . . and did you know that Lil had designed eight dresses which will be put on sale all over the country? . . . she says they are mighty smart . . . and who would know better than Lil question mark.

Preview opinion of "Walking Down Broadway" says it isn't so forte . . . rumors that it may not be released . . . tough luck for Eric (Prussian) von Stroheim . . . 'twas to have been his directorial comeback stop . . . Horrors . . . European spies say that Greta (Viking) Garbo has put on many pounds during her extended visit to the old country . . . that means pul-enty of lamb chops and pineapples for gorgeous Greta before she emotes in "Christine of Sweden" for M-G-M . . . and talking of that trip to Paris . . . Greta hit all the hot spots in Montmartre . . . even visiting a jernt where they have she-gigolos to dance with women tourists . . . but Greta didn't do any tripping of the light fantastic stop . . . Ricardo (ex-latin) Cortez . . . for years the town hermit . . . has gone social in a great, big way . . . you see him everywhere . . . and Joan Crawford invites him to all her swell ice cream socials stop some more.

Tallulah (pride of Alabam') Bankhead has shaken the dust of Hollywood from her tootsies . . . "not a rôle in pictures has been to my liking" . . . says Talul . . . "I'm sorry that my pictures were not what I hoped . . . It's no one's fault" . . . stop . . . RKO are sort of dickering for rights to "Cat and the Fiddle" . . . they believe it's just the ticket to introduce their new pash-papa, Francis (British) Lederer . . .

Morton (crooner) Downey's and Barbara Bennett's baby has been born . . . yep, it's a boy . . . remember how the whole Bennett family came East to see the baby born? . . . but Connie had to go back to the Coast again to begin work on "Our Betters" . . . and Gene Markey, Joan Bennett's husband, asked her to come back to Hollywood to have Thanksgiving dinner with him . . . so they weren't present after all . . . as soon as Morton Downey saw the baby, he said, "That fellow'll never be a crooner, not while I have anything to say about it!"

Geraldine Dvorak, once Greta Garbo's double, will portray the rôle of the dancer in "Nothing Ever Happens," a burlesque on "Grand Hotel" . . . Paramount has not signed Director Von Sternberg up again, so what will Marlene Dietrich do big question mark . . . Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are pals again . . . Ruth (swell in "Frisco Jenny") Chatterton joins the list of Hollywood cinemactresses down with the flu . . . Joel (getting along) McCrea will have the leading rôle opposite Connie Bennett once again in "Our Betters" stop . . . and Katharine Hepburn is getting some of the juiciest parts at RKO-Radio . . . wonder how Bennett will feel about that question mark stop.

Why did the John Gilberts quarrel question mark . . . they made it up very quickly and now John says, "Whose business is it, anyway?" . . . the Wampas named fifteen instead of thirteen baby stars this year . . . Lilian Bond, Ruth Hall, Lona Andre (one of the "Panther Woman" contestants), Mary Carlisle, June Clyde, Patricia Ellis, Eleanor (Swimming Champ) Holm, Evalyn Knapp, Dorothy Layton, Boots Mallory, Lilian Miles, Ginger Rogers, Marion Shockley, Gloria Stuart, Dorothy (ex-stenographer) Wilson . . . whom are you placing your bets on question mark . . . two of last year's Baby Stars are already famous . . . Joan Blondell and Karen Morley.

Hollywood for once was right in its gossip . . . it suspected that Karen Morley was secretly married to Charles Vidor . . . she said they were just engaged . . . records at Santa Ana showed that they'd been married secretly since November 5 . . . but why did they keep it a secret question mark.

Little Sidney Fox may go on the stage . . . Clara (comeback) Bow is writing poetry of all things exclamation mark. . . .

The ex-Kaiser of Germany refused to meet Harold (traveling through Europe) Lloyd . . . but his wife, Princess Hermine, showed Lloyd through the castle . . . Rudy Vallee may make a picture soon for Paramount . . . he still has loads of fans . . . Gloria (what next?) Swanson is going to make another picture in Yurrop—this time in France . . . she won't be back in Hollywood until next spring . . . someone tried to blackmail Eddie Cantor and collect a thousand smackers, but Cantor spoiled everything by telling the police about it stop.

After having changed her mind for the n-th time, Mary Pickford decided that it was Leslie (gentle lover) Howard she wanted for her leading man . . . and what's more, she got him exclamation point . . . Guy Kibbee's younger brother Milton is making his screen début in a small rôle in "Grand Central Airport" . . . they say that Anna (Russian actress) Sten won't do a Carman Barnes after all . . . that she is actually going to star in "Nana" after all these months . . . but why all this delay question mark . . . couldn't she learn English as quickly as Sam Goldwyn expected her to question mark some more. . . .

Howard Hughes comes back to Hollywood still unmarried, still very eligible . . . though everyone in New York said he was going to marry Marion (Social Register) Lansing . . . if the Lila Lee-Johnny Farrow romance is so-o-o cold, why did Johnny 'phone Lila the minute he arrived in Hollywood from London question mark . . . Norma Shearer donated all Irving Jr.'s clothes and toys to the Assistance League in Hollywood . . . the Don Alvarados are finally divorced. . . .

Last Minute Review

✓ The Sign of the Cross (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi, Charles Laughton, Ian Keith, Vivian Tobin, many others.*

It's About: *The story of the love and conversion of a Roman soldier, set against a brilliant background of ancient Rome, and its hates and lusts and loves and cruelties and color. . . .*

Here it is, at last, "The Sign of the Cross"—Cecil B. DeMille's latest effort at super-spectacle. It's that, with a vengeance—spectacle in size, pageantry, extremes of emotions, daring in screen portrayal. But, running some two hours or more as it does, it's a question whether it's entertainment, or whether you'll feel just a little tired of it all before the final reel. . . .

DeMille has thrown into this picture all of the things for which he has become famous. Scenes tremendous in scope, huge crowds, thrilling arena scenes—and closeups that'll make you catch your breath for their sheer audacity. That is, if the censors let some of them get by. When Claudette Colbert takes a milk bath, with not *too* much milk; when Charles Laughton exemplifies Nero's reactions at the burning of Rome with all the brutality of actuality—well, you may wonder, at least.

As for the acting honors—Fredric March, Academy award winner, plays the leading rôle. He works hard at it, gives a performance whose effectiveness might have been enhanced if he'd worked just a bit less hard. Elissa Landi and Claudette Colbert, though, have never shown to finer advantage—either as actresses or women.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a tremendous picture. Of the thousands who will go to see it, many will rave about it and hail it as one of the finest things that has ever been done on the screen. But just as many will probably feel that it's all too much—too much of everything—just too darned much for any movie audience to absorb and enjoy at one sitting.

Charles Laughton sailed for England, but he'll be back soon stop . . . Wot's this . . . a lover's spat between Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook . . . everyone thought they were the ideal offscreen Romeo and Juliet stop . . . a Chicago report says George (mask-face) Raft is packing them in with his personal appearances stop.

This was the big surprise package of the month . . . Doc Stork will pay a visit to Louise (Sennett alumna) Fazenda come Ides of March . . . and Louise is that busy reading up on the care of infants stop . . . The Richard Arlens (Jobyna Ralston) are also on the long-legged bird's calling list stop some more . . .

Claudia Morgan gave the town the surprise of its life by suing Talbot (social registrite) Cummings for divorce . . . Hollywood didn't even know they were married . . . which was one on Hollywood stop . . . Stop the press . . . trot out those war-time headlines . . . Jackie (collegiate) Coogan's got a girl . . . he takes her to the football games . . . she's a young cousin of Lina (dancing) Basquette . . . dear, dear, it seems only yesterday . . . how tempus does fugit exclamation point . . . Town gossips are talking about the romance between a newly-'risen star and a famous director . . . seems everybody knows about it but the star's husband and director's wife . . . but isn't that the way it goes exclamation point.

Hollywood rocking chair chatterers are buzzing that Estelle Taylor and Jack (Manassa Mauler) Dempsey will say "I do" again stop . . . Don't say who told you . . . Zeppo Marx is reported to have made a pretty penny in a "little game" at Palm Springs stop . . . An old meanie says Paramount remodeled Stage Eight for Kate (ten-ton) Smith's dressing room stop . . . Richard (he-man) Dix and the missus are taking time out for a month's look-see at Europe . . . Dick will be back in plenty of time for "The Great Jasper" . . . and the missus will keep that date with the stork stop . . . Nice preview notices on "The Roaring Strain" . . . and compliments for young Wallace Reid, Jr. . . . now sixteen years old and the image of his famous father stop Mary (growing up) Pickford will not keep that Christmas date with Doug (leaper) Fairbanks in St. Moritz . . . she won't be through with "Secrets" . . . and she's going to be grand marshal at the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, New Year's Day . . . the first time in forty years that a woman has been given that honor . . . three cheers for America's Sweetheart exclamation point . . . And a village half-wit says Purdue now has a Helen Kane cheer poo-poo-Purdue . . . it doesn't make you feel any worse than it does us.

It's a funny story they're telling about the filming of "State Fair" . . . after a half dozen "takes" in a scene with Will Rogers and Blue Boy, the champion hog, the director was still dissatisfied . . . Blue Boy didn't look just right . . . . "I'll tell you how he'd look good" . . . drawled Will . . . "on the breakfast table between two eggs" stop . . . Things are scorching hot between Cary (sheik) Grant and Virginia Cherrill stop . . . And no one would be surprised if James (great lover) Dunn and Maureen (Irish eyes) O'Sullivan would co-star in the next Hollywood wedding . . stop . . . Here's a new one for your collection of signs on theater marquees . . . "Tonight — Four Marx Brothers and Ten Turkeys Free" . . . whoopee-ee exclamation point . . . Ralph (ex-Chatterton) Forbes was seen to use a lorgnette at the Escudero dance recital . . . no one seems to know whether it was his'n or that of the lady beside him . . . maybe it's a new fad in opposition to Lowell Sherman's monocle . . . and we're signing off for another month stop.

Last Minute Review

✓✓ The Animal Kingdom (Radio)

You'll See: *Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, Neil Hamilton, Ilka Chase, Don Dilloway.*

It's About: *The triangle again—only different, this time. Because, you see, the man leaves the woman he loves to marry someone else—and then finds he made a mistake.*

Here is one of the most beautifully acted pictures of the season—and wouldn't it be, with Leslie Howard and Ann Harding and Myrna Loy and Bill Gargan? However, despite its fineness in acting, it does suffer from an overdose of conversation. It's another of those very talky talkies, and while it may be artistically superb, the question is: will it entertain when it stacks up against the sort of *action* stuff fans are going for, these days?

Leslie Howard does his usual fine work (what an *actor* that lad is!) as the rich young fellow who leaves Ann Harding, with whom he's been in love to the limit for some three years, to marry Myrna Loy, gold-digger. It's not until afterward that he realizes his mistake, and returns to the woman he loves. In the interim, there are as beautiful passages of screen playing as have ever been seen or heard from the audible screen.

And for the laughs to temper the poignancy of heartbreak, there's Bill Gargan, who repeats the rôle he did on the stage—a punch-drunk ex-pugilist in the rôle of a butler.

Your Reviewer Says: For beauty of performance, for depth of heart-interest, for that sort of thing, "The Animal Kingdom" is grand screen fare. But if you want gusty action, don't expect it.

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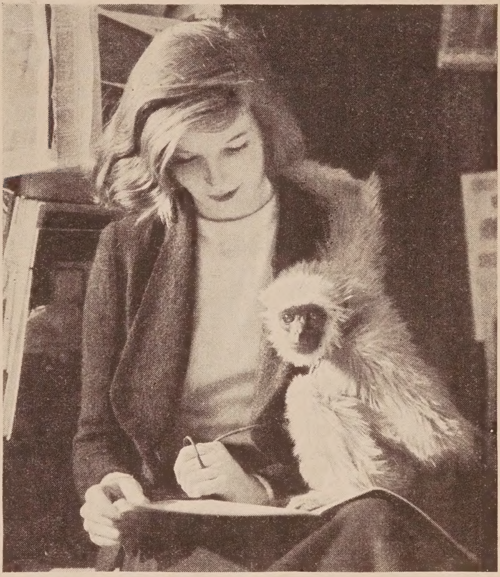
The Editor's Page



Katharine Hepburn. the most exciting new figure on the screen

PURELY Personal Reflections of a Busy Month: Of all the young hopefuls Warners have had under contract Sheila Terry seems to me the most promising. The girl has beauty, poise and she can act. She made that scene in Doug Junior's "Scarlet Dawn" very believable, the scene where he tells her the truth about himself, I mean. She convinced you she would make a man react that way. But I couldn't believe the scenes between Elissa Landi and Freddie March in "The Sign of the Cross." Freddie was so dashing and Elissa seemed about as exciting as a cup of cocoa at midnight. Still the best "bit" of this month or any other, for that matter, is in that film—Laughton's performance as "Nero." The man's magnificent. . . .

Been a great party month. My favorite was Alexander Kirkland's tea party for himself . . . there were scores of others . . . for Eugenie Leontovitch, who is going into pictures to play "Theatre Street" and who is the actress who played the Garbo "Grand Hotel" rôle on the stage . . . she's an enchanting creature, Leontovitch . . . there was a tea for Chevalier, who was oh, so boooooored with it all . . . one for Clara Bow, who worked very hard, saw that everybody had food, answered miles of questions, and seemed as genuinely happy at her "come-back" as are all her friends and they number millions . . . Cecil DeMille came late to his own tea and said that for the first time that morning he had heard himself referred to as "the venerable producer" and that he wasn't over it yet . . . but Alexander Kirkland's was the humdinger. Had to pick the party up with sponges finally . . . very swell. So's Bill, which is what you call Mr. Kirkland after the second gingersnap.

Gene Raymond has been in New York bowling over us girls and Sari Maritza has been troubling the male concentration . . . Gene, by way of proving what a grand actor he is, has a trick of making a girl feel she is just so beautiful and clever . . . it's a dandy trick when you can do it. However, if prizes are being awarded for sheer agreeableness, one each should go to Irene Rich and Hedda Hopper, pets, both of them, and no highhat nonsense either . . . neither of them makes any bones about being forty-ish and by some one of those quirks both succeed in looking younger than the gals who insist they are only twenty-nine . . . could it be that old-fashioned thing called peace within their own souls?

I hope I am not becoming just an old softie in finding everybody so agreeable this month, even the difficult Katharine Hepburn. She is impossible to interview in the conventional sense but let her talk about her work, about what she hopes to accomplish and she rattles on like the radio during a political rally. Very modern, very modish, very daring, and to me the most stimulating discovery since talkies. Brains and how! She doesn't mind being called a Garbo imitator. "At least I imitate the best," she grins. She doesn't mind being called an exhibitionist. "Sure, I wear hats like this just to shock people into noticing me," she answers and when you ask how her opposed-to-the-theater family feels about her success she looks at you directly from those amazing eyes of hers and says, "Well, you see, success brings home the bacon and it's quite amazing how much you can get away with if you bring home bacon enough."

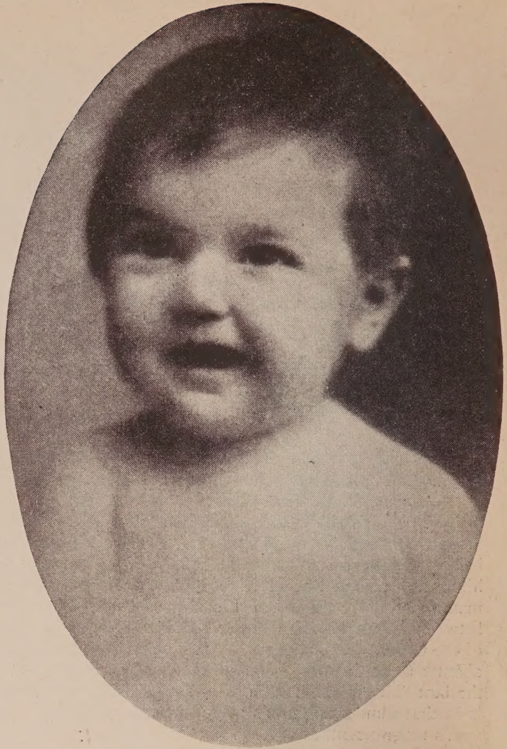
Ruth Waterbury

Editor

From the Underworld to Stardom

GEORGE RAFT'S Own Story as told to

Marquis Busby



A sheik at the age of six months, Georgie, the only one of the eleven Raft babies who lived—and did he live!

PROBABLY at the very moment I was born there was a brawl in the street outside, crockery was being thrown in the flat across the way, the bartender was mopping up on a few troublesome drunks at the corner saloon, and the patrol wagon was just whizzing around the corner. The patrol wagon was always just around the corner during my kid days. You see, I lived in that kind of a neighborhood.

So there isn't much wonder that I live for and by excitement. The one thing I can't stand is being bored. Excitement is the air I breathe, and the environment in which I have always lived. Right now pictures are exciting to me. It's a good racket—a darned good racket—but if it should fail to hold my interest—well, I don't know—

If you are familiar with New York you know the neighborhood around 41st Street, between 9th and 10th Avenues. Like a lot of other things it isn't what it used to be, but even today you'd hardly mistake it for Park Avenue. To say that it was a tough district is letting it off lightly. New Yorkers called it "The Tenderloin," or when they wanted to be really fancy, "Hell's Kitchen." I was born right in the midst of the kitchen where some new criminal mess was always sizzling on the stove.

My father was a German, and my mother is an Italian—rather a curious racial mixture. There were eleven children in the family—and I'm the only one living now. It seems that an unlucky fate pursued us. One after the other of the children died. There aren't many records of my early life—hardly any kid pictures, snap-shots and things like that. After a death in the family we always moved. Mother couldn't stand the old atmosphere after that. And, in moving, pictures and mementoes of the past were usually left behind. Ten deaths—so you know the moving van backed up to our door a good many times.

We were a poor family, but not poverty-stricken. Father had a good job, and there was enough money for food and clothing and schooling—but I hated the schooling part of it. I never went beyond the seventh grade, and I didn't get out of that what most kids would have. I suppose I was a free soul then. I'm pretty sure I'm that today. I do regret that I lack a good education. I came pretty near being a dese, dem and dose guy. I'm trying to watch that old grammar now. That scene in "Night After Night," when Alison Skipworth is teaching me grammar, came pretty close to life. I want to be correct in speech, and it's never too late to learn.

What I lacked in schooling I certainly made up in a variety of experiences.

As soon as I could walk I was on the street. As I grew older I just naturally joined one of the kid gangs. We must have made every cop in the district turn gray prematurely. We were adept at general mischief, thievery and fighting. I could steal, too, but I remember I prided myself on one thing. I was no sneak thief. When I took something it was right under the eye of a person in charge—the old principle that the hand is quicker than the eye.

Many of the boys I grew up with are now powers in a world frowned upon by law-abiding citizens. They are still my friends—and my very good friends. I don't intend to do any moralizing about the rights and wrongs of the thing. They've always been loyal pals of mine. What the world may think of them does not matter to me. No one could be any prouder of what little success I have had on the stage or on the screen than they are.

Why, when I went to New York on that personal appearance tour after "Scarface," they put a big limousine at my disposal. It had bullet-proof glass, by the way. And did those boys show me a good time!

When I was eleven we moved to Washington Heights. My grandfather was the first man to bring a merry-go-round into the United States. He had one of them at Paradise Gardens, which Joseph Schenck, now president of United Artists, controlled at the time. It was fun working around an amusement park, but probably it wasn't the best environment for a growing boy who knew more than was good for him about certain things.

I didn't see so much of the old gang then, but I wasn't any more interested in schooling. I began to run away from home. The first time I did that the family caught up with me in Northern New York. I was picking cherries at a few cents a basket, and having a swell time. They brought me back, but by that time I was determined to earn my own spending money. I didn't want to take money from my father.

My first real job was as assistant to an electrician. I carried the black satchel, and was pretty adept at fixing doorbells and dumb-waiters. I received $4 a week, and it looked like the United States Mint.

It didn't take me very long to tire of that job. I got a job driving a team of horses for a grocery store. That bored me, too. There were a good many jobs after that —everything from newsie to errands.

My boxing career—and there's been a good deal written about it—was anything but sensational. I really didn't want to box at all. Fighting when you were mad was one thing. Fighting for money was something else. I was pretty handy with my fists—believe me, I had to be during my kid days, but I knew very little about the science of boxing. A friend persuaded me there was easy money in it. Easy money! Huh!

When I first entered the ring I weighed 112 pounds, and I was just seventeen. I was hanging around a third-rate fighting arena one night when one of the boys in the preliminary bout failed to show up. I took his place, and much to my own surprise won my first fight. I thought it was a cinch racket then, but I soon learned differently. I lost the next four fights. They could hammer away at my chin and nose and eyes indefinitely, but as soon as someone hit me in the stomach I saw angels, and heard birds singing.

The positively stupendous sum of $5 was paid me every time I took a licking, which became monotonously regular. I divided with my manager—I've forgotten what he did as steady work. After the fight was over we would go to some café and eat exactly five dollars' worth of food.

Honestly, I had so many jobs that I can't remember all of them. Once I worked as an usher at the Rialto Theater, New York, and was stationed in the loge section. One day Rothafel—"Roxy," you know—walked in and saw me leaning on the railing.

"The building will stand without your holding it up," he told me.

After I had signed my contract with Paramount I met "Roxy" again. It was a real introduction this time. I asked him if he remembered that incident. He did, and he congratulated me for not trying to deny that I ever worked as an usher. But why should I be ashamed of it, or anything else for that matter? It all goes to make up a lifetime.

After a brief experience at ushering a friend persuaded me to take a job in a Washington Heights dancing school. Somehow I had always known how to dance, but I had never taken a lesson in my life. I just picked up the steps naturally by watching. From that beginning in the dancing school I drifted into what I expected to be my real career, professional dancing.

On this page the "Gas House District" of New York at the time George was born and brought up. Across the page the "Gas House" itself as it is today, still unchanged, still the underworld

When the tea dansant vogue hit New York I worked at Rector's during the afternoons. I was a paid dancing partner for the dowagers and the debs who had nothing else to do with their spare time. I received a ticket for each dance, and at the end of the afternoon the management paid me for those tickets.

But I was no gigolo. I earned an honest living. As a taxi dancer I made $75 a week. As a clerk I might have earned $25. The word "gigolo" sort of infers "kept man." Well, no one was keeping me. Call me whatever you please, but not gigolo. That word always sticks somehow.

Valentino was working there at the same time. That was before he set the vogue for Latin lovers on the screen. He was a quiet, mannerly fellow, and no one paid very much attention to him. As a matter of fact neither Valentino nor I was very much in demand those afternoons. The ladies didn't care so much for dark men and patent leather hair. The Wallace Reid type was the one they went for then.

I met Valentino again after he made his sensational success in Hollywood. He was the same quiet, courteous fellow as before. He suggested that I come out to Hollywood and try pictures. I couldn't see it then. Hollywood seemed farther away than Timbuctoo.

From the tea dansants I went into the night clubs. I danced for a time at Jimmy Durante's club, and Jimmy, himself, used to play the piano for me. I didn't get any regular salary at first, but I had "courtesy of the till." That meant that I could "dip" into the cash register and take out money occasionally. I used to work with Texas Guinan, before "Tex" had her own night clubs. This year I was introduced from the floor of her club. I think maybe we were both a little proud of that.

Vaudeville came next. I replaced a man who was dancing with Elsie Pilcer—sister of the famous Harry Pilcer—in a big time act. When the other fellow returned I stayed on in vaudeville, but it wasn't big time at first. I toured the smaller circuits, and almost died of loneliness. Two years without a glimpse of Broadway, and Broadway is my life. It will always be.

Little by little success began to come my way. I came back to New York and combined the stage and the night clubs.

There was one time when I was appearing in five different places, and weeks on end I wore nothing but evening clothes. That was the happiest period of my life—sleeping all day and having breakfast just as the lights were beginning to crop out over the city.

I met lots of Hollywood people during those times. Barbara La Marr used to be around a lot. She was so beautiful and successful then. I would be introduced to the movie people and invited to sit at their tables. Some of them had a lot of trouble remembering me when I first came to Hollywood—they just couldn't seem to recall me until I began to get ahead in pictures. Richard Barthelmess remembered me, though, and called me by name. It was at the first Mayfair party to which I had been invited. I was surprised at Barthelmess speaking to me. I had been told that he was high-hat. Well, he isn't—not by a long shot.

Finally I achieved the thing every entertainer longs for—headline billing. It may sound like boasting and I don't mean it that way, but I have been featured above Helen Morgan, Morton Downey, Irving Aaronson and a lot of today's top-notchers. Once, I remember when I was appearing in Cleveland, being billed above a then new motion picture actress, Greta Garbo. The picture was "The Torrent." After that, I guess, no one has ever been billed above her.

I was dancing the Charleston long before the song was written for it. "Sweet Georgia Brown" was my number, and night club orchestras used to play it for me when I came into the places.

George in the "Valentino" days, when he and Rudy were dancing men, looking enough alike to be brothers and actually being the closest of friends

When I went to London I had the privilege of teaching the step to the Prince of Wales. He was pretty good at it, too. I have the cigarette lighter which he presented me, and that's one thing I'm darned proud of. I danced at the Florida Club, the smartest and most exclusive night club in London.

My salary in London was $650 a week—more than I'm receiving in pictures right now. The Black Bottom was coming into vogue at that time, and I took a little colored boy with me as my "shadow" in the act. You know, he would do everything that I would do. Somehow no one had thought of that before, but it didn't take long for half a dozen other entertainers to get the same idea.

All this time I had no intention of going into pictures at all. I'd gotten quite a few picture offers, but not one of them was for as much money as I was making as a hoofer.

I wanted to stay in Europe—there were offers from Paris and Berlin, but the little "shadow," he was only ten, was homesick for his "mammy." We sailed for home. In New York I opened and closed in a succession of flop productions on Broadway. In fact they opened and closed so fast that I was dizzy. I decided to give up dancing as a career. I was disgusted with the stage. I'd saved a little money, and decided to try leisure for a while. There was a girl mixed up in this decision—there had been lots of girls mixed up in all my plans before but this one was important. I decided she was "the girl" and I'll tell you more about her next month.

(*To be continued*)

She's only fifty-nine inches high. She's fought her way up from New York's East Side to a starring contract. But tiny Sidney Fox now knows that the smartest thing she ever did was to conquer herself

Did You Ever Suffer from a Swelled Head?

Little Sidney Fox Admits She Did, and Here's the Appealing Story of How She Got Over It

By HALE HORTON

IT WAS New Year's Eve, 1930. The scene was in a beautifully furnished home on one of Hollywood's highest hills. The center of the picture was tiny Sidney Fox standing on a dais before the fireplace and beaming down at her guests like a princess bestowing a particularly gracious smile upon her favorite subjects.

Sidney was more than the center of the picture. She *was* the picture as she stood smiling happily, her luminous brown eyes and pale oval face framed in an abundance of nearly-black hair; her ivory satin gown trailing on the floor—a gown cut to reveal all, and nothing.

The clock struck midnight. Bells clanged. Whistles screamed. Sidney's guests, numbering among them prominent producers, directors, stars, rose as one person and drank her health.

Poor little Sidney! Had she been able to gaze into the future her feeling of contentment would have changed to one of unbelievable horror! For shortly afterwards she fell into a state of mind commonly known as "going Hollywood," a condition from which few people recover. Which makes it more remarkable that little Sidney Fox, measuring fifty-nine inches from stem to stern, a mere child in years, could possess a brand of courage that enabled her to dig her way out. A courage that has only recently pulled her from a series of tragic disappointments, bewilderment and heartbreaking loneliness. A courage which helped her lift herself from her family's humble quarters over a delicatessen store on the East Side of New York to a motion picture star's dressing-room with all the attendant glamour and fame. And when, suffering from the consequences of "going Hollywood," she suddenly fell from her pinnacle into a bewildering chaos, financial difficulties, loss of friends, broken confidences and stark, tragic loneliness, this same courage helped her knot the end of her rope, hang on and slowly but surely pull herself up again. Now she stands with her two tiny feet planted firmly on the ground and her mind enriched by her heartbreaking expriences.

Before giving you Sidney's amazing story, let me tell you something of her personality, a difficult enough job in itself since from a casual examination the complexities of this astonishing child's character seem to defy analysis.

"I change completely every six months," she would have you believe, although you're willing to swear that her entire outlook on life, her mental, physical and spiritual reactions undergo a complete change every thirty seconds!

The whirlwind fluctuations of her moods startle one with kaleidoscopic impressions: the demure little girl; the compassionate woman; the sophisticated siren; the irresistibly vague princess with sweetly smiling lips, dark pensive eyes and the soul of an angel; and last, but not least, the wilful, spoiled little brat badly in need of a spanking. Sooner or later, however, one discovers that her breath-taking changeableness (*Contnued on page* 89)

TIPS on TALKIES

Three girls on Warners' "42nd Street", Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers and very cute, too, if you ask us

Personally Recommended

✓✓ I Am a Fugitive
I consider this the greatest and most powerful picture I have ever seen.

✓✓ Trouble in Paradise
Because it's gay, light-hearted entertainment, and it'll leave you feeling all smiley and warm inside for hours.

✓✓ Red Dust
For a good sexy thrill if you're not a prude; and because Jean Harlow and Clark Gable give two spiffy performances in this.

Also These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

✓✓ Air Mail
✓✓ Back Street
✓✓ Bill of Divorcement
✓✓ The Conquerors
✓✓ Congorilla
✓✓ Horse Feathers
✓✓ Kid From Spain
✓✓ Life Begins
✓✓ The Most Dangerous Game
✓✓ Night After Night
✓✓ Once in a Lifetime
✓✓ The Phantom President
✓✓ Silver Dollar
✓✓ Smilin' Through
✓✓ Strange Interlude
✓✓ Tiger Shark

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AFRAID TO TALK** (Universal) What happens to a young bellhop who witnesses a murder. A scorching exposé of how politics and crime are mixed up. Eric Linden is very fine as the young bellhop. There isn't much for Sidney Fox to do. She continues to represent sweetness and light.

☆

✓✓ **AIR MAIL** (Universal) War aviation has been glorified a lot of times, but here's the first big story about the men who fly the air mails. And is it thrilling! Your blood will run cold when a plane crashes and its pilot has to be shot to save him from being burned alive. Another swell shot: Ralph Bellamy flying through a mad storm, gales, snow. This has a swell cast, a vivid story. The outstanding player is Pat O'Brien, who easily steals the picture with the best performance he's given since "Front Page."

✓ **ALL AMERICAN, THE** (Universal) The fall and rise of a football hero, admirably played by Dick Arlen. Exciting glimpses of real all-American football players, Dalrymple, Baker, Booth, Carideo! Hot cha romance with Merna Kennedy, and real romance with Gloria Stuart and June Clyde (this is a brother story)! All in all, the best football picture of the season so far.

☆

✓✓ **BACK STREET** (Universal) A powerful, moving drama about a woman who sacrifices everything for the grand passion of her life. Irene Dunne does her best work since "Cimarron." John Boles plays his rôle with marked sincerity. Take three handkerchiefs along.

☆

✓ **BIG BROADCAST, THE** (Paramount) If you're a radio fan, you won't want to miss this. It's got Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, and many of yo other favorites. Stu Erwin adds to the fun Leila Hyams supplies the romance. When comes to the story the picture is so-so, but it' a radio fan's delight just the same.

☆

✓✓ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT** (Radio) strange theme handled fascinatingly. John Bar rymore gives a powerful performance as a ma who comes back to his family in England, san in mind again, after fifteen years in an asylu Katharine Hepburn is the most interesting new comer in years.

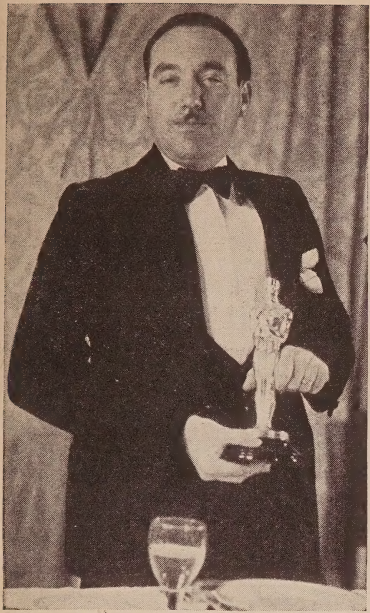
☆

✓ **BIRD OF PARADISE, THE** (Radi What makes the South Seas so glamorous Pictures like this. It's stunningly photographe and has a beautiful musical accompaniment. Do lores Del Rio is bewitching as the native gir And are you going to rave about Joel McCre in this! He shows the "Tarzan" influence i the costumes he wears, and does his best wor

☆

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount) Glamorou Marlene Dietrich in a weak story. Marlene, devoted housewife and a good mother (imagin that!) sacrifices her virtue to save her hus band's life. He drives her out of her hom the brute! Marlene becomes a cabaret beaut and then a tarnished lady. Charming Herbe Marshall is wasted on the husband rôle. Th photography is beautiful, but the story—oh, th story!

(*Continued on page 96*



Those Academy Awards

The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, Hollywood's "Inner Ring" set of actors, directors and film technicians, just handed out the statuettes for the finest achievements in 1932. And to be thus honored in the film business by those who definitely know is high award indeed. Above, Lee Garmes, who did the year's finest camera work, on "Shanghai Express"

Wally Beery, runner-up for the best acting of the year in "The Champ," Lionel Barrymore, last year's winner, Conrad Nagel, who presented the prizes, and Fredric March, first prize winner for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

The big three at the Academy dinner, Frank Borzage, prize winning director of "Bad Girl", Helen Hayes, honored for her unforgettable performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet", and Freddie March. At the right, Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney, taking the honors for Mickey Mouse (and quite right, too!)

The New Clara Bow

By DORA ALBERT

"REX BELL is the only man I've ever known whom I've loved so completely that I'd be willing to sacrifice things I wanted for him. I used to be afraid of marriage, afraid of losing my freedom. I didn't think I'd ever love any man enough not to want to go out with other men. Now I wouldn't dream of going out with any other man unless Rex was along."

There was no mistaking Clara Bow's burning sincerity. You've heard a lot about the new Clara Bow, and it is true that there's a new poise to the girl and that her eyes which used to be tired and weary and filled with sadness are suddenly young again. But Clara Bow hasn't gone lady on us. She hasn't come back with a flock of broad A's and hi-hat airs. She's still herself, still honest and real, heaven be praised. She means every word she says.

"Marriage is grand," said Clara. "I didn't think it would be but it is. Rex has taught me so many things. I used to be afraid to think of the past and terrified to think of the future. I wanted to live giddily for the moment only, because I thought that in that way I wouldn't have a chance to remember the bitter things that had happened in my childhood, the memories of poverty and the suffering that drove my mother insane. Now I know how wrong I was in being bitter about the past. If it hadn't been for the past, that poverty, that suffering, I would never have been an actress. I'm no longer afraid of anything. Rex and his wonderful mother taught me not to be afraid. They taught me that there was nothing you couldn't do, within your natural limitations, if you set out to do it.

"I used to be afraid to think of the future," says the new Clara. "But Rex has taught me there is nothing you cannot do"

"People told me that I could never reduce because I was too fond of rich foods. I cut down my weight from 145 pounds to 117 pounds in two and a half months, to appear in 'Call Her Savage'. Now I weigh 120 pounds.

"They said I couldn't come back. But I made 'Call Her Savage' and it is successful.

"I made it because Rex wanted me to. I was so happy out on the ranch I wouldn't have cared if I never made another picture, but Rex believed in me and wanted to prove that given the right story, I could act. Then, too, there were the fans who had stuck to me loyally during all the scandals and the mud-slinging and the bad pictures, and I wanted to give them a picture I really liked.

"Rex is willing to have me do whatever I wish, but he would prefer it if I'd stop making pictures within a year. In fact, he'd be glad if I didn't make any more pictures at all and just settled down to being Mrs. Rex Bell and having a family. But I gave my word to Sam Rork, the producer, that if 'Call Her Savage' was a success I'd make three more pictures for him, if the right stories could be found. One more will be for Fox, and the other two haven't been contracted for. But I don't have to make any picture unless I like the story.

"After I've made those three pictures, if Rex would still prefer to have me retire and raise a family, I most probably will. Perhaps it sounds like one of those things that's said for publicity, but I've always loved babies and wanted to have some of my own. I'd like to have two babies really. And when I have them, I'd never leave them to go back to the screen or for any other reason. I'd never, never leave a baby of my own in care of a nurse."

Strange as it may seem, Clara Bow really has a strong maternal instinct. Right now she is lavishing it on innumerable pets—five baby dogs, a chipmunk and even on Rex Bell.

"One of the reasons I love him so," she says, "is because he's a baby at heart. He loves to put his head on my shoulder and have me rub his forehead. He's wholesome and very dear."

In the old days, before Clara had found her man, she once said, "If you want to keep a man after you catch him be nice to him one day and give him plenty of hell the next. Once a man thinks he's got you roped, goodbye, man."

Now Clara says: "In a way that's true. If you're always sweet to a man and let him walk all over you, he can get awfully tired of you. If you let him know that he's the only man you can't live without, he might get bored. Most men love to be a little in doubt. Don't misunderstand me. Rex realizes that I love him, but if he did anything to displease me I wouldn't be sugary about it.

"I think a man's interest in a woman is kept at its highest point when he thinks she loves him, but isn't absolutely sure. It's bad to keep (*Continued on page 77*)

THE Girl Who Came Back—more vividly, more thrillingly than any star has ever done. What is Clara Bow like today? What has love done to her? You'll find the answers in the story across the page, the first interview Clara has given out since her screen return

Inside Stuff

Another One of These Meetings of the Ex's

It was a big Hollywood party. Not long after the B. P. Schulbergs had publicly separated.

Present was B. P. Schulberg himself, escorting the highly-curved Sylvia Sidney (and Hollywood insists that they'll be married as soon as the Schulberg divorce is final).

And then in came *Mrs. B. P. Schulberg*—with handsome blonde boy Gene Raymond!

Everybody expected fireworks when the couples met.

Instead, Mrs. Schulberg smiled and Mr. Schulberg smiled and Sylvia Sidney smiled and Gene Raymond smiled. And that was all.

Or were they laughing?

Interesting four-place table at a Cocoanut Grove party the other night: Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli and Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

Suggested Change in Name For That Itty Lady:

A world-famous scientist, in a Los Angeles lecture recently, explained that science had found the answer to what makes "it" in some women. The answer, it seems, is that the sexier women have a lot more female "genes" in their physical makeup.

So a Hollywood wag forthwith insisted that hereafter, they ought to spell it "Gene Harlow."

Arliss' Faithful Man Remains Faithful

No one knows better how publicity-careful George Arliss is than does his long-time valet, Jenner.

Well, the other day Jenner was hailed while walking home from the studio. A man in a car said: "Would you like a lift?"

Jenner, vaguely recognizing the man's face but unable to quite identify him, accepted. The driver asked: "By the way, you're Mr. Arliss' man Jenner, aren't you?"

Jenner admitted he was. Then the other asked: "Isn't Mr. Arliss—and Mrs. Arliss, too—vegetarian?"

Jenner froze. Instantly he was sure he was being "pumped" by some busybody. He remained silent.

"But I'm having the Arliss' to dinner and I've heard they are vegetarians. Is it true?" the driver insisted.

Arliss' man remained silent. The other gave up, let him out in front of the building where Arliss lives.

It wasn't until the auto had driven off that Jenner suddenly remembered the identity of the man who'd questioned him.

It was Will Hays!

P. S.—Arliss *is* a vegetarian, Mr. Hays. He's been a vegetarian ever since their first train-trip across the

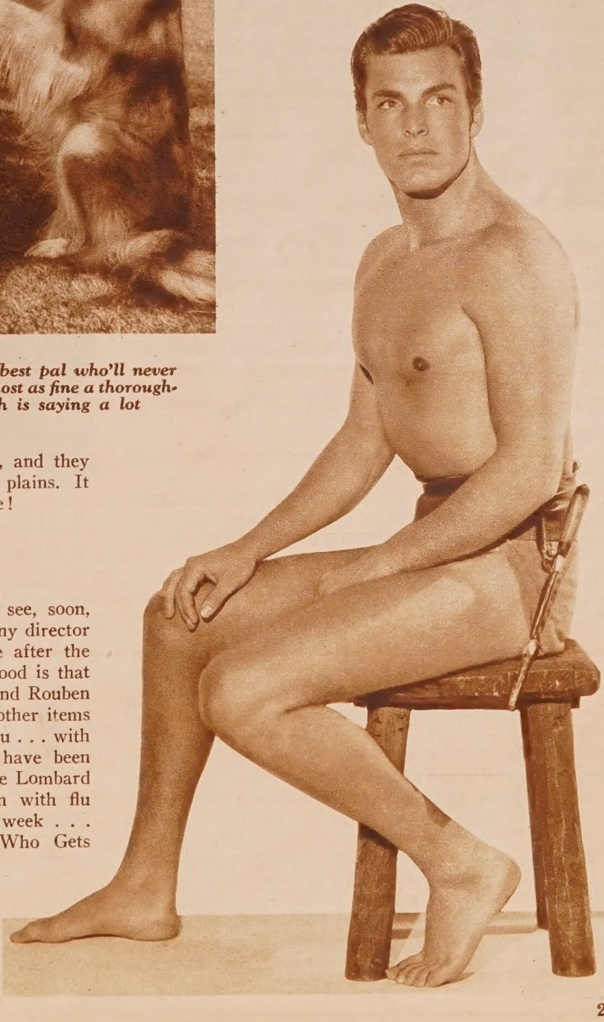
You'll not be seeing much more of Lupe Velez (though here you see a lot) because she's gone back to the New York stage. She'll return to Hollywood by spring, however. Her last picture is RKO's "The Half Naked Truth"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., picks himself a best pal who'll never be a severest critic. The collie pup is almost as fine a thoroughbred as young Doug himself—which is saying a lot

American continent. It was in a dry season, and they saw hundreds of cattle dying of thirst on the plains. It so shocked them, they've not eaten meat since!

Here and There and This and That

. . . unless things change, we're going to see, soon, whether or not Marlene Dietrich can act for any director other than Josef von Sternberg . . . because after the next picture they're doing together, the likelihood is that Josef and 'Lene will be professionally parted, and Rouben Mamoulian will direct her instead . . . among other items which are costing studios plenty thousands is flu . . . with many big-name actors laid low, productions have been held up while costs went merrily on . . . Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, for instance, bedded down with flu and held up "No Man of Her Own" for a week . . . remember Lon Chaney in the silent "He Who Gets Slapped"? . . . well, M-G-M is going to remake it as a talkie but nothing said yet as to who'll fill Lon's place . . . Clara Bow doesn't seem to think much of Paris styles . . . anyway, on the eve of her trip to Europe with Hubby Rex Bell, she bought $8,000 worth of clothes in Hollywood . . . whatever happened to Colleen Moore's "comeback" . . . after six months on contract at M-G-M without a rôle, the studio now is offering to loan her out to other companies . . . and no takers! . . . imagine Jean Arthur's embarrassment when, after slipping from a train to dodge interviewers on her arrival in Hollywood from New York, she discovered that no one had come to interview her save one man from her own studio's publicity department! . . . don't be surprised if Jimmy Cagney and Alice White are co-starred in a Warner picture soon . . . another of those "all-male" pictures (no women in the cast or action at *all*) may be made by Paramount, to be titled "Gold Divers" . . .



And another lad swims into fame, following in Johnny Tarzan Weissmuller's path. He's Buster Crabbe. His company's Paramount and he'll début in "King of the Jungle"

Know the cute little girl in the center? None other than your old pal of silent days, Alice Terry, come back to Metro for a visit with Director Clarence Brown and Lewis Stone. That pigtail business on the debonair Lewis is all for the "Son Daughter"

Ah me and my and a couple of aoohlalas! Did everybody show up for the opening of the Mayfair in Hollywood and were there any anybodies as important as Gable, Shearer, Crawford and Fairbanks Jr.?

George Arliss' valet, Jenner, who is famous as Hoover's "double," was actually in tears when the election returns came in . . . there's a beauty shoppe in Hollywood being run by Fatty Arbuckle's ex-wife Minta Durfee . . . a new angle in the studio contracts of Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers gives their bosses the right to send them on personal appearance tours a quarter of the time instead of making movies. . . .

Monkey Business in Clara Bow's Home!

One of Clara Bow's friends owns a pet monkey. Clara just lo-hoves pets, so she asked if she couldn't borrow the monkey for a few days. Okeh, said the friend. So Clara took the monkey home.

But she forgot to chain it or lock it up or whatever you do with monkeys, when she and Hubby Rex Bell had to leave the house for a few hours.

And when they got home—busted vases, torn chairs, stuffing out of furniture, lamps overturned, drapes down, closets upset. . . .

Clara will never, never, never borrow a monkey again.

New reducing trick for Hollywood cinemactresses—it's something about drinking lots of pomegranate juice. But don't try it without a doctor!

Here's Stan Laurel's Funniest Trick of All. Or Is It?

It wasn't until several days after the public announcement that Stan Laurel is to be sued for divorce by Mrs. Laurel that Hollywood learned of the comicker's amazing generous settlement.

It seems that Laurel agreed to turn over *everything* to his wife and child—the Laurel home and furnishings complete, all their community property, two life insurance policies totalling $200,000. All he kept was some $45 he happened to have in his pocket at the time—and his clothes.

Hollywood can't figure it out. Divorce reason: "We just got on each other's nerves," says Stan.

Universal is planning to out-horror its previous horror films with a talkie version of "Bluebeard." And of course, Karloff'll be it.

Will Rogers Analyzes a Sudden Impulse

Harrison Carroll, Hollywood chatterer, told this one in his column:

It seems that Will Rogers, back at work on the Fox lot after flying all over South America, fished a $20 bill out of his pocket at his first luncheon at his regular table in the studio restaurant, and gave it to his regular waitress.

Kiddingly, Spencer Tracy drawled: "Huh! Big shot, aren't you?"

"Naw," came back Rogers, "I guess I must have somebody else's pants on. . . . !"

Excerpts From Danny Cupid's Notebook

—Karen Morley admits she's engaged to Director Charles Vidor but won't say when the wedding is to be . . . but Hollywood insists that they're already secretly married!

—Olive Borden got that annulment of her marriage to New York broker Theodore Spector because, she com-

The Chatterton-Forbes-Brent triangle goes quadrangle when Ralph Forbes begins stepping out with Betty (New York Society Girl) Kendall, here shown. That's Bruce Cabot, Radio's Gable, giving them the Indian sign

Also Mayfair-ing Miss Sharon Lynn, Miss Helen Hayes and Miss Dolores Del Rio. All the girls had on their most stunning clothes. Which of the five here and across the page do you think looked smartest?

plained, he already had one wife when he married her.

—Mrs. Alice Regan wants to divorce James B. Regan, New York hotel proprietor. What! You don't know who Mrs. Regan is? Well, maybe it'll help to know that in her complaint, she asks the right to resume her own name of Alice Joyce.

—This romance between Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Olympic Swim Champ Eleanor Holm is getting serious!

—Wonder how things are going to be when Grant Withers goes to the Warner Brothers lot to play in "Grand Central Airport." It'll be the first time Grant and ex-wifie Loretta Young have been on the same lot since their divorce. Well, maybe they won't even see each other.

—Hollywood wishes Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker would make up their minds whether they're divorced or not. You should have seen that good-by kiss he gave her when she left for New York the other day. Hot? —whee. . . . ! ! !

—Wonder what all the secrecy is about that business of Connie Bennett dropping her legal move to adopt the little boy that lives in the de Falaise home. She always insisted it was the child of distant relatives who were killed in a European auto accident years ago. Recently she moved to have the adoption legalized in the California courts. But when time came for the hearing, it was announced the plan had been dropped.

—Cinemactress Marion Clayton is now Mrs. Robert Anderson.

—That affair between Dorothy Lee and Football Star Marshall Duffield is still hot enough to cost Duff plenty in long-distance charges now that Dot's in the east.

—Neil Hamilton and his non-professional wife celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary recently.

—Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston are going to have a blessed event.

—This Maureen O'Sullivan-Jimmy Dunn romance, which is one of those on-again-off-again things, is on again at this moment.

—Irene Dunne got very, very mad when the rumor started that all's not well between her and Hubby Dr. F. Griffin. "I'm terribly distressed over the rumor," she said. It came about when she hurried east to see him. Rumors were that the visit was to talk divorce, but facts are that hubby was very ill.

—Just to show Hollywood that what it said when she married Neil Miller wasn't so, Dot Mackaill threw a great big first anniversary party and got up and made a speech that they're happier than ever.

Maybe it's a gag—but when Gary Cooper took Lupe Velez to lunch on the Radio lot not so many days ago, she got COLD CUTS! And for a frigidaired romance, what could be more appropriate?

Two Little Girls Find Out That They're Not Mrs. Brent

It seems that two of the more prominent of the Warner contract actresses—one getting $750 a week, the other getting $500—put their heads together in the dressing room they share on the lot, one day, and decided that "if Ruth Chatterton can get away with it, WE can!"

So they announced that hereafter, like la Chatterton, they would have their wardrobe fittings, make-up sessions, hair-dressing, etc., all done in their dressing room. In other words, like la Chatterton, they would *not* go to the make-up department, or the wardrobe department or places like that. People would come to them, or else . . . !

So what?

Here's what the younger Hollywood generation looks like. Earl Foxe, the handsome actor, also runs a military school and here he is with some of his pupils. In front is Bobby Tobin, Genevieve Tobin's nephew. Behind Bobby, left to right, are Paul Wertzel, son of Sol Wertzel, Fox executive; Bobby Keaton, son of Buster; Eric von Stroheim, Jr.; Jimmy Keaton, Bobby's brother; Stuart Sargeant, Dick Barthelmess' handsome stepson; Pat Ford, son of Director Hugh Ford

So from the front office of the studio, there came a note to the two girls. It said that inasmuch as they were not either of them Miss Chatterton, they'd please go to the make-up room for make-up, to the wardrobe building for fittings, and so on. *Or Else . . . ! ! !*

And so they're being nice little girls now.

Here's a New Game You Can Try, Too—

Katharine Skyrocket Hepburn, Hollywood's latest rave, brought it back from Europe. She says all Paris is now playing it as the latest social thing "to do."

It seems you send out invitations to a cocktail party, and when the guests get there, you give 'em what you invited 'em for. But that isn't all. You also hand them slips of paper, each slip naming some hard-to-get article. The more ridiculously hard to get, the better. Then each guest has to go out, get the thing named on his slip, and return in time for dinner. No get, no get dinner.

Katharine says it's a lot of fun.

Yeah. Imagine being sent out, for instance, to get one of Jack Oakie's dress shirts. Heck; there ain't no sech things . . . !

Marlene Dietrich is now carrying her "mannishness" so far as to wear the same cut of trousers, when she affects that masculine attire, as does Director Josef von Sternberg. What would you call it—a brother-act or sister-act?

Well, Anyway, It Was a Swell Gag for Doctors

On the night she'd set for an informal dinner party to which she'd invited a group of guests, Mae Clarke was flat on her back with the flu. Did she call off the party? She did NOT!—

—instead, she had tables set up completely surrounding her bed. And presided at the dinner party!

Hollywood's amused by the latest demonstration of the truth of the old adage: It all depends what end you're on. It seems that Bette Davis doesn't feel a bit hurt when she's mistaken for Constance Bennett. But when Connie is mistaken for Bette . . . wheeooooooo!!!!!

What's Ruth Doing to George, or Vice Versa?

On one side of one of Hollywood's favorite current "did-you-hear" discussions are those who swear that since George Brent married Ruth Chatterton, he's gone very ritzy, broad-A, hi-hat, and Buh-ritish.

But now come those who, being close inside the studio life, peddle this as the true inside:

That, on the contrary, since Georgie and Ruth mrandmrsd, Ruth has dropped a fat percentage of that English accent of hers. And, what's more, has become personally more friendly, charming, "pal-ly" . . . .

Said G B 2 R C,
"You're ritzy, I C!"
Said R C 2 G B,
"O, 9, 9, not me!"

And so do you suppose that maybe, soon, we'll once again get one of those down-to-earth, swell movies that made Ruth a big-shot a few years ago? If yes, somebody owes Brent a medal. Somebody initialled R. C., huh?

Assorted Small Stuff For What It's Worth:

. . . Barbara Stanwyck has just started her younger brother in the interior decorating business . . . going to show Willie Haines where to get off? . . . watch Warners for a renaissance of the "musicals" era . . . it was Warners who first clicked with them, and they're about to launch another series . . . and you can take that as a warning, if that's how you feel about it . . . Mae Busch, who needs it, is getting her first real chance in talkies in a rôle in "Blondie Johnson" with Joan Blondell. . . .

Polly Moran Gag of the Month—

***In a film weekly's chatter column was published the line** that "Polly Moran is now offering square meals to stray dogs."*

It's insisted that the next day, a ragged ex-director applied at Polly's house for a meal. He said he'd read the item.

"But you're no dog!" remonstrated the maid.

"You'd think I was if you knew how often I've been called a son o . . ." He didn't get any further. The maid got it.

He got the meal.

Two Powells in close harmony. Dick and Bill Powell, no relation, are close friends. They work together at Warner Bros., and pal around getting groggy, like this, on soda pop

A brave girl builds herself a new home. Jean Harlow moved out of the exquisite honeymoon home Paul Bern gave her when she became a bride. The tragedy of his death made that an everlastingly unhappy spot for her. Now she's building this new house and trying to forget

Report on Those Perennials

No matter what you've read or heard from various chatter-sources, it's not true that Mervyn Leroy and Ginger Rogers are frigidifying.

And again beside and moreover, just to prove how things stand, Mervyn has just given Ginger the cutest gift! Oh, the cutest!!—it's a bracelet, and it has a place for a picture in it. And Mervyn's picture is in that place.

Does that sound to you like a romance that's frigidifying? It doesn't to us either.

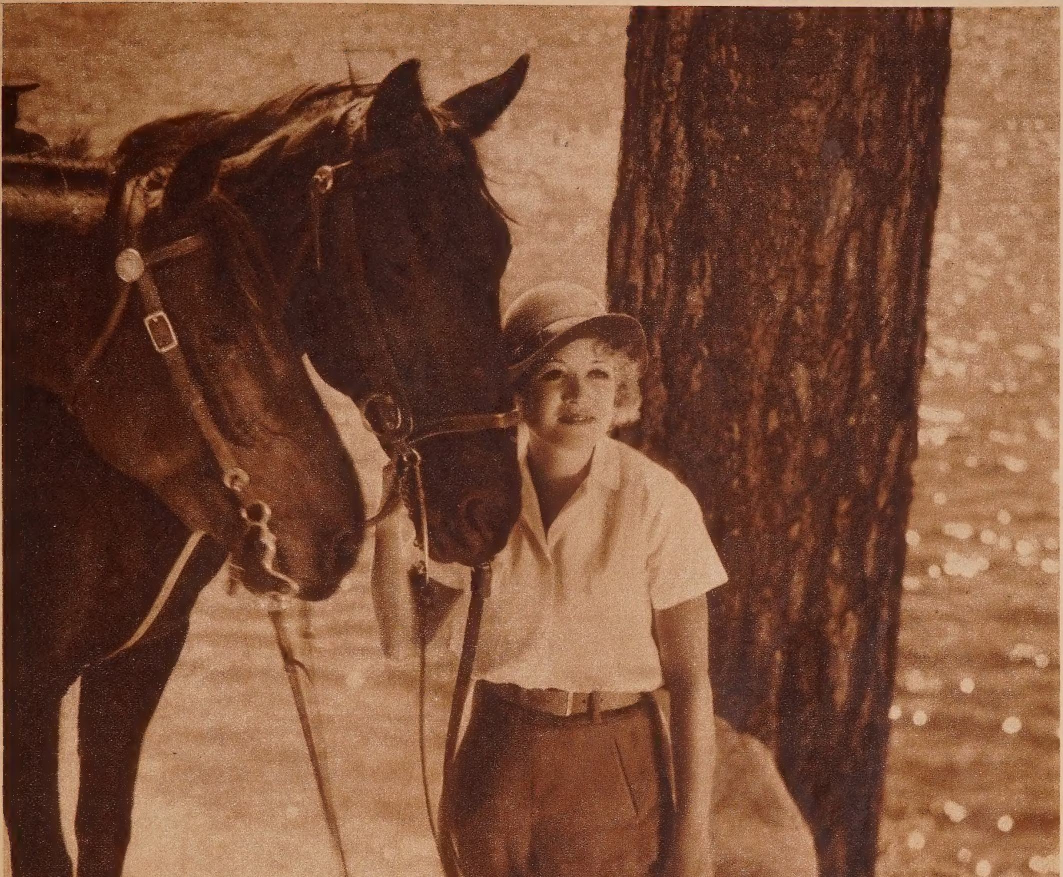
Whoooooops!

(*Continued on page* 79)

WELL, here's the lad who proves there's no keeping a good man down, Mr. James Cagney, friends, the battling bantam of Burbank (where the Warner Studios are located). Jimmy walked off the lot because he wanted $1,750 every week (as who doesn't?). The only difference between Jimmy and the rest of us is that he got it. His first picture is titled "Hard to Handle"

THE very vivid Miss Crawford with her nice new haircut and her white ermine tippet and muff. Notice how rested Joan looks since her European vacation. M-G-M is trying to get just the right picture for her. "Lost" with Jackie Cooper is shelved. Joan may play in an original by William Faulkner or in "The Painted Veil" by Somerset Maugham. No matter what it is, it'll be good if Joan is in it. She's that kind of an actress

A GIRL in a garden spells romance—and Madge Evans is very romantic. Her career is blossoming again, just like these flowers. Remember how she left M-G-M when her contract expired? It looked for a while as if her bright career might be overcast. But United Artists signed her up for one picture, "The Optimist", opposite Al Jolson. M-G-M saw how good she was, re-signed her and now she is all set for a "Fast Life" (in pictures only). In it she's the girl interest opposite Bill Haines



HERE'S the original Gibson girl of Hollywood. Only Wynne Gibson is a 1933 model—and how! Her hobby is horseback riding, her nickname is Weenie, and she can play a mean game of poker. Wynne was born in New York and was once a Broadway chorine in a vaudeville act. She has been married twice, but it didn't take. Now she's in love again. She's 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, and has a mole on her back. She's a star now by public demand. You'll see her soon in "If I Had A Million," and Paramount seems to think that if the gal goes on the way she's begun, she will have that million soon

ORIGINALITY always triumphs in Hollywood and the most original thing about Barbara Stanwyck is her complete naturalness. She never poses. She doesn't go with the "right" people or to the "right" parties just because it's the thing to do. She lives quietly at Malibu with her adored Frank Fay and her recently adopted baby, Dion, and consistently makes swell box-office pictures, the next of which will be "Ladies They Talk About" for Warners'. This dramatic story of women in prison gives Barbara a swell chance to emote

THE best news of the month: Maurice Chevalier is back again, after a summer spent abroad, and he's all set to make more pictures. Before going to Hollywood he made personal appearances at Paramount theaters—and baby, was he a hit! He's divorced now and he says he's heart free. He also says that his best pal is this English setter you see him petting. But the first question he asked when he arrived back from abroad was, "Where is Genevieve Tobin?" He'll soon be showing Hollywood "The Way To Love," which he ought to know

Cora Sue

Young Miss Collins otherwise refers to herself as "Champion Actress of the World"

By LE GARE CHANDLER

The way Cora Sue and her Mamma got to Hollywood and got Cora Sue into movies (her first picture was with Slim Summerville above) has never been done before—and will probably never be done again

HOLLYWOOD columnists call her "Miss Jackie Cooper" and "Baby Peggy II." She wants you to call her Cora Sue.

Five years old and plenty cute, Cora Sue Collins is as quaint and original as her name. You can't call her a copy kitten.

To begin with, there is the very original way in which Cora Sue and her Mommy crashed Hollywood. It has never been done before. I doubt if it could be done again.

At the age of three Cora Sue won a contest for the title "Champion Baby of Clarksburg, West Virginia." Shortly afterward Mrs. Collins took Cora Sue to see "Skippy" at their local theater.

Perhaps she was just mad at seeing Jackie Cooper, a mere male, becoming the biggest star of Hollywood's juvenile colony. At any rate Cora Sue looked very solemnly up at her Mommy on their way home. "I'm going to be 'Champion Actress of the World,'" Cora Sue announced.

Most mothers would have laughed or repeated it as a bright remark. Mrs. Collins didn't. She knew that Cora Sue was a very sensitive little girl, easily reduced to tears when you told her a sad story. She knew too, like millions of other mothers know, that if only her little girl could get to Hollywood, she would undoubtedly achieve a hit.

What Mrs. Collins didn't know was that some several thousand "Champion Babies" deluge Hollywood each year in addition to the numberless precocious products of tap dancing, elocution, dramatic and singing schools that flourish on every other corner of Hollywood and Los Angeles. Nor did Mrs. Collins even faintly suspect the vast amount of money spent by ambitious mammas for photographs, agents and casting directory advertisements.

Add to that the fact that Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, the Watson boys and others are children of professional stage and screen people and you have a most unpropitious situation.

Yet, unknown and unknowing, Mrs. Collins and her two little girls, Madge, age eleven, and Cora Sue arrived in Hollywood a year ago for the express purpose of putting Cora Sue in the movies. They couldn't afford the Pullman berth they traveled in for the first night out of Clarksburg, so for the remainder of the four-day trip they had traveled in a chair car. With only a small bit of surplus cash, Mrs. Collins had to go to work at once selling silk stockings from house to house. A kindly doctor's wife took care of Cora Sue during the day. For four weeks there wasn't even time for a trip to the casting offices. It was all Mrs. Collins could do to pay the rent and keep Madge in school.

Mrs. Collins met a lady on a street car one day who told her of a try-out at the Universal (*Cont'd on page* 84)

Spanky

Some News Notes on the One Leading Man Who's Got Gable Worried!

By MARY SHARON

Looked at either way, Spanky is a wiz as an actor. Very he-man, too, and the most prominent Gangster of them all—of the Our Gang gangsters

HE is illiterate. He can't even sign his own name, but marks his contracts with an X. He has utterly no clothes sense. He usually wears checkered pants and cap and carries a cane. And he often carries a gun. But, for all of these peculiarities and shortcomings, he is Hollywood's newest and greatest rave. Everybody is crazy about him. He gets fan letters from all over the globe. And he's perfectly unassuming—a regular fellow. That's Spanky McFarland—the happy-go-lucky, round, dimpled baby of Our Gang.

"Baby" seems a bit out of place, where Spanky is concerned. He looks like one and he isn't too old to be called one. But he doesn't act like one by any means. He knows what makes the wheels go round and he has a mind of his own and uses it.

I found him in the garage when I called at his home to interview him. He was engaged in making a surf board if you please, of his own design. Brother Tommy was acting as assistant, fetching and carrying nails and tools. Spanky had planed and hollowed the surface of his board rather well for a carpenter just turned four, and he had nailed on an outrigger business in the middle which he informed me was going to hold up the motor. His surf board is going to be practically a surf boat when he is done with it. He got quite excited while discussing it and went into detail. Showed me how he intends to stand upon it. How the waves are going to react to that motor he's going to buy. He even made a start on a similar board for me. But he got tired before he'd gone very far with it.

"Take it home with you and get your man to finish it, Mary," he advised. "It's a derned good board."

And I took it home, too, even though I noticed some patrons on the bus eyeing me suspiciously.

There is nothing effeminate or arty about Spanky. In fact he is inclined to be a bit stern in his judgment. I found this out when he took me out to the fish pond to show me the goldfish which Mr. Roach had given him. And which Spanky named Mike and Ike because they look alike. Now, there are some junior Mikes and Ikes and their number totals nine. And how he can ever tell which is which is a mystery to me. But he can. There is just one point near the pond where Spanky and little Tommy are permitted to stand. For safety's sake, I imagine. Spanky explained that the fish like to eat in this corner best. And he gave me a withering look of scorn when I asked if they ate apples. Then, he toddled back into the garage and brought out a half sheet of fish food.

"Wait and see what they do now, Mary," he told me.

We waited, but the fish stayed huddled together at the far end like a bunch of frightened sheep.

Spanky was disappointed. In much the same manner that a mother is, when her precocious darling stands wriggling his toes in a corner (*Continued on page* 87)

Hollywood's Greatest Lovers

The Inside Stories of the Ten Greatest Romances in the Movie Colony

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HOLLYWOOD has had many lovers. It would. It is, for one thing, Youth's stronghold. It is, for another thing, the one place in the world where youth faces no financial problem.

A girl in pictures may love as her heart dictates with no subconscious concern as to whether her lover will prove a constant husband and a good provider. Among the stars there need be no frugal waiting for a boss to dole out that long promised raise or a savings account to reach a figure adequate to furnish a home and pay for a week-end honeymoon.

For the motion picture people—and for this if for nothing else they are to be envied—spend their youth not in lean days of apprenticeship but in golden years of fulfillment. They may love for love's sake. They may take their love while it is still freshly minted, bright and shining. They find love's rapture and economics in beautiful accord.

Even so there have been those lovers greater than all the rest. There are stories that rise over and above the others, passionate, mad stories each with a different ending. There is the story of the tempestuous Mexican, Lupe, and the lean, reserved Montanian, "Garree", for instance, and certainly the romantic beginning of that story has never been properly told.

It was St. Valentine's night. In Hollywood Fanny Brice was starring in the Music Box Revue. Set in the curtain was a great red paper heart. Fanny stepped to the apron of the stage to tell her audience of a girl, hardly more than a child, whom she had discovered dancing in a prologue in a local movie house.

"This girl is capable of doing bigger things," Fanny said. "She has youth and an infectious love of life that spills from her in laughter. Tonight I am going to present her to you and ask you for your verdict on her ability and charm. Friends, meet Lupe Velez!"

There was a crash of music. Through the center of that red heart burst Lupe. She stood tense and impatient waiting for the orchestra leader to give the cue for her to start dancing, to start singing. She beamed upon her audience and her bare brown shoulders swung in time with the music's prelude.

When Lupe had finished her act applause like the roar of a sea beat against the theater walls. At last Fanny Brice had to raise her hand and ask for silence.

"You must thank these good people. They have been very generous," she told beautiful Lupe, drawing her to her.

"Lupe no know how," Lupe protested in broken, meager English.

"Say 'Ladies and Gentlemen'," coached Fanny. Lupe shook her head. "But why not?"

"Eet ees bad words you tell Lupe to say," Lupe insisted.

"Bad words?" Fanny grew more puzzled every second. "You mean 'Ladies and Gentlemen' are bad words?"

Lupe nodded excitedly. "Lupe no say eem, Fannee," she explained. "Eet ees bad words . . . ver' bad words. Lupe she see eem painted on doors. 'Ladies.' 'Gentlemen'."

The house rocked with laughter. There were whistles from the gallery and from that moment a little Mexican girl was headed for motion picture stardom and a series of love affairs that were to lead her at last to Gary Cooper and teach her that love isn't always a game in which you control your own destiny.

To Lupe's great delight, wherever she went men swarmed about her. Her boasts of her conquests were the boasts of a pleased, frank child. When she was cast opposite Gary she was confident he would fall like all the rest. But he didn't. He remained polite and indifferent in spite of Lupe's parade of her charms. She was piqued.

"You wait," she said when they were about to leave on a location trip. "You wait! Lupe, she get heem!"

Lupe, she got heem all right. But Gary he got Lupe too.

From the beginning their love was an amazing thing. At first Gary tried to make Lupe over, to force her into the conventional pattern he had been brought up to think desirable. But he soon realized the impossibility of accomplishing this and proceeded to love her for the frank, impulsive, irresponsible madcap that she was and always will be. However, Gary never quite managed to overcome his embarrassment when Lupe, in a sudden burst of affection, would fling her brown arms about him in public, tweek a big handful of his hair, and whisper a swift endearment in his ear.

With her strange wisdom Lupe knew that the passion she and "Garree" had for each other had nothing to do with the practical partnership of marriage; that to marriage they would bring the unending conflict of two alien civilizations. She realized long tranquil years were not to be their portion.

Lupe was the child of an opera singer and a Mexican colonel. She had spent a good part of her life dancing and singing in cabarets. She would do nothing today that could be put off until *manyana.*

Gary was the son of a Montana judge and a careful conservative mother. He had spent a good part of his life on the range, gone to school in England. He would put off until tomorrow nothing he could do today.

But all of this did not keep Lupe and Gary from loving each other. Passionately. A little madly.

One Christmas Gary sent Lupe two eagles from the Cooper ranch. She had a big strong cage built for them. Still they proved a problem. They were vicious birds and her servants refused even to pass pans of food and water under the bars for fear these eagles would swoop down and attack their hands. Lupe herself had to feed them. She wasn't afraid. She used to walk right into

Joan and young Doug in those vivid love-blessed days of their honeymoon

Gaynor and Farrell who married other people and very happily, too, but who have remained sweethearts on the screen

that cage. She used to laugh at the protests of her friends and family.

"They no harm Lupe," she would insist reassuringly. "Garree he send eem. They no harm Lupe, don' you fret."

And, strangely enough, they never did.

Then there are Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. . . . Remember how Edna fled Hollywood and a leading rôle opposite Jack Gilbert to go rushing back to New York and back to her husband? She sacrificed such a wonderful opportunity to do this that, at the time, there were many who refused to believe there wasn't something else behind her sudden change of plans. But the side of it that hasn't been told is that today when Herbert Marshall is headed for one of the great personal successes in pictures, he's deferring that success for months to go back to London to appear in a play with Edna, just because Edna wants to be in a play rather than in a picture. It is a quiet romance, this Marshall-Best love affair—a very *married* love; if you know what I mean, and a very tender give-and-take love on both sides.

When I'm old and my grandchildren beg "Grandmother, tell us a story. . . ." I'll begin "Once upon a time there lived in the kingdom of Hollywood a beautiful princess whose curls were like a shining golden cape that fell to her waist and a Prince so brave and strong that he could scale the highest walls and swim the swiftest rivers . . ." For even though my memory may fail me I'll be sure to remember Mary and Doug in the days when they first found each other.

It never was the fanfare of publicity that existed at this time which impressed me . . . those stories about Mary never taking off her wedding-ring, about Mary never dancing with anyone but Doug, about Doug racing to Mary away on location so they would not be separated even for one night. It was other things. It was Mary's eyes when she looked at Doug and Doug's voice when he spoke Mary's beautiful name.

When Mary Pickford married Douglas Fairbanks she was many charming things. But she was not the gracious woman of the world she is today. This she became for Douglas' sake. I think then she would have done whatever lay in her power about becoming a Mohammedan had Douglas really wished it.

Together Mary and Doug sailed many seas and crossed many boundaries. They were the guests of kings and princes. Many titled heads visiting in America later became their guests. They entertained men and women of art and letters, music and statesmanship, too. Together they gave "Pickfair" importance. And with this house that love built for a corner stone the entire social structure of the film colony was strengthened.

Together Mary and Doug became greater by far than either of them could have become alone.

And today? Today? Well, I think I'd rather write of the junior Fairbanks.

"Don't marry Joan," the wiseacres croaked to young Doug. "If you do it will kill both of you as far as pictures are concerned. The public will lose all interest in you."

Through love Norma Talmadge re-found the youth she had lost too early

Fortunately for both Joan and himself, Doug paid no attention to these warnings but, waiting only for the gloomy voices to pause long enough for him to make his adieus, he would hurry right back to Joan.

Today because of the years of growth these two have shared—each trying to be greater for the other's sake—we find Doug and Joan rich in personal and professional achievements.

Alice White is another star who has grown in love.

A few years ago the studios were pretty well fed up with Alice. She was such a little roughneck. She did such outlandish things. Then Alice met Cy Bartlett. To change. At first she made the mistake of "going elegant."

Not all love is happiness. The Gilbert-Garbo romance was cruel, fierce and devastating

The husband type, Herbert Marshall, debonair, understanding, devoted

She acquired all the airs and graces commonly attributed to duchesses but which real duchesses almost never have.

Option time came around and Alice was let out. She went into vaudeville. She worked hard. And with Cy Bartlett to encourage her and believe in her she managed to learn a lot. Today's she's working in the studios again. Cy is still at her side.

"I'm not starting over, however," Alice insists, "because I'm a different person these days than I used to be, a different person entirely."

And now we come to those great lovers, Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland. So few love idylls ever survive for five such years as Norma and Gilbert knew. . . .

. . . Norma sat in the dark projection-room considering the screen tests of the dozens of actors who wished to play opposite her in "Camille." The week previous Norma had been in New York, about to sail for France and a long stretch of sunny days at Juan les Pins, when Joseph M. Schenck, her husband and president of United Artists, had telephoned that she must return to the studios at once.

"You need a new picture, Child," he said in reply to her protestations. And finally Norma agreed, "All right, Daddy . . . But I don't feel like coming back. Really!"

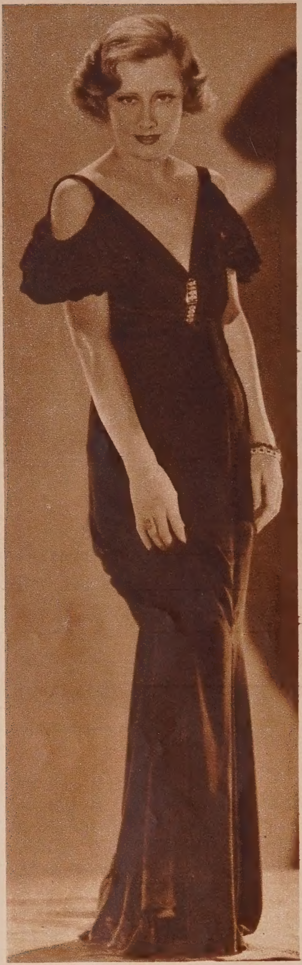
That Mr. Schenck was "Daddy" to Norma and that she was "Child" to him pretty well explains their marriage. In temperament as well as in years he was older than she. They loved each other calmly, admired and respected each other. They still do. But their marriage had worn thin. They remained business partners more than anything else. Because of their diverse interests they were rarely together. When Norma was busy in the studios Mr. Schenck invariably was occupied in New York. And between pictures Norma, with an increasing restlessness, had taken to gallivanting off to France or Africa, Spain or Cuba.

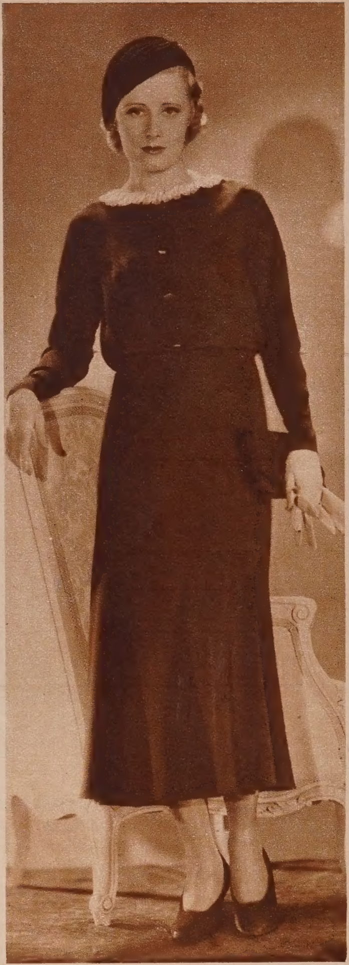
In the beginning Norma had been entranced with her off-stage rôle of a movie magnate's wife. She had felt important in a velvet gown, wearing her famous jewels, presiding at the head of her beautiful dinner table, hostess to staid bankers and serious executives.

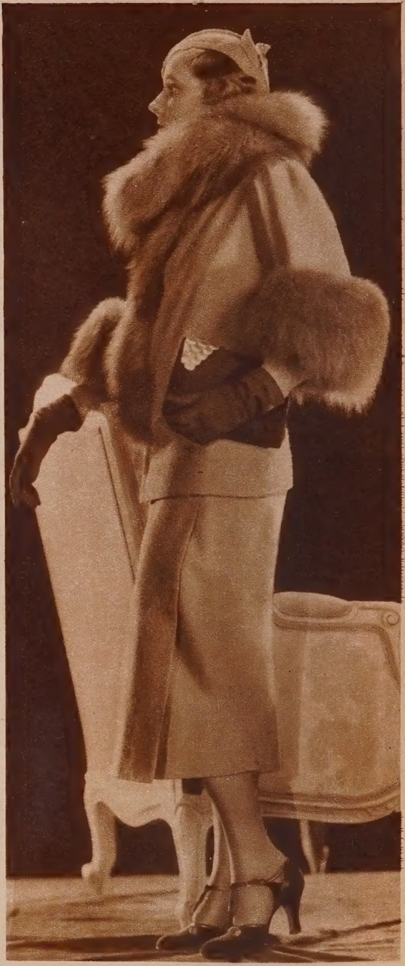
But I'm sure that for a year or two preceding "Camille" Norma often had had need to remind herself how well off she was, to remind herself of her enviable position as a star-producer, of her wealth and fame, of her long coveted emeralds, and to ask herself, a little impatiently, what else she could possibly desire from life.

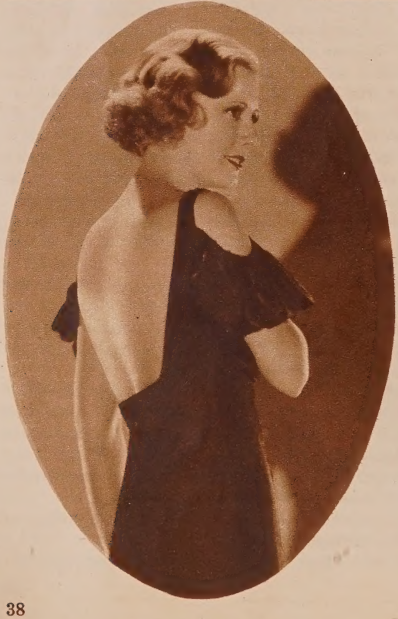
She was probably thinking some of those things as she sat in the dark projection-room. . . .

They showed Gilbert Roland's (*Continued on page* 90)



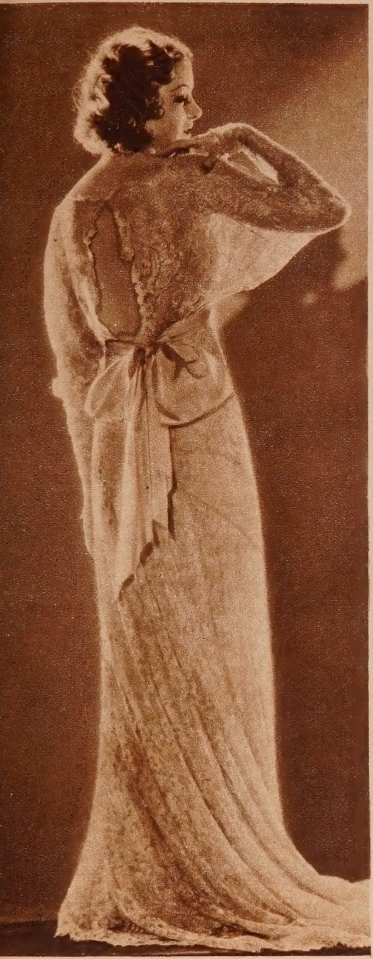


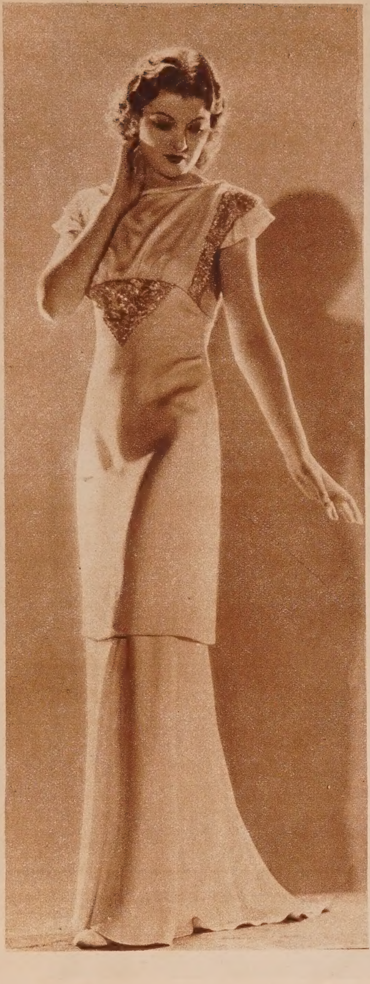


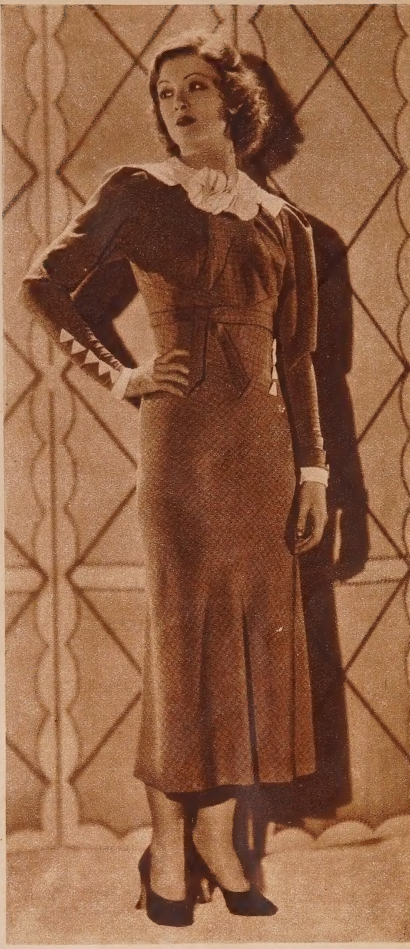


Styles for that

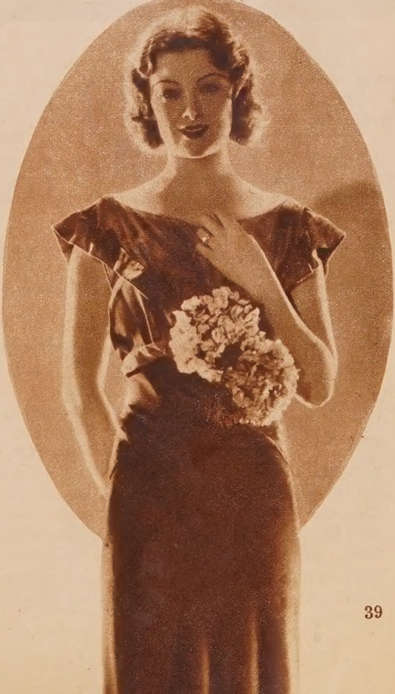
IRENE DUNNE and Myrna Loy are very different in type and when cast to play very come-hither women they naturally choose fashions markedly different in effect. Irene Dunne in "No Other Woman" puts this season's smartest fashions on parade and proves that even a very nice woman may be very, very interesting. Notice her heavily furred suit of beige ostrich cloth. Dark brown accessories are in excellent contrast, her turban of matching fabric follows the newest note in millinery. Her black afternoon dress (center) is a triumph of simplicity. Dainty ruching around the neck and four mirror buttons down the bodice are its only trimming. Her evening gown is of black velvet with a softly draped skirt and dropped shoulders. The square decolletage is particularly becoming to Irene's type.







'Siren' Mood



MISS LOY'S four gowns on this page are the ones she wears in "The Animal Kingdom" in which she plays opposite Leslie Howard. In the upper left corner she is wearing a fascinating negligee of rose lace with a closely fitted bodice opened down the back and long trained skirt. The white satin evening gown cleverly combines the winter's two best waistlines by using the peplum to give a low line and the pear-shaped rhinestone embroidery to emphasize the Empire line. Her daytime dress is of checked wool with moderately puffed sleeves and rickrack braid trimming while her dinner gown at the lower right is of cocoa velvet with the front corsage of rose-taupe and rose-beige violets as a clever new treatment of the demure bodice line. The skirt is quite long, ankle-lengthed, finished with a deep hem.

Mae West put "Sex" on the Broadway stage and came to Hollywood to put "Sin" in the cinema. She's got jewels by the quart but she insists she's only a hard working girl interested only in her art

The Trouble with Men is Getting Rid of Them

At least that's the belief of Mae West, Hollywood's Newest Sensation

By MARQUIS BUSBY

"MEN?" repeated Mae West in a puzzled voice, for all the world as if she had never heard of the darned things. "Oh, you mean MEN! I haven't time for them now. I'm in Hollywood to make a success in pictures, and you can only do one thing at a time. That's why I've never married."

Well, Mae, the sensational "Diamond Lil" of stage fame, may be a spinster but she does know something about men. The plays she has written prove that, but she hasn't given them a thought since arriving in Hollywood. She can't be bothered with all of these handsome male stars running around loose. They're probably spoiled by too much flattery, anyway. To come right down to it she hasn't met very many of them. In fact when she arrived in Hollywood she expressed a desire to meet just one male citizen . . . Peter, the Hermit.

"Of course it's no great trick to get a man if you want him," said Mae. "You've just got to study him a bit. The same campaign doesn't work in all cases, naturally. There are some men that you can't let know that you're interested. That kind has been pursued so much that you couldn't catch them with a lariat. Just ignore them, and that's the one thing they can't endure. They'll be around wanting to eat out of your hand.

"There's another type of man that you can show your interest in right away. If you ignore him his feelings are hurt. He's the sensitive type. Get him to depend on you, and he's like putty.

"Of course the important thing is to keep a man interested after you've got him. A smart woman shouldn't need any instructing, however."

I asked Mae if she had ever experienced the slightest difficulty in keeping a man interested after he had once been captured.

"The trouble is in getting rid of 'em," she laughed.

Since Gary Cooper seems to be the man of the hour in Hollywood, at least there is heavy pursuit from fair cinema ladies, I asked Mae how she would map out a campaign in this direction. Even if she is only interested in her career, a lot of other girls would be willing to listen to advice on that subject.

"Well," she said, "he would never know that I *was* interested in him." (Hm, a lot of the screen girls have been using the wrong tactics.)

As for Chevalier—well, she rather inferred that if she *weren't* interested in her career, here was a man worth going after.

Mae thinks she might get married sometime, but, to date, she hasn't met the man who seems more important than her career—and there just isn't any sense in getting all cluttered up with frozen assets.

Hollywood has never seen anything quite like Mae West before, and that goes (*Continued on page* 88)

IT seems to be lotus-blossom time in Hollywood with Sylvia Sidney doing "Madame Butterfly" at Paramount, Barbara Stanwyck all mixed up with a Chinese general at Columbia, and two of the screen's most sensitive actors making "Son Daughter" at M-G-M. Can you recognize them, Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes? Ramon's work will be perfect as always, but what an opportunity for the marvelous Hayes after her rôle as the little French mother in "Madelon Claudet," the American wife in "Arrowsmith," the English nurse in "Farewell to Arms"! A lovelorn little Oriental! Betcha Helen could play anything, even "Black Beauty" and make the world cry!

FEBRUARY means love scenes, Valentines, those soft little whispers that say so little and mean so much. And would the movies be far behind in a month like this—a thousand times no—even a million times no, if you want to be big about it! The newest pictures are more romance laden than ever. Across the page are Sylvia Sidney (yes, really) and Cary Grant in "Madame Butterfly," a bitter-sweet love since poor Butterfly gives all and gets nothing but heartbreak. Above are Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in a more modern, very Western-World love, a love gay, defiant and most unconventional, between a fashion artist and a publisher. Incidentally, this Leslie Howard, now that he has found himself in talkies, seems fated to be one of the big moments of the screen, for all the leading ladies in Hollywood are clamoring for him and you know what that means. It just means success, that's all!

Jim Worlock, very respectable, very married, did not realize that he was to find in this little restaurant both romance and tragedy

"CYNARA"

The tangled love story of a man who followed the line in the famous poem, "Cynara" and "was faithful in his fashion"
A United Artists Picture

From the play "Cynara" by H. M. Harwood and Robert Gore-Brown
Directed by King Vidor
Fictionized by Watkins E. Wright

AFTER the whole unpleasant business had come to light, a lot of people admitted that Jim Worlock was the last man on earth they'd suspect of having an affair, an affair so tragic that it would cause a girl to kill herself. And they were justified in feeling that way about it, for Jim was unquestionably a successful lawyer, owned a home that was architecturally perfect as to construction and harmonious as to atmosphere, and he was utterly, completely devoted to his wife, the lovely Clemency.

And yet he *did* have an affair. Another woman, or girl rather, *did* come into his life, and plunge him almost without warning into a maelstrom of deceptions, evasions, and falsehoods.

The Cast

Jim Worlock	*Ronald Colman*
Clemency Worlock	*Kay Francis*
Doris Lea	*Phyllis Barry*
John Tring	*Henry Stephenson*
Milly Miles	*Viva Tattersall*
Gorla	*Florine McKinney*

It all began innocently enough, too.

"Clemency's off with that sister of hers again," said Jim, as he and his friend, John Tring, left their offices.

"Once more I find myself a temporary grass-widower."

"What's Gorla done now?" John wanted to know. "In love again?"

Jim nodded. "She wants to marry a parachute jumper this time," he informed. "Clemency's taken her to Venice to forget." He sighed wearily. "And here I am with another empty evening on my hands."

John slipped his arm through his friend's. "Look here, old man," he said, "come dine with me. Clemency seems to think more of her sister's welfare than of your happiness, so why bother to be so confoundedly faithful?" He drew Jim out into the street. "I know a place where we can get some grand Italian food, a good drink or two, and where we can forget our troubles . . . How about it?"

FOR a moment or two Jim Worlock hesitated. Not since he and Clemency had married had he dined in London without her. He didn't like the idea of starting now. He was a faithful man naturally, faithful to habit, faithful to his home, faithful to his wife. Yet, he mused, the house was like an empty shell when she was away. He dreaded the stillness, the loneliness. And so he more or less reluctantly accepted John Tring's invitation. He went to the Italian restaurant with his friend, and there it was that he met Doris, the slim, dark-eyed girl who was to play so tremendous a part in his life.

Doris had come in with her friend, Milly. They had taken the booth adjoining the one Jim and John occupied. John, who was no longer so young, but who was still possessed of young ideas, managed to scrape up an acquaintance with the two girls.

"We're immensely respectable," he assured. "My friend here is a barrister."

Jim loved Clemency, his wife. He didn't mean to get involved with Doris Lea but you can't ask a girl with a broken ankle to walk home by herself

FIRST
COMMITTEE

"Oh!" Milly cried, impressed. "And what are you?"

"I, my dear, am an old man," said John. "Tring is the name. This is Mr. Worlock."

"Pleased to meet you," the girls said in unison. "And I'm Milly," said the blond one. "My friend's name is Doris Lea."

"Pleased to meet you," said John and Jim in unison. Then they all laughed. "Four coffees," John ordered, "and four brandies." He smiled into Milly's eyes. "Mr. Worlock's wife is away, and—"

"So he's married," said Doris. "I met a married man last week . . . He said his wife didn't understand him."

"You can't give me up, Jim. You can't," cried Doris

"I wish time could stop right now," said Doris. "Nothing better than this can ever happen"

"Said she was cold, I suppose?" Milly shrugged. "They always say that."

"Does your wife understand *you?*" Doris asked, smiling at Jim.

"I shouldn't wonder," was Jim's reply. "I'm very simple."

John Tring led Milly over to drop money in a slot machine, and Jim and Doris were alone. There was an awkward silence for a moment or two. Jim finally broke it.

"DO you come here often?" he asked.

"Not very," said Doris.

"Do your people live in London?" Jim went on, more to make conversation than from interest.

"My people are dead."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right . . . No sob stuff . . . I didn't live with them. They were all right you know, but—but—not to live with." There was a directness about everything she did, an honesty of purpose and viewpoint. "Milly and I live together, a little flat in Farmers' Green."

Presently John and Milly returned. They were all to go to a cinema; a Charlie Chaplin picture. From there they'd go some other place. They were, Milly

Through Jim Worlock's troubled mind flashed the memory of the times he had held Doris in his arms. "Would it interest you to know, sir, that the young woman is dead?" asked the police officer

assured, about to have one grand and glorious evening together. A gay quartette out to paint London a pretty shade of crimson. Jim hesitated; in a way he didn't want to go, and yet he disliked the idea of shattering the girl's enthusiasm. So he took Doris' arm. The four of them went out and found a taxicab.

The picture *was* funny, and it was easy for Jim to laugh and forget that he was a respectable married man out with a pretty girl who'd been picked up in a restaurant. Doris leaned close to him; the touch of her quickened his pulses; her perfume did something to his senses. He was a bit afraid of the way he felt about her. He determined never to see her again. That was safer. He and John took the two girls home.

DORIS hung back to talk to Jim. "The landlady will take a message," she said, "if—if you should call me . . . Here's the number." She handed Jim a slip of paper. "You *will* call, won't you?"

"I will," said Jim, knowing that he lied.

"We, Milly and I, are at Madame Ducette's," Doris went on, "if you want to get in touch with me in town."

"What do you do there?" Jim asked. "Mannequins?"

"A little of everything," Doris answered, smiling wistfully.

John came down the stairs. It was time to go. They said goodnight, and left. Doris watched them, a far-away look in her eyes. Milly joined her on the stair landing.

"Kinda crazy about him, aren't you?" she said, half teasing.

"I am," Doris admitted instantly. "He's simply marvelous; just the sort of man I've dreamed about all my life; handsome, successful, charming—*dear.*"

In the taxicab Jim tore the slip of paper Doris had given him into bits. His face a mask, he watched her

The horrible accusations that were hurled at Jim during the coroner's inquest were barriers now between himself and Clemency

written telephone number go sailing out into the night.

"Why did you do that?" John Tring asked.

"For the best reason in the world," Jim replied. "My life may not be exciting, but it's smooth and safe . . . I'm only interested in one woman—and her name's not Doris."

Several days passed, and Jim Worlock carried out his determination not to see Doris Lea again. Clemency wrote to tell him that her sister Gorla was now interested in an army officer, who appeared to be good husband material; she hoped soon to return home, with Gorla safely engaged; then she and he could settle down to their own happiness. Jim smiled. Dear Clemency! Lovely, adorable, sweet. He liked life to be placid, unexciting!

Then it happened. Jim, who was climbing up politically, and who was admired by the people, was asked to be a judge at a bathing beauty contest in a little town near where he and Clemency had their home. He didn't wish to accept, but, as John Tring pointed out, if he was to go up in the political world, he had to let himself be seen and admired; and being a judge at a beauty contest would help a lot. After looking at it that way, Jim consented to go. John drove down with him.

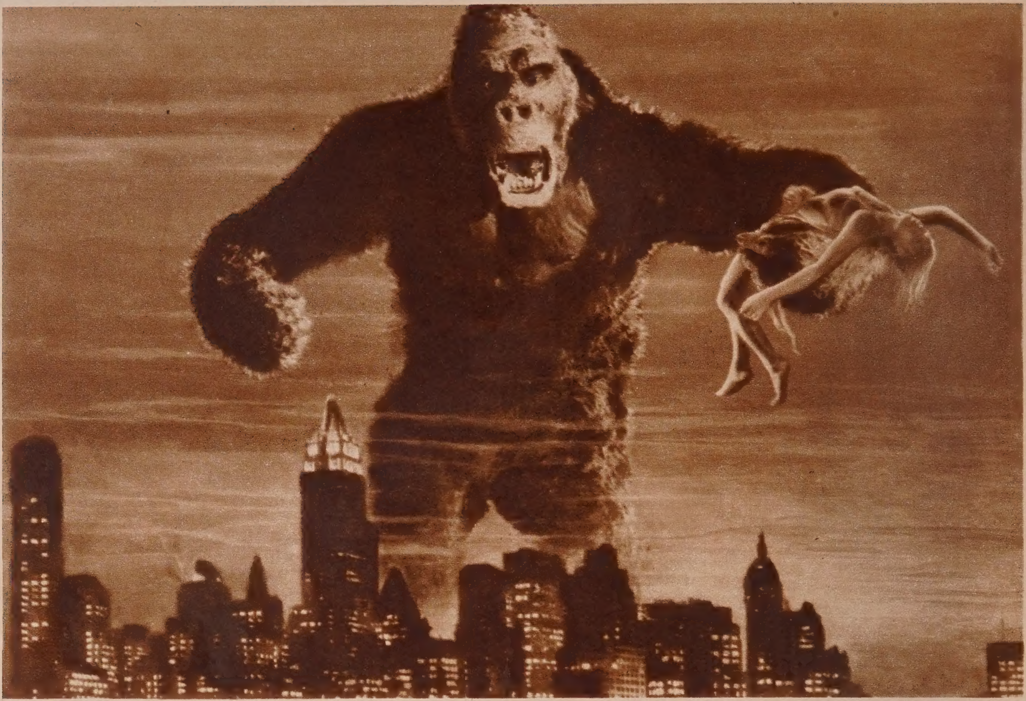
AND there it was that Doris Lea came into his life once more. She was one of the entrants. They were the usual bunch of rather ugly entrants, most of the girls, and very average, but Doris was sweet and lovely. When Jim saw her, he caught his breath. Such perfection of limb—such sweetness of face—such grace of movement! John Tring winked.

"Did *you* have anything to do with this?" Jim demanded.

John nodded. "I wanted to kill two birds with one stone," John replied. "Doris was longing to see you again—and I wanted these people to give you their votes, when—"

(*Continued on page* 80)

WILL "Tess of the Storm Country" be the last picture the Gaynor-Farrell team will make together? Charles Farrell, dissatisfied with his rôles, has just gotten a release from his Fox contract. For more than five years, since "Seventh Heaven", Gaynor and Farrell have gone on together, the most popular romantic team on the screen. Now Lew Ayres will be Gaynor's leading man in "State Fair," and Charles Farrell will free-lance. Can these two go on to as great heights separately as they did together?



A GORILLA bigger than the whole city of New York! A four-legged monster that can climb the gigantic Empire State Building! This is the thrill of Radio's newest thriller, "King Kong." That's Kong himself with poor Fay Wray dangling from his paw you see above; and below you see Fay trying to escape him on the tower of the world's biggest building while useless things like flocks of airplanes and two devoted young men (Bruce Cabot and Bob Armstrong) try to protect the gal! Are you shiverin'?

Hollywood or Bust!

Tom Brown made this pledge—and then made good on it

By CLARK ANDREWS

"ONE kid actor in a thousand makes good as a juvenile. I'm sorry, Tom, but I'm afraid you're not one of a thousand. You might as well quit right now. I know one thing—I haven't got a rôle for you."

A stage producer speaking. A stage producer who knew it all. Tom Brown, seventeen, standing before him, listening. His heart sinking. Quivering inside. But not showing the producer or anyone else how he felt.

"I think you're wrong," said Tom. "In fact, I know you are. You say one kid actor in a thousand makes good as a juvenile. Well, I'm that fellow——"

He turned on his heel and walked out of the producer's office. He never went back. He didn't have to go back. A year later he was in Hollywood, and two years thereafter he was a Universal contract player, courting the charmed circle of stardom. Carl Laemmle, Jr., a young man himself, believes that he will be a star before very long.

But that's getting ahead of the story.

Tom today is "Tom Brown of Culver" and a featured player in "Hell's Highway," in which he almost steals the show from Richard Dix. He has an important job in "Laughter in Hell," with Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart out at Universal City. But, what he is isn't half as important as how he got that way.

Tom is an actor.

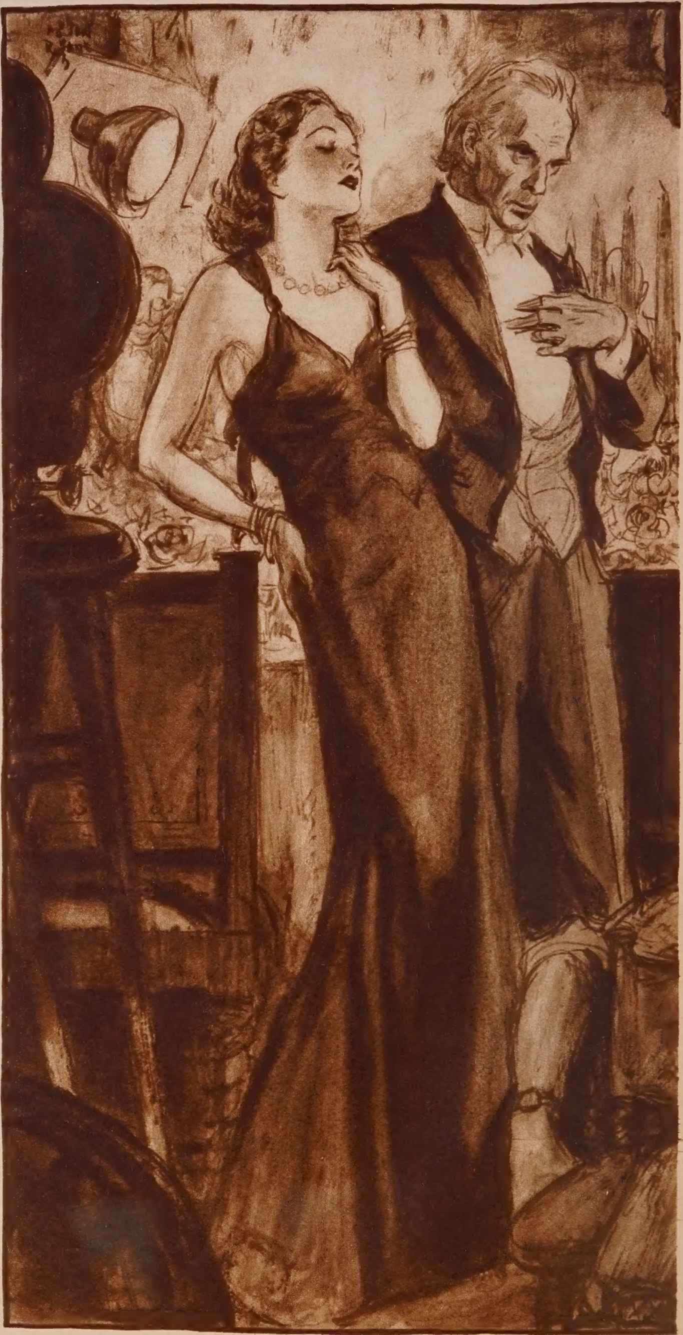
His father is Harry Brown, who was an actor, and his mother is Marie Brown, who appeared on the musical stage and in vaudeville with Harry. Harry was busy playing a rôle in a vaudeville house in Brooklyn one day, a real trouper going on with his show. He was doing his stuff in front of the footlights.

The date, for posterity, was January 6, 1913. (*Cont'd on page* 76)

If you doubt that even the very young have their struggles, read Tom Brown's story. It's a honey

Smooth Lady

Wherein Julie Carter Reaches Hollywood and Finds Neither Life, Love Nor Money Within Reach + + +



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

JULIE CARTER, typist in a smart Fifth Avenue fur shop, gets the opportunity, because of the regular model's lunch hour, to model an ermine wrap for John Squires, young motion picture executive in from Hollywood. Handsome and ambitious, John Squires notices Julie, her beauty, her lovely freshness, and invites her to a speakeasy for lunch. Julie has the time of her life. She tells John Squires of her ambitions, he tells her of his. They get very friendly over cocktails and when Julie goes home that night her regular boy friend seems to her very dull indeed. Squires is leaving the next day and she does not see him again but feels secure enough in his promise to help her if she ever comes to Hollywood to give up her job, her family and her stuffy suitor and journey to the town of a thousand dreams. She is determined never to fall in love with John Squires but most certainly to use him to get the things she wants from life.

SLOWLY, imperceptibly at first, the Twentieth Century began to move. Julie, seeing her mother's pale mouth tremble, stilled her own dark lips with one hand while, with the other, she kept her handkerchief waving until even her father, who had run along the platform after the train, was out of sight.

Because Julie was young and her courage was high and because she was a throw-back to some ambitious and imaginative ancestor, she was irked by the insignificant little couple her parents were content to be, by the uneventful life they were satisfied to lead. Nevertheless she loved them.

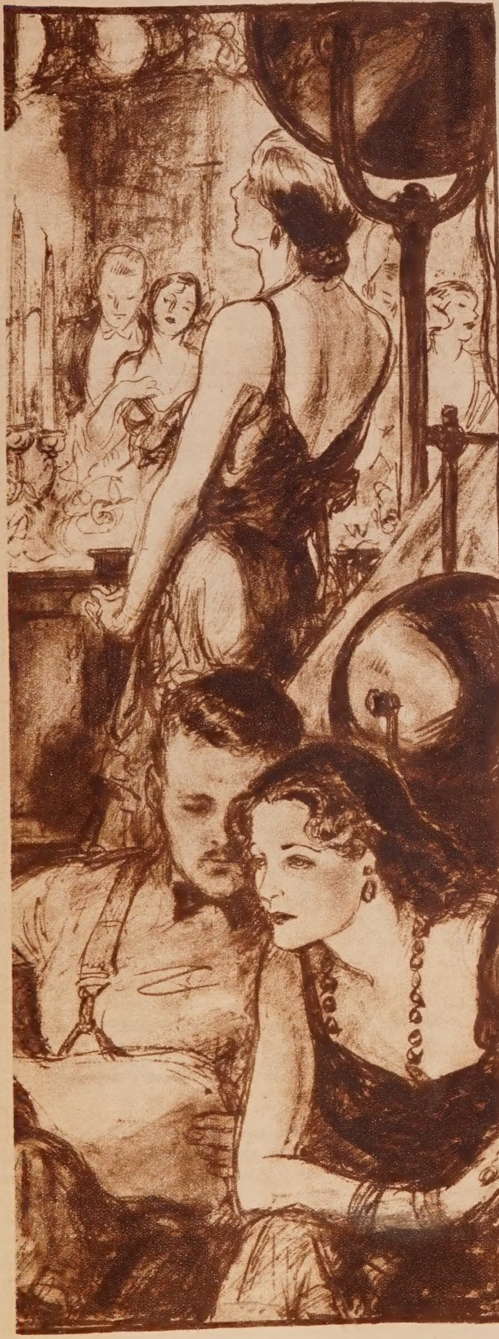
"I'll write often," she vowed, "so they'll always have news for the neighbors. So Mrs. Tremaine and the rest of them can't go around saying I'm an ungrateful daughter and that sort of thing."

Two men at a table across the aisle shuffled cards for bridge. A porter hurried in with ice and White Rock. A distinguished gentleman sat beside the stenographer's desk dictating. Train life had begun.

Every day the scene rushing past the windows changed completely.

Chicago . . . where she had to change trains. . . .

Kansas . . . cornfields and billowy prairies that looked as though giants slept hunched underground . . . the windows of an isolated white farm-house blurred gold squares as night came down. . . .



Julie was actually on a set, actually working. She walked around haughtily, poised and beautiful, and hoped she didn't show she was about to faint from hunger

New Mexico . . . great hills, bold and bare, like crimson fists threatening the perfect sky. . . .

Arizona . . . the desert and sometimes a Mexican, his hat tilted against the sun, followed by a forlorn dog, riding along the horizon. . . .

California . . . a descent to the other side of the snow crowned mountains . . . hours of steaming through groves golden with oranges and fields golden with poppies . . . Los Angeles. . . .

"The Hollywood Plaza," Julie directed the driver when her bags were in the cab.

She was, at last, in Hollywood. Here she would forge her dreams into realities. Here she would use her attraction for men as a passport to that life to which she aspired.

It was a long drive, miles more than she had expected from Los Angeles to Hollywood. She counted out the green leaves of her money easily. The chauffeur touched his cap. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you, Miss."

Followed by a porter with her luggage, feeling very opulent, Julie walked into the hotel.

The scene from her room, virtually a sitting-room since the bed disappeared into the wall and the dressing-table stood in a little alcove off the bath, told Julie how far from Elmhurst she had come. In the distance were the Hollywood hills. In the street below palm trees were vined with flowering geraniums. The boy who had brought up her bags had pointed out the Brown Derby just across the way.

"That's where all the movie stars eat," he had explained. As if Julie didn't know!

"November . . . December . . . January . . . February . . ." On her fingers she counted off the months since she had seen John Squires. She wondered if when he saw her his gray eyes would go warm and tender, the way they had in New York that day.

The next morning Julie dressed with an instinct for effect which would have done credit to a prima-donna. But her eagerness was that of a young girl about to meet her lover. Only by a twist of her dark curving mouth or a flash of her soft brown eyes did she ever betray her driving ambition.

Above the collar of her blue tweed suit she knotted a dashing white scarf. Her tweed hat, having an audacious tilt, had been designed for girls like Julie, girls very young, with smooth planes to their faces, and round, firm chins.

The Apex executive offices, of white stucco, long and rambling, were reminiscent of the old Spanish missions. Except that here neither line nor color had been enriched by time. Behind these buildings rose the high glass roofs of the studios.

"Mr. Squires, please," Julie said.

The information clerk asked her name while his hand hung suspended over an inter-office dial.

Julie hesitated. She could not ask to be announced merely as Julie and she doubted that John Squires knew her by any other name.

"*Julie* Carter," she said.

"Julie Carter," he announced her. "No, not Martin. Carter."

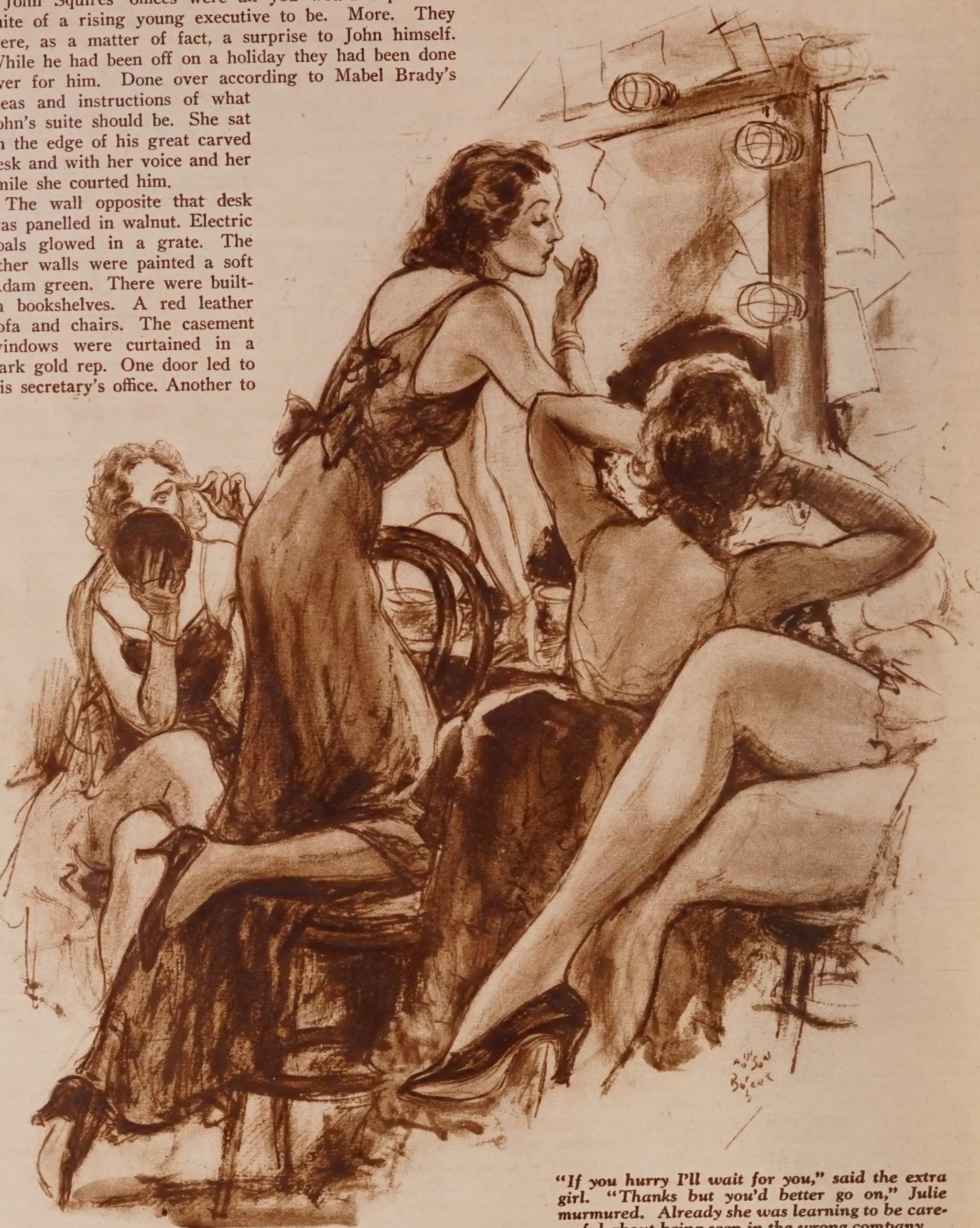
"*Julie* Carter, please," she interrupted. "*Julie* Carter."

"Got an appointment?" the clerk wanted to know.

She shook her head. "If Mr. Squires' secretary will be good enough to take in my name . . ." She was impatient with these silly delays. A dream was waiting to be born.

John Squires' offices were all you would expect the suite of a rising young executive to be. More. They were, as a matter of fact, a surprise to John himself. While he had been off on a holiday they had been done over for him. Done over according to Mabel Brady's ideas and instructions of what John's suite should be. She sat on the edge of his great carved desk and with her voice and her smile she courted him.

The wall opposite that desk was panelled in walnut. Electric coals glowed in a grate. The other walls were painted a soft Adam green. There were built-in bookshelves. A red leather sofa and chairs. The casement windows were curtained in a dark gold rep. One door led to his secretary's office. Another to his private bath. It was all very luxurious and grand.



"If you hurry I'll wait for you," said the extra girl. "Thanks but you'd better go on," Julie murmured. Already she was learning to be careful about being seen in the wrong company

"You really were surprised, weren't you, Johnny?" Mabel Brady asked.

"More than surprised," he told her. "And as for you being here at nine thirty to welcome me, that's too much. I still don't see how you ever managed it."

"I had Mathilde call me at seven," she said. "That's devotion! I simply had to be here when you first saw it."

Mabel Brady was tall and thin. Dark. Attractive enough when things went her way, as they usually did. She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke towards the window.

John caught her hands, thin hands marked with pale blue veins. "How am I ever going to thank you?" he asked.

"How indeed?" she said archly, her eyes seeking his eyes. "I wouldn't do it for everyone, you know."

B. T. Brady might control Apex Films and John might be an employee, but obviously in this relationship with Brady's daughter John held the upper hand. As a man always does when a woman loves him. (*Cont'd on page* 91)

Tony Reaches the End of the Trail

The Greatest Partnership in Screen History is Shattered as Tony, of Tom Mix and Tony, Goes to Green Pastures

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Youth must be served so Tony, Sr. (right) is retiring in favor of a handsome young upstart named Tony, Jr. However, the older hoss is sure the younger will never understand acting with Tom Mix the way he did!

TONY, greatest of screen horses, is retiring after twenty years of stardom.

The greatest of all screen partnerships, that of Tom Mix, Universal western star, and Tony, is shattered.

Tony, who helped his master receive $7,500,000 in pay checks in the two decades of partnership, injured his hip recently while carrying his master across a stream in "Hidden Gold".

The injury is permanent. The greatest specialists can do nothing for the aging animal.

And so Tony goes to green pastures.

In Tom Mix's next western, millions of youngsters all over the world will see a new horse, trained to a new job, which Tom rides with equal skill and yet does not caress with the same sentiment. There will never be another horse like Tony.

The new western, "Flaming Guns," will find Tom astride Tony, Junior, a chestnut sorrel, marked with white on forehead and stockings. A horse trained by Tony and his master to pick up hats, mortgages, revolvers and babies in baskets.

Tony, Jr., part Arab, is an intelligent animal as Tony was intelligent—able to understand his master's words, his moods, his commands. But Tom feels, somehow, that he is going on alone.

"The time has come," he says, "when I feel as if I ought to be carrying Tony, rather than having him carry me. I've loved Tony—I still love him. And when he goes out of this life of mine, it hurts. But I have to carry on, and carry on I will."

Tony, Jr., given to Mix by an admirer several years ago, is the third horse to feature in Mix pictures—or, better, to co-star with Mix. He has been undergoing an intensive training period for the past three years. Old Blue was Tom's first horse. Old Blue was retired finally in 1918, six years after Tony had stepped in as the lead horse. Over Old Blue's grave is the memento, written by Tom:

"We grew old together."

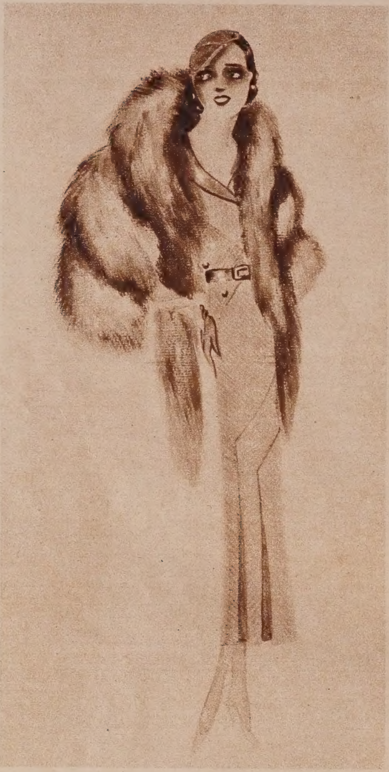
Both Tony and Tom have established one record, in these days of change and stress, which should stand forever. Tom has been a star for twenty-four years. No man has held the public attention that long in history. Tony has been before the public for twenty years—and no horse ever has approached that record.

Tony, the most popular horse in the world, the most photographed horse, and the most valuable in the point of earnings, was purchased twenty-three years ago by Tom Mix just outside Prescott, Arizona. Tom was on horseback riding into town when he saw Antonio Gonzalez, a farmer, going into town in his wagon with Tony on a lead.

(*Continued on page* 85)

How to Dress Smartly on Nothing at All

Kay Francis Advises Girls who Want to be Chic and Thrifty



Kay's choice of an ideal dress for any woman's wardrobe, with certain modifications to make it suitable to one's height

Kay's organdy dress in "One Way Passage" was, according to her, both all wrong and all right

By DORA ALBERT

ONE of Hollywood's perennial subjects of discussion is the question of who is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Lilyan Tashman goes shrieking round the world that she is the best-dressed woman in cinema town, and there are plenty of people who believe her. Constance Bennett sneers at Lilyan's pretensions, and at one time the two women actually warred for the title, each trying to out-do the other. But so far as anyone knows, Kay Francis has never made any claims. Without any ballyhoo, without any clever press agent, just by being what she is and wearing clothes the way she does, Kay Francis has achieved a reputation for chic. Lilyan Tashman appears in Paris in a blue dress with twenty-five orchids on it, and Parisians snicker. Constance Bennett used to be Paris smart, New York smart, but according to a famous designer, she is now only Hollywood smart. She's at her best only in evening gowns.

Kay Francis seems to achieve the air of being well-dressed effortlessly. Certainly she doesn't appear to work as hard at it as the other "best-dressed" women in Hollywood. But when she enters a room, men gasp and women sigh. Everyone wants to know how she does it.

Someone said to Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis's husband, recently: "I hear that Kay is no longer one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, that she has very few clothes, and wears mostly sport things and yachting costumes."

Kenneth laughed. "Kay can't help but be best-dressed," he said. "If she put on a pair of blue trousers and a sweater on a boat she'd still look swagger. Do you know what I mean?"

It's true. Kay today has a grand new contract with

Warners', and her salary is said to be over $7,000 a week. But there were times when Kay was broke and penniless and still managed to look well-dressed. And because she has known struggle and poverty and sympathizes with the average girl trying to get along, I came to her with our problem: How To Be Well-Dressed on a Small Income.

Personally I've never been fashion wise. If you gave me a piece of satin and a piece of matelasse (what is matelasse anyway?) and told me to say which was which, I couldn't tell you for the life of me. I used to think those things didn't matter. Now I realize that they do.

And so I asked Kay Francis: "How can the average girl who doesn't know much about styles become fashion wise? Ought she to study the fashions that are being worn on the screen and try to copy them?"

"No," said Kay, rubbing her hand through her hair restlessly, "I don't think she ought to, unless she can exercise a great deal of discrimination about it. There are a great many gorgeous Chanel dresses which would look like rags on the screen. And on the other hand, some of the dresses that look loveliest on the screen would be absurd for the drawing room. One of the loveliest gowns I wore in 'Trouble in Paradise' was a black beaded dress. But I wouldn't have worn it on a bet off the screen. It was utterly impractical. It had a train four yards long and it weighed forty pounds.

She doesn't spend the money on clothes Lilyan Tashman does. She doesn't get the publicity on style that Connie Bennett receives. But the handsome, dark Miss Francis goes right along being ideally gowned and you'll understand why after reading this

"In 'One Way Passage' I wore a white organdy on a boat. It was absolutely the wrong dress for the occasion. One doesn't get off at Honolulu in a white organdy. But it happened to be the only dress that would do for the scenes I had to play. In one of the scenes William Powell had to pick me up and carry me. At first I tried to wear the right dress for the boat—a sports dress, but when Powell lifted me up, the skirts came way up. In another scene I was supposed to look very fragile, as a woman who has only a few days to live would look. Now I'm a pretty hale and hearty creature, and I couldn't look as if I were dying in a sports dress. I had to wear organdy to create an illusion. And so the dress, though terribly wrong for the boat, was right for the scenes I had to play. We had to trust that people would forget all about the dress as the picture went on.

"When I have to play a tense dramatic scene, I wear something very simple, so that I won't look like a clothes horse. For a scene in which I appear only for a couple of minutes, I can wear something flashy on the screen. Those dresses, seen for just a couple of minutes, may create a favorable impression. But no woman could wear them for hours at a time without looking slightly ridiculous.

"Most evening gowns worn on the screen would be in atrocious taste off the screen. The dresses I wear on the screen are in a little better taste than most, but that is hardly to my credit. Travis Banton, who has created most of my screen clothes for years, has the clever knack of combining chic with theatricality. For clothes worn off the screen, you have to try to achieve chic without the theatricality.

"Some of the simple sport clothes worn on the screen can be copied safely, but the great majority of screen clothes cannot. In 'One Way Passage' I wore a dress in purple wool with tan silk trimming and a purple belt. That dress could be worn by any woman, if she changed the colors to suit her personality. However, I wore it with long fur pieces. I could do so because of my height (I am five feet seven without shoes on), but, of course, no petite woman ought to copy the fur. Apart from that, the dress could have been adapted to any woman's wardrobe.

"The most important thing for the girl who wants to become fashion wise to do is to study the fashion magazines, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* They will tell her whether waistlines are going up or down, how hats are being worn and the thousand and one other things that are continually changing.

"If the fashions of the moment are not becoming to you, compromise. Get something that does suit your personality and trick it up so that it looks like a fashion of the moment. I hate these (*Continued on page* 86)

Beaming at his baby daughter's socks on the line, beaming at Hollywood, beaming at friends, Guy Kibbee is the happiest man in Hollywood. You must read this delightful story about him

Life Begins —At Forty-Six

Guy Kibbee's Personal Depression Lasted Forty-three Years, But It's All Over Now

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

FOR a great many years Mister Guy Kibbee, who likes to fish, has wanted a rod and reel of really fine quality. He never has had, until recently, enough money to feel that he could purchase them. Not cheap equipment, you understand, or even mediocre equipment, but finely constructed implements.

Today he has both rod and reel.

For a great many years Mister Kibbee, who likes to hunt, has wanted a shotgun of exceptional make and performance. He had a gun for a great many years. It was a passing fair sort of gun, but nothing to make a fellow-hunter caress its stock and admire the balance of it. In fact, to be perfectly frank about the matter of the gun, Mister Kibbee has had none at all until recently, because about five years ago, life got a little tough and he had to pawn it.

Today he has the sort of gun he's always wanted.

To go even farther, there are a great many other things which Mister Kibbee has wanted. He's wanted a new automobile. The last was about ready to fall apart with age and it got to be a question when he started out as to whether he'd even get where he was going, let alone get back.

He has the new automobile.

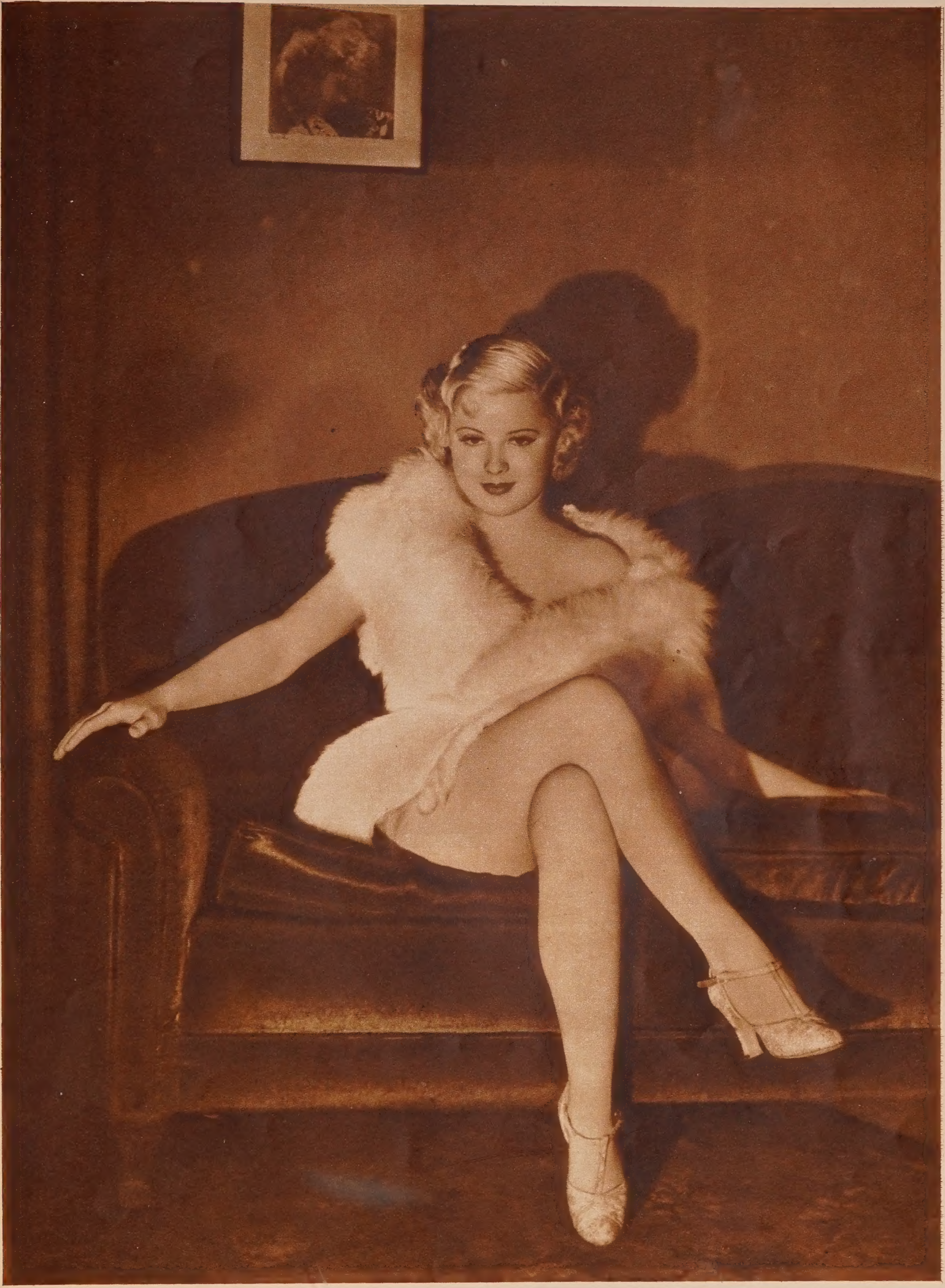
He wanted a wife, an understanding sort of a person, and he has a wife—has had her for five years. And she understands perfectly when he wants to go fishing or hunting or camping or golfing. She not only gives him permission to go, but goes along, good sport that she is.

He wanted a home and, lo and behold, he picked up one at just a little more than a third of what it was worth. For thirty years he had been wandering from pillar to post and back to the pillar again. He had played every city which has the right to be called a city in the United States, had been hungry and cold and hot and sleepless on a great many different occasions—so naturally he wanted a place to sort of settle down in, especially when he got to be forty-six, which was about eight months ago.

He wanted a little girl or a little boy around, and so, sixteen months ago, his wife presented him with a girl.

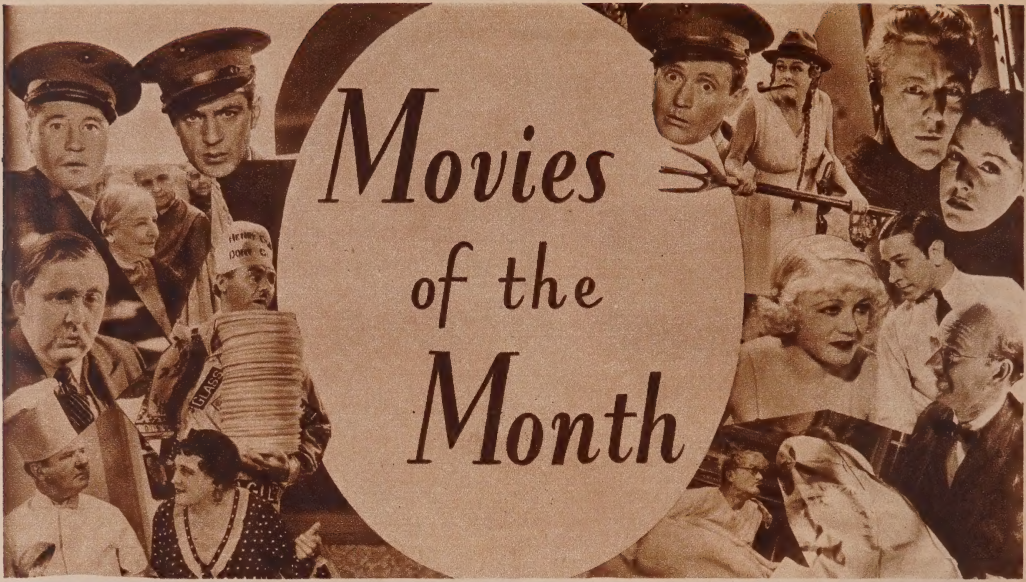
And so you see, Mister Kibbee has had a very happy ending. Fictionists couldn't have given him a happier one. And Mr. Kibbee, Warner Brothers contract player, and hero of "The Dark Horse" and a considerable number of other pictures produced during the past two years, is wide-eyed with wonder and happiness.

"It's all very amazing," he confesses. "I have to pinch myself every so often to find out if what has happened really has happened. It's great (*Continued on page 74*)



THAT old dabbil M-G-M always has one of these cutie-pies tucked about the lot some place and of all their blonde brigade (headed by Sergeant Anita Page) we think Mary Carlisle is about the cutest. And in addition to those elegant supports of hers and that baby face, the beautiful infant can act. Remember her giggling bride in "Grand Hotel"?

Movies of the Month



"*If I Had a Million*" *is a knockout picture with a knockout cast. Can you pick out Jack Oakie, Gary Cooper, Charlie Ruggles, Gene Raymond, Wynne Gibson and George Raft?*

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

HIGH lights of this month's pictures: Clara Bow's personal triumph in "Call Her Savage" . . . watch for the first scene in which she appears, gayer, more vivacious than ever . . . Marie Dressler and Polly Moran bringing "Prosperity" back and Marie making the old slapstick seem somehow wonderful . . . Joe E. Brown's mad, delightful kidding of the thinking interludes in "Strange Interlude" . . . it's the high spot of "You Said a Mouthful" . . . and how you'll howl!

This month's pictures show the effect of what "Grand Hotel" started—the all-star cast built around a single idea or locality. This month ushers in two of them—and are they elegant? For one, there's Paramount's "If I Had a Million" with fifteen stars (count 'em), fifteen, and wait till you see it! The story's just as exciting as the all-star cast. Then there's "Central Park," a Grand-Hotelish story set in New York's Central Park, in which all manner of things get mixed up to make swell entertainment for you. Warners' is also producing "42nd Street," a musical comedy which will be something to look forward to, as it has an all-star cast that has all the other producers slightly dizzy. Fox's entry will be "State Fair," which will include among others Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Will Rogers, etc.

✓Call Her Savage (Fox)

You'll See: *Clara Bow, Thelma Todd, Gilbert Roland, Monroe Owsley, Estelle Taylor, Willard Robinson, Hale Hamilton, Weldon Heyburn.*

"*Central Park*" *(center) is a mixture of melodrama, comedy, tragedy and a love story, and it's darned good entertainment; in* "*Me and My Gal*" *(bottom) Spencer Tracy steals the picture absolutely away from Joan Bennett*

It's About: *Didn't you read the fictionization in the December Movie Mirror? The girl, secretly half-breed, born into wealth, but who can't control the savage element in her—and her love adventures.*

Stand up and cheer, you Clara Bow fans who've been saying all along that when Clara comes back, she'll come back big. In this, she does it—and you'll find *not* a new Clara, but a Clara with all the "IT" she ever had, and a lot more besides. Whether it's her marriage to Rex Bell that's given her a firmer personality, or whether her long screen layoff has done it, we can't tell. But it's true that there's more power, more assurance, more "umph" to Clara than in her previous days. And why was she ever afraid of the microphone? Her voice is swell.

Sounds like a rave? Okeh then, let it go as that. You'll feel the same way when you see her. Of course, Fox has given her a grand production, a fine supporting cast for this sexy but fast film story.

And for high spots in film scenes, wait until you see that now-historic fight between Clara and Thelma Todd. You know the gals started to make it just another film scene, but before they ended, they were really fighting. And the cameras caught it. Whooie. . . . ! !

Clara herself likes best the scene where she finds her child has been killed, because it gives her a chance to be sympathetic.

To hand laurels to any of the supporting players would be unfair. They all turn in swell performances. But when it's over, you'll remember not them, but Clara.

Your Reviewer Says: Add an "H" and make the "IT" gal of the past, the "HIT" gal of now. You'll go for her.

✓✓ Central Park (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Wallace Ford, Henry B. Walthall, Patricia Ellis, John Wray, etc.*

It's About: *Something of the "Grand Hotel" idea, set in New York's Central Park, with the central theme being the romance of a couple of down-and-out youngsters.*

You couldn't call this melodrama or comedy or tragedy or just a love-story—or anything single-tracked, like that. You've got to call it a little bit of each. If you want to call it just *one* thing, then call it darned good entertainment. It *is* that.

Can you imagine, for instance, mixing up such items as a lion getting out of a zoo cage and doing a lot of slapstick comedy stuff in a swell café, a bunch of gangsters sticking up the same café, a nearly-blind policeman transformed in a twinkling from a pathetic figure to a hero—can you imagine, we ask again, putting such things together in one picture—and the central theme a simple love-tale? Well, that's what they've done with this. And so there you are for laughs and thrills and tears and heart-beats.

Joan Blondell comes through just as swell as you always expect her to, and Wally Ford opposite her is okeh. Old Guy Kibbee—what a sure-shot actor that trouper is registering as, in these here talkies!

Your Reviewer Says: For variegated entertainment, you'll get more than your money's worth out of "Central Park."

Boris Karloff's performance makes "The Mummy" (top) a good horror picture; Janet Gaynor goes back to sweetness and light in "Tess of the Storm Country" (center); Clara Bow comes back better than ever in "Call Her Savage" (bottom)

✓✓ If I Had A Million (Paramount)

You'll See: *(—and LOOK at these names!) George Raft, Wynne Gibson, Gary Cooper, Richard Bennett, Charles Laughton, Jack Oakie, Frances Dee, Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, May Robson, Alison Skipworth, Roscoe Karns, Gene Raymond, Lucien Littlefield, Mary Boland. . . .*

It's About: *The things that happen (and don't happen) when a million dollars unexpectedly falls into the lap of each of a series of people who wish it.*

First of all, you may as well know that this is one knockout of a picture! It lives up to what Paramount and you expect of it. No matter who you are, there'll be a great deal in it to give you everything you ask of talkies. And that's plenty praise for any film.

Now as to the story. It can't be told here, because there's too much of it. But imagine to yourself the idea of a millionaire who places in the hands of a group of individuals a million each, to do with as they please. There's a forger, a prostitute, a youth near death, a "forgotten-man" type of individual, a marine, an old lady in a poorhouse, a condemned killer—all these are among the recipients of a million. The story of how each reacts is told in an episode—each episode directed by a different director. The net result is a story that may not be smooth beginning-to-end stuff, but in it there's power, pathos, humor and all the "kick" that you can ask for.

To top it, the acting, direction, camerawork and other details are splendid.

"If I Had a Million" is unreservedly okehed for your entertainment by Your Reviewer. It's just as good a show as its all-star cast leads you to expect.

"The Half-Naked Truth" (top) is a fast moving tale of a fast moving press agent, and who could be better suited to the rôle than Lee Tracy? If you ever liked a Dressler and Moran comedy you'll love "Prosperity" (above)

"The Match King" with Warren William is a timely exposé of how big business does its stuff. The picture's no world beater, but it's interesting, up-to-the-minute entertainment

✓✓ Prosperity (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marie Dressler-and-Polly Moran, Anita Page, Norman Foster, Henry Armetta, John Miljan, etc.*

It's About: *The further diaphragm-aching adventures of Marie and Polly, who get into all sorts of high-business and family mixups, all good for howls—and a few tears.*

Oh, well—what's the use of trying to put on a long grey beard and being critical about any picture that teams Marie and Polly? So many millions of people's box-office cash and gorgeous laughter have proved them a swell screen team, that any puny fault-finding with the details of a Marie-Polly picture would be idiotic. So let's leave that to hi-brows—and tell you that if you *ever* liked these two in a comedy, you'll *love* them in this one.

This time, the adventures deal with what happens when Marie's bank goes broke and she has to go to work for Polly. Inasmuch as Marie's son and Polly's daughter are married, there are even more complications. What with family messes, financial soup, crookery and heroism—and a dash of the real pathos that Marie can suddenly swing into out of roaring comedy—well, what do you want for a quarter?

Anita Page and Norman Foster contribute the romance and very likeable they are, too. But as in any Dressler-and-Moran picture, it's Marie who counts.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, what else can he say?

"Undercover Man" (top) is a thrilling melodrama, though it doesn't give George Raft enough to do; "Cynara" (above) is a good picture which misses being a smash

✓ You Said a Mouthful (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Joe E(normous-mouth) Brown, Preston Foster, Ginger Rogers, Sheila Terry, Farina (of Our Gang fame but growed-up into a boy now!), many others.*

It's About: *What happens when a water-fearing lad gets in the spot of being a long-distance swim champ and into a cross-channel race. Being Joe E. Brown, he swallows half the channel but doesn't sink!*

When you mix up straight comedy, burlesque, satire, slapstick, love-interest, thrills—why, then some place in the result, you'll have something to more or less please almost every type of movie fan. That's what they did in this, and so probably you'll decide it was a pretty good show—in spots.

Joe E. Brown gets mixed into a cross-channel swim. He can't back out because he loves "the gal." So he goes in with a nonsinkable suit but once in, finds he hasn't got it on. How he gets across the channel is the gosh-darnedest mess of movie hokum and laughs you've ever seen, but he does it.

Though the picture is comedy, Joe E. Brown manages somehow to mix with the laughs a lot of sympathy for the character he's playing. He's one of these lads, you know, who's always being made the butt of a practical joke.

Interesting gag: Kidding the "Strange Interlude" business of voicing unspoken thoughts.

Your Reviewer Says: Every Joe E. Brown comedy, no matter how good or how blah, has *some* comedy. This has more than most. Heaps, in fact.

✓ No More Orchids (Columbia)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Louise Closser Hale, Lyle Talbot, Walter Connolly, Allen Vincent, C. Aubrey Smith.*

It's About: *The spoiled rich gal who falls like two tons of bricks for the poor lad who tells her where to get off at! But family differences mess the romance all up until the gal's papa's sacrifice saves all.*

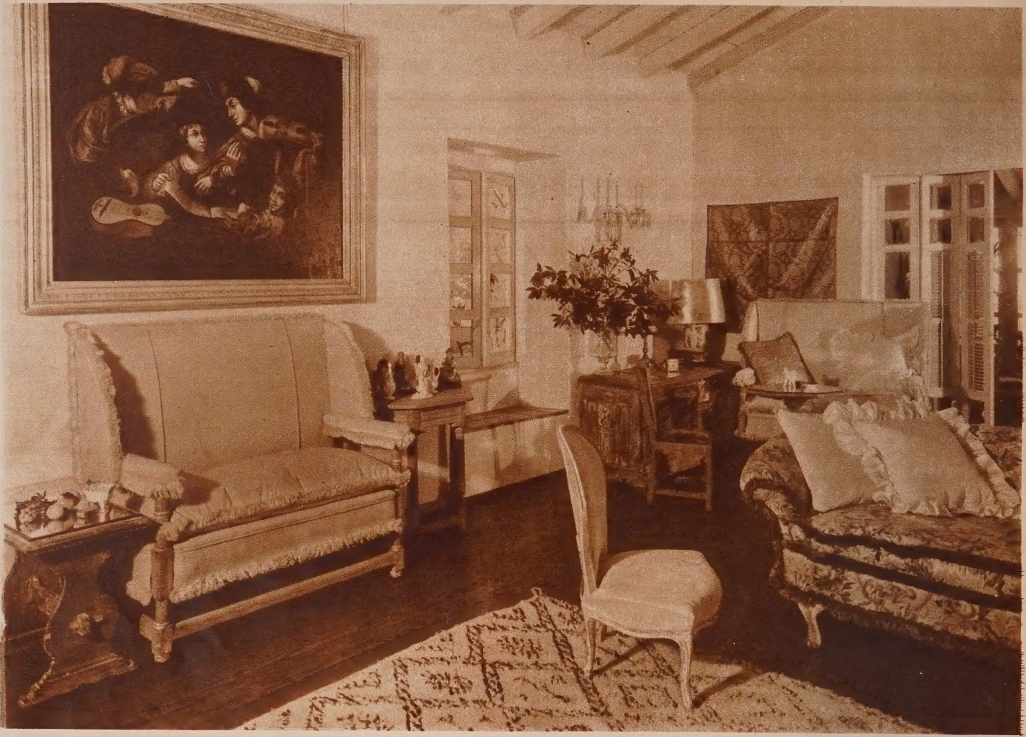
You might be misled by the title into thinking this is another of those "depresh" films. It isn't. It's a fast-moving, heart-jerking, sometimes tear-compelling bit of screen entertainment that rates better than just-another-picture. That, though, thanks more to brilliant dialogue and acting than the story itself, because the story is one of those old and tried things that comes out according to pattern. Say this, though—that even though you know pretty early who's going to get whom, you're always interested in seeing how it's done.

Louise Closser Hale is getting to be one of filmdom's most flagrant picture-stealers. She nearly runs away with this, despite the fine smooth work of Carole Lombard—and also of this comer Lyle Talbot. And then take a look at the rest of the names in that cast—the producers made sure than none of the fine dialogue would be muffed, and it wasn't.

Do you clamor for something "different"? "Bitter Tea of General Yen" is a different dish from the ordinary sweet dramas, and you'll find it lovely but tragic

Your Reviewer Says: You won't get up in the aisle and issue whoops about this, but if anybody asks you about it, you'll tell 'em you saw a pretty darned good show.

(*Continued on page* 98)



Here and at the top of the opposite page are three views of the Tashman-Lowe living room, the most unusual living room in all Hollywood!

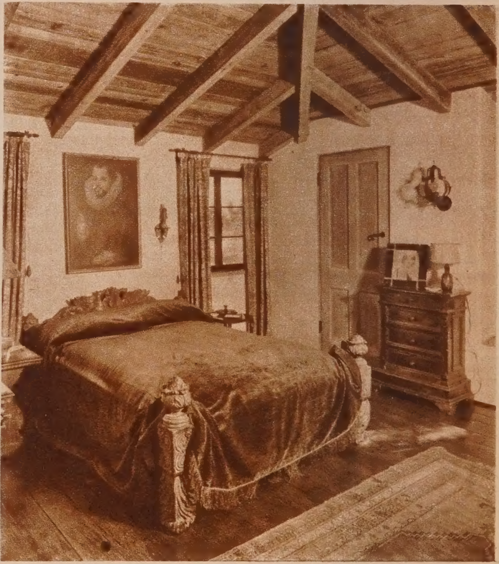
They Sit on White Ermine Chairs

The House of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe Has the Most Amazing Furniture You've Ever Heard of

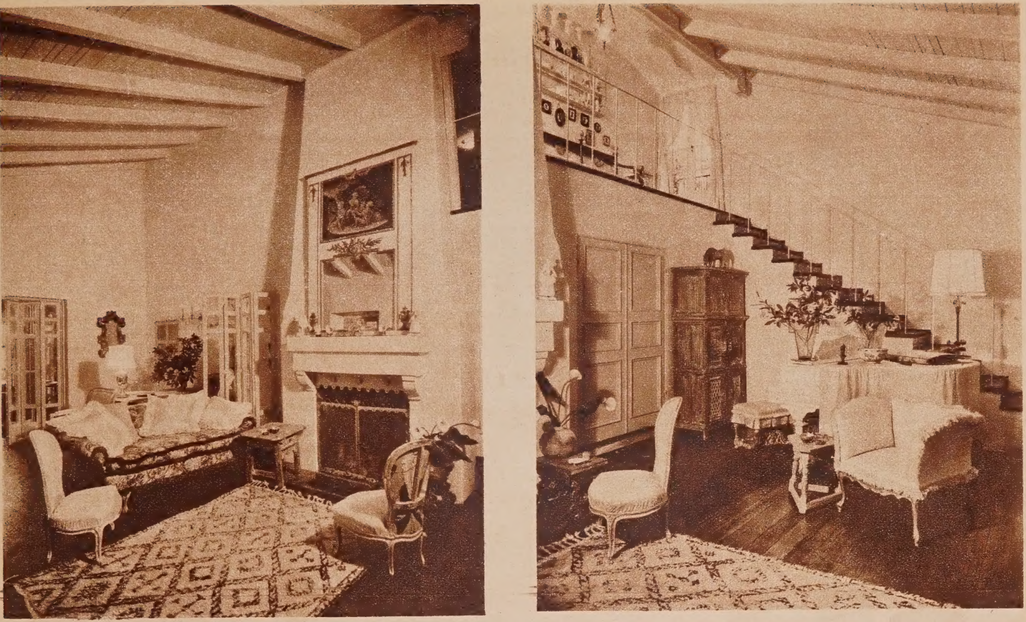
By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE—you've heard of them—are both in pictures. Moreover, they have the reputation of being one of the smartest couples in Hollywood. Smartness, indeed, is their stock in trade—one of the chief things upon which their two not inconsiderable careers are founded. This is especially true of Lilyan Tashman whose reputation as "the best dressed woman" has won her plenty of nice, fat parts and a great deal of valuable publicity.

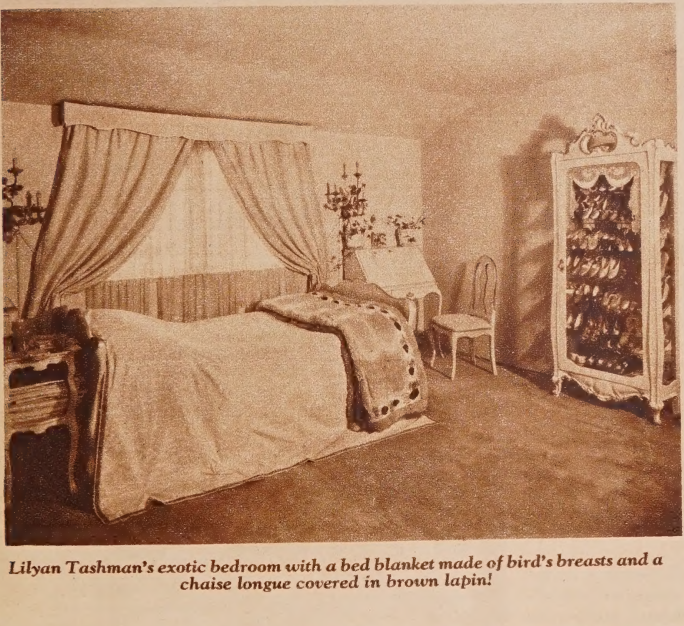
How, then, do they live—this ultra-smart couple? What sort of setting do they give themselves in their home, in their mode of living, in their entertaining? How do they manage two strenuous careers, contrive two interesting and novel establishments, give smart parties, attend to those extensive wardrobes—and still have any time whatever for relaxation? It takes flair for organization and planning. It takes tremendous vitality and a real zest for the sort of life they choose to lead. It takes a lot of good fellowship and cooperation between the two



This is Edmund Lowe's bedroom, dark and masculine, with a heavy Tuscany bed, beamed ceilings and dark, almost bare floors



This living room is done all in white—walls, ceiling, furniture. The floor is dark brown. The fireplace and the red-tiled stairway give it dramatic dash



Lilyan Tashman's exotic bedroom with a bed blanket made of bird's breasts and a chaise longue covered in brown lapin!

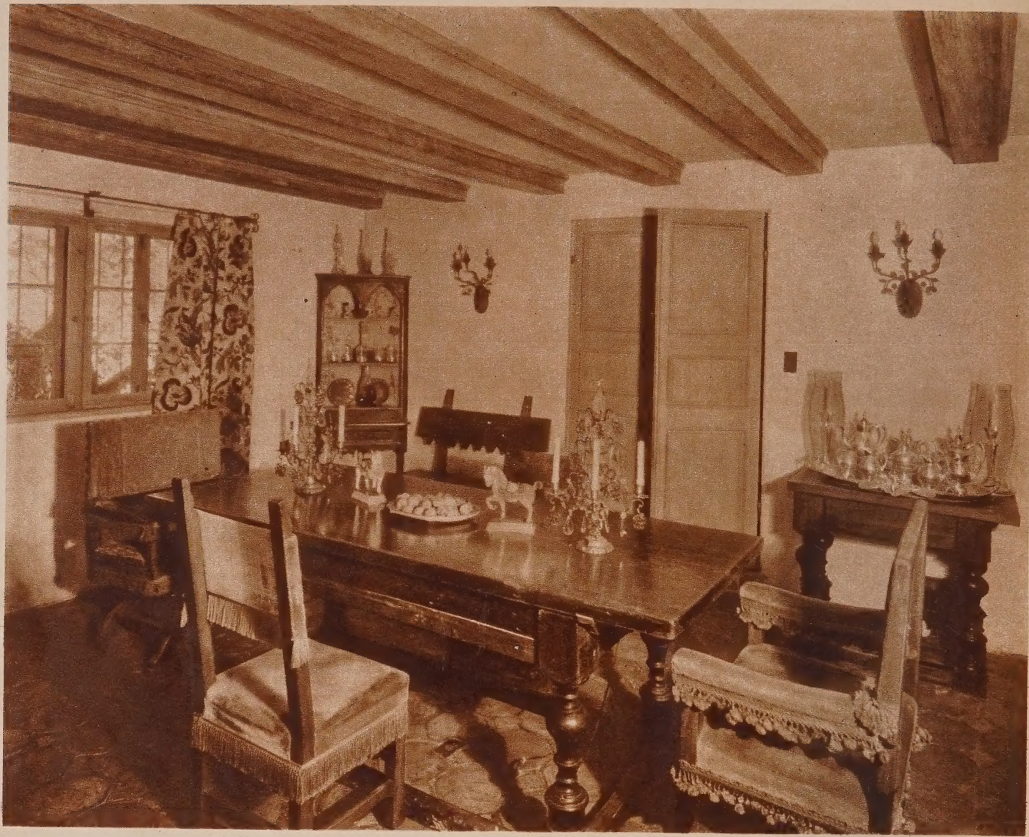
of them. And it certainly takes *doing*—that sort of thing!

They have two houses. One in Beverly Hills and the famous house at Malibu, done all in red and white. The Beverly house has just been redecorated and reupholstered and re almost everything. The Lowe establishment must be a minute or two ahead of the mode, you know. Lil, as a matter of fact, had the first white room in Hollywood. A couple of years ago she had her bedroom done in white. And now look! Everybody in pictures has at least one white room like Lil's and most of the houses round about have grown paler and paler.

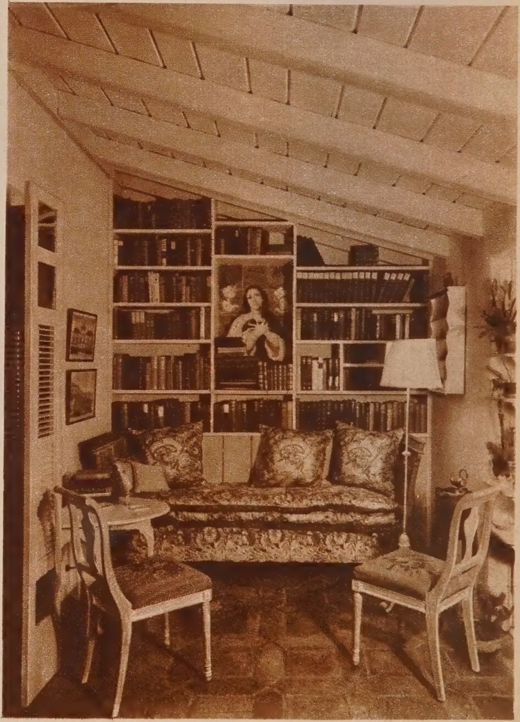
Harold Grieve, Hollywood's best known decorator and the gentleman who is chief aide to most of the stars who keep their houses up to the minute, designed Lil's red and white beach house and advises her about the constant changes she makes in both establishments. (Harold, you know, is married to the exotic Jetta Goudal.)

The Beverly house is not large. Cream stucco, with a red tile roof, it is almost entirely hidden by pepper trees and an enormous clump of bamboo which towers high above it. At the rear there is a flagged, enclosed patio and one of the loveliest small formal gardens you ever saw. Just now it is filled with tiny plants, set out for winter blooming, but a month or two hence it will be a mass of color. Eddie and Lil have breakfast here together when their schedules permit.

The front door leads into a narrow, stone-paved hallway and a doorway on the left leads into the living room. And are you surprised when you see that living room! White walls, a white, beamed ceiling, a black and white rug upon a dark brown floor. The white baby grand piano wears a pink moire petticoat and chairs and divans are upholstered in heavy white linen damask which looks like table cloth damask but isn't. These astonishing pieces of furniture wear fat pink ruchings about their edges. There are also two chairs upholstered in ermine (Lil's old coats!) and everywhere are piled puffy, white, ruffled taffeta cushions.



The utterly charming Lowe-Tashman dining room, small and darkish, done in seventeenth century antiques, and the little book room in white, pink and brown



On top of an antique chest are pieces of miniature furniture, the nucleus of a collection Lil plans to make. The doorway leading to the little "book room" at the back is framed in panelled, antique mirrors. A sombre Italian painting (unsigned) hangs above the fireplace.

The "book room," hardly more than an alcove, opens onto the garden. It follows the pink and white and brown *motif* of the living room. A stone floor, white walls, pink book shelves. A divan in pink and brown brocade and chair upholstered in *petit point.*

There are all kinds of books. Books on the history of fashions (naturally), tomes in German on psycho-analysis. Fat books, dealing with extremely sophisticated subjects, novels new and old. Strange, twisted cacti in pots occupy the shelves by the windows.

The dining room is small and darkish, opening on the enclosed patio. It has a stone floor, rough white walls and a heavy, 17th century Italian refectory table. The chairs are all different and all antique. There is a wooden bench which will accommodate two people, a chair with a carved back and antique gold velvet cushions. There is a chair upholstered in blocked linen. There are brocades in dark reds and yellows and greens. The table will seat exactly twelve people and not, under any circumstances, will it seat thirteen!

The stairway, which occupies one end of the living room, leads to a balcony on which, in a Victorian cabinet, Lil keeps her prized collection of hands . . . Yes, hands.

Carved hands of onyx, of marble, of jade, of bronze, of crystal. Hands holding vases, jewel boxes, baskets, ash trays and bottles. And just hands, holding nothing whatever. Hands modeled from those of babies, old men, beautiful women and ancient Chaldean priests. On the wall beneath the cabinet there is a collection of silhouettes.

From the balcony you step into the little white and gold upstairs sitting room. White walls and drapes, a white rug, soft gold taffeta divan, *petit point* chairs and foot stools, white-topped tables. Here are more book shelves and two lamps, set into niches, boast shades of white transparent velvet.

One of the noticeably characteristic things about these rooms is that they are all more attractive at night than they are in the day time. The pale colorings and somewhat chichi ornaments take on warmth and color and character by electric light. Lamps and wall bracket lights are artfully arranged to give the rooms gaiety and what is merely frivolous and bizarre by cold daylight becomes festive and interesting after night. The Lowes are at home very little in the day time. Their entertaining is nearly all done in the evening. And their home is neatly arranged to be at its best by night.

Beyond the upstairs sitting room is Lil's famous bedroom. The walls are off-white, the carpet is neutral and drapes and bedspread are ashy-rose moire. A zebra screen at the dressing room door gives a startling note of black and white. There is a huge luxurious chaise longue, upholstered in brown lapin. A grand thing to snuggle on. A small corner fireplace, frivolous painted furniture and a large, glass shoe cabinet, filled with all manner of dainty shoes, betray what sort of woman lives here. Across the foot of the bed is tossed a robe made of breasts of little birds.

Eddie's room adjoins Lil's and is as dark and masculine as hers is light and feminine. Rough, white plaster walls. A dark, beamed wood ceiling, bare, dark floors with one old and subdued Oriental rug. There is an enormous, heavy, Tuscany bed.

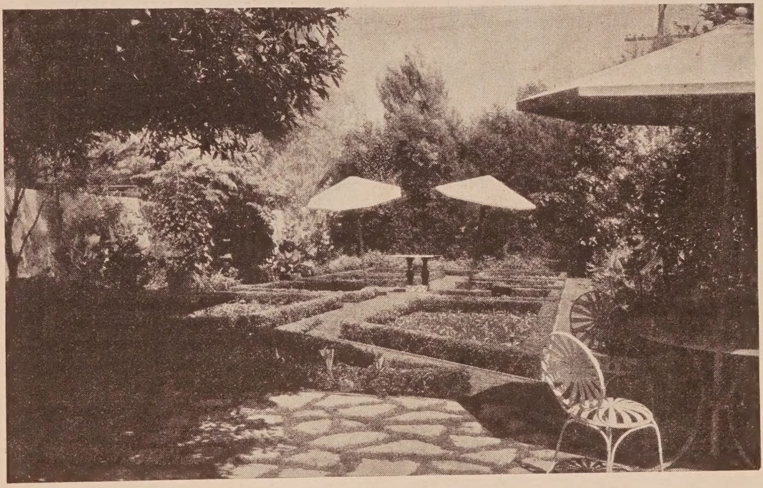
Lil is brisk and efficiently domestic. The moment she finishes a picture and has a few days to herself, she takes a thorough inventory of linens, china and so forth and sallies forth to replace whatever is necessary.

Lil and Eddie manage to have most of their meals together, despite their separate and strenuous careers. Even when they are working on different lots, Eddie manages to dash to Lil's studio for lunch several times a week.

They entertain frequently at dinner but never for more than twelve. When a larger party is in order they arrange a buffet supper. They do a great deal of informal entertaining the year round at the Malibu house at which they spend nearly every week-end.

It's a strenuous life that these two lead. Two careers and a reputation for smartness to maintain would make life full for any couple! Imagine the hours that Lil must stand having fittings, the hours at the hairdresser to achieve those immaculate, chiseled little curls on her neck. The hours with the milliner, the shoe salesmen and the purveyers of imported lingerie. For Lil must keep—not abreast of the times but a step or two ahead of them. It's part of her career.

But she and Eddie both have an amazing vitality and a flair for organization. And they seem to have a whale of a lot of fun out of the whole business.



The exterior of this amazing house is in as exquisite taste as the interior, a creamy stucco red roofed house hidden behind pepper and bamboo trees with enchanting gardens at the rear of it

Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

The first being in answer to the question you've asked so many times: How Does Norma Shearer Manage to Be So Perfectly Groomed, So Spotlessly Clean Always?

Movie Mirror offers herewith the first of a series of letters from KATHRYN. We've sent KATHRYN to Hollywood specifically to get into the "inside" of film circles, and find out for us and for you the real, un-press-agenty details of how the great and near-great of filmdom dress and talk and act and achieve the several things that are individually theirs. We told her not to send back descriptions of the way they talk and act and so on, but to find out and send us the reasons *back* of how they do those things—so that you may gain from those reasons any aids to your own appearance, dress, behavior, deportment, manner which you can therein find.

KATHRYN will go into details of practical day-in-day-out etiquette in Hollywood—formal, semi-formal, informal. She will discuss dressing, how they learn to walk and act before the camera—which may be called poise or charm or whatever you wish. She will ask them all the questions she can think of—and also the questions you can think of.

That means that whatever questions you'd want to ask the stars and great in Hollywood, if you could speak to them, will be carried to them by KATHRYN. Write them to her, care of MOVIE MIRROR, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. Ask about anything and everything in Hollywood and Kathryn will try to answer all questions, all that is EXCEPT how to get into the movies!

Ruth, Dear:

My very first week in this heavenly-mad Hollywood, I had the greatest luck! . . .

You remember, when I left for here, you and I had tea. You said to me: "Kathryn, if you ever get a chance to talk to Norma Shearer, ask her, will you, how she keeps that amazing 'clean' look of hers all the time?"

Oh, yes. We howled. I laughed when you said "ever get a chance to talk to Norma Shearer." We both thought it a swell joke. But Ruth—I *did* it. And what's more—I asked her about that "clean" look we mentioned. And what's *still* more—she told me the answer!! Let me tell you—

I was visiting the M-G-M studios. That friend you gave me a note to—that writer—took me down. And while we were in the publicity office, in a Miss Packer's room, who walked in but Norma Shearer! Well, obviously they couldn't escape introducing me. Thrill?—the thrill of a lifetime! And she was simply gorgeous—not alone gorgeous to look at, but gorgeous to talk to, too. So sweet, gracious — nothing high-hat or stuck up about her.

Well, little me remembered what you'd said. And before she had a chance to get away, I asked her. Oh, I put it neatly enough, not too bluntly. "Miss Shearer," I said, "a group of girls I know have always marvelled at you as the 'cleanest,' most perfectly-groomed and always-so woman on the screen. How on earth do you do it?"

She laughed—but she's human, Ruth. Because there was no mistaking her pleasure. They told me later, her friends, that she honestly appreciates sincere compliments.

Well—"Do you *really* want to know?" she asked. "Of course," I said. The upshot—she invited me to lunch with her at her Malibu beach home. Oh, honey, honey—it's turned out to be the beginning of my getting "inside" of these Hollywood folk—because I went to lunch (would anybody *miss* that?) with her, and she liked me and I adored her, and she's invited me again—to "meet some folks," she said. So there you are—anything you want to know about movies, just ask your little old pal Kathryn. . . .

But back to that luncheon, and what she told me about keeping that so-clean look. Of course, you've read about her beach house, so I needn't rave about that. Enough of those fan-magazine writers have done that—but I don't blame them. Yet even more lovely than the house and that soul-stirring view of the Pacific was Norma herself. You've only seen her on the screen, and thought she was "clean and well-groomed." But see her face to face, talk to her, and Ruth, you're even more impressed by it than ever.

Her hair is like burnished copper, or rich dark gold. Oh, not blonde, you know—but those gold sheens in it . . . and that's exactly what she said when she saw me looking at it, and chose that as the beginning of her explanation.

"My hair?—"

"Yes—that gold gleam in it," I said, self-consciously enough at this direct praise. You know me, Ruth. But Norma's poised enough not to be awkwardly self-conscious.

"I brush that gold into it," she said. No, Ruth—though I thought the same thing, she doesn't mean brushing a gold-gleam preparation in. She meant just brush it. She brushes it at least ten minutes every day.

Here is the amazing Shearer in "Smilin' Through," more shining, more radiant, more flawless than ever. She is one of the busiest girls in Hollywood, a wife, a mother, an actress, a society leader. Yet she always looks as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox. This letter tells her secret way of attaining this charming effect

Oh, not all at a time—ten minutes (and who of us doesn't know?) is an awful long time for steady brushing. But at intervals—maybe on the set, she says, or at home. But brush, brush, brush.

Oh, I'll get down to details, although I'd love to rave to you about her and her voice and her eyes and her charm—but I know you want to know what you asked me, so here goes. . . .

She only shampoos every two weeks!—and stick that in your powder-box and puff it off if you can, you who insist that it's necessary to wash your hair every week or less! "To do it oftener," she told me, "means that I wouldn't allow the natural oil to develop, and I don't think nature's own hair dressing can be bettered." Well, if the glistening gleam of hers is proof, then she's right. But get this, Ruth—when I say she only shampoos every TWO weeks, that means every other week, she takes a dry shampoo—or maybe with a very tiny bit of oil, to stimulate that natural oil she talked about, she says. "And brush and brush and brush," she laughed. "You'll never know how tired I sometimes get of it, but it's my duty—every woman's, isn't it?—to look lovely. I have a million people to look lovely for. But even if a woman has only one, she shouldn't quit." Swell line, I call it.

And here's another oh-yes for you. My dear, she *washes* her face with *soap and water every morning!* She told me that Joan Crawford does, too. And not just a pitty-pat wash, but a good vigorous soaping and washing!—like ma used to give us when we were in pigtails, honey. Then she uses cleansing cream—no, no heavy foundation cream, but just a cleanser—rubbing it gently in and *patting* it off with fine gauze. She showed me a sample—she cuts them herself from gauze she buys, and she keeps the squares in jars on her dressing tables. Well, after that, she says, a dash of astringent—and then for the make-up. If you're interested in details of it, she says she uses a very slight brown shadow over the lid. I couldn't notice it, no matter how closely I looked, even after she'd told me, and I suppose that's another secret of good clean appearance. Not too much of it, don't you think? Same goes for mascara, she told me. Yes, she uses it. And she *does* pluck her brows. You remember, we wondered?

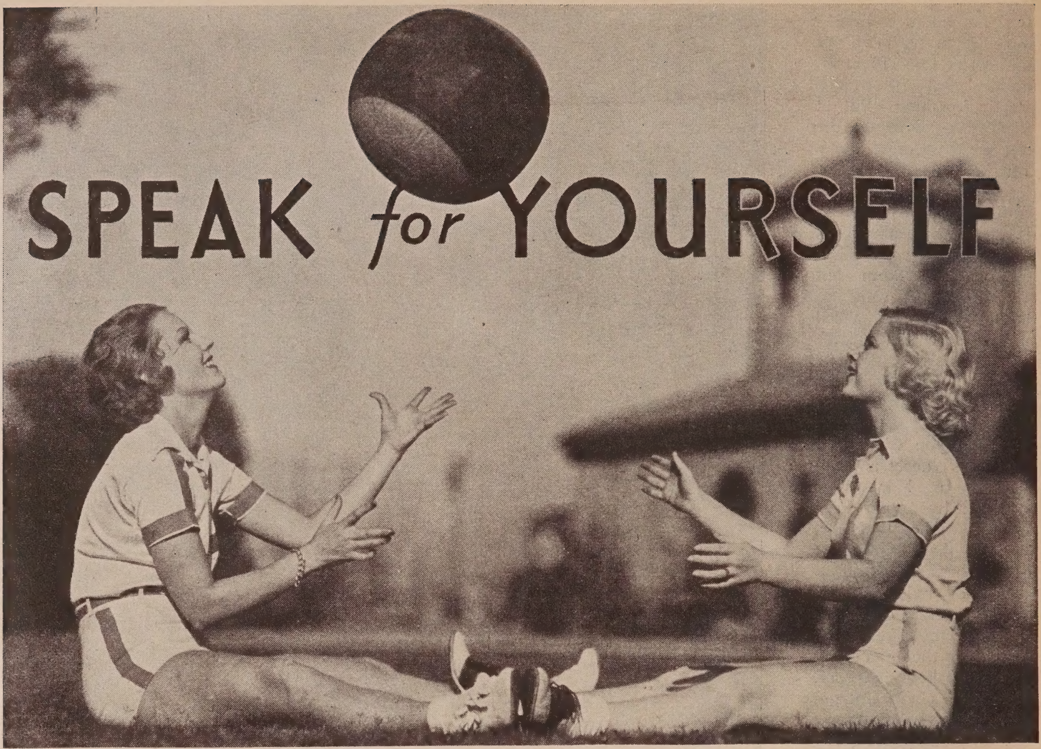
Here's something else.

Let me try to remember, honey—she told me so MANY things. Oh, she uses paste rouge and lip salves, not lipstick. And ivory tint powder. And brow pencil. She's awfully careful, she told me, with the pencil, because it has to be used cleanly to get that clean look, and that's what we wanted to know, wasn't it?

And you know, she washes her face again at night! Oh, Ruth, what a lot of face washing you're going to be doing after you read this! Am I laughing?

You know, she was grand, though. (*Cont'd on page 73*)

SPEAK for YOURSELF



Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Inconsistent Censorship

No wonder film fans are protesting about censorship. Some of it may be necessary, but why can't it be *consistent censorship?* Why cut out scenes where Nils Asther has Joan Crawford in his arms? I suppose people don't possess such depraved ideas as hugging and kissing unless suggested by the salacious screen?

We're allowed to see a man with a smoking gun in his hand. We know he's killed a man; we may even *hear* the shot or see the dying victim, but we aren't permitted to see the *actual killing!* And if we could see a few prison riots such as were cut out from "Big House," we'd realize more that guards and policemen are men whose lives are in jeopardy in carrying out their duty.

Consider "Unguarded Girls." It was advertised "For Men Only." If passionate love-scenes and sexy suggestions are taboo, how can the censors approve of any movie advertised in this manner?

If we're going to have censorship, let's have it consistent.

Mary Frances Doner, Seattle, Wash.

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

THE $10 LETTER

Let's Have Human Newsreels

Regarding newsreels. Yes, I believe they are on the whole more or less boring.

But can they be made more interesting? I think so. And by injecting more human interest. Not by showing us reel after reel of horse races until we jump hurdles in our sleep. Not by picturing the Pomp of Royalty, which, because of the Depression, makes us feel worse than before. And not by showing a general reviewing his troops. But by bringing to us honest-to-goodness stuff of *real* people.

We all enjoy the little boy who tells us in halting English how he saved his still smaller brother from drowning. Or the janitor's account of how he snared the burglars. And the pretty girl's description of the qualities a man must have to marry her.

In conclusion: maybe some people do speak Politics, Racetrack and Royalty when they meet on the street or in the home, but as for an "everyday" person like myself, tell me about the farmer in Kansas who has a cow that gives intoxicating milk!

F. E. Bell, Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 LETTER

Men Praise the Homely Actors

We women have a reputation for cattiness, but we are no worse than the men. I wonder if anyone else has noticed that the actors praised by male critics are usually *very plain!* Ronald Colman and Charles Farrell only get

(*Continued on page 72*)

FAOEN – as pure and fine as $1 to $3 Beauty Aids – yet ONLY 10¢

FAOEN COLD CREAM
PARK & TILFORD
FAOEN CLEANSING CREAM
PARK & TILFORD
FAOEN SKIN TONIC
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Convincing, Scientific Tests PROVE *Faoen Beauty Aids Equal the Costliest in* QUALITY

Exciting news! Thrilling to every woman who rightfully and carefully considers the protection of her beauty . . . and her purse.

And that news is . . . Faoen Beauty Aids at 10c are positively *equal* in QUALITY to the most expensive brands!

Such an amazing statement is difficult to believe. Naturally you want *proof.* And here it is—absolutely *scientific* proof—from the report of one of the most famous Research Laboratories:

•

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

PARK & TILFORD
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(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

Additional proof! Every Faoen Beauty Aid has received the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

As a result, women are *enthusiastic* about Faoen . . . applauding the fact that now it is unnecessary to pay high prices for high quality beauty aids.

Such overwhelming evidence should convince you, too, that the time to begin using Faoen Beauty Aids is *today!*

10c *each*

at the better 5 & 10c Stores

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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

(*Continued from page* 70)

a word now and then—usually a bad one—while haloes of newspaper glory encircle the unlovely heads of Walter Huston, Spencer Tracy, Jean Hersholt, James Cagney, Charles Laughton, Paul Muni and Wallace Beery. I agree that these men (excepting Tracy) do really act well; but so do some of the handsome men, witness Fredric March!

The extent to which prejudice distorts judgment is shown by a critic who actually claims that the screen's most odious camera-hog, Henry Armetta, stole the picture "Huddle" from Novarro.

Don't make me laugh!

Barbara Fletcher, Lancaster, England.

$1.00 LETTER

Pictures Which Tell the Truth

Hail to the motion pictures which dare to show the truth!

"Powder River" was their pioneer, nearly ten years ago, exploding the old theories that war was all glory. "All Quiet on the Western Front" came later with the same purpose in view.

"Little Caesar" and "Scarface" stripped the gangster of his cheap camouflage of bravado which misplaced public sympathy had placed upon him.

"The Wet Parade," at a time when the country was rife with lies and conflicting statements, presented the liquor issue fairly and squarely, leaving the public to judge for themselves.

And now, with the nation's sudden awareness of the great evil existing in the southern chain gang system, come "Hell's Highway" and Paul Muni in the film version of an ex-convict's true story, "I Am a Fugitive."

Truth is not always a pleasant thing. It is difficult to get a public to listen to it. Yet the motion pictures, so long as their producers continue to have the courage of their convictions, can and will be the greatest influence for public progress we have ever known.

I'm for them one hundred percent.

Helen Crum,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

HIGH lights of this month's letters:

When Clara Bow returns to the screen in "Call Her Savage," what a welcome back she'll get! Movie Mirror was flooded with letters about the Bow-do-deo kid from Brooklyn, and not a knock among them.

Janet Gaynor, about whom Movie Mirror used to receive only raves, is letting herself in for a good deal of criticism lately. But there are still plenty of raves.

The greatest individual triumph of the month was scored by Katharine Hepburn in "Bill of Divorcement" and Movie Mirror fans are all for giving her a throne of her own. Did any newcomer ever get such praise?

The picture of the month that gets the most applause is "Smilin' Through," with "Back Street" only a few votes behind it. "Grand Hotel" is still up among the winners, along with "Love Me Tonight," "Blessed Event" and "Blondie of the Follies." You also agree with Movie Mirror that "Bill of Divorcement" is a swell pitcha.

Pictures you did *not* like: "Hot Saturday" and "The Purchase Price."

Quite a flood of letters from England this month, with one of them among the winnahs!

No matter where you live or what you like, Movie Mirror is glad to hear from you. You'll find a lot of arguments in this column this month. What do you think?

Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

I Wonder

IF—Norma Shearer loaned her sex appeal to Gwili Andre while she played the virtuous woman in "Smilin' Through."

IF—Dick Barthelmess and Ponce de Leon had something in common in regard to the Fountain of Youth.

IF—"Once in a Lifetime" was fully appreciated in Hollywood.

IF—Connie Bennett will carry out her plans to retire to Southern France with her Hank.

IF—Katharine Hepburn realized how popular she was when "Bill of Divorcement" was shown in Hartford, Conn. (her home town).

IF—Bebe Daniels would give us a laff (we need them now) by making "Swim Girl Swim" into a talkie.

IF—Lew Ayres' coming pictures can't have happy endings so as to leave that bad taste out of our mouths such as we had in "Okay America" and "Doorway to Hell."

IF—Joan Bennett has lost her jinx after falling from her horse, spraining her ankle and having an infected hand.

IF—Jack Oakie doesn't think it high time he started to eat lettuce leaves.

IF—We can have more pictures teaming:

Fredric March and
Sylvia Sidney
Joan Crawford and
Robert Montgomery
Garbo and Gable
Lewis Stone and
Jackie Cooper.

Maronette Abbee,
East Hartford, Conn.

$1.00 LETTER

He Was a Prig

I was one of those priggish, so-called intellectual people who consider it the thing to sneer at the movies, to compare them sneeringly with the legitimate theater. There are still many of them, but I pride myself on having broken from their ranks. I did not have a willing conversion. I had to swallow the pill against my will. First, the family purse went flat; next, I found myself residing in a city where the movies were the mainstay in amusement; thirdly, I flatter myself that I became more human.

The pill proved to me a magic one; I found myself movie struck, almost to my own surprise. And soon, beyond mere amusement, I found the movies became one of the broadening factors in my life. I almost feel like shouting it, and to the people who still sneer, and who still hark back to the stage, I catch myself shaking my head and wondering what flaw in their mentality keeps them quibbling that their pudding falls short as spinach.

Ronald Lee,
Providence, R. I.

$1.00 LETTER

Thoughts While Leafing Through Movie Mirror

A lot of fans are going to be disappointed if Clara Bow's comeback doesn't put some of those other actresses in the shade . . . Wasn't Bing Crosby lucky that his face matched his voice . . . Why should (*Cont'd on page* 75)

Letters from a Movie Fan

(*Continued from page* 69)

She's a dear, to tell me all this. We had a sweet luncheon, and talked about a million things. I forgot all about my self-consciousness—must be her own charm that did it, because I never felt I was talking to any *big* important person, rather one of us girls. She told me a funny thing—seems two of Hollywood's biggest stars are mad three ways—each at the other and both at their dressmaker. They've got the same dressmaker—and *both* of them showed up at the Mayfair opening party wearing *identical* dresses. Norma laughed at that until the tears brimmed in those lovely eyes.

On her own clothes—and I suppose this is essential to that so-clean look, too—she *never* buys by pieces. She always buys an outfit complete. Well, honey, maybe *she* can do it, with her salary—but what about you and me? But I'm going to try it, even on a small scale. That is—try to buy *everything,* even if at different times, to go in one ensemble at a time. Even Norma knew that I must have thought about our relative check-books (gosh, wonder what my balance is?) because she said:

"Even if I had just a little money to spend, I'd rather spend every cent of that little on *one* outfit and have it complete in detail, than to buy three dresses without their proper accessories." And if that's a tip from the mighty, Ruth, you make the most of it, because believe me, I'm going to.

And Ruth darling, I've been saving this for the end of this letter (heavens, it's too long already!) because it's so indicative. She said to me:

"I realize that I'm a success not because of me, but because so many people think so much of me. I feel I owe them an unpayable debt. I feel I owe, for one thing, that I must *always* look my best—so that whenever I meet or am seen by any one of them—no matter how 'unimportant,' I may not disappoint him or her in the ideal of me they carry."

You know, Ruth—I think that's perfectly worth-while philosophy. Not alone for Norma Shearer or any other movie star, but for any one of us, don't you?

Well, bye-bye for this time, dear. Oh—I forgot to tell you this. While I was at Malibu, I saw Joel McCrea!!! And honey, he goes in swimming with virtually NOTHING on—just trunks. And my DEAR. . . . !

Love,

Kathryn.

P. S.—Norma's voice was charming. I've noticed that about so many of the voices of the actors and actresses I've already met—Oh, I've already met some, Ruth dear. You'll be surprised when I tell you. Anyway, I discovered that they actually *train* themselves how to talk. And darling, what I'm going to do to that squeak-nosed voice of mine! I've got a date with one of the people who teach stars to speak out here. And in my next letter, I'll tell you a lot of things that'll make you sound more like a screen star than what you are—if you'll follow me.

—K.

. . . WHAT A DELIGHTFUL DIFFERENCE THESE FOUR WONDERFUL MAYBELLINE PREPARATIONS WOULD MAKE IN YOUR APPEARANCE . . .

1st. Apply a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids, blending its creamy smoothness to a faint shadow. See how it instantly deepens the color of the eyes, adding lustre and sparkle. 5 shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW
SMOOTH · PURE · HARMLESS
HIGHEST QUALITY
Makes Eyes Alluring

Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL

2nd. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It is easy to use, and of highest quality. Black or Brown.

3rd. Darken your lashes into natural-appearing, long, luxuriant fringe with the New Maybelline mascara. Applied simply and easily with the dainty Maybelline brush and pure water, it is *absolutely harmless, non-smarting* and *tear-proof*. Black or Brown.

Maybelline

Maybelline
Eyelash Grower
Nourishing and Stimulating

4th. To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless, its fine ingredients are highly nourishing.

Now, at 10c each in purse sizes, you may obtain the famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Preparations in the identical quality of the larger sizes. They are now within the reach of every girl and woman who would have truly alluring eyes. Insist on getting only the genuine MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Preparations—the name MAYBELLINE is your guarantee of purity and effectiveness. On sale at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Life Begins—at Forty-Six

(*Continued from page* 58)

to think that I have that reel and pole and that gun. To think that all my life I've wanted them, and couldn't quite afford them and then all of a sudden I can walk into a store and buy them. Have you ever wanted something always and then have suddenly gotten the money to get it? If you have, you know what I mean."

Mister Kibbee is sincere about this. He is sincere about everything.

He has less ego than any actor in Hollywood.

"It's great," he says, "to be out here and be able to meet great character actors that I used to worship, like DeWitt Jennings and Edmund Breese and——. Say! Just think. I'm on a par with them, now, I guess. I can actually meet 'em as equals."

He lowers his voice.

"Dawgone it, young fellow—you know, sometimes I get a little bit scared. You know, there are so many bright men wandering around Hollywood without jobs that I can't figure how they happened to give me a break. I really can't."

His eyes twinkle when he says this. They do more than that. They sparkle. And he gives you a smile as guileless as that of a ten-year-old, and you like him.

Off the screen, he is the same Guy Kibbee you see on the screen. He's a bit of a rogue, somehow, with all that guilelessness, and you keep expecting him to pull a rabbit out of a hat. Any hat.

He confesses, with that chuckle of his:

"Dawgone it—I can't act. No sir. I'm just myself."

And he is. He always has been. No airs, no evasions.

"The depression has lasted forty-three years with me—I turned actor and I've never done an honest day's work in my life—I should have been a printer, but I was too lazy—I've hocked my tuxedo and even my street clothes—for ten years I haven't worried about anything——"

These are thing he tells you.

"The first time I came to work in Hollywood, I couldn't get work for a year and a half—I drove an old car that I didn't hock because nobody else in the world would ride in it, much less drive in it——"

And he laughs about his bitterest experiences.

"I took stock of myself and my life and the world ten years ago. I found that I'd worried a better part of thirty-six years. I decided not to worry any more. I figured out, after so much experience, that the things I worried about never happened. It was the unexpected things that were the real tragedies. The stuff that I didn't think was important suddenly up and socked me in the eye.

"So I got over it."

And Guy Kibbee, who has lived one of the hardest lives imaginable, doesn't worry any more. He's free and easy.

Guy Kibbee, son of James Kibbee, newspaper publisher, and Ada Kibbee, housewife, was born March 6, 1886, at El Paso, Texas. There were seven boys and one girl in the Kibbee family, and Guy has two brothers and a sister older than himself. The brothers, with the exception of one who is in the advertising business, are printers, and are scattered all over the United States.

Until Guy was fifteen, he managed to stay at home. And home, from a time shortly after Guy was born, was Roswell, New Mexico. If you know the country, you understand Guy's fishing, hunting and camping complex.

"My oldest brother," Guy relates, "was destined by the will of his father and mother to become a clergyman, but by fate and his own inclinations destined to be a theatrical man. He went to Chicago. By hook or crook, I managed to achieve the eminence of the fifth grade when the lure to travel overtook me. I beat my way to Chicago, leaving home without formalities. In other words, I took it on the lam.

"I found my brother, Jim, in Chicago, about to start on the road with a histrionic triumph called 'The Convict's Daughter'.

"My brother made me a property man of the show, and I did my work diligently and well until the juvenile went alcoholic. I became an actor and haven't done an honest day's work since."

This has an aura of exaggeration about it, insofar as the crack about work is concerned. Mister Kibbee has toiled relentlessly for his goal, as you shall see.

Until nineteen years ago, he worked out of Chicago. Notice that he doesn't say "in Chicago." He went there, got himself jobs on the road, and then went out on that road with a vengeance—from Seattle to San Diego, from Bangor to Key West and from Jallopi to Podunk, without missing a way-station.

"At one time," he confesses, "I played eighteen parts in seven plays. In one play I did four rôles, ranging from a farmer to a banker. I was dizzy every night when the last curtain fell."

Nevertheless, it seems to have been a good school. It made an actor out of Mister Kibbee, who can be a kind papa in one picture and a cruel, cruel gangster in his next without turning a hair.

"Before Equity ruled that managers must post two week's salary and guarantee transportation back to Chicago or New York City, we used to get stranded. We'd wake up some bright morning and find the manager and the gate receipts all gone. One time I washed dishes for three weeks when a show flopped.

"Another time, I worked as a farmhand in Iowa until I got enough money for transportation back home. I worked in printing offices quite frequently. When I was stranded in Breckenridge, Colorado, I got a job in a mine and pushed a wheelbarrow full of rocks around."

It seems after a great many years of working out of Chicago, Mister Kibbee changed his luck nineteen years ago by working out of New York City in stock, road shows, vaudeville, or anything else that happened to be handy. He didn't save a dime.

"And I was too lazy," he laments, "to do anything else."

In 1922, however, when he got a job with Mabel Taliaferro, once a motion picture star, in her vaudeville act, and came to Los Angeles, he found that he had saved $9,000 cash money.

"And so," he explains, "I upped and out of the acting racket and went into a nice business. The printing business. I went in with my brothers in San Francisco and four years later, in 1926, I was broke again. I wasn't a very good business man."

At about this time, the late Ray Raymond organized a show, "Castles in the Air," which he brought to Los Angeles. He put it in the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood and it folded early in 1927. Now, Mister Kibbee had lost his heart, after all these years, to Esther Reed, then secretary of the Advertising Club, in San Francisco. He asked her to marry him.

She said yes. Even if he didn't have a dime.

With a sudden outburst of ambition, he made the rounds of the casting offices. One swell actor, with about thirty-five years of great acting experience and a personality which is hot enough to steal shows from under the noses of our best leading men and leading ladies, wasn't in demand.

He didn't get a tumble.

For a year and a half one great guy walked through a community of yes men and got no for an answer.

He finally got the old car started and did a tourist camp act right across the United States to New York to start all over again.

Just a young fellow trying to get ahead. He was only 42. What the devil!

He worked out of New York City.

Two seasons of stock in Kansas City.

Then, in 1930, "The Torch Song," with his name on Broadway. Great big lights. Fine critical comment. Everything was hunky dory and have you seen this Guy Kibbee in "The Torch Song"?

Hollywood heard about the "Torch Song," and with that flaming impetuosity which is a legend, howled loudly for one Guy Kibbee. A fanfare of trumpets for a Kibbee they could have had for a song, and not a very good one at that.

Out he came.

"There was 'Man of the World' with William Powell, 'City Streets,' with Gary Cooper, at Paramount, 'Laughing Sinners' (the movie version of 'Torch Song') at Metro, 'Side Show' at Warners, 'Flying High,' with Bert Lahr—" he says.

"And after that I don't remember much. I've done twenty-five pictures since signing my Warner Brothers contract, seventeen on the lot during the last year, and eight on loans to other companies. I've worked like the deuce.

"Everybody thought I was hot in 'The Dark Horse,' but I didn't care so much for it.

"Personally, I think I did a better job in 'The Conquerors,' with Richard Dix and Ann Harding. Of course, you can't tell.

"Personally, I like fishing. I've been to Lake Hodges, down near San Diego, and a couple of other places, but Brownie and I—don't *ever* call her Esther or she'll brain you—figure on getting away to Oregon and Washington and Vancouver this coming spring if things let up a bit.

"Just between you and me—I want to try out that new rod and reel with some *real* fish on the line——"

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 72*)

some people feel that the admission ticket to see one of Garbo's pictures also entitles them to poke curious noses into her private affairs . . . Joan Crawford begins to look as if a few extra lettuce leaves would help . . . If Myrna Loy were starred in a picture that emphasized her particular brand of lure, she could make some highly gilded cinema thrones totter . . . When will they stop draping pink chiffon around Gable and let him come forth as the strong minded he-man he is . . . Wasn't it a lucky day when somebody thought up Movie Mirror and saved us from expensive movie magazines . . . I'm for it . . . Who isn't!

H. A. Line,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Welcoming Clara Back

A cheer for the comeback of our "It" girl, Clara Bow! And what a gorgeous and brand-new Clara we find. Happiness shining out of clear eyes; clear vision out of a head of bright bronze and a figure to equal even Jean Harlow's.

Mrs. C. B. Denney,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

I don't believe Clara Bow will regret coming back to the screen. Throughout her trials and tragedy her fans have remained loyal. I know, because I was one of the persons who jammed the theater when her pictures were reshown. She always was and always will be a star by public demand.

Bessie Gauslin,
New Orleans, La.

Mostly Raves For "Smilin' Through"

A touchdown for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios!

Two touchdowns for Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through"!!

Three touchdowns for Fred March in the same!!!

I sat entranced with the new Norma.

Mrs. Jennie Dean,
Joplin, Mo.

Smilin' Through and cryin' through—just what I did for two enjoyable hours. Entering the theater with a willing suspension of disbelief, I soon found myself oblivious to everything save the occasional sobs and little half-smothered laughs called forth by the sweetest love story of the screen.

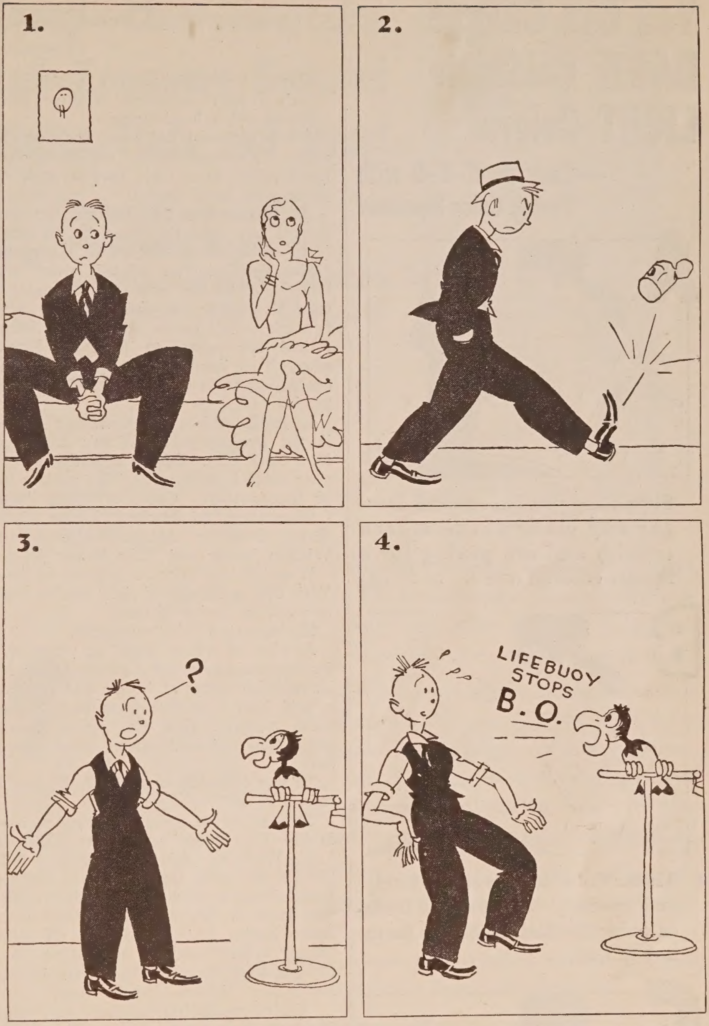
Mrs. E. M. Denehie,
Terre Haute, Ind.

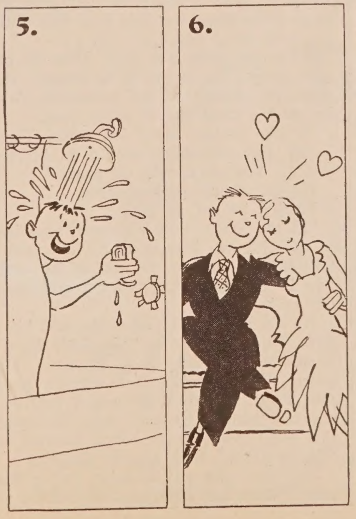
There is one picture this month that deserves a lot of applause and that is "Smilin' Through."

It is one of the sweetest pictures that has been produced this season. It not only appealed to the young people but to the old as well.

Lib McCall, Salisbury, N. C.

(*Continued on page 78*)





"B.O." offenders (body odor) can't win!

THIS fault is unforgivable. Holds one back socially, in business—in love. So play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its creamy, abundant lather deodorizes—effectively ends "B.O." (*body odor*). Millions know that Lifebuoy keeps complexions lovely. Its bland, soothing lather purifies face pores, quickly freshens dull skins to healthy radiance.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 332, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost. (*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

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Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .

B

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . .

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Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Hollywood or Bust

(*Continued from page* 51)

Harry danced close to the wings.

"It's a boy!" whispered a stage hand. Harry did a hand-spring.

Marie got well and went back on the road. Tom went along. He played in a trunk, slept in a tray, used a stick of greasepaint for a rattle!

At two and a half years, Tom was carried out onto the stage by an actor friend of his mother and father. Tom sang "Mississippi" in an off-key voice and brought down the house. He appeared with his mother and father for the next two and a half years and then his father retired and moved to Roxbury, Mass., where Tom learned to go to sleep without having train wheels clicking a lullaby to him.

Later, he took a correspondence course in the Professional Children's school in New York City. Got an education by remote control, so to speak. He made a lot of friends there. Gene Raymond, Anita Louise, Raymond Hackett, Lillian Roth, Helen Chandler, Marguerite Churchill, William Janney and Ruby Keeler Jolson.

It wasn't long after he returned to New York City at the age of eight that he went to work in motion pictures.

He built up a "kid" reputation.

At nine, he was a "shill," or "come on" for concessionaries at Orange Lake, N. Y., winning prizes at booths and running around behind to give them back to the booth owners. He'd ride on dangerous concessions and faint-hearted ladies would say:

"If that little boy isn't afraid, I guess I can do it, too."

He was eleven when he played a rôle in "In This Room" with Olive Tell and Louis Wolheim. After that, he went into "Is Zat So," with Jimmy Gleason, and his reputation as a child actor was made. He was later in "Pardon My Glove," with Billie Burke, and topped that off with "Many a Slip," playing with Sylvia Sidney and Kent Douglass. They were drafted for motion pictures—but he wasn't.

"You've reached the awkward age," said Producer Lew Cantor. "You'd better go away some place and hide in a hole until you look like a man."

When the show was over, Tom did no such thing. He wasn't to be licked. He made the rounds of the producers. And he got the same answer every time.

"You're through as a kid actor, Tom. Better find something else to do besides acting. You can't make the grade."

He got almost panic-stricken.

Finally, he got an idea.

"If the stage wouldn't have anything to do with me, I came to the conclusion that maybe the movies would," he said. "So I put on my battered hat and went out to look."

He did more than look. He sold himself. He got a rôle in "The Lady Lies," Claudette Colbert's first picture. He proved that he could still do a pretty good job of acting even if he was a hybrid—not boy and not young man. So good that the Christies gave him a fat rôle in "Queen High," with Charlie Ruggles.

And what else was he doing during this time? Well, for one thing, he learned to dance. He went through an intensive course of "hoofing." And, inasmuch as he must have poise and sophistication, he made it a point to be with older people.

"I decided to get rid of my young ideas," he explained.

But the motion picture casting directors soon found that he was a little bit too old and a little bit too young at the same time. He went the rounds—but no more jobs were offered him. But was the young man licked? He was not.

"I still have a voice," he argued. "I can use that on the radio."

Use it he did. He signed up with "The Campus Hour," "Real Folks," "The American School of the Air," and "True Story," which kept him busy and gave him an income at the same time. And he continued to make the rounds of the motion picture casting and the stage producing offices. He didn't have much luck.

"Trouble was," he'd tell you, "that they still thought I was a kid."

This caused more thought. He knew all the answers, including this one. If, he reasoned, he had a reputation as 'little Tommy Brown' in New York City, the only thing to do was to go someplace else. Where? Hollywood, of course.

So he painted a sign on the family Chev—"California or Bust," loaded in Harry and Marie, seven suitcases, two dogs, and with a couple of hundred dollars and no introductions to Hollywood, set out to become famous. He didn't know a soul at the end of that thirty-seven hundred mile journey, but that didn't worry him.

Where there was a will, there was a way, and he'd show the New York gang—particularly that fellow who said only one kid actor in a thousand developed into a good juvenile.

Fox tested him first—and offered him a contract.

He turned it down to go to work at Universal City.

And work he did.

He did "Fast Companions" for Universal, stepped into "The Famous Ferguson Case" for Warner-First National, virtually became a star in "Tom Brown of Culver," went to Radio for "Hell's Highway" and now has another great chance in "Laughter in Hell" for Universal. All in a year.

No telling where he'll stop.

He loves to swim. He is a darned good shot with a .22 rifle, paddles a canoe like an Indian, and fishes whenever he gets a chance. He lives with his mother and father, promises never to "get ga-ga over his art" and "gild his toenails and live in a modernistic apartment," and has plenty of dates with Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson, Cecelia Parker and Maureen O'Sullivan, just to name a few. Of course, there are Joan Marsh and Margaret Lindsay and he likes a couple of others, too.

The payoff on this story of Tom Brown is now that he has shown what he can do in Hollywood those same producers who said that he couldn't do it are wiring him to come back to New York City and sign contracts.

One young man in a thousand——

The New Clara Bow

(*Continued from page* 18)

saying to a man every five minutes, 'Are you sure you really love me?' Men hate to be nagged that way. But if he says, 'Do you love me?' it's all right to say, 'Yes.' Let the man be the one to do the asking.

"A man marries you the way he sees you before marriage, and women are very foolish to let themselves go after marriage. Love is kept burning at the shrine of glamour. A man wants to see the woman he loves admired by other people."

Once in the old days when Clara Bow was a hot-cha-cha radiator she told an interviewer, "Never lie to a man unless you absolutely know that you can get away with it."

But today Clara says, "It may be different when you're single and don't owe anything to any man. But I think it's wrong to lie to your husband about important things. If you're really in love, you couldn't possibly do anything that would be really terrible. I know I wouldn't hurt Rex for anything in the world. And he cares about me unselfishly, as no other man ever cared. Do you know that while I was in New York waiting for him to finish a Western so we could go to Europe together, he was injured by a horse stepping over him, and he didn't let me know a word about it because he was afraid it would spoil my good time? I found out about it through someone else. That's so like him.

"It's only since I met Rex that I've known real happiness. It's only since I first came to the ranch that I've learned to see beauty in little things.

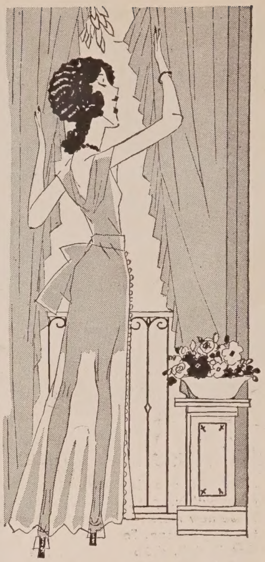
"I learned that there were other colors than purple in purple sage. The first three weeks on the desert, I was lonely and then I learned to love it. Out on the desert I saw the stars looking so near that you felt that you could grab a handful of them. And when Rex was busy with the cowboys I went out into the desert and walked and walked. I looked at the joshua trees and longed to touch them because they were so beautiful. But when I touched them they had cruel branches that cut into one's flesh. At first I was angry at the trees for being so sharp and then I grew to understand. Living out on the desert where there was no rain, they were starving for something and they threw out those sharp points in defiance to the elements."

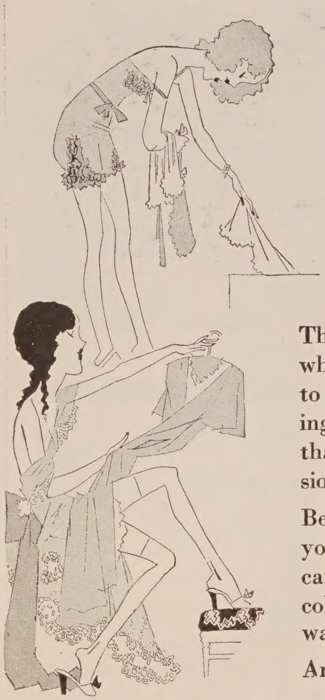
As Clara spoke, I wondered how much she really understood of the symbolism of those trees. She, too, had lived without the rain of kindness and starved for understanding and love, she had thrust out sharp branches of defiance, of hardness, of recklessness, of living for the moment only. And now Rex has given her love, and it is easy to see that she is no longer sharp and defiant and unhappy.

"If you asked Rex," she said, her eyes misting with tenderness, "what three things he loved most, I don't know what order he'd name them in, but I'm sure he'd say his mother, his horses and Clara Bow."

"And you, Clara," I urged, "if you were asked, what would you say?"

"Rex," she said, "and his horses, his mother and my father."





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Glamorous Hair alive with glowing color tone and youthful sparkle! That's what these new Nestle products mean to every woman. For blonde hair that is dull, drab or faded, the Golden Shampoo . . . not a bleach . . . restores natural lustre and keeps the hair from becoming dark. The Henna Shampoo . . . not a dye . . . glorifies darker shades of hair, imparting brilliant highlights and enchanting, shimmering softness.

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100 SHEETS FOR 10¢
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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 75*)

The Only Knock "Smilin' Through" Got

Norma Shearer has always been my favorite actress, but those days are gone forever. After such a performance as "Smilin' Through" I never want to see her again. What's more, I think Marquis Busby must be nerts to give his double check for such a picture. Has the poor boy lost his mind?

Evelyn Schopp,
Berrin Springs, Mich.

More Weeps At "Back Street"

While indulging myself in a tear now and then during the showing of "Back Street," I listened in on the audience. In the seat ahead two high school girls sobbed noisily. A shabbily dressed lady on my left surreptitiously wiped a tear away, while the well dressed matron on my right grunted with disapproval when Ray returned to New York and Walter. A man behind muttered "Fool!" I wondered if he meant just one of them or both. And as I left, the fat lady ahead of me said softly, "She was prettier as an old woman than a young one. How I wish I could wear clothes like that!"

Florence Palmer,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

That's Putting It Pretty Strongly

Here's a punch in the nose to the man or woman who says: "I see nothing in motion pictures!" How dull life must seem to such an individual, whose tastes are so perverted, that he fails to recognize the world's finest art—Acting!

Roy J. Critchlow,
Ogden, Utah.

The Gaynor Fans Won't

Everyone will agree with me when I say that Marian Nixon is sweeter than Janet Gaynor. Marian can bring relief and comfort to all movie fans when Janet cannot.

Ruth Lea Purdum,
Danville, Va.

The Newest Rave

I saw the "Bill of Divorcement" and let me tell you. That was not a Barrymore picture. It was a Katharine Hepburn picture. That gorgeous, amiable, perplexing, dangerous, cleverest, most fascinating creature, stole the picture away from John, right under his nose.

Dora Morelli,
Huntingdon, Pa.

Katharine Hepburn in "Bill of Divorcement" sent me home awed, revering, positively cherishing her. Did she come across to the audience, *did* she?! Did she make the rôle of *Sydney* a thing of animation, of Life? Well, this girl, who looks like Garbo, but with the added beauty of dark eyes and hair, is destined . . . destined . . . You finish it.

Wm. C. Beverley, Jr.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 25)

A Big Break for a Make-Up Man

Perc Westmore, that make-up wizard on the Warner lot (and whose beauty advice you Movie Mirror readers know), about on the verge of a mental and physical collapse after such things as having to make Eddie Robinson look Chinese, not to mention a lot of other things, and the tremendous mass of make-up detail in "Wax Museum" (which is one of those big make-up specials), got word from the front office that George—beg pardon, it's MISTER George—Arliss' next picture would be the life of Voltaire.

"Thank Allah and Mr. Warner," breathed Perc.

"Why?" why-ed one who overheard.

"Because," explained Perc, "he *looks* like Voltaire."

Lots of Those Li'l Things That May Interest You—

. . . did you know that one reason the movie industry is pleased over Roosevelt's election is because he is a movie fan himself? . . . he has two projection machines in his own home, and is particularly keen on newsreels. . . .

. . . don't be surprised if there's a blow-up between George Raft and Paramount about salary . . . seems George was signed up for a low salary on one of those long-term contracts when he wasn't so hot . . . now that he's a big draw, he wants more money . . .

. . . and don't be surprised, either, if Howard Hughes gets under way pretty soon on another "gigantic" aviation picture . . . he's thinking about trying to top "Hell's Angels" . . . !

. . . you've heard about the sailor who took a day off by rowing his gal around a lake and the postman who took a walk on his day off?—well, Tom Keene took his vacation this year on a cattle ranch in Arizona! . . .

. . . during his first year's effort to crash the movies, Joel McCrea worked so infrequently that he averaged but 55 cents a day income . . . and—oh, well— . . . !

Life Gets All Mixed Up for Tom Mix

Tom Mix's hoss "Tony" wasn't the only thing that fell on him recently. A $50,000 suit also fell on the cowboy star!

It was from his ex-wife, Victoria, who said Tom still owed her the money as part of the property settlement incidental to their marriage.

Tom says he'd rather have Tony fall on him, any time!

Hollywood gossipers, who never have forgiven Joan Crawford for so far disproving all those chatterings about a Joan-Doug divorce, got a new load of tongue-waggle material at the Mayfair in Los Angeles. Joan split her time dancing and talking about fifty-fifty between boyish, blond Gene Raymond and he-mannish dark Clark Gable. (That is, when she wasn't dancing with Hubby Fairbanks.)

"Tell me, Ruth, *how can you keep your hands so nice and smooth? Mine always get so terribly dry and rough in this weather!"*. . . .

"Mine did, too, *until May told me about Pacquin's Hand Cream. Now I have no trouble at all. Pacquin's seems to get right into the skin!"*

Thousands of women who had "tried everything" are now enthusiastic friends of Pacquin's Hand Cream. The reason why Pacquin's does for their skin what other preparations failed to do is really very simple—

Pacquin's is especially blended so that it will *penetrate* the skin. It carries with it *deep into the under layers* certain softening oils which are taken out every time you expose the skin to water, wind or weather. The very speed with which the average skin *absorbs* every trace of Pacquin's is proof of the "oil-starvation" which *this* cream is especially made to correct! Because it *penetrates*, Pacquin's Hand Cream never leaves your skin greasy or sticky.

Try Pacquin's regularly for just one week on hands and arms, face and neck, wherever there is drying, roughness or chapping—and see if *your* skin isn't softer, smoother, whiter at the end of that time than you've ever known it! In convenient sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

●

(To meet the demand of women who wanted other beauty creams just as effective as Pacquin's Hand Cream, Pacquin now offers a Lemon Cream, a Vanishing Cream, a Cold Cream and a Cleansing Cream—also priced from 10¢ to $1.00.)

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HAND CREAM

It feeds the skin

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Net weight ½ ounce

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to keep that Youthful Skin

How unfriendly is winter weather to your skin? Does merciless cold and wind make it dry, chapped and rough? These blemishes speed the advance of age!

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Invented over 30 years ago, by an internationally-known skin specialist, Italian Balm so widely won Canadian women that it is the largest selling, year-round skin protector in the Dominion. Offered in the United States only a few years ago, its popularity has spread coast-to-coast.

No irritating bleaches; no caustic astringents. Only 5% alcohol; cannot *dry* the skin. In 35c, 60c and $1 bottles—at drug and department stores.

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TUNE IN—Monday Nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

"AMERICA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

Cynara

(*Continued from page* 48)

He got no further. Several mothers of girls came up to speak to Jim. They beamed upon him, each hopeful of having her off-spring become the winner. Jim, trying to hide his confusion, spoke kindly to them all. But he knew then and there that Doris made all the other girls look flappy and awkward; he knew he was going to give her the silver cup, and yet he dreaded doing so. Doris would be grateful, and her gratitude would bring her back close to him. This he did not want.

The grand march at an end, the girls began diving and swimming. Jim watched them, and knew more surely than before that Doris Lea was the winner.

He handed her the cup. Suddenly Doris slipped on wet tiles, tottered and would have fallen if Jim had not caught her in his arms. After that he had to stay till she was dressed, had to see her safely home inside her flat.

"Here we are," said Doris as she opened the door of the little living room. "We'll light the fire." She touched the match to the papers and kindling, and a rosy glow began to tint the room. "Nice, isn't it?"

"I really oughtn't to stay here," said Jim. "It will create a bad impression."

"Please don't go," Doris begged. "Dismiss your taxicab, and stay a bit with me . . . I'm frightfully lonely."

"Ten minutes then," said Jim.

Doris poured out two drinks. "Here's how," she said. She sat down close to him.

She tried hard to start a conversation; but she failed. The air between them was tense. They were both thinking of forbidden things.

"Oh, God," Doris suddenly cried, "what's wrong with you? . . . Do you think I've got the plague?" She saw Jim turn and look at her. "I—I—reckon you'd better go now . . . Here's your hat." A pause and a sigh. "It's all spoiled anyhow." She was acting. She didn't want him to go and he knew it.

"What's spoiled?"

"Oh, I thought you'd be glad to see me today," said Doris. "But instead of that you act all put out . . . I believe you despise me."

"Damned nonsense," Jim exploded. "Please be sensible. I was delighted." He was now standing, looking down into Doris' upturned face. "Be sensible, I say, and—and—" He stopped speaking, and caught the girl to him. His lips found hers and clung. "Now, I must go," he added breathlessly. He released her as suddenly as he'd caught her to him.

"No, not yet," Doris pleaded. "Stay here—with me."

"I must go," Jim insisted. "Can't you see it isn't fair?"

"To your wife?"

"To you . . . I'm not good to you . . . It couldn't last."

"That's my lookout."

"You don't know what you're doing . . . I do."

"You mean," Doris began slowly, "that you're afraid of being the first. You wouldn't be," she went on. "I'm not a child . . . There was another man in my life—I didn't really care for him, but he was kind and thoughtful . . . He said nothing mattered if you were fond of a person . . . But both of you have to be fond . . . That's what I found." She gazed across the room. "I never saw him again . . . So you see you needn't be afraid . . . I've always dreamed of someone like you—I should never be a nuisance . . . I'd go away whenever you told me . . . You *do* like me, don't you?"

Jim Worlock spoke but two words. "Too much," they were.

"No, no, you mustn't say that," Doris exclaimed. "Not *too* much."

Again Jim took the girl into his arms. Once more his lips found hers. He kissed her long and passionately. She responded with an ardor more intense and Jim Worlock forgot all about safety, fidelity and such calm things in the excitement of one strange, mad night.

The whole thing might have ended then and there but for Clemency. But when Clemency kept postponing her return, writing to say that Gorla wasn't yet engaged to the officer—when she kept staying away, leaving Jim with a string of empty, lonely evenings, he turned again and again to Doris. It was perhaps her directness and honesty which attracted him most.

They went to the theater together, they dined in quaint, romantic little cafés, they took trips to the country; they talked. And gradually they clung to each other more and more—the lonely married man, and the little love-starved girl. She gave her love as readily as a flower gives its face to the rain. Jim was frightened.

"I wish sometimes that time would stand still," said Doris, after a day of kisses and love with Jim in the woods. "I really do." She trailed her fingers in the still waters of the little lake on which they had been canoeing. "Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Yes," said Jim, "if you could choose the *time* to make it stand still."

"I'd choose *now,*" said Doris. "Nothing better than this can ever happen." She looked up into Jim's eyes, adoring him. "Must we go back?"

"Afraid so."

"Can't we come next week?"

"Next week?" Jim was thoughtful. "I'm not so sure. You see, Doris, Mrs. Worlock is coming back . . . She's a week overdue now."

"Jim!" Doris cried. "You won't stop seeing me, will you? . . . You won't! . . . I couldn't bear it."

"Naturally it won't be so easy." Jim took Doris' hand in his. "My dear, you know I told you—I warned you . . . And remember, dear, you said you'd go whenever I told you to . . . Don't make a scene, please."

"Oh, yes, I know, I know." Doris was a little wild. "But everything's so different now . . . I couldn't get on without you now, Jim . . . I—I—I'd rather die. I would, Jim . . . I'd rather die than not see you again." She buried her face in her hands and began to sob.

Jim watched her a moment, a troubled expression mantling his face. This was the moment he had dreaded all along.

"There, there, dearest," he soothed. "We'll manage somehow."

Jim meant what he said, that they'd

"manage somehow." He did intend seeing Doris again, trying to lessen the pain she felt at the thought of parting. But when he returned home that night, he found Clemency.

Now he knew his guilt. Now he realized how deeply involved he had become with Doris Lea. For the first time in their lives together he could not respond to Clemency's love, he could not treat her naturally and with affection. Jim knew she sensed this and was being hurt by it but he was powerless. His dual life was torturing him. He tried to tell Clemency the truth but his courage failed as he looked into her lovely eyes and he weakly concocted a story about being worried about her shares of oil stocks. Finally he tucked Clemency in bed. He knew she did not wish to be left alone but he ignored the invitation in her voice and slunk off to his own room, to lie awake till dawn, worrying.

Two days later, Doris met Jim in the Park. It was raining and she was soaked through though she didn't seem to notice that.

"If you love me, Jim," she said, "you can't give me up . . . You can't. I won't let you."

"Doris, listen," said Jim. "We knew it couldn't last. You knew that as well as I did—from the very beginning . . . You must keep busy, and learn to forget."

"I have no job," said Doris. "Madam Ducette gave me the sack. She was furious. She said my mind wasn't on my work. She was right. My mind was on you, Jim . . . I'm no good now . . . I keep thinking of you and nothing else." She caught Jim's arm. "You will see me again, won't you? . . . At the Marble Pavilion, our old meeting place. I'll be there at five. Please come, Jim."

"I'll try," said Jim, weakening.

"Promise?"

"All right." Jim straightened. "All right, tomorrow at five . . . It's going to rain. I'll get you a taxi."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" Doris asked. "You'll have forgotten all about me in half an hour . . . I wish I'd never come to that restaurant . . . No, that isn't true! . . . It's been worth it, hasn't it?"

"It's been wonderful," said Jim huskily. "I'll never forget you, Doris dear."

A taxi came by, and Jim hailed it. He helped Doris in, waved to her, stood watching her disappear into the gloom. He was torn with anguish at their parting. And then, with a heavy heart, and with heavier foot-steps he turned toward home.

The next day instead of meeting Doris as he had promised he sent her a letter. It was a love letter, tender and kind, but it told Doris that they were to break off their affair, that he felt they ought never to meet again. He sent his butler with it to her flat, expecting Doris would receive it before she started for their rendezvous. Instead she and the butler passed each other on the way.

Jim got through the afternoon somehow. Clemency came to walk home with him, chattering away, being gay and flirtatious. At home, she went up to dress for dinner, but Jim sat in the library, pretending to look over some briefs which he had to study in connection with a case he was trying. And it was there that Milly Miles found him. Milly, irate, stern, a regular little she devil, who had pushed

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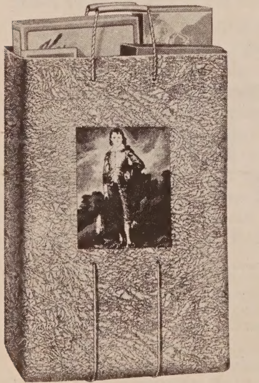

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by the butler and come to a standstill facing the astonished Jim.

"Well?" said Jim, trying to appear calm.

"Well, yourself!" Milly snapped.

"What's the matter?" Jim asked. "Is Doris ill?"

"Much you care, sending her home wet through," Milly stormed. "Not your fault if she isn't . . . Nice way you treat my friend . . . Chuck her out in the rain when you're through with her . . . And—"

"Did Doris ask you to come here?"

"No, she didn't. She said if I came she'd never speak to me again. But I came just the same, to tell you what I thought of—"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the butler. "There's a police officer would like to speak to you."

Milly looked scared. "Look here, what's the game!" she cried. "You've got nothing on me! You can't turn me over to the police, and—"

"Be quiet," Jim commanded. "This has nothing to do with you." He turned to the butler. "What does he want?"

"He didn't say, sir . . . It's an Inspector."

"All right. Let him come in."

The butler went out, and in a moment the officer entered.

"Mr. James Worlock?" he inquired. And when Jim nodded, he went on: "Are you acquainted with a young woman of the name of Doris Lea?"

"Why do you ask me that?" Jim replied, playing for time.

"A letter of yours was found in her rooms."

"Well?"

"Well, sir," the officer went on. "Would you be surprised to hear that the young woman is—dead?"

"What—?"

"Dead."

"When—when did you say?"

"They've just taken her from the river. . . . Suicide, I should say."

"Oh, my God!" Jim half sobbed.

Milly gave a little scream, just as Clemency appeared in the doorway. "Now perhaps you're satisfied!" she raved. "Damn you—damn you—! . . . Oh, Doris! . . . Doris!" She ran crying from the room. "Oh, damn you, Jim Worlock!"

Clemency came forward, like one walking in a trance. She stood beside Jim, her hand on his bowed head. The officer watched them. Jim's actions were answer enough. Presently he turned and went out without a word. Clemency stared down at her husband. But she said nothing. She had the feeling that something terrible had happened to her, that her home was falling about her ears like a house of cards, that this man to whom she had been so long married was an utter stranger. In a moment she too turned and left the room. Jim Worlock was alone with the wreck of his splendidly planned life.

The events which followed that dreadful evening in Jim Worlock's home were almost unbelievable in their ability to strip from Jim every vestige of decency. And at the Coroner's Court the feeling against him was overwhelmingly unpleasant. A motley crowd attended, sensation seekers, newspaper reporters looking for salacious news to be printed in the scandal sheets they represented. Jim Worlock stood, one against the world.

Milly was a witness, and in bitter terms she denounced Jim as a seducer, and a man without honor. She told of the times he and Doris had been together. "She was sappy about him," Milly explained. "I warned her how it would end, and I was right."

"'E's a murderer," someone cried. "You can see it in 'is face!"

"The poor little lamb," said another. "Lying there in her coffin . . . Innocent she was, and 'e drug her down."

"Silence!" the coroner thundered. "If I can't have it, I'll clear the court."

Then finally it came down to one question. Was or was not Doris Lea a good girl before Jim Worlock met her? Had there been another man or men in her life? A member of the jury asked permission to put this question to Jim; permission was granted. But Jim refused to answer. What Doris had told him was sacred. He would not betray her. He would keep silent about her life before he knew her, no matter what the cost. And this silence he assumed but increased the feeling against him.

"The dirty swine!" cried a blowsy woman.

Finally the jury came in to render its verdict. "We have," said the foreman, "come to an unanimous verdict on Doris Lea—of suicide."

"I would like to have a word," said the coroner. He waited until all were silent and then went on. "When a married man of mature years entangles a young girl of inferior class in an irregular union, he assumes a very grave responsibility." He cleared his throat. "Mr. Worlock, by his refusal to answer an important question, has made a deliberate attack on the character of the girl who is no longer here to speak for herself." He rapped for silence, as someone cheered. "If he'd shown a little less selfishness, a little more restraint, a little more kindness, this unfortunate young woman would be alive today. It seems unfortunate that he cannot be held criminally responsible for his conduct."

Then it was all over. Jim, with his friend, John Tring, left the courtroom amid hisses and unprintable accusations. Jim Worlock, who had been a respected lawyer but a few months before, was now looked upon as a man to be shunned. With head bowed he got into his car, and drove out to face his wife. He had made his plans. He was leaving England for a time. Clemency had turned cold, bitter. She had not taken into consideration the fact that if she had not gone away with her sister, he would never have been tempted by Doris.

"There's nothing else to be said," he told Clemency on the day he was to sail. "I suppose I'd better go."

"I'll come to the boat to see you off, if you'd like," Clemency offered.

"Perhaps we'd better say good-by here," Jim replied. "It would be easier . . . Your love and respect mean everything in my life, but I—I—can't stand your bitterness and—and—pity." He held out his hand. "Goodby, Clemency, my darling."

"Good-by, Jim."

Clemency stood at the window and watched her husband go out of her life. Tears welled up into her eyes, but she fought them back. She was still fighting them when John Tring was announced.

"I ran down to see Jim off," he said.

"He's gone," Clemency said listlessly. "You can still catch the boat, however."

"Yes, I know. The tide is rebellious. It will be another half hour before it heads for Algiers." John Tring eyed Clemency closely. "Did Jim tell you everything?"

"I don't know. He told me enough to shatter our lives."

"Clemency," John went on, "Jim was not what the papers said he was; there had been another man in the girl's life. Milly, her friend, told me so, just now. Doris wanted Jim with all her heart, and she told him about her past life in order to get him."

Clemency stared. "But—but—why didn't he tell me!" she cried.

"He was too honorable," John replied. "And he didn't want to stand up there in court and blacken the dead girl's character by making her appear common and promiscuous."

"He should have told me!" Clemency wailed. "It makes a lot of difference!"

"And, Clemency," Tring continued, "I am a lot to blame. I *did* take Jim to the restaurant that night. I *did* speak to the girls. I did nudge the laws of chance a bit. Yes, so far as fate ever has one eye open, I suppose I'm guilty."

"And a girl kills herself!" said Clemency.

"Which was foolish of her."

"A woman in love," said Clemency, "is never sensible."

"She broke the rules," John said.

"What are they?"

"She tried to play for the stakes without filling her part of the agreement," John explained. "She tried to change them in the middle of the game . . . It can't be done." He leaned closer to Clemency. "My dear, suppose you were never going to see Jim again? Never on this earth. Suppose he never even reached Algiers? Suppose he—"

"Oh, but—no—no—he wouldn't do that!"

"*She* did," John reminded. Then more lightly, he added: "Oh, but then I don't suppose he would. He's not a coward."

"No," said Clemency, "he isn't." She stared out of the window for a moment. There was the sound of a boat whistle. She was startled. "No," she repeated, "he isn't. . . . And I'm going to him."

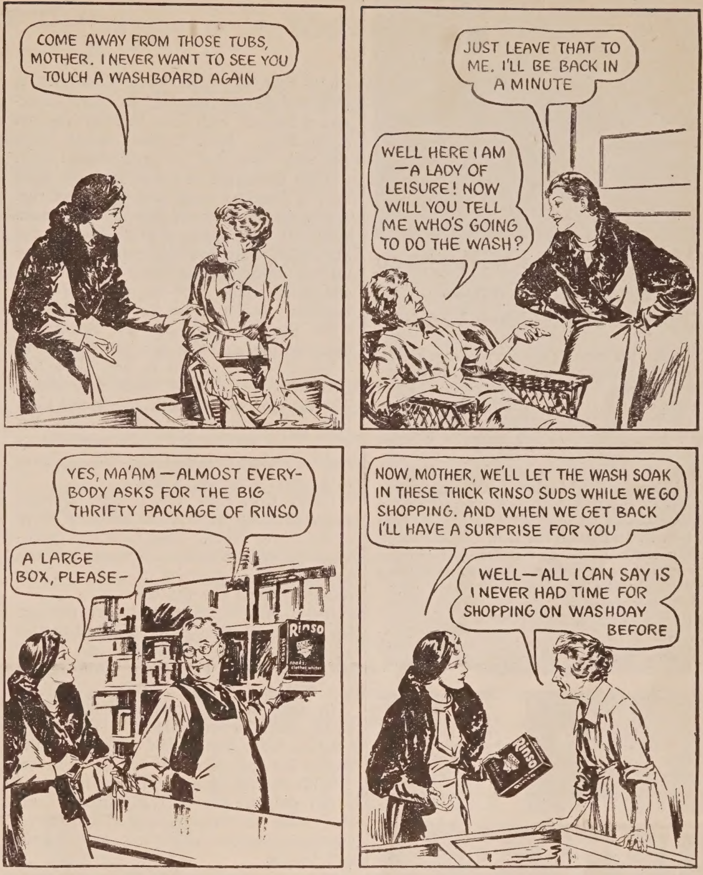
She rushed from the room, calling to her maid to pack a bag. And John Tring watched her, smiling, feeling that after all Clemency and Jim Worlock might reconstruct their lives together—might find a happiness more permanent and substantial than the old one. And if he had seen Jim and Clemency some time later as they stood upon the deck of an outgoing boat, he would have been even more sure about that happy life yet to come.

Jim's arm was about Clemency's slim waist. They were gazing out across the water which the sinking sun was now touching with an old rose glow.

"Are you sure it wasn't pity that brought you to me?" Jim asked.

"Ever so sure," said Clemency. "It's what has been all these years, Jim; my love, my respect, my faith . . . I think I understand you now as I have never understood you before."

The boat band swung into a bright Italian melody, as Jim Worlock drew his wife closer, closer, closer. . . .


COME AWAY FROM THOSE TUBS, MOTHER. I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU TOUCH A WASHBOARD AGAIN
JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE
WELL HERE I AM —A LADY OF LEISURE! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHO'S GOING TO DO THE WASH?
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A LARGE BOX, PLEASE—
Rinso
NOW, MOTHER, WE'LL LET THE WASH SOAK IN THESE THICK RINSO SUDS WHILE WE GO SHOPPING. AND WHEN WE GET BACK I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU
WELL—ALL I CAN SAY IS I NEVER HAD TIME FOR SHOPPING ON WASHDAY BEFORE

TWO HOURS LATER—
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28 boys' waists
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6 nightgowns
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34 pairs socks
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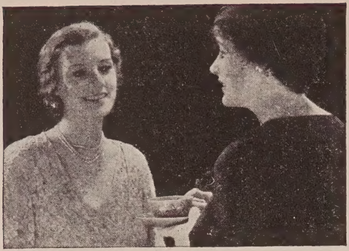

"My dear, she will grace any occasion—
Have you noticed her hands?"

"Yes, Tom is going to marry Lillian Fields. I know she works in a factory . . . but so do many other splendid girls nowadays. She's always dainty and well groomed. Why, her hands look as though she spends her days with a manicure, rather than at a work bench."

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Cora Sue

(Continued from page 32)

studio that afternoon for a little girl to play the part of "Pudge" in "The Unexpected Father" with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts. Mrs. Collins rushed home and took Cora Sue out to Universal City.

They were just in time. Already more than a hundred applicants had lined up. An assistant director was looking them over. It was apparent that most of the little girls were too self-conscious. They had no doubt been in many such line-ups and were trying hard to show off their cuteness. Down at the far end of the line Cora Sue was beaming her ecstasy at being inside a studio for the first time. When the director got to her, Cora Sue gave him one of those Clara Bow winks. The director winked back at her and Cora Sue smiled so delightedly that he dismissed the rest of the bunch right away and took Cora Sue and her Mommy over to a sound stage for a test.

Could Cora Sue cry? Sure enough, when Mommy told Cora Sue the story of the Three Bears trying to eat up Goldilocks the radiant smile of a moment before turned into a riverbed of tears as the camera ground out the test.

Incidentally, Cora Sue doesn't cry out loud like most little girls. She just bottles all her sorrow up inside her and lets it out in sniffles. The cutest little sniffles you ever saw.

In spite of the sublime comic artistry of the Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts combination, Cora Sue walked off with all the honors for the success of her first picture.

With the fine quality of imagination of which only a little girl is capable, Cora Sue makes an exciting game of her acting, appropriating the huge sets as gigantic doll houses.

Her directors soon discovered this when Cora Sue kept on acting after the camera stopped grinding. It is very much a case with Cora Sue of, "You be my mamma and papa, and we'll play house."

From Universal Cora Sue went right over to Paramount for a bit part in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." During the making of the picture she earned the admiration of the entire company by adlibbing the entire orphanage scene with Wynne Gibson after the director had told her the story of the scene. Once she even refused to skip rope because she thought it would "look better" to be bouncing a ball instead.

Cora Sue and Pat O'Brien, who played the part of her daddy in "Clara Deane," fell for each other with a tremendous bang when they first met.

When Pat saw how hopelessly inexperienced the Collinses were in the ways of Hollywood, he secured an agent, publicity photographer and all the other things that most little girls in pictures can't do without even to begin with. Right away Hal Roach offered Cora Sue a long term contract with the new "Our Gang."

Mrs. Collins didn't know what to do. Her little girl's future was at stake. Even Mr. O'Brien hardly knew what to advise. Although two studios told Mrs. Collins that they would be glad to star Cora Sue as a feminine "Skippy," they were unable to find a suitable story.

For two nights Mrs. Collins didn't sleep a wink. At last she made a very brave decision. With no other offer in sight, she turned down the "Our Gang" contract since she felt that Cora Sue would win recognition more quickly by way of bit parts in feature length productions.

As it has proven, Mrs. Collins' theory was correct. Within a few days after she turned down the Roach offer, M-G-M gave Cora Sue the prized rôle of Norma Shearer as a baby in "Smilin' Through." Then Warner Brothers cast Cora Sue as little "Silver Dollar" herself, in the new Edward G. Robinson picture.

Cora Sue's adventures in Hollywood during the last few months would belittle those of Alice in Wonderland. First, Jimmie Gleason invited Cora Sue out to his house to meet "Baby Peggy" who has grown up to be thirteen years old, and is doing a come-back in Jimmie Gleason's short comedies. Then, while she was out at M-G-M, Cora Sue met Jackie Cooper and was allowed to inspect his private collection of guns and pistols, which, Cora Sue says, are "only wood."

This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle

■	C	L	A	R	K	■	N	O	G	■	M	E	N	■	S	L	E	E	P	■
G	L	O	R	I	A	■	H	A	R	D	I	N	G	■	H	A	R	L	O	W
L	A	■	C	O	R	K	■	T	E	E	N	S	■	W	A	V	E	■	L	E
A	R	T	■	T	E	N	T	■	T	E	E	■	P	O	L	A	■	A	L	E
D	A	I	S	■	N	O	R	M	A	■	S	L	A	N	T	■	B	O	Y	O
■	■	D	A	P	■	T	I	E	■	■	■	E	G	G	■	C	A	R	■	■
S	T	A	I	R	S	■	M	A	R	L	E	N	E	■	C	A	R	T	E	R
C	O	L	L	I	E	R	■	T	I	E	R	S	■	B	A	R	B	A	R	A
A	T	■	■	M	A	E	■	■	F	I	R	■	■	A	R	A	■	■	E	N
B	E	N	N	E	T	T	■	A	L	L	O	W	■	R	O	M	A	N	C	E
S	M	E	A	R	S	■	S	H	E	A	R	E	R	■	L	E	V	I	T	E
■	■	E	M	S	■	M	O	O	■	■	■	B	U	S	■	L	O	T	■	■
B	O	D	E	■	B	E	R	Y	L	■	E	S	T	E	R	■	W	R	A	P
A	R	S	■	L	E	S	T	■	E	E	L	■	H	E	A	T	■	E	R	A
N	E	■	A	Y	E	S	■	V	A	L	L	I	■	D	I	R	T	■	L	I
G	A	Y	N	O	R	■	H	O	P	K	I	N	S	■	L	I	O	N	E	L
■	D	E	N	N	Y	■	A	N	T	■	S	A	T	■	S	P	O	O	N	■

For this month's new puzzle turn back to page 6

Of course, Cora Sue has met Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and a lot of other grown-ups as well, but she thinks Jackie and Peggy are more fun.

When I visited Cora Sue on the "Silver Dollar" set she was just finishing her last scene with Mr. Robinson and Bebe Daniels. It was a death bed scene and Cora Sue was weeping copious tears as Mr. Robinson passed away. When the scene was finished and Mr. Robinson started to take his make-up off, Cora Sue, drying her tears, went over and shook hands with Eddie.

"Good-by, Mr. Robinson," Cora Sue sniffled, "I'm sorry you're dead."

When I got a chance to speak to her, Cora Sue was sitting in the studio teacher's lap, learning her ABC'S.

"Do you know what I'm going to be?" Cora Sue asked me.

"I was just going to ask you that," I answered, "but tell me anyway, Cora Sue. What are you going to be?"

"I'm going to be Champion Alphabet Sayer of Hollywood!"

Tony Reaches the End of the Trail

(Continued from page 55)

"I'll give you $10 for that horse," Tom said.

"I'll take $15," was the reply. The men compromised on $12.50.

From that moment, Tony and Tom were pals.

Tom took Tony to his ranch. Tony was thin and scrawny and undernourished. Tom fed him on oats soaked in milk until Tony got a foothold. Then the colt was turned out to pasture.

When Tom went into pictures, Tony went along. Soon the team was formed—back in 1912.

And Tony began the most adventuresome life ever led by a horse. Ordered by his master to go to a table and pick up a piece of paper, a hat, a pair of gloves or a revolver, he did so. He'd drag Tom to safety, stamp upon villains, span mountain chasms on tree trunks, jump through plate glass windows, swim swollen torrents or do anything he was ordered to.

He understood Tom.

He has an "understanding" vocabulary of more than 500 words.

In one picture for Fox, dynamite exploded prematurely and blew man and horse several feet. Tony emerged with a hole in his side and fractured ribs. Tom was injured seriously. But Tony kept on. He never knew the meaning of fear. Except once——

Tony was deathly afraid of a dummy horse. An animal which looked like a horse, but wouldn't neigh back, wouldn't move. He'd shie and not go near it!

In 1925, Tony made his bow in the banquet room of the famous Savoy hotel in London. He lived in the Prince of Wales stables.

On other occasions, he spent nights in American hotels. He had his own room in a Detroit hotel when Tom discovered that under an archaic law the management was compelled to give shelter to "man and his beast."

At Cleveland, Tony had his own dressing room in a theater.

Tom says that he believes the greatest trick Tony ever pulled was swimming into a swollen river, grasping the handle of a basket supposedly containing a baby, and swimming back to shore while the camera ground.

But Tony has done other things. He walked up a flight of iron stairs in the Astor Hotel to appear at an exhibitors' convention. He dined in the banquet room of the Fort Pitt at Pittsburgh.

All during the years, he went wherever Tom went.

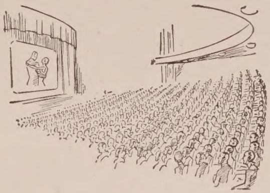
Now, he can't go any more.

He's alone in his pasture. The world passes by. Now and then he hears Tom's footfall and the stable rings with a welcoming whinney—but that's all.

And, with the last fade-out on Tony's active life, we can only wish that he will be happy—and that he'll have many golden memories of the times which were, when he was a flaming steed, riding up hill and down dale to bring romance into the hearts of millions of Americans whose hearts never grow old.

It happens in the movies . . .

DOES IT HAPPEN TO YOU?



DON'T you secretly wish that the thrill of those tender love scenes in the movies might happen to you? Do you realize that beauty invites love, romance and adventure. Learn how to be beautiful . . . sighing and longing never made a girl beautiful . . . although the correct beauty aids often have.

Would you like a face powder which gives your skin a satiny softness, a lipstick which tints your lips to a tempting red and a perfume whose fragrance lingers delightfully about you . . . Then use Blue Waltz Face Powder, Lipstick and Perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient ten cent purse sizes can be purchased at your nearest 5 and 10c store.

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LOVE MIRROR for March MOVIE MIRROR
On Sale February 5th

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LET ME DEVELOP *YOUR* FORM
to Full Feminine Loveliness this New Easy Way

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES!

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Try my Amazing Miracle Cream Method

Just give me 30 days. Let me prove that you can increase your chest-line and mould the contours to firm, youthful shapeliness. My new easy method quickly gives you fascinating feminine curves and alluring contours. Thousands of women praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day. No matter how flat and undeveloped your form may be—no matter what else you have tried—you owe it to yourself to try the famous Miracle Cream treatment.

FREE *A Beautiful Form*

THE CHARM of a Beautiful Bust

My new illustrated book tells all about this new easy way to develop the form—how flat or sagging contours may be made full, firm and shapely. Special offer NOW: Send only $1.00 for the Miracle Cream treatment, including Large container of MIRACLE CREAM, instructions and Free Book. Offer limited; mail coupon with $1.00 AT ONCE.

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I enclose only $1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and instructions with Free Book—in plain wrapper.

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Town............................State........

How to Dress Smartly on Nothing At All

(*Continued from page 57*)

new hats that are being worn now on the side of the head. They can be worn only by women who are beautiful and have lovely skin. I hate the so-called 'Amazon' hats, with their square, uncompromising lines. And so I have my hats made up. The designer makes a sketch which I approve or else blocks the hat out on my head. I manage to get something that looks well on me and yet looks like a style of the current period.

"At various times when I was broke and poor I discovered that you could be well-dressed on a very small amount, if you followed a few simple rules. I don't think I ever formulated them before, but I did practise them, and I think that they will help any girl who wants to look well on a small income.

"1. The first one is—Dress with simplicity. I don't mean that you have to wear sweety-sweet dresses. What I mean is, wear simple lines. The less ornaments there are on a dress, the better looking the dress. If you can spend only five dollars on a dress, and you buy one with a lot of beads and gew-gaws, you will be hanging a price tag on yourself. But if you buy a very simple dress, people will not stop to think as you enter a room, 'What atrocious taste that dress shows! Mamie must be shopping in a bargain basement.'

"2. Be careful of your grooming. Dress neatly. We cannot all afford expensive models, Paris originals, shoes that cost $35 a pair. But we should all keep our shoes in repair. There is no excuse for letting the heels run down. We may not all be able to spend a small fortune on our bags, but we can keep them clean. I mean the inside of the bag as well as the outside. We don't have to clutter up our bags with a thousand non-essentials. It is possible now to buy good washable gloves, and clean them yourself if you cannot afford to have them cleaned.

"3. Wear good accessories. If you haven't much money to spend, buy an inexpensive dress if you must, and spend money on your head and your feet. A woman looks better dressed if she wears an inexpensive dress and good accessories than if she wears a good dress with cheap accessories. If I had very little money to spend, I'd buy a black crêpe dress with the simplest lines possible, and spend as much of my clothes money on accessories as I could. My own pet extravagance is shoes. Two years ago, I had seventy-five pairs, and I keep on adding to them. But if you can afford only one pair of shoes make it a good pair.

"4. Use either a very good perfume or none at all. When I was poorer than Job's tears, I used no perfume at all. Today I use a perfume that is a blend of several scents, mixing Oeubre de Delhi (Babue's) with Chanel No. 5 for one scent.

"5. Stand as well and walk as well as you can. Posture has a great deal more to do with being well-dressed than most people stop to realize. If you stand or walk badly, nothing will look well on you.

"6. Stick to black or neutral colors like brown if you have only a small amount to spend on clothes. If you can afford two dresses and buy one red dress and one yellow dress, people will think every time they see you, "Oh, there she is in that red dress again." But if you buy two black dresses, both different, no one will know that you have only two dresses. You might as well have six. Again, the girl who goes into reds, yellows, and greens on a small budget is lost when it comes to buying accessories. She needs separate accessories for each dress, whereas if you stick to black or a neutral color, you can afford to buy fewer and better accessories. In any event I think that people ought to buy as few colors as possible this year. It seems to me that this is an in-between year and that styles will change radically next year. The Parisian designers are working on styles that will revolutionize clothes. If a girl's wardrobe runs to a riot of colors this year or if she buys a dress with leg-o'-mutton sleeves hoping to wear it next year, I think she'll be out of luck.

"7. Have a tailored suit in your wardrobe. That is an essential. You can wear it in the winter and wear it in the spring. Styles change very little in suits, and if you get a good tailored suit with a good hem that you can move up or down, you can wear it for four years. You can wear it right through the day, from early in the morning right through to the theater, if you are not changing for dinner. All you'll need with it is a pretty blouse, which you can wash out yourself if necessary.

"8. Keep your clothes as inconspicuous as possible. (Kay Francis herself was wearing a brown tailored suit with a white waist when she gave this interview.) The well-dressed woman is the one whose clothes are never noticed in any way. When she enters a room people don't say, "Oh, look, what a beautiful gown she is wearing!" They notice the woman and not the clothes. When I dress I try to wear becoming but inconspicuous clothes so that people will notice me and not the clothes.

"9. If you know of a good dressmaker have her make up some of your clothes. In that way you can afford to get better materials than you could buy for the same money in a ready made dress. Study the fashion magazines for styles to follow.

"10. Dress to bring out your good points and hide your bad ones at the same time. There is no use in emphasizing your good points if at the same time you don't hide your bad ones. If you have bad hips don't wear flounces that reveal them. If your legs aren't what they should be, don't wear your dresses up to your knees, no matter what the mode is. If your legs are too fat, wear darker stockings to make them look thinner. Study your own personality to discover what kind of a neckline looks well on you. I usually prefer a V neckline for myself because I am skinny and tall, but I have had some dresses with very beautiful square necklines. If you put on a dress or a hat and you know it is becoming to yourself, suited to the occasion for which you are going to wear it and in the mode of the day, then you can be sure that you are smartly dressed."

Helen Twelvetrees, RKO Star

You can have

ENTICING EYES

● EVERY movie star knows this beauty trick! Dark, heavy lashes give your eyes fascination—allure—appeal. Dark, heavy lashes make eyes look larger and sparkling . . . Winx—the NEW type mascara —gives you such lashes—easily and naturally . . . Without smudging, smearing or smarting.

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No Sticky, Messy Film—*Ever*
Lovely, Soft, White Skin—*Always*

Last year a million women proved it is not necessary to pay high prices for the finest skin cream. In fact you, too, will prefer

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—to any other cream you have ever used because it contains no lotion gums—never clogs skin pores—never rolls up—never is sticky—absorbs completely—heals chapped or rough skin and makes it soft, white and lovely. Only 10c at all "Ten Cent" stores. Also 25c and 50c sizes at Drug and Dept. Stores.

E. E. HESS CO., Brook, Ind.

How does a "HOT-CHA" GIRL bring up her own daughter?

How deeply has the age of jazz gripped modern women? Has it really changed them fundamentally—their desires, their ideas of love, of marriage, of the home, of the bringing up of their children? Some say the New Woman of 1933 has nothing in common with her mother, that she is a new creature, a product of the machine age, the night club, and the petting party. But is this true? Given a home and children, what sort of a life does she want to build for herself?

Perhaps there is no one who could give so good an answer to this all-absorbing question as the famous "Hot-cha" girl of the movies, the sinuous, alluring Lupe Velez. For here is the Modern Girl in all her devil-may-care spontaneity and freshness. And this famous Lupe Velez is now undertaking her most difficult role—that of mother to her newly adopted daughter. What sort of a woman does Lupe want that daughter to become? Another "Hot-cha" girl? Or a demure mid-Victorian lass? No woman can afford to miss reading "The Jazz Madonna" in the March Movie Mirror, in which this leading screen actress tells for the first time of her ambitions and fears for the child whose future lies in her hands.

MOVIE MIRROR for March

Spanky

(*Continued from page* 33)

and refuses to say his piece for company. Spanky wasn't slow about showing his chagrin. And anger.

"Dern those fish!" he stormed. "Act like they're scared of me. I've never hurt 'em. They ought to have their heads chopped off. Derned old fish!"

He took my hand in his.

"I'll take you in the house and show you my 'beanstalk' book," he promised. It proved to be "Jack and the Beanstalk." Brother Tommy followed his lead wherever he went, but whenever he attempted to butt into our conversation, little Spanky waggled his forefinger warningly at him.

"Don't bother Mary," he advised him. "This is my interview. Tommy, and you keep still."

"What are you going to be when you get big, Spank?" I asked him.

"A hi-jacker," he answered.

Spanky dislikes being petted. He feels grown-up. He acts grown-up. And it bores him to death to have anyone try to fondle him.

But if anyone treats him like an equal that's okay.

A thing is either right or wrong, black or white, with Spanky. There is no quibbling or straddle-the-fence business with him.

He works like a real little trouper, and has a sunny, lovable nature. He hates stills however, and whenever a halt is called so that the still man can grab a few shots, Spanky wants to know how many they intend to make. And when they tell him, he always consents but he won't allow them to make any more than they originally intended.

Spanky rests and naps from noon until three o'clock every day, regardless of the scenes required for the picture. His parents see that he adheres to a regular schedule in his sleep, diet, work and play.

As I sat there in the cozy living-room of the new McFarland home, I pondered over the fortunate circumstance that has enabled this baby to give at least a moderate degree of comfort and luxury to his family. His father and mother were just ordinary folk down in Dallas, Texas, when his aunt took an interest in his career and got him a contract as a model for some bread advertising films in his home town. She sent a print to the Hal Roach Studios, and a contract resulted. Spanky's success in pictures was immediate.

He is just a trifle small for his age, being 33 inches tall and weighing thirty pounds. But he is a perfect cherub of a child and the picture of health.

He hates to sit still. Wants to be always doing something. Between scenes he is usually on his tricycle pedaling around the sound stages. And he is a great favorite with the laborers around the studios.

I'm afraid I imposed on his good nature that morning, but he knew when to quit. After two hours of play interspersed with small talk and questioning, he suddenly closed his Beanstalk Book.

"Well, Mary," he gave me a broad smile of dismissal, "you better git goin' now."

What could I do? What could I say after that? Spanky was already half-way down the hall before I could get my breath. So I took his advice. I got goin'.

New, Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper Amazes Women

Longer Wearing, Non-curling. Superior to All Previous Shelf Edgings.

Costs No More

New York, Jan. 3rd. Women visiting the Five and Ten Cent Stores are now being introduced to a sensational new patented Shelf Paper — the first real improvement in 40 years. It was perfected by the world's largest makers of shelf papers, and is called Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. It is four times as strong as ordinary papers — will not curl — and stays clean much longer.

Because of these features, it looks much more beautiful when hung. If you care anything about bettering the appearance of your pantry, linen and kitchen closets, make it a point to see and examine Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. *Feel the double edge.* Available in a host of good-looking color combinations. And note that it costs no more—5c for a package of 10 ft.

FEEL THE EDGE

The double edge of new Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper will not curl. Remains flat under normal kitchen conditions of heat, dampness, steam. No more messy, curled up edges to spoil your closets.

4 TIMES STRONGER

A famous testing laboratory in New York City scientifically compared Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper with all others. It is 4 times stronger — 4 times longer lasting.

Stays Clean Longer

Science has proven that the new Roylace Shelf Paper, because of its unique construction and cloth-lyke finish, resists grease, dust, moisture. It stays clean much longer.

No Extra Cost—5c

It's really foolish not to insist on seeing this new improved shelf paper. It is available at all 5-and-10¢ stores *now* and is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Roylace Paper Doylies. The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. C.

Roylace
Double-Edge Cloth-lyke
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WITH WATER?

The alkaline substances in water dry the hair, make it harsh and straggly. Cause dandruff, too!

WITH GLUES?

These glues and gues are messy, take a long time to dry. They give hair that stiff, unnatural look, leave powdery flakes, and sometimes even change the texture and color of hair.

OR THIS!

No longer is it necessary to use water or sticky, gummy lotions that ruin the hair and make it look ugly. The smart, new, and correct way to do your hair is to dip your comb in the large bottle of this delightfully thin VENIDA WAVESET, then comb it through your hair. This will keep your waves most perfectly in place for days.

Until you use the new Venida Waveset you don't know how radiantly beautiful and naturally wavy your hair can really be. It dries quicker than any other... it is simple to use, non-greasy, and pleasantly fragrant. Never leaves any powdery flakes.

● Slip a Venida Hairnet on after setting, and your wave will last twice as long!

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The Trouble With Men Is Getting Rid of Them

(*Continued from page* 40)

double. Mae has never seen anything like Hollywood either. And she likes it, and Hollywood loves Mae's easy friendliness, her droll sense of humor, and her slightly caustic comments. Of course she hasn't seen much of society in the movie town. When she has a free night she goes to see the prize fights. She sits at the ringside and doesn't turn pale if one of the gladiators loses two or three teeth. A Beverly Hills evening of contract bridge and backgammon would drive her to drink —and she doesn't drink or smoke.

I like Mae West, and I like the casual way she tells you that she was a "sensation" in a rôle. It isn't boasting, for Mae was, and still is, a "sensation." She turned the trick beautifully in "Night After Night," her first motion picture appearance. From the very first moment she appeared in George Raft's night club, in the picture, you were Mae West conscious.

"Goodness, those are beautiful diamonds you are wearing," someone comments of her in the picture.

"Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie," responds Mae. And from that moment on she belongs to studio history. Paramount thinks so much of her that they have given her a five year contract, calling for two pictures a year. That will give her time to have a season on the New York stage every year.

It was Mae West who discovered sex on Broadway. Oh, even before that, there was such a thing as "the stronger sex" and "the weaker sex," but Mae combined the two in her first sensational stage play. She called it "Sex." Just like that! "Sex" ran two years before the city dads decided it was a bit too racy, and invited her to remove the opus from chaste Broadway. By that time nearly everybody had seen it anyway. Ministers had thundered denunciation from the pulpit, editorials had been written about it, and, of course, everybody was "busting" to see it. "Sex" netted a fortune for her, and made her famous.

She followed her triumph in "Sex" with another and greater "sensation." "Diamond Lil" ran two years on Broadway, and a slightly expurgated edition toured for another year.

The next two plays which she wrote, but in which she did not appear, were "Drag" and "Pleasure Man." They had extremely brief runs. In fact the police had something to do with the brevity of the engagements. The publicity, however, did nothing to harm Mae's prestige at the box office.

Her "sensational" career began on the stage when she was eight years old. She appeared at an amateur night performance, and her impersonations of George M. Cohan and Harry Lauder won her first prize. From that time on she never left the stage.

Finally she began to write her own plays, realizing that she had an unusual personality to exploit. She even wrote most of her best lines in "Night After Night." It was a small, rather uninteresting part to begin with. It was her idea to call George Raft "you dog" and "you rat." It didn't please George very much at first, but Mae explained that they were really "pet names." George still wasn't any too pleased, but the lines stayed in anyway.

The blonde and very pleasingly curved Mae likes these shady lady rôles.

"Bad women are interesting," she says. "You don't remember the good women in history. Oh, maybe you remember Betsy Ross, but we can't all make a flag.

"All I can say is that I see a great importance in living a life that isn't packed in a box. We get to that sooner or later anyway. No, where there's life there's sex, and always will be."

According to my biology professor, she's right. Ab-solutely!

There's no doubt that Mae West takes Mae West very seriously. But a saving sense of humor and keen intelligence make Mae's ego an understandable and thoroughly agreeable thing. That mind of hers terrifies some men, and sometimes she has to soft-pedal it.

"I don't play dumb at any time, though, or for any man," she said.

She does sort of miss the New York life, but then existence has not been dull in Hollywood.

Hollywood staged quite a surprise for her in the way of a jewel robbery. She'd read about innumerable actresses having their jewels stolen for benefit of their press agents. Her "robbery" was different. The jewels were really stolen. They still are.

"That wouldn't have happened to me in New York or Chicago," she complained. "I know the big boys among the gangsters. They would have them back for me in no time. Out here, though, there are too many transients. No one knows who does things."

"I hate to lose those diamonds, too," she continued. "They were all given to me. I could buy more, but a girl doesn't get much of a kick out of jewelry she buys herself. The bandit missed one bracelet, however. It was the one Harry Richman gave me. He used to be my accompanist in vaudeville."

The bandits missed another prize, too. Mae didn't have it on. She owns a diamond pendant weighing 22 carats—all in one stone. When she wears that she wears no other jewelry. After all, 22 carats is enough at one time.

She lives in a swanky Hollywood apartment, has a sleek, shining town car, likes furs and jewels, and chews gum occasionally. Her constant companion is "Boogey," her pet monkey.

She hasn't seen herself on the screen yet. At first she was afraid to. Afraid she might not be good.

If she gets around to seeing "Night After Night" she'll probably buy a house in Beverly Hills, purchase a century plant and wait for it to bloom in 2032.

Mae West has gone and committed another "sensation." She's a hit in the films.

But she doesn't have time for men, so don't be watching for romance rumors. She is busy just being Mae West.

Did You Ever Suffer from a Swelled Head?

(*Continued from page* 15)

is nothing but a superficial mask that she delights in wearing in order to confuse her acquaintances; a mask behind which runs a deep strain of sincerity, of calm, implacable oneness of purpose.

Sidney Fox was born on December tenth in New York City in that humble apartment. She had barely passed her twelfth birthday when her father died, leaving the family without a dime. She had her choice of living on her relatives or working out her own destiny. She chose to make her own way and also assumed the responsibility of supporting her mother.

In turn she became a modiste shop delivery girl, a seamstress, a stenographer, lawyer's apprentice.

She had no time for play and consequently her childhood was devoid of friends. Here, then, we have a lonely, hard-working child, slowly but surely improving herself financially as well as mentally until at the age of seventeen she was able to throw herself into the job of editing an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column for an Eastern newspaper syndicate.

She poured into this lovelorn column of hers all the intensity of her extreme youth.

"I felt so sorry for those poor women and girls," she once told me, "that I wanted awfully to cheer them up. I pointed out to them that if they would work hard, have faith and be patient, everything would turn out for the best. I thought I was a tremendous power for good and I do hope that I helped them a little."

One assumes that she did, for Sid puts her heart in her work.

As she gradually developed into a lush young lady, she furthered her career by resorting to every trick known to woman, garnishing her innate capabilities with a liberal dash of sex appeal. Indeed, so effective was she in this last pursuit that she soon found it expedient to don horn-rimmed spectacles in order to keep from losing her job!

Inspired by an unquenchable thirst for the security of wealth, both for herself and her mother, this child fought the lonely battle of life shrewdly, efficiently and bravely, drawing upon her tremendous reserve of energy, her native canniness, her wit and her feminine lure, until in the short space of nine years she had risen from a fifteen-dollar-a-week delivery girl to a thousand-dollar-a-week motion picture star.

She arrived in Hollywood accompanied by her friend, companion, chaperon, Bridget Price. In her pocket was her Universal contract which was to carry her to fame and fortune and unconcealed she carried an unlimited supply of confidence. It was justified, as subsequent events proved. Everything fell into her lap. The prize rôles at Universal were given to her without question. She took Hollywood by storm and helped herself to anything she wanted without question, blithely forgetting her occasional mistakes.

"For to waste time over dead issues is stupid," she remarked one day. And at that moment she was the most gossipped-about star in Hollywood. But Sidney went merrily on her way, unconcerned with what people had to say of her and with a cheerful nonchalance that Hollywood found quite maddening.

Then came the New Year's Eve party. Sidney had reached the pinnacle of success—she thought. She was sublimely happy. She was surrounded by friends. She had beauty, money, rôles, everything a girl could want—she thought.

She learned differently, however, when confronted with a series of disagreeable experiences: she quarreled with her beloved Bridget, a gentle, cultured Englishwoman, and Bridget was asked to leave. One event followed another. The hillside home was not large enough. She moved to a larger one on a higher hill. One car was not enough. She purchased another. She listened to bad advice. She got into financial difficulties by living far beyond her ample means. The gossipmongers were asking if there might not be a little fire where so much smoke escaped. It was whispered around that Sidney's contract was to be broken. One by one, her friends drifted away. Her telephone, which had jangled constantly from morning till night, was unpleasantly still.

And then came another New Year's Eve. Sidney sat alone in her grand, hillside home. She couldn't afford to have a party, and anyway her friends had dwindled until she had no one to invite.

The clock struck midnight. Bells clanged. Whistles screamed. Just as they had the year before. Looking out her window Sidney could see the lights flashing in Hollywood below. She could hear the sounds of revelry. She could picture the parties in progress to which she had not been invited. Sidney thought of that last New Year's Eve when she had been so happy. Sidney thought of a lot of things. And then the telephone rang. It was her friend, Bridget, who had been hearing rumors about Sidney and had called to warn her.

Alone that night Sidney fought her battle.

Alone, tiny little Sidney drank the bitter dregs of her own mistakes.

"How foolish I've been," she sobbed. And then the old fighting spirit came to the front. "I'll not be beaten. I'll fight my way back," she promised herself. She decided to put the strange, superficial Sidney to rout; to get down to earth; to be herself. She decided to profit by some of the good advice she had given in her lovelorn column: "To work hard, have faith and be patient."

Once more Bridget is ensconced in the hillside home. Nowadays Sidney's evenings are devoted to a few real friends and quiet parties, and although she spends considerable time learning the art of wholesome play, no more does she overdo it. She realizes only too well that if she is to continue successfully in pictures she must work equally as hard as she did when merely a delivery girl.

So once again Sid is her old sweet self, a thoughtful young girl, a clear thinking young girl with the courage to gaze calmly, hopefully into the future; a future filled with happiness, success and love.

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March Issue Love Mirror Movie Mirror On Sale FEB. 5th

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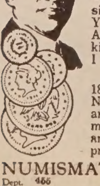

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Hollywood's Greatest Lovers

(*Continued from page 37*)

test. He appeared on the screen tall and dark and romantic.

"There's my Armand!" said Norma.

The business men and women who sat with her turned deprecating. "But, Miss Talmadge, shouldn't you have a better known leading man?" "He is romantic, of course, but . . ." "But . . ." "But . . ."

"There's my Armand," Norma repeated. It was as if they hadn't spoken.

Those romantically inclined insist Norma fell in love with Gilbert Roland when she saw him on the screen. But she insists that she was totally unaware of any prophecy lying in her words.

"However," Norma admits, "the first time I saw Gilbert in the studios it was quite different. Then I knew how it was going to be. I remember thinking 'So this is why I wasn't to go to Europe!'

"I can see Lamby as he stood there, a little off-stage, half in the shadows . . ."

"Lamby" they called each other. But in print without their voices to warm it, it is a poor word.

Gilbert Roland stood in awe of Norma. "Miss Talmadge . . ." he would begin again and again.

"Call me Norma," she would tell him. "Call me Norma." And her lovely warm eyes would go encouraging him, courting him. However, it was a long time before she succeeded in making Gilbert Roland forget that she was an important star and remember only that she was a woman and that he adored her.

Norma found the youth she had lost too early. Gilbert taught her to play. They swam together. They discovered music and poetry. They discovered the beauty of days gray with rain and the sorcery of nights when a full moon spills its gold.

When they weren't together they couldn't endure it. And when they were together they must always draw closer against the thought of parting.

Their love might easily have been misunderstood. In the beginning it was by some. Norma was rich and famous, able to do a great deal for a rising young actor. However, even the most cynical put their reservations and doubts away once they saw Norma and Gilbert together. Love was all he wanted from her and he had love to give. And when they no longer were as sure of that love as they had been, they separated.

Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck tried hard not to like each other in the beginning. Barbara insisted Frank was a goof who thought himself pretty good. Frank insisted Barbara was plain fresh. However, once they admitted their love it became a case of two for all and all for one. Even Hollywood with its gossip and intrigue has not been able to separate the Fays.

Barbara Stanwyck is a wife first and a star second. If tomorrow she was obliged to choose between her two estates she would walk out of the studios without any hesitation. If she were asked to choose between anything on earth and Frank Fay she would still choose Frank. And that, certainly, is love.

Surely Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert belong among Hollywood's greatest lovers.

I remember Greta as she used to sit in the Metro restaurant. She wore a little black suit, a starched blouse with a Byronic collar effect, and an inexpensive little felt hat pulled down over her hair.

I remember Jack as he used to come swaggering. His suits only served to accentuate the litheness of his body, the breadth of his shoulders.

Garbo saw Jack and she was impressed because he was such a great star.

Jack saw Greta and because she was so different from all the silken ladies he had known he was intrigued. At this particular time Jack's whole attitude was "I'll be good and dead one day. Then any experience I haven't had I'll have missed."

Well I, for one, have sympathy for such an attitude. Had Jack missed Greta, for instance, he would be a much poorer man today. He might never have discovered what he told me in New York one day "that ninety percent of our life we live in our hearts."

By the time Greta and Jack, who had only meant to play at love, became aware of the tremendous attraction they possessed for each other it was too late for them to retreat to safety. Their love had the quality of a prairie fire. While it lasted there was nothing that could have stopped it.

Marriage for Greta and Jack would have proved as impossible an equation as for Lupe and Gary. Temperamentally they were as far apart as the poles.

It was Jack's and Greta's wisdom, I think, that in time they let go. They had their Elysium. Had they tried to keep it, it would have turned into dust under their disillusioned eyes.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor belong with Hollywood's greatest lovers too. Not because they shared a grand passion. But because for a time it was as if Diane and Chico bequeathed to Janet and Charlie the lovely quality they had given them on the screen. They grew up, those two, to marry other people but young love was certainly theirs.

And now we come to Gloria and her "Hank." There's something romantic and thrilling about Gloria starting out as a bathing beauty, growing up a gracious lady, and marrying a handsome Marquis.

And when a famous lady like Gloria and a bon vivant like Hank forsake their pent house above Fifth Avenue, buy a rambling old place up the Hudson, prefer walking clothes to broadcloths and velvets, and let their butler, waitress, and cook sit in idleness while they tramp off into the woods to the cabin Hank built to broil their own steak over an open fire . . well, they've got that something called love.

"I wonder," said a guest at a tea-party recently, "if Gloria isn't sometimes inclined to be jealous of Hank and Connie Bennett sharing the same experiences she and Hank used to share."

"I'm sure she isn't," another guest replied. "I'm sure Gloria is a wise enough woman to know that while Hank and Connie may be having a glorious time together he never again will experience exactly the same thing he experienced with her. Any more than she'll ever again experience quite the same thing she experienced with him."

Smooth Lady

(Continued from page 54)

There was a discreet knock on the door.

"Bother!" protested Mabel.

"Come in," John called. He looked and sounded preeminently fit. His voice had fine timber to it. His eyes were bright. His lean face was reddish tan.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," apologized his secretary, Cecilia Baum, "but there's a young lady downstairs, a Miss Carter . . . I thought perhaps it was something personal . . ." Her dark eyes sought Mabel Brady. She hesitated.

"Carter?" said John. "Carter? I don't know anyone by that name. Tell her that I'm very busy."

"'Fess up now," Mabel teased laughingly when Miss Baum had gone, "who's Miss Carter? A beautiful blonde is my guess."

John shook his head. "If I thought that," he parried, "I'd have asked her to wait. No, nine chances out of ten she's a thick-ankled, bespectacled authoress. They always think you've heard of them, that their name is sufficient."

Mabel slipped down from his desk, rouging her mouth that tapered to a thread line at the corners.

"Well, so long," she said. "I must be off. Playing golf with Diego Cortez over at Flintridge. He isn't starting on 'Spanish Nights' for another ten days."

John walked with her to the door.

"So that's what you'll be doing while I stay here and slave," he said. "I never did like Spaniards very much anyhow . . ."

THAT night, largely to prove to herself that she wasn't in the least daunted by the delay in seeing John Squires, Julie dined at the Brown Derby.

"Any movie people here?" she asked her waiter.

"Bob Montgomery's down the line," he said. "Near the rear, Miss. See him? That's the Missus with him! Don't know the other people."

It was while Julie was lingering over her coffee that Aino Mario arrived. Aino was a Russian star who claimed to be an aristocratic refugee.

"Isn't that Steve Corwin with Mario?" the girl at the next table asked her companion. Julie was grateful that the tables stood close.

The man nodded. "Guess they're hurrying to the opening down-town," he said. "Steve and Louise are all washed up, you knew. He's living at the Ambassador.

"Before Steve married Louise she was the type he likes. A good fellow. But they say lately she's gone so grand she even cuts the people who gave her the breaks before Steve could marry her. He just won't stand for it. I don't much blame him."

The girl shrugged. "I hope he isn't setting too much store by Mario's interest," she said. "Mario can use Steve Corwin right now. With him directing her she might have a chance. Everything else being equal, Mario prefers her gentlemen much younger . . ."

Not until the restaurant had thinned out did Julie signal for her bill.

On her way back to the hotel she bought an evening paper. And when she had

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washed out her sheer stockings and her doeskin gloves hung like ghostly hands on the glove forms, she banked her bed pillows, adjusted the reading light, and lay back with a lovely sense of luxury.

She turned immediately to the motion picture section. John Squires' name caught her eye and she read on eagerly. It was only a short paragraph in a gossip column but it caused her some alarm.

"John Squires, who has been a guest of B. T. Brady and Miss Mabel Brady aboard their palatial yacht 'The Wanderer', returned to his desk today to assume his new duties as editorial advisor of Apex Films, Inc.

"Recently Miss Mabel Brady and this brilliant young Irishman have spent considerable time together and there are many who insist it is a real romance."

"If he's really interested in her," thought Julie, staring out into the dark beyond the windows, "it will make things difficult. But I don't believe he is. He's getting ahead as he said he would. He's using sex to gain his ends . . . the same as I'm going to . . ."

TEN days later Julie moved from the hotel to a furnished room, a room in which she was to pass discouraging days and restless, apprehensive nights.

Carefully she counted the eight single bills of her first week's rent, payable in advance.

"I'm sure you'll be comfortable," Mrs. Mulford, the amply proportioned landlady, told her. "Everybody remarks on how cozy and home-like I fix my rooms."

Taking swift inventory of the cabbage roses in the wall-paper, the pink cotton spread sagging in the middle of the brass bed, the worn green matting on the floor and the inadequate little wash-stand, painted a bilious green, it seemed to Julie that invariably a room described as cozy and home-like was a room to be avoided.

However, living here she would save money. And to save money had become Julie's paramount aim. In Hollywood almost two weeks, Julie was no nearer a motion picture career than she had been the day she arrived. Ten mornings she had dressed carefully and set out to see John Squires. Ten mornings she had returned to her hotel increasingly discouraged.

Julie found it difficult to decide whether John Squires was refusing to see her or if it was the officious Miss Baum who stood in her way.

Several times, lying in the dark, beset by fears, Julie had determined to end the nightmare into which her dream had deteriorated and wire her mother for her return fare. But always her courage would return with the sun and she would conceive of some new economy through which her funds might be stretched to stake a claim to fame.

The stationery and envelopes Julie had brought from the hotel she covered with her calculations. Before leaving home she had spent approximately one hundred and twenty-five dollars on a wardrobe and on the photographs she had known she would need. Her fare out, including tips and meals, had been two hundred dollars. She had spent seventy dollars since her arrival.

Julie limited herself to six dollars a week for food and incidentals. If you looked larger than you were on the screen, as she had heard, a little dieting would do no harm. An apple and a pint of milk often served as dinner. Eight dollars a week for her room and six dollars a week for food totalled fourteen dollars. Fourteen dollars went into the one hundred dollars she had left about seven times. All of which made it very plain that Julie had exactly seven weeks in which to become self-supporting in the studios.

At the Central Casting Corporation, Julie filled out a long application giving a detailed description of her appearance, her wardrobe, and her accomplishments. Twice this application stressed the fact that she signed it with the complete understanding that there would not be sufficient work to support her.

"We have six thousand registrations," the young man with whom Julie filed this application informed her, "and there is about enough work for six hundred."

Julie smiled. Here was someone who might be able to put something her way. "You aren't very encouraging," she told him.

"I know," he said. He was no longer an automaton reciting a set speech but a friendly young man with a nice, warm grin. "We have to warn people though. Really we do. Unless a director or a casting director asks for someone especially there isn't much chance. Once in a while, of course, we get a blanket order for so many people regardless . . ."

"I'll be hoping!" Julie made it a gay challenge. Looking at her it was hard to believe she was unhappy, a little desperate. Her lovely calm poise was part of her "smoothness."

Three days later this young man telephoned. A banquet scene was to be filmed at Peerless. Julie was to be there the next morning at nine sharp. Take an evening gown.

The young man's name, it developed, was Edward Stowe. He was about to leave for a vacation but he hoped, he said, that Julie would have dinner with him when he returned.

Julie consulted with the clerk at the corner drug-store about the make-up she would need. And more than her dinner money went for an alarm clock, grease-paint, mascara, and a big can of theatrical powder. But though she had eaten nothing since breakfast Julie was not too hungry. She was madly excited.

At Peerless the extra girls dressed in one big room. Julie watched the others and applied her greasepaint the same way. She mascaraed her brows and lashes. The true curves of her mouth she followed with lip salve. Last of all came a light dusting of the theatrical powder.

The matron in charge kept admonishing the girls to keep things tidy, to the annoyance of the exaggerated blonde who dressed next to Julie.

"If you'll hurry," this girl told Julie, "I'll wait for you."

"Thanks," said Julie, having no intention of making the unnecessary mistake of being seen in the wrong company, "but you'd better go on. I'll be some time."

"Okeh," she shrugged. "Okeh, Dearie." But her eyes flashed as she walked away.

Julie and another girl dressing further on exchanged smiles and thereby ostracized the third girl as completely as only women can without speaking a word.

Julie slipped into a wine red chiffon, the simplicity of which owed something to the influence of the Greeks. It caught at her slim waist with a girdle of soft gold satin. For this gown Julie had economized on some things and gone without other things.

"When you're ready," she said to the girl with whom she had exchanged smiles, "I'd appreciate it if you'd show me the way to Delmar's set. I've never worked here before. Never worked in California before, in fact."

All of which was entirely true even if it did give the impression that Julie had—which she hadn't—worked in eastern studios.

It was a long way to stage eleven. When they reached it finally Julie was confused by a sense of familiarity and at the same time a sense of strangeness. Everything was exactly as she had seen it pictured a hundred times. But there always must be a certain difference between photographs and actuality.

Delmar, the director, sat in an armchair lettered with his name, puffing on the stub of a cigar and pulling at his bright green suspenders.

Behind the camera lines was Letty Lawton's bungalow dressing-room. In the tiny window boxes real hyacinths grew. At the miniature casement windows there were curtains of pale yellow silk. Through the medium of Letty's portable phonograph Miss Josephine Baker was singing "J'ai Deux Amours." When the record ended everybody on the set hummed the plaintive air and Letty, in her bungalow, sang in a low musical voice, "J'ai deux amours, mon pays et Paris . . ."

"Waiting, Letty!" called Delmar.

"Coming," said Letty, "in one minute."

"EXTRAS THIS WAY, PLEASE!" bellowed an assistant. He proceeded to allot everybody a place at the great banquet table. To different people he gave different business. Julie was to talk to the white-haired, white-mustached gentleman on her left, to nod, smile in agreement, offer one or two brief whispered observations of her own. When the scene opened Delmar wanted the hum of many conversations going on at the same time.

Gail Coffin, the leading man, sat on what proved to be Letty's right. In the story she was cast as the wife of the brutish gentleman at the far end of the table. But she was in love with and beloved by a sportsman, played by Gail Coffin.

Letty appeared, wearing gray chiffon. She had friendly little gestures for the members of her company. She took her place in the red velvet chair at one end of the table, and listened attentively while Delmar went over the action with her.

It was fully an hour before they were ready to shoot.

"Delmar's fanatical about details," the distinguished looking old man informed Julie. "When we take this scene we'll be served real food. I don't know that it pays . . . all this fuss about details. When I was on Broadway . . ."

Before Julie's eyes black spots danced giddily. With the back of her hand she tried to brush them away, careful not to spoil her make-up. She felt faint. But the old actor, intent upon implying past glories, didn't notice.

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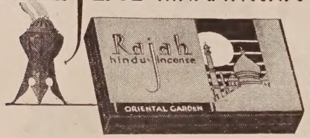

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March Issue Love Mirror Movie Mirror *On Sale FEB. 5th*

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"All right," announced Delmar, "I'm ready."

A plate was set before Julie on which there was a tiny squab, peas, golden brown potato balls. She tried to concentrate upon what Delmar was saying and shut out the consciousness of the tempting food before her.

"Candles all lit?" Delmar called.

"Remember now, Letty, look down at your husband once or twice. You're anxious about him. He's inclined to be ugly, do graceless things when he's been drinking.

"Ready now. Everybody! Lights!"

The powerful lights came on to improve the looks of those who wore grease-paint and to make those without it appear blotchy. Bells rang peremptorily for silence.

"CAMERA!" shouted Delmar, "ACTION!"

Julie and the aristocratic looking old extra began the business they had rehearsed. Again faintness swept over her. The orchids in the silver bowl and the flames of the candles swam together. Julie broke into the squab with her fork. Black spots danced before her eyes more giddily than ever. She pressed down on the table with her cold fingertips as if the table were the consciousness she sought so desperately to preserve.

"Break off a piece of your roll," Julie heard the voice of the old extra come to her as if from a distance. He spoke quite as if he were continuing with the polite table talk. "You'll be all right."

Julie did as he said. "I hurried off without breakfast," she explained. And she remembered to smile.

"I know," he said, putting her little pretense aside, "I know how it is. Things have been very slow."

Julie's mouth tasted salty. She nibbled at the dry roll when she wanted to gobble it. The squab and the peas and the little golden potato balls must be saved. They must serve during all the scenes scheduled to be shot that day.

They worked till evening but Julie did not grumble. Working was preferable, a hundred times preferable, to sitting alone in that little room, fighting off the morbid notions which invariably beset her.

* * *

On the square gray stationery Julie's letter to John Squires made a bold pattern.

"Dear Mr. Squires:" she had written, "For weeks now I've been trying to take you at your word and look you up. Remember, that afternoon at '21' you suggested I do this if I should ever reach Hollywood.

"However, unfortunately for me, you've been so very busy that I haven't been permitted to see you.

"I'm giving you my address and telephone number and will be looking forward to hearing from you.

"Sincerely,
"Julie Carter."

"It's what I should have done days ago," Julie decided, returning from the post-office. "I was so sure everything would go as I imagined it. . . . And when it didn't I didn't adjust. I've spent my time worrying instead of planning . . ."

Swiftly Julie figured that at the most she must spend two more nights in her

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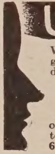

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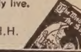
SAN JOSE - AMORC - CALIFORNIA


The Wisdom of the Sages

The following syndicates in the United States sell Love Mirror and Movie Mirror:

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room. If John Squires telephoned her she might hear from him the next morning. If he wrote she would hear the morning after that.

Now she couldn't bear to sit in her room waiting. She walked the streets leading from the Boulevard to the foothills. Pretty suburban streets. Houses with bright gardens set in well-kept lawns. On Carmen Avenue there was a bright house open for inspection. She had to do something to amuse herself and on impulse Julie went in. It was absolutely empty and untenanted yet how preferable this empty house was to the "cozy, home-like room" in which she lived.

* * *

John Squires tilted back in his red leather desk chair and puffed contemplatively on his dark briarwood pipe, as if he fully appreciated the wood having seasoned a century since it had been cut in Corsica.

Miss Baum came in softly, the heavy morning mail piled high in a wire basket.

"And the best part of today," said John with a despairing little groan, "I've got to spend in a conference with Corwin and Aino Mario. Where I'm going to find the story that will suit both of them I don't know, I'm sure. However, that's neither here nor there. I tell you what, Miss Baum, you take that mail back outside and look it over. Most of those letters I'm satisfied you can handle yourself. Everything else, unless there's something very important, will have to go until tomorrow."

It was typical of John that he rushed down the stairs but had time for a friendly word with the information clerk.

"How're things, George?" he asked.

"Fine, Mr. Squires," the clerk said. And it was then, desirous of prolonging this conversation that he did Julie a favor. He mentioned the great number of people who had been trying to see John, Julie especially.

"What did you say her first name was?" John asked.

"Julie, I think," the clerk said. "Julie Carter."

"What is she like?" John no longer was merely polite. He showed real interest.

"She's young," the clerk explained, "what you'd call 'smooth.' Says she met you in New York."

"When Miss Carter comes again," John said, "tell Miss Baum I wish to see her." He paused at the door to the studios. "And George, if I should happen to be in a conference the next time she comes, ask her to wait."

However, Julie, receiving a letter from Cecilia Baum the next morning, felt she never again could seek John Squires, no matter what her need.

"Dear Miss Carter," Cecilia Baum had written:

"Mr. Squires has asked me to say that while he would very much enjoy seeing you, several important and pressing matters make it impossible for him to make any engagements whatever at this time.

"In the event that you are remaining in California, may I suggest that you communicate with him at some later date?

"Very truly yours,
"Cecilia Baum,
"Secretary to John Squires."

"There's still a chance that I can get somewhere through Edward Stowe," Julie planned, her cheeks flushed and burning. "When he gets back from his vacation—if he likes me—he should be able to put things my way."

However, at the thought of courting Edward Stowe to further her interests Julie's eyes grew bright and hard and she didn't smile as if she knew a happy secret, the way she always had smiled at the thought of courting John Squires.

She doubted if the sixty dollars she would have left by the time Stowe returned would be enough. It was then that she thought of the vacant house on Carmen Avenue. Living there until Stowe returned, she would save the sixteen dollars room rent.

Without stopping to consider this radical step clearly, unhappy, confused, feeling trapped, Julie hurried downstairs to find Mrs. Mulford.

"I'd like to leave most of my things here," she explained, "come in every day in case there's mail or a telephone call. Of course I'll pay you something. And in two weeks I'll undoubtedly be wanting a room again. Another room."

Mrs. Mulford wiped a sly smile from her mouth. "I expect the top floor, front, to be vacant about the fifteenth," she said, "if you do come back. In the meantime you can pay me a dollar a week."

Back in her own room Julie began sorting the things she would leave behind and the things she must pack in her one bag.

"It will be an adventure," she told herself over and over. "When men go off on adventure, to dig buried gold, to hunt big game, they don't concern themselves if they aren't snug and safe every minute.

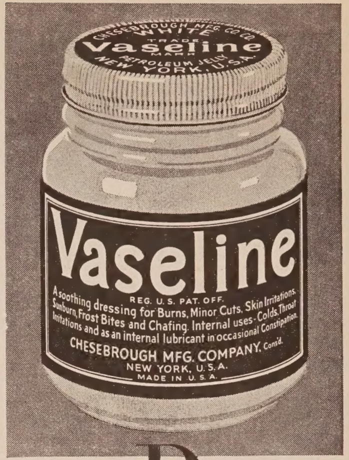
"During the day I can read in the library, sit in the park in the sun. I'll hide my bag in that closet under the stairs . . . Slip in after dark always so the neighbors won't see.

"I'll show John Squires!"

It was late that night when, bag in hand, Julie made her way to the vacant house on Carmen Avenue. She walked quietly so her heels wouldn't ring against the pavement. Going up the steps, opening the front door she thought longingly of her own room back east in Elmhurst, where the street lamp shone in at her window and she would hear the trolley that ran on the next block. She forced herself to step inside, close the door behind her. Something scuttled away in the darkness. Julie stamped. To frighten away anything small; to let anything large and human crouched there in the dark know that someone else sought shelter for the night.

"Once I've spent a night here," she told herself, holding her teeth together firmly, "it will never be as awful again. It's . . . it's just the strangeness that makes me so afraid . . ."

What happens to Julie? Does she make any headway with her career? Does she keep her promise to herself to "show John Squires"? In the next thrilling installment of this serial she finally meets him again, and they find that they are still attracted to each other. But each is ambitious for a career, and determined to make love take second place. What are they going to do about it? Don't miss the next installment of "Smooth Lady", in the March issue of Movie Mirror, on sale February 5.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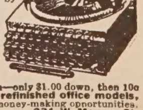

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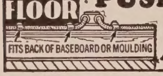
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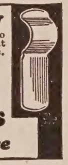

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Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 16)

✓ **CABIN IN THE COTTON** (First National) As a Southern boy Barthelmess looks amazingly young and is tremendously appealing. The Southern atmosphere in this is charming. Dorothy Jordan is lovely and Bette Davis absolutely brilliant.

☆

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox) This radio drama is as wild as a tale from the Arabian Nights with its Yogis and its good magician and the madman trying to wipe out half the world with a death ray. Edmund Lowe is urbane as the magician, Bela Lugosi a bit monotonous.

☆

✓✓ **CONQUERORS, THE** (Radio) Here's a picture with a message—and what a message! It's a soul-stirring story of America's pioneers. It's real movie entertainment. Richard Dix, Ann Harding and Edna May Oliver do a lot to make it a swell show.

☆

CRASH, THE (First National) Disappointing. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent wasted on unsympathetic rôles. Ruth is selfish; George Brent is spineless. Even Ruth's charm can't overcome such a handicap. Better wait for their next picture.

☆

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M) A fairly entertaining program picture. Jackie Cooper as the child of divorce steals the honors from such experienced troupers as Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson. There's a nice balance between the smiles and the heart throbs.

☆

EVENINGS FOR SALE (Paramount) A heavy-handed attempt at a light movie. It's the story of a Viennese count who's lost his money and becomes a gigolo. Love mixes things up even more. Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles enliven the picture somewhat, but Sari Maritza, the romantic heroine, is much too coy and self-conscious. There is no suspense to this obvious and silly little story.

☆

FAITHLESS (M-G-M) Once again Tallulah Bankhead gets a tawdry, unimportant story. If you like Tallulah, you'll want to see her in this, as it may be her last picture. We promise that you'll like her performance and Robert Montgomery's, though not the story.

☆

✓ **GOLDEN WEST, THE** (Fox) A Western that's different. If you're a George O'Brien fan, how you'll go for it! It's one of the best things he's done—this story of a white boy reared by the Indians who is torn between loyalty to them and his own race. Romance? Of course. With charming Janet Chandler.

☆

HAT CHECK GIRL (Fox) Much too whimsical. A lightweight story of a hat check girl who falls for a rich playboy. Ben Lyon overdoes the playboy thing here and becomes rather silly. A nice routine performance by Sally Eilers.

☆

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount) Very mediocre horse opera, notable only because it introduces Randolph Scott. He's likable but needs better stories.

☆

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS (Columbia) Hollywood may speak in this, but it doesn't tell the truth. A lurid, silly story which paints Hollywood as people who have never been there imagine it to be. Pat O'Brien turns in a pleasant performance, but Genevieve Tobin is miscast.

☆

✓✓ **HORSE FEATHERS** (Paramount) Just the kind of idiotic, nonsensical, magnificent comedy we've been needing. Four whoops for the four Marx brothers. They're simply elegant in this lunatic picture about how they help win a football game. Thelma Todd is the college widow, which gives you an idea.

☆

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount) Small-town gossip almost ruins the life and love of a good gal (Nancy Carroll) but she wins her man in the end! You can skip this picture without missing much. The only thing to be said for it is that Cary Grant is in it.

☆

✓✓ **I AM A FUGITIVE** (Warners) Yes, this is brutal, this is harrowing, but you'll never forget it. *Never!* You'll feel as though you've lived through the ghastly horrors of the chain gang system this shows. Paul Muni is magnificent here. It's not for those with weak nerves, but every thinking adult ought to see it. The acting, the direction, everything about it is perfect.

☆

✓✓ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE** (Goldwyn) Well, it's about time, Eddie Cantor, that you gave us some more of your gorgeous tomfoolery. In this idioticly delicious story about a fugitive from justice who pretends to be a famous bullfighter, Eddie, you're great. And so is Lyda Roberti and your collection of gorgeous gals and tuneful ditties. Hallelujah!

☆

KONGO (M-G-M) How keen are you on horror pictures? If you're very keen on them, you may want to see this jungle melodrama about the half-crazed white man who plans all sorts of deadly things in the jungle. Otherwise, in spite of competent performances by Walter Huston and Virginia Bruce, there's no point in it.

☆

✓ **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE** (Radio) Do you know the Little Orphan Annie comic-page pictures? Here they come to life, with Mitzi Green as Orphan Annie, to the great delectation of the youngsters. Adults will be only mildly diverted by this, but the kiddies will chortle with delight.

☆

✓ **LOVE ME TONIGHT** (Paramount) A gay, romantic bit of fluff about a princess who falls in love with a tailor from Paris. Chevalier is just as delightful as ever; but Jeanette MacDonald is better than she has ever been before and steals the picture from Maurice himself.

☆

✓ **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (Paramount) A ten-round fight with a crooked opponent! Excitement, thrills! Sports racketeers and sure fire gamblers! Jack Oakie simply grand as a middleweight fighter! Top-notch performances from the whole cast. Don't miss this. It's elegant.

☆

✓✓ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE** (Radio) This is exciting! It'll hold you breathless. The story's weird—about a mad Russian nobleman, tired of hunting animals, who hunts down humans instead. Leslie Banks is superb as this madman. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are excellent. The suspense during the scenes of the manhunt is almost unbearable.

☆

✓✓ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE** (United Artists) The charm of this is almost indescribable. You'll have to see it for yourself. It has humor, it has excitement, it has romance, it has everything. The best Douglas Fairbanks picture.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT** (Paramount) The picture that makes George Raft a star! With his suggestion of something sinister behind his suavity, he looms up as one of the big bets of the year. The speakeasy proprietor he plays is George Raft. He lived this rôle. And oh, what love scenes there are with Constance Cummings, who is getting better all the time.

☆

✓ **NIGHT MAYOR** (Columbia) The escapades of a certain ex-mayor of a certain largish city. The picture's a holiday for Lee Tracy. Boy, how he plays the part! Evalyn Knapp gives him some excellent support.

☆

✓ **NIGHT OF JUNE 13** (Paramount) The "Street Scene" of suburban life. Out-of-the-ordinary entertainment. Fastly paced, there's an unusual idea behind the court trial it features. Excellent performances by Clive Brook, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond and Adrienne Allen and direction that is perfect.

☆

✓ **OKAY AMERICA** (Universal) A rather exciting story in which a columnist tries to solve a big kidnapping case. Lew Ayres does fine work, though he seems too much just a sweet young boy playing at being a hard-boiled columnist. Maureen O'Sullivan is charming.

☆

✓ **OLD DARK HOUSE, THE** (Universal) Horror stories are still minting money, so Universal comes forward with this new shudder-thriller. Splendid acting saves it from being just one of those things. Boris Karloff is excellent as a scarred deaf mute. Eva Moore makes her sinister rôle stand out.

☆

✓✓ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Universal) Here's the gorgeous satire against Hollywood which was such a triumph on the stage. Jack Oakie is a riot as the sap who is hailed as a genius. Aline MacMahon, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Sidney Fox are all delightful.

☆

✓ **ONE WAY PASSAGE** (Warners) It's an elegant combination—that one of Kay Francis and William Powell. In "One Way Passage," they're given a real story. It's that of a man trying to escape the hangman's noose and a woman who has only a few weeks to live. They meet on board a ship, and what happens afterwards is drama with a capital D.

☆

PAINTED WOMAN, THE (Fox) Just another tale about a light of love lady with a heart of gold. Spencer Tracy does nice work as usual; and Peggy Shannon is better than she's ever been, but the plot of this story will bore you.

☆

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M) A morbid psychological study of a man tortured by guilt. Charles Laughton is superb as a murderer, but the picture is depressing without being great.

☆

✓ **PENGUIN POOL MURDER** (Radio) In which the movies discover that murder can be mixed with laughs aplenty. The mystery of who committed the murder in the aquarium is solved to the accompaniment of lots of fun. Wait till you see James Gleason and Hoss-Faced Edna May Oliver as a *romantic* team!

☆

✓✓ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE** (Paramount) This is clever, this is funny, this is original. What more do you want? Jimmy Durante pulls off almost all his clothes and smashes the radio while making the craziest political speech on record; George M. Cohan has a dual rôle and Claudette Colbert is pretty and charming.

☆

✓ **RAIN** (United Artists) Worth seeing because of Joan Crawford's tremendous performance. As Sadie Thompson she absolutely dominates the picture. Walter Huston's Reverend Davidson is pompous and dull. His very colorlessness makes Joan Crawford all the more vivid. The drama itself suffers from being warmed over so many times.

☆

✓✓ **RED DUST** (M-G-M) Mammy, this is a hot picture! If you like them that way, sexy and with a lot of wow to them, you'll find this one of the swellest shows you ever saw. Clark Gable has a part at last that fits him down to the ground. But the way Jean Harlow struts her stuff is what'll get you.

☆

✓ **70,000 WITNESSES** (Paramount) A murder mystery with a new twist. Johnny Mack Brown is murdered right in the middle of a big football game. Phil Holmes is suspected. There is an unusual solution.

☆

✓ **SHERLOCK HOLMES** (Fox) Here's Sherlock Holmes, modernized, 1933 style. You'll love the way Clive Brook plays Sherlock, especially when he gets into petticoats, disguises himself as Dr. Watson's maiden aunt. Laughs aplenty. Thrills aplenty, too. Yep, worth seeing, if you like detective dramas.

☆

✓✓ **SILVER DOLLAR** (First National) The best historical picture since "Cimarron." Vivid, dramatic, colorful, it gives a brilliant picture of Colorado in the eighties when fabulous wealth came from the silver mines. Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels are great. You'll get a high powered kick out of this.

☆

✓ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE** (Fox) An unusual idea. The story of a man who's been murdered by his political enemies and who's brought back to life for six hours by a new scientific device. If you like pseudo-scientific stuff, you'll go for the way Warner Baxter plays this.

☆

✓✓ **SMILIN' THROUGH** (M-G-M) Norma Shearer moves triumphantly through the smiles, the tears and the laughs of this. Norma plays a dual rôle and is breathlessly beautiful. What leading men she has, too! Fredric March and Leslie Howard, no less, and are they great opposite her! Here's a clean, glorious romance.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable. Ralph Morgan is swell as an old-maidish fuss-budget. Eugene O'Neill's drama of frustrated emotions makes an impressive picture.

What must a MOVIE ACTRESS *know of love* to portray it *Realistically?*

There is a story they tell of a now famous prima donna. It seems that when first she sang, her voice was widely acclaimed for its purity and beauty of tone. But it was "cold"—perfect, but lacking in warmth and feeling. "What can be done about it?" the impresario was asked. For a moment he hesitated. Then came his answer. "It is not difficult," he said. "All she needs is a tragic love affair."

But how about the movie actress whose director demands that she portray the whole range of human emotions, from anxiety to exaltation, from spiritual tenderness to physical passion? Can such parts be learned without the inner knowledge of personal experience? What, in other words, must she know, as a woman, of the heights and depths of love?

In the March MOVIE MIRROR, Irene Dunne, who "off the lot" is a happily married, well-poised person, tells, frankly and without mincing words, of her own knowledge of love. "She Understands Love" is at once a revealing and important contribution. Read it—without fail.

NORMA SHEARER'S "12 RULES" for women who want success

Rules for success should be offered by those alone who have tasted it. Yet it takes, too, a certain analytic ability for an outstanding person to pick his or her own life to pieces so that others may learn from it what to do and what pitfalls to avoid. Such an ability is given to few. Yet Norma Shearer possesses the knack, and in the next issue of MOVIE MIRROR are published her conclusions on this most important subject. Her "12 Rules," she calls them. Clearly and simply this star of stars tells other women what brings—and what prevents—success.

Who is the most popular girl in Hollywood, and what is the secret of her charm?

Don't jump to conclusions. It's not the one you think. For the most attractive women on the screen are not always the ones people "take to" most in real life. But you have seen her in dozens of pictures—and liked her. Yet we doubt if you ever thought of her as the most lionized creature on the Pacific Coast.

In March MOVIE MIRROR this actress tells of her own struggles before she reached the pinnacle of fame, as well as the secret of her own supreme attractiveness.

MOVIE MIRROR FOR MARCH

Movies of the Month

✓The Match King (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Warren William, Lili Damita, Glenda Farrell, John Wray, Hardie Albright, Juliette Compton, many others.*

It's About: *The ruthless business adventures and amazing rise and equally amazing collapse of a financial giant—based, of course, on the story of Ivar Kreuger.*

Here's an interesting tale of human cupidity and big business, all fancied up with excitement and sexcitement. Warren William may or may not be your idea of the sort of man Ivar Kreuger was—but then, after all, this doesn't purport to be a biography of that particular "match king," you know. The picture is notable for the tremendous array of screen names Warners have thrown into the cast, in support of the star—and for the fact that each of them does splendidly.

The story is that of a street sweeper who builds up a fortune out of matches—becomes an international power—uses women as his pawns—plays fast and loose with those who trust him—finally hits the grand debacle after his one "real love" flops.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll find "The Match King" timely at least, in these days of exposés of big business.

✓The Half-Naked Truth (Radio)

You'll See: *Whizzing Lee Tracy, Whoopee Lupe Velez, Eugene Pallette, Frank Morgan, Shirley Chambers, others.*

It's About: *A big shot press-agent with much more brilliance than discretion, who makes stars (yep!) just like that, goes a li'l too far, almost flops himself.*

For laughs, for speed, for an occasional smoky gag which may or may not get by your censors, and in general for 1933 hot-cha screen fare, this is pretty well up in the percentage column. It's hot, but it's funny.

Lee Tracy is made to order for this sort of a rôle, and vice versa. He starts out as a side-show barker, graduates into Broadway stuff, gets mad when the second-rate dancer he's promoted to front-page fame cools on him, gets revenge by taking a dumb waitress, making her famous as head of a nudist colony. Shirley Chambers as the nudist is something to look at. So's Lupe Velez in not too much covering for what Lupe's got. Yeah, we told you the film's hot!

Lee Tracy is tremendously popular. This rôle will keep every bit of that following, get him more.

Your Reviewer Says: If you can stomach ultra-modern stuff, seasoned hot, okeh. If you're squeamish, well. . . . ?

✓Me and My Gal (Fox)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, George Walsh, Marion Burns, J. Farrell McDonald, Noel Madison, Henry B. Walthall, Will Stanton.*

It's About: *The courtship of the cocky waterfront cop and the wisecracking hash-slinger in the waterfront beanery.*

(*Continued from page 63*)

Shh! Here's a trade secret. Joan Bennett got awfully mad when she saw that Spencer Tracy was billed ahead of her in the cast of this one. But it's fair enough. Spencer Tracy takes the film away from her. There's an actor who's headed for stardom if ever anyone was.

Now that isn't taking one bit of credit away from Joan Bennett. Joan's a fresh, pert, snappy little waitress, and she packs an ability at that sort of stuff that probably surprises sister Connie.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're fed up with subtlety and society stuff, get a breath of the salt air from "Me and My Gal."

✓The Mummy (Universal)

You'll See: *Boris Karloff, Zita Johann, David Manners, Arthur Byron, Bramwell Fletcher, Edward Van Sloan.*

It's About: *A mummy from old Egypt comes miraculously to life, spreads death and terror, brings a modern girl under his influence—but all ends well.*

For those who revel in eerie horror-stuff "The Mummy" will be another big moment. For those who want their screen fare believable and matter-of-fact, it'll be just so much hooey.

The story begins in far-back Egypt where a naughty priest loses his life because he's been a bad boy. A modern scientist unwittingly works the magic that brings the priest's mummy to life. The mummy stalks around in horrifying fashion, and people die and get into bad jams.

Karloff is a wonder at this sort of thing. And since the film is all Karloff, it turns out to be a good picture when it might have been just silly.

Your Reviewer Says: If you don't mind missing a night's sleep then go ahead. But if your heart is weak, better read Little Red Riding Hood instead.

✓Undercover Man (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Nancy Carroll, Roscoe Karns, Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff.*

It's About: *How a young racketeer joins up with the cops, turns stool pigeon (along with his gal friend) to revenge himself on a gang of big-shot bond-thieves.*

Here's fast-rising young Mr. Raft in a picture which keeps him stepping to collect his share of honors from such expert picture-stealers as Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff, Nancy Carroll.

The picture is a thriller melodrama that starts slow but works you to the edge of your seat, tingling, as the action proceeds, and things get pretty tough for Raft and Nancy. The bond-crooks who killed Raft's dad and Nancy's brother almost repeat the process on George and the girl. But, with suspense shredding your nerves toward the climax, it all comes out all right.

Your Reviewer Says: For another type of racketeer picture, this one will entertain you. But it's no world beater.

✓Tess of the Storm Country (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, June Clyde, George Meeker, Dudley Digges, others.*

It's About: *Talkie remake of the silent version of the well-known, quite old-fashioned melodrama of misunderstandings and villainies and love triumphant.*

For Gaynor fans, here's another natural. She's in virtually every scene. For Gaynor-Farrell-team fans, there'll be some disappointment, because Charlie's part is so comparatively small. For those who aren't Gaynor or Farrell fans, it's just another melodrama of an old vintage.

The plot is a complicated affair, involving Tess and her father in the affairs of a girl-mother whose lover has been murdered.

So Your Reviewer Says that if you're a Gaynor fan, this is a guh-rand show. And if you're not, you'd better keep your ideas to yourself because you'll be mobbed if you mention them.

✓Cynara (Goldwyn-U. A.)

You'll See: *Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, Phyllis Barry, Viva Tattersall, Florine McKinney, Henry Stephenson.*

It's About: *Well . . . didn't you read the fictionization in this issue?*

This time, Colman gives us a talkie, rather than a movie. "Cynara" is a picture that depends for its wallop less on physical, pictorial action than on the underlying psychological motivations, developments, results. And if that sounds like too many syllables for movie discussion, let's say that it's a wonder this film packs the punch it does with so little movie and so much chatter!

Colman and Kay turn in sweet work. And this new girl, Phyllis Barry, is striking in appearance and personality. You'll need to see her again before you make up your mind whether you like her or not.

Your Reviewer Says: "Cynara" might have been a great picture, but somehow doesn't make the grade. It's good.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (Columbia)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, Lucien Littlefield, Walter Connolly, others.*

It's About: *A missionary's fiancée, a Chinese general, his yellow sweetheart—and isn't THAT a love-triangle to work with?*

Gorgeous settings, exotic sights and sounds and ideas, the love-making of a high-caste Chinese, the self-sacrifice of a white girl, the two-timing of a yellow one—all these things are mixed up in what is anyway a "different" film tale.

It's all beautifully handled, splendidly acted by Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther.

Your Reviewer Says: It's tragic, yes. But quite lovely. You'll feel weepy at times. And you'll admire, as usual, the Stanwyck excellence.

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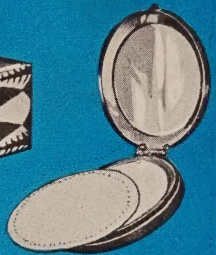

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

MARCH

JOAN
CRAWFORD

JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

Hollywood's Rules *for* Making Friends

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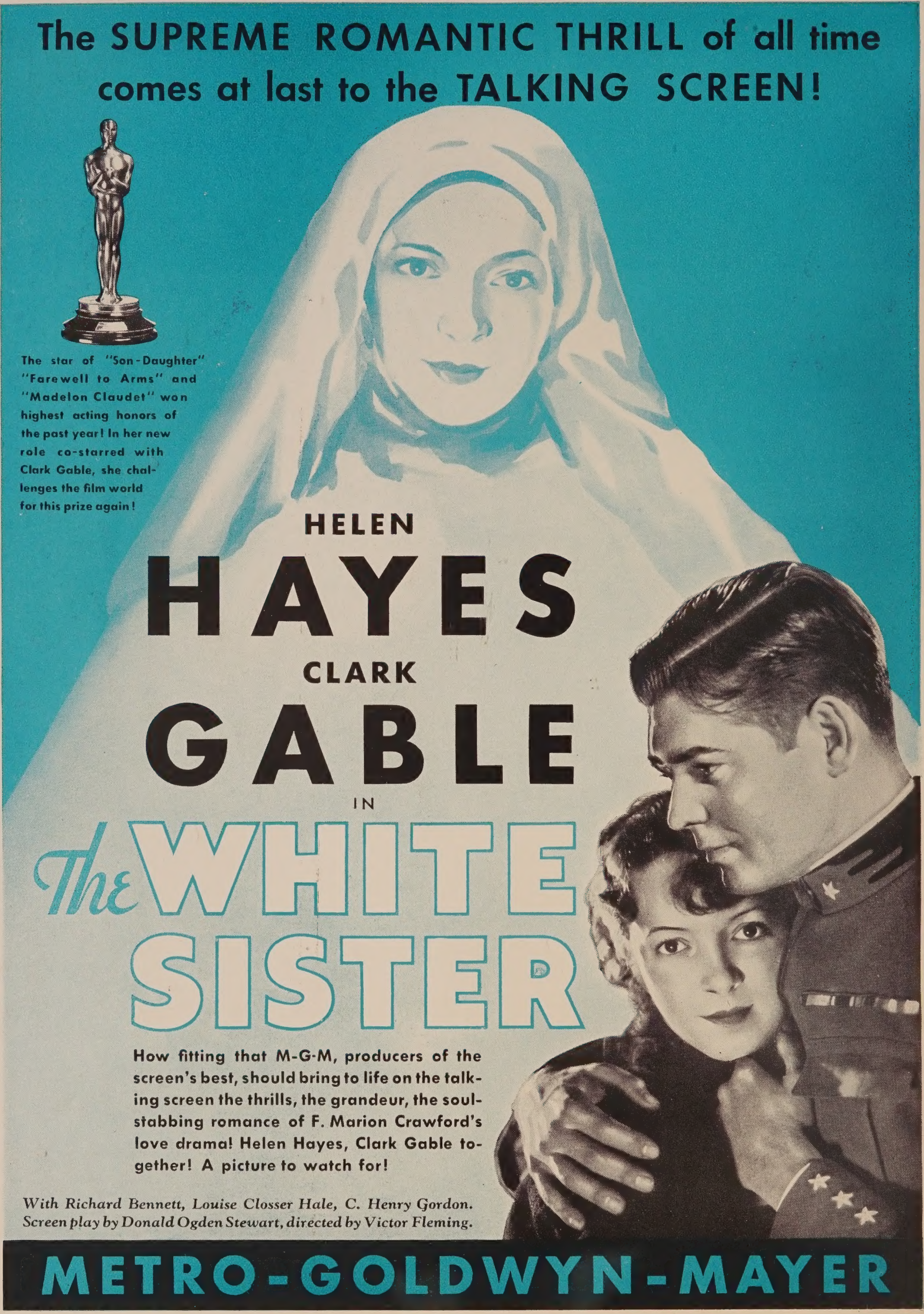

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!

The star of "Son-Daughter" "Farewell to Arms" and "Madelon Claudet" won highest acting honors of the past year! In her new role co-starred with Clark Gable, she challenges the film world for this prize again!

HELEN

HAYES

CLARK

GABLE

IN

The WHITE SISTER

How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the screen's best, should bring to life on the talking screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable together! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.

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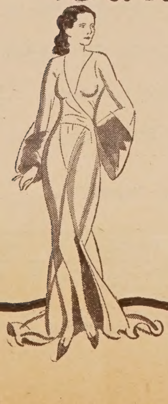
Barbara STANWYCK

in

"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"



With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

WARNER BROS.

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 3, No. 5

MARCH, 1933

MARQUIS BUSBY
Hollywood Representative

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

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Assistant Editor

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GEORGE V. BUCHER, *Art Director*

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THE chain store organizations of the United States spent approximately $60,000,000 in expansion and modernization during 1932.

More than 12,000 separate stores were either opened or re-equipped.

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FUTURA PUBLICATIONS INC.
Publishers of Movie Mirror and Love Mirror
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MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

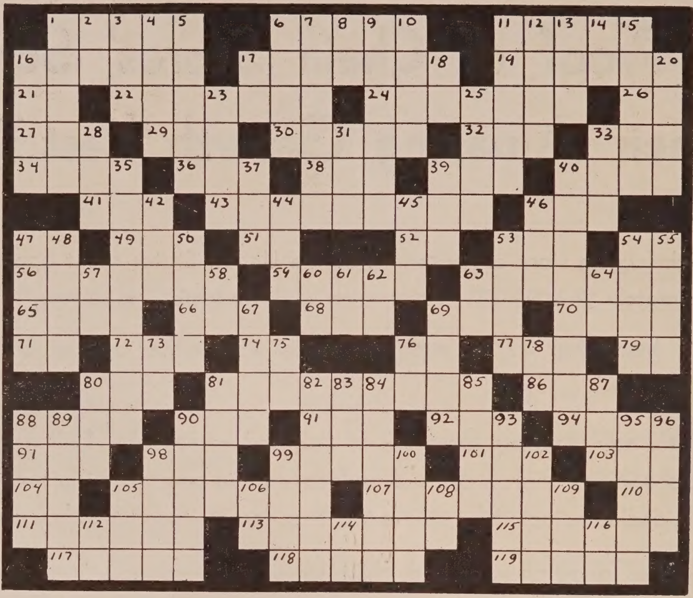
By Alma Talley

105 Across

onstance Bennett

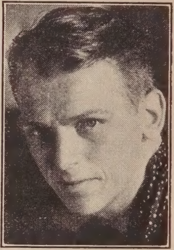
35 Down

Barbara Stanwyck.



40 Down

Marie Dressler,



22 Across

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr,

ACROSS

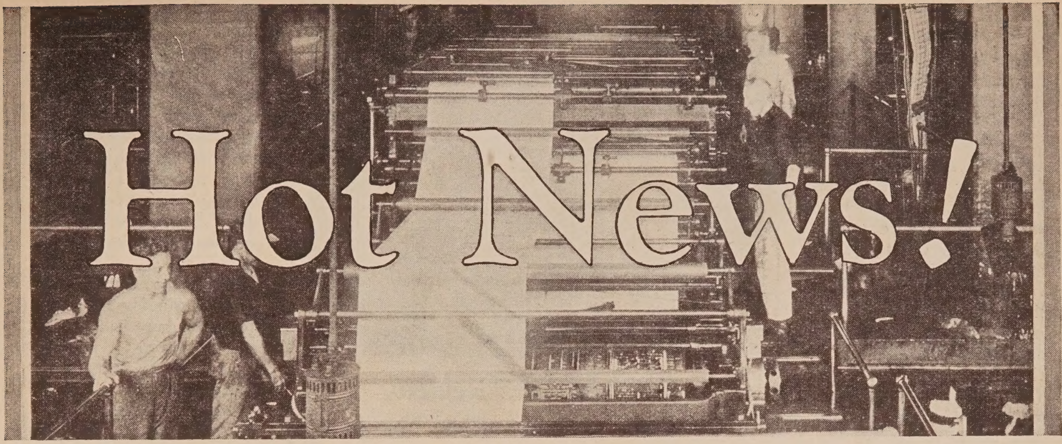
1 Male star in "Red Dust."
6 To humiliate.
11 A cotton packer.
16 "Blondie of the Follies."
17 Tallulah's home state.
19 Kringelein in "Grand Hotel."
21 Either.
22 Joan's husband.
24 Something you study in school.
26 To proceed.
27 Japanese sash.
29 For—and the opposite of con.
30 Ermine.
32 Some.
33 A metal.
34 Mythical birds.
36 A shade tree.
38 To make a mistake.
39 The last word flashed on the screen.
40 A prescribed quantity of medicine.
41 Greek letter.
43 Mary Pickford's other half.
46 Attempt.
47 Belonging to.
49 Appropriate.
51 Sun god.
52 That is—business abbreviation.
53 The girl friend of "He."
54 Exclamation.
56 "The Crooner"—from a blue-blooded family.
59 The doctor in "Kongo."
63 He made his first hit in "Alibi."
65 Enough (poetic).
66 Over, contraction.
68 Lair.
69 What a dove would do in a talkie.
70 An indefinite amount.
71 No good (slang).
72 But.
74 Upward.
76 Therefore.
77 Comrade.
79 Postscript to a letter.
80 What players do before a camera.
81 Chevalier's favorite leading lady.
86 Bird's beak.
88 A singing bird.
90 What you see when you're mad.
91 Slippery fish.
92 Wing of a house.
94 List of persons.
97 Inquire.
98 What a sheep would say in a talkie.
99 Garret.
101 Help.
103 Battle.
104 Pronoun.
105 Star of "Rockabye."
107 Intimidated.
110 Compass point.
111 The "Faithless" gentleman.
113 Diggers.
115 Christian heroine in "Sign of the Cross."
117 Leases.
118 Well-known boy actor.
119 Pay back.

DOWN

1 The greatest of all the screen actresses.
2 European measure of area.
3 To offer.
4 A noose.
5 To become accustomed to.
6 Exclamation of sorrow.
7 Dressmaker's assistant.
8 College degree.
9 The desert portrayed in "Morocco."
10 To give forth.
11 An actress often makes her hair this color.
12 Breezy.
13 The daughter of "Fu Manchu."
14 Printer's measure.
15 Mr. Toomey.
16 To anchor.
17 Our best known mammy singer.
18 Like.
20 Solitary.
23 The game which made Bobby Jones famous.
25 The sun does this to stars at Malibu.
28 You need this to go skating.
31 Globe.
33 Plaything.
35 Star of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."
37 Disfigure.
39 To piece out.
40 The screen's most popular comic actress.
42 You see this animal in a jungle film.
44 Actor in "Sign of the Cross."
45 Nothing.
46 Definite article.
47 Presage.
48 Canine tooth.
50 A horse's gait.
53 A store.
54 What rope is made of.
55 Native minerals.
57 A yes man never says this.
58 Point of the compass.
60 Public notice.
61 Greek goddess of earth.
62 Printer's measure.
63 Business firm (abbrev.)
64 Toward.
67 Regretted.
69 A dove's house.
73 And, in a French version.
75 The person who pays the Xmas bills.
76 You write this in addressing an envelope.
78 One.
80 Noah's boat.
81 Co-star in "Red Dust."
82 Irritate.
83 Mesh.
84 One who elides.
85 Dash.
87 Star who came back in "Call Her Savage."
88 Animal's den.
89 The good girl in "Red Dust."
90 Raves.
93 Liquid measure.
95 Herb.
96 Range or scope.
98 Bob Woolsey's team mate.
99 Actor famous for his stuttering.
100 Man's name.
102 Delete.
105 Bebe's husband.
106 Lilyan Tashman's husband.
108 You and me.
109 To plunge under water.
112 To exist.
114 Southern state (abbrev.)
116 Hollywood term for sex appeal.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 79. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

Hot News!



By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press:

Trouble is not a bubble as far as Mary Miles Minter is concerned . . . approaching thirty she asks only to live in seclusion . . . but once more her name is dragged across the glaring headlines . . . this time in connection with a $500,000 shortage in her mother's account due to a broker's alleged manipulations . . . mention of the Minter name has also revived the famous William Desmond Taylor murder case . . . not always does the dead past bury its own dead . . . the golden-haired Minter has suffered for years from undesirable publicity . . . and incidentally, Mary's former home . . . once valued at $210,000 was auctioned off for $40,000 stop . . . Bebe (Santa Monica) Daniels's personal jinx is on again, too . . . for three years she has been threatened by a certain gent who says she is his wife . . . at a preliminary hearing the judge found him insane . . . heck, lots of guys would like to be married to Bebe . . . that's no sign of insanity stop.

If you heard a loud noise from Hollywood it was just the men stars breaking in their Christmas ties stop . . . listed in British Who's Who for 1933 is Mr. William Penn Adair Rogers . . . shucks, out this way we just call him Will . . . Charles (shoes) Chaplin also rates a mention . . . but Will's name is *longest* stop . . . nice little jaunt the Spencer (polo) Tracys are taking . . . east via the Panama Canal and with a stop over at Havana . . . *whoopee* exclamation point . . . Johnny (scenarist) Farrell is the new heart breaker in these parts . . . he divides his time between Katharine Hepburn, Constance (redhead) Cummings and Maureen (Erin) O'Sullivan . . . they do say that James (Romeo) Dunn isn't too happy over the O'Sullivan-Farrell combination . . . Jimmy is usually the one who keeps 'em guessing . . . and mebbe he doesn't like the taste of his own medicine stop . . . Hollywood's favorite son . . . James (Cyrano) Durante trips back to Broadway for "Strike Me Pink" . . . a merry-merry musical . . . he isn't deserting flicker-town permanently though . . . and says Jimmy . . . "my romance with Garbo is *quite* cold" stop . . . some more quality folk a visitin' up to Pickfair . . . Lady Millicent Haws . . . the former Duchess of Sutherland . . . is Mary's house guest . . . betcha Mary has out her best chinaware and silver, b'gosh stop.

If it doesn't come true don't blame us . . . but Hollywood ouija boards are saying that there is a reunion in the offing between Ann (hiding out) Harding and Harry (won't be Mr. Harding) Bannister . . . Ann's phone bills are running from $250 to $500 a month . . . just talking to Harry in Noo Yawk . . . golly, it'd be cheaper to be married stop . . . Marlene Dietrich . . . wearing trousers and polo coat . . . and daughter Maria, wearing ditto . . . and Josef von Sternberg . . . also wearing ditto (naturally) . . . all met Marlene's hubby, Herr Seiber, at the Pasadena station . . . the Herr came all the way from Berlin to spend the gladsome Yuletide with his family stop . . . Oh, dear, we've been afraid of this . . . a picture called "Technocracy" is ready for release . . . and here we've been trying to avoid all arguments on the subject stop some more . . . Robert (wearing a beard) Montgomery and Elissa (authoress) Landi are having the flu . . . but not together, you foolish people . . . and others who have the pesky bugs are Connie (Marquise de la) Bennett, Myrna Loy, George Brent, Lew Ayres and David Manners . . . so many on the sick list that it's almost news if you're well stop.

And here's another night club in our gay and giddy village . . . "The Ballyhoo" . . . and it has a Senegalese jazz band . . . should be pul-enty hawt stop . . . Dorothy (ha-cha keed) Lee and Marshall (gridiron) Duffield are toting the torch for each other again . . . and it's wedding bells for Lila (swell sport) Lee and George (director) Hill . . . the ring was just one of many Christmas presents . . . the honeymoon will be spent in China . . . and Lila announces that she will retire from the screen . . . say it isn't so, Lila stop . . . the very hard-up actor was asked what had become of his expensive diamond ring . . . "oh," he replied, "it's just gone the way of all flash" . . . or don't you care question mark.

Maybe it's sorta late for Santa Claus news . . . but we've *got* to tell you about a few of the Hollywood presents . . . Mary (Sweetheart) Pickford built on a brand new room at Pickfair as Doug's present . . . the new room will house the Fairbanks collection of early-west antiques . . . the prize is an old bar from Carson City . . . Richard Dix gave his missus a new house and furnishings . . . just a little knick-knack, you know . . . but he threw in some silver fox furs to make up for it . . . Norma (chic) Shearer gave Irving (lil Napoleon) Thalberg a couple of dressing gowns . . . not that he has time to wear them . . . and Carole (paprika) Lombard gave Bill (suave) Powell a rowing machine . . . you wouldn't be hinting about weight, wouldya, Carole question mark . . . It's curtains on the motion picture career of Tom (broncho buster) Mix . . . he has had 24 years of screen success and feels that it is long enough . . . after a long European vacation he will return to the sawdust ring where he will close his professional days . . . South America has offered a tremendous sum for a tour . . . and Tom is listenin' . . . so hail and farewell to one of filmdom's really great figures stop . . . Hollywood hears rumblings to the effect that Paramount will reopen its Astoria (L. I.) studio for limited production stop . . . and Mae ("Sex") West says she is *sick* and *tired* of all this chat about which are the most beautiful words in our language . . . she says the most beautiful words are "sugar daddy" . . . and maybe she's right, huh question mark.

Last Minute Review

✓ Wax Museum (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Lionel Atwill, Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray, Frank McHugh, Gavin Gordon, Edwin Maxwell, many others.*

It's About: *How a girl reporter foils the madman who builds up a wax museum by using bodies stolen from the morgue.*

Jolly idea, isn't it?—this business of stealing corpses, pickling them in wax, dressing them as famous historical figures, exhibiting them for two bits admission? And so the movies take another step in some direction or other (forward, backward, upward, whither?) in the line of—uh—entertainment. . . .

Of course, Frankenstein and the long line of "horror films" that followed have made fair box-office tinkles, so probably "Wax Museum" will also. If gruesomeness is what they want, this'll give it to 'em.

Say this for it—it's in technicolor throughout, and the finest color movie this reviewer has seen.

It tells how the girl reporter digs up the truth about the ghoul who is the central character. No girl reporter ever acted the way Glenda Farrell does, but what the deuce? She saves her pal, Fay Wray, from being waxed to death to be shown as Marie Antoinette, but only in the nick of time, and to the accompaniment of all manner of ghastlinesses. In the end, she marries her managing editor, Frank McHugh.

Notable is the make-up work in this, wherein Perc Westmore once again demonstrates genius.

Your Reviewer Says: If you go for horror stuff, "Wax Museum" will thrill you to the limit. If you're weak-nerved, stay home and tat.

Get ready for a lot of screen vocalizing . . . the singies and dancies are coming back . . . M-G-M is thinking up pretty tunes . . . and Warners are announcing two musicals for 1933 . . . Bebe Daniels and Dick (crooner) Powell in "Highlights of 1933" . . . and "Gold Diggers of 1933" . . . the latter is a revival of just plain "Gold Diggers" . . . undoubtedly the new opry will show the ladies with all of the modern improvements stop . . . they're telling the story of the wife of the motion picture star who wondered what hubby did with his evenings . . . then one evening the wife came home early and *there* was hubby . . . but isn't that *just* like Hollywood exclamation point . . . Belle (Stella Dallas) Bennett . . . once a wealthy woman . . . left less than $5,000 at her death a few months ago stop . . . Libby (Smith Reynolds) Holman will give Hollywood a look-see this springtide . . . and Eva (Civic Repertory) Le Gallienne is also en route to look over some picture offers . . . she feels that if Ethel Barrymore can take a chance so can she stop . . . someone says that Mrs. Clark Gable is now wearing turtle-neck sweaters, too . . . and that Clark has adopted the beret vogue . . . Oh, dear, oh, *dear* two exclamation points . . . Ella Hall . . . once famous on the screen . . . plays a small rôle in "Secrets" . . . and Naomi Childers . . . once toasted for her beauty . . . is a saleslady in Hollywood . . . now what is that about fleeting fame question mark.

Elsa (gets around) Maxwell . . . bearing the impressive title of "hostess of the world" . . . is visiting in Hollywood . . . she found Mayfair dull . . . "no one seemed to be having a good time" said she . . . and proceeded to tell what was wrong with the shindig . . . when Elsa staged a big party for Gary (man about town) Cooper some of the film folks said the same thing about her soiree . . . putting Mayfair on the pan is risky business out here where men are men stop . . . there's such a funny story being served around about El (comic feller) Brendel . . . he decided to sell his house and employed a high-powered advertising salesman to write the ad . . . after El read the blurb he wouldn't sell . . . "the house is just what I've been looking for," he enthused stop . . . Buddy (ether waves) Rogers will play opposite Mary Pickford in "Shanty Town" . . . wish Mary would hurry and make that opry . . . we're exhausted writing about it stop . . . and Ramon (perennial) Novarro is listening to sweet music by way of fancy offers from German UFA stop some more . . . seems to be a month for writing of retirals from the screen . . . Ronald (still peeved) Colman is packing his lares and penates and will spend two years abroad . . . "The Masquerader" may be your last glimpse of him . . . and they say feelings aren't so hotsy-totsy between Ronny and his boss, Sam'l Goldwyn . . . too-oo ba-ad exclamation pernt. . . But cheer up . . . here's a jolly note . . . Greta (hundred disguises) Garbo has taken out her passport to return to these United States . . . and will be dodging reporters in this country before Hot News reaches type . . . and maybe you think M-G-M wasn't getting worried . . . they were testing everyone in town for Garbo successors . . . well, looks like a bumper year with Greta the Great saved for posterity and M-G-M stop.

The red-hottest romances of the moment are Lupe (hey-non-nonny) Velez and John (Neptune) Weissmuller . . . and Virginia Cherrill and Cary (coming along) Grant . . . of course the Paulette (o-oo-la-la) Goddard and Charles Chaplin thing is still sizzling . . . ah, wot ees dese ting called loav question mark . . . about the best anecdote of the month concerns Jimmy Durante and the boxing exhibition he puts on with a kangaroo in "Hell Below" . . . after the scene was taken he discovered the critter's name was Florence . . . "am I mortified," blushed Jimmy, "I've been socking a lady" stop . . . Robert Armstrong is organizing a new club to meet every Friday . . . 'tis the "Putrid Pun" club . . . puns and coffee every luncheon we suppose . . . pardon us, we won't let it happen again stop . . . Douglas (globe trotter) Fairbanks is all afire with plans to film a super-super-super in China . . . the pageantry of Chinese history combined with the story of a modern war lord . . . it would take months *and* months to film . . . talk about golf widows . . . Mary is a perpetual widow to a Cook's Tour stop . . . Jawn (behold the bridegroom) Gilbert's last flicker under the terms of his M-G-M contract is "Rivets" . . . and it's a vurra, vurra he-man sort of thing, too stop . . . and Corinne (ladylike) Griffith has been throwing snowballs up at Lake Arrowhead . . . and in the *cutest* green skiing outfit stop . . . here's a little rich girl who doesn't forget the less fortunate . . . Marion (hostess de luxe) Davies saw to it that 2492 children were happy and well fed on Christmas Day stop . . . a too strenuous diet has put Barbara (adopted a baby) Stanwyck on the doc's list temporarily . . . and hubby Frank (redhead) Fay is the star of a new Los Angeles stage revue stop.

Looks like peace on earth, good will to Warner Brothers . . . unless they run out of tobacco for the peace pipe, Ann (walk-out) Dvorak will soon be back at work . . . and at the old Warner Brothers stand stop . . . Lilian (UFA) Harvey is scheduled to arrive at Fox with five dogs, twenty-four trunks and an aching heart . . . she had to leave Willy (also UFA) Fritsch in Deutchland . . . and *did* she hate to do it exclamation point . . . news is rushed to us that Lupe (da loop) Velez has turned antique collector on us . . . some months ago she attended a Boston sale and bought out the works . . . bronzes, old furniture, Dresden shepherdesses, clocks and candlesticks . . . which brings to mind the conversation Richard (about to become a father) Dix had with a certain actress . . . the lady proudly displayed a chair and stated that it had come all the way from Czecho-Slovakia . . . "isn't that rather far-fetched?" asked Dix . . . by all means, STOP . . . Walter (grand trouper) Huston has his own ice-hockey rink at his cabin near Lake Arrowhead . . . all he had to do was shovel the snow from the tennis courts and flood the place . . . zero weather did the rest . . . Walter played professional ice-hockey in Canada during his youth . . . he says during good weeks he made as much as 26 smackers per stop . . . here's still more about China . . . believe it or not, we don't get a cent from the Shanghai chamber of commerce . . . Janet (wistful) Gaynor is the most popular actress in Chop Suey land . . . and we *hear* that Anna May Wong is not so popular . . : why we don't know . . . moreover, the Chinese folks go into hysterics over those "Fu Manchu" shockers . . . well, so do some Americans for that matter . . . or isn't that nice question mark.

Last Minute Review

✓✓ Tonight Is Ours (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Paul Cavanaugh, Alison Skipworth.*

It's About: *The sweet-and-lacy love affairs of the royal house of a mythical kingdom—the queen loves the handsome commoner, you know—and all ends happily.*

Romance, all dressed up in lovely uniforms, palaces, and a sweet-and-spicy sentimental haze. It's a sort of modern fairy story of the princess and the prince charming, only in this case, the prince charming isn't a prince at all. And it's not his kiss that wakes the heroine up and brings the happy ending, but rather a revolution that frees the queen from her royal obligations and leaves her free to mate with the commoner.

Sounds a bit complicated, in plain words on plain paper, but done on the screen, with the nuances and touches that Freddie March and the curvy Claudette give it—my, my, my! It'll make many a heart do romantic and sentimental flip-flops, and there'll be a smile-and-a-tear to every hundred feet of film, too.

Teaming of March and Colbert is a grand stroke. You'll recall the old adage that "all the world loves a lover" when you see these two doing the loving. And even though Lubitsch had nothing to do with it, lines and acting will remind you of his touches, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Go ahead, shoot the works on this one, and you'll be glad you spent the money.

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One of the shortest marriages on record was that of Elinor (ex-Mrs. Bill Boyd) Fair . . . she got mad at her fiancé and married another fella . . . three hours later she was sorry and started annulment proceedings . . . now she's engaged to number one man again . . . and the kissless groom is out the cost of a marriage license . . . you wouldn't believe it if a scenarist wrote it, would you question mark . . . Joan Blondell and Cameraman George Barnes just got married . . .

Marlene (strange) Dietrich and Paramount have made up their quarrel about Marlene's next picture, "Song of Songs" . . . Paramount wanted to sue Marlene for almost $200,000 because she refused to report for work on that picture after von Sternberg had sailed for abroad and another director assigned to it, but the day after news of the impending law suit was published, everything was peaceful again . . . Even a comedian has his romances . . . newest Hollywood hot-cha combination is Harpo (zany) Marx and Susan Fleming . . . Susan is wearing a huge diamond ring these days . . . Ben (no longer a playboy) Lyon signed his John Hancock to an M-G-M contract, and you know what that means in an actor's life . . . stop.

Ruth (radio star) Etting has signed a contract to appear with Carole Lombard and Maurice Chevalier in his next picture . . . Mildred Harris, the first wife of Charlie Chaplin, is engaged to James A. Bausch, Olympic decathlon champion (no, we don't know what that means) . . . they met on Christmas Day at a radio studio where she was broadcasting, and the romance was on, just like that exclamation point . . . Who says life is a path of roses for movie stars question mark. Wallace (remember him in "Possessed"?) Ford was painfully injured when a black leopard clawed him while they were making a picture together . . . it wasn't in the script but they forgot to tell the leopard that stop.

Rosco (stuttering) Ates and his wife, the former Clara Adrian, vaudevillie actress, have reconciled. Said Rosco, "I was all wrong" while Miss Adrian said, "I am willing to forgive my contrite husband" (yes, she really did) . . . Tallulah (ex-movie) Bankhead is going to appear in a New York play, "Forsaking All Others" . . . and she hopes to slay them on the stage and make a triumphant return to the movies . . . Marilyn Miller admits she is going to marry Don Alvarado, but asked when, says, "My dear, how can one tell what one is going to do tomorrow?" . . . when Al Jolson learned he had to remake some of the scenes in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," he said, "I'll make this a good picture if it takes all of Joe Schenck's money" . . . and now they'd have you believe that Lili (who used to spell it Lily) Damita has just broken her engagement to Luis Ferdinand, grandson of the former Kaiser . . . says Lili: "Royalty, they ees too self centered, and so am I. I do not theenk marriage would work out so good" . . . Maurice Chevalier will be a papa in his next picture(yes, really!) . . . the French people said that he was making too many boudoir scenes . . . M-G-M has changed the title of "Pig Boats," Bob Montgomery's next starrer, to "Hell Below" . . . now is that nice, M-G-M, question mark stop . . . Elissa (blueblood) Landi will play the lead in "Warrior's Husband," the play in which Katharine (new sensation) Hepburn made her hit on the New York stage . . . Mary ("Secrets") Pickford wants to form a staff of leading men, so she won't have so much trouble getting a leading man next time she makes a picture . . . she'd like to have Buddy Rogers, Charles Farrell, Johnny Mack Brown and such on her staff . . . if her plan goes through, she'll lend her leading men to other companies when she isn't working with them herself . . . and we'd be willing to make a small bet that before the year's over Fox, which released Farrell from his contract at his own request, will be begging him to make some more pictures with Gaynor.

Blanche Sweet plans to return to pictures . . . but are there any offers question mark . . . Bette Davis, who made her first big hit opposite George (call him "Mister") Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," is going to appear with Arliss again in "The Adopted Father" . . . Joan Crawford is wearing a beret made out of bird feathers . . . and Joan, Doug, Jr., and Ricardo Cortez are now going here, there and everywhere *together* . . . did you hear about von Sternberg's latest blast, made in Berlin, where he went after Paramount failed to renew his contract question mark . . . Here's what he said: "The American people ought to be everlastingly grateful to Marlene for revolting against the frightful system of making films prevailing in Hollywood . . . what I object to is being told by the companies what the people want, because I know better" . . . now, now, Josef stop.

Helen (new mother) Twelvetrees will not retire from the screen . . . she is taking tests at Universal, and we hear they're grand . . . here is something that could never happen except in Hollywood . . . Eddie Sutherland gave a party for the boys who are "carrying torches" for some girl . . . the men sat around and listened to such songs as "Trying To Live Without You" and "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" and they cried, actually cried . . . but Eddie Sutherland just won't give out the names of the men who were at the party . . . as though anyone's love life in Hollywood was private stop . . .

Did you read "Presenting Lily Mars" by Booth Tarkington, which ran as a serial in the Satevepost . . . well, M-G-M have decided it is just the picture for Marion Davies, and have bought it for her . . . it's a swell character study of an artful girl who becomes an actress, and has some grand comedy . . . Wheeler and Woolsey have returned to Radio Pictures Studio again, where they will make another picture soon . . . at one time the team separated but found that the public wanted them together, so they've made up their quarrels . . . Hollywood is still chuckling over what Director Archainbaud said to the blonde but dumb cutie pie who walked up to him when he was studying the script of "The Penguin Pool Murder" . . . Seeing a crocodile in the tank nearby she asked, "Is that a male or female crocodile?" . . . "That," said Archainbaud, burning at being interrupted, "is a matter of concern only to another crocodile" . . . Bill (screen) Boyd has gotten over his attack of pneumonia and is emoting at RKO again . . . his next picture will be "The Brave Coward," whatever that means . . . and now the gal who's going with Ralph Forbes is Julanne Johnston . . . Nancy Carroll's contract with Paramount expires soon, and Nancy expects to go on the air as a radio star as soon as it does stop . . . Joan Marsh and Lyle Talbot form a new romantic combination in Hollywood . . . it's a girl at the James Kirkwoods' . . . Claudette (bee-ootiful) Colbert has signed a new contract with Paramount, which is good news to a lot of Colbert fans . . . if you're a radio fan you'll be delighted to hear that Colonel Stoopnagle and Bud have been signed by Paramount to appear with Rudy Vallee in "International House" and if you're not a radio fan just forget it . . . practically every studio is planning an epic about beer . . . it's the new cycle . . . don't be surprised if Norma Shearer makes "The Fountain" soon . . . M-G-M has bought the rights to the story from RKO . . .

The best gag of the month is Bill Gargan's story about the Hollywood speakeasy which displays a sign over the bar: "The customer is always tight" . . . Barbara Stanwyck, furious at the Hollywood rumor that she and Frank Fay were permanently peeved at each other, said, "We are very happy, but people don't want to believe it" . . . Warner (always popular) Baxter wants to pack his bag and baggage for a trip to Havana stop.

Well, Colleen Moore isn't going to be kept on ice any more . . . she's going to be with Jackie Cooper in "Lost," the picture originally planned for Joan Crawford . . . Stu Erwin will be a Western hero in his next picture, of all things . . . is it a romance between Clyde (lion tamer) Beatty and Merna Kennedy question mark . . . Kate Smith came back from Hollywood, occupying drawing rooms A and B exclamation point now stop.

Did you hear about the $41,500 worth of jewels stolen from Betty Compson question mark stop . . .

Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

The Editor's Page

Hollywood . . .

Bethel Madley, 215 East 8th Street, Flint, Michigan, first prize.

Esther Dute, 5441 Kingsessing Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., second prize.

Virginia H. McDowell, Ronceverte, W. Va., box 475.

Thora Stuve, 621 So. Eighth St., La Crosse, Wis.

Mary Manning, 23 Hendry Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Dee Chapman, 1337 Shatto Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Margaret Lyon, 1134 Geneva Avenue, San Francisco, Cal., the five other prizes.

These are the winners of Movie Mirror's prize letter contest announced in the November issue when this magazine was one year old. Thank you for them, winners. Thank you, all you other readers, who wrote in with such fine suggestions for what you wanted in this magazine. It is your letters that have brought me out to Hollywood right now.

It is the same old Hollywood. As I write it is January and here the birds are singing, the poinsettas are scarletly flaming against the emerald lawns, the sunshine is flinging itself all over the place and on a corner near my hotel a meat market advertises that it has a "personality butcher."

It is the same old Hollywood. In the course of one afternoon I was introducd to seven new discoveries who are to be greater than Garbo while everybody forgets to speak to a star on the lot, who has slipped badly and is working out the last picture under his contract.

Everywhere there is youth. Everywhere there is beauty. Peroxide rules the waves and henna runs red in the gutters. Fortunes are spent for the shape of a nose—and the most popular star in pictures is Marie Dressler, fat and sixty.

Well, I hope to tell you all about it. I hope to bring you back some good stories and some new writers. As one of your prize letters said: "After all, life has little enough glamor these days. Work is scarce, money scarcer, and small luxuries a thing of pre-depression days. So if, after a long day of straining spinach, and ironing shirts we can get a vicarious thrill out of Kay Francis breakfasting in bed, or seeing Helen Hayes in something new and snarkey from Paris I say give us more of it."

Okay. I'll try to give you more of it. It's here in Hollywood, I assure you. Madness and glamor, temperament and heartbreak, romance and disillusion, all in one great scramble. It's like nothing else on earth and I think it's wonderful.

I saw the New Year in at Pickfair entirely surrounded by stars, near beer and Joel McCrea . . . but that's another story that I'll tell you next month.

Ruth Waterbury.
Editor

Jack Pickford's Strange Death

By SYLVIA CONRAD

Jack and Mary Pickford as they appeared in "The Girl of Yesterday," when she was America's Sweetheart and he was a film idol. This picture was taken seventeen years ago, before tragedy struck at them

JACK PICKFORD, brother of Mary Pickford, died a few weeks ago in the same hospital in Paris where his first wife, Olive Thomas, died of mercurial poisoning about twelve years ago.

The doctors said he died from "multiple neuritis which finally affected the brain center."

But the doctors were wrong. He died because he was tired of living. He was glad to go. He felt that he had had from life all that he wanted—and more. His last words to the nurse at his bedside were, "I've lived more than most men and I'm tired—so tired!"

His was one of the greatest tragedies of one-time fame.

He was only thirty-six years old when he died, but he had lived more than the average man does at twice that age. He had tasted everything—fame, love, success—and nothing brought him permanent happiness. There were three marriages—and each of the marriages ended in tragedy or heartbreak.

He had a strange childhood. As Lottie Pickford once said of her brother, Mary and herself, "Childhood? We had none; that is, not as other children have it. Ever since I can remember, we were traveling or playing in a resident theater."

Jack first attracted attention in "Tom Sawyer." Later he appeared in "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," "Waking Up the Town," and "Brown of Harvard." He had a boyish, engaging personality, and the public idolized him.

But with the coming of talkies and new personalities, there was less and less demand for Jack's services.

Having tasted fame, the loss of it was all the more bitter. But such was the unhappy pattern of his life that everything he did seemed destined to leave behind it stinging regrets.

The great love of his life was Olive Thomas, his first wife. Ziegfeld declared her "the most beautiful girl that ever was in the Follies."

Jack and Olive were married very quietly in 1917, and for a time were blissfully happy together. But the very intensity of their love for each other mitigated against their happiness. They quarreled together, as lovers must, and knew a bitter agony, and an even more agonizing joy when they made up their quarrels. After one of their reconciliations they went to Paris, gay, happy Paris, on a "second honeymoon."

It was there that the terrible, searing tragedy of his life happened. He and his wife spent a gay evening dining with friends in a famous Montmartre restaurant and did not return to their hotel until daybreak. Afterwards Jack went to sleep almost immediately, while Olive walked restlessly in her room, apparently unable to sleep. Perhaps she was looking for a sleeping draught and picked up the wrong bottle—perhaps she and Jack had quarreled on the way home and she took her own life, but the fatal bottle she picked up contained a preparation of mercury bichloride. The mystery of how she came to make such a mistake—if it was a mistake—was never cleared up, and she died a few days later in agony, Jack suffering with her. She died, clutching desperately at life, even when she was speechless and nearly blind. There were wild stories circulated in Paris that tried to link her name up with cocaine orgies, but all of them proved untrue, and there were many rumors that she had sought her own death. The verdict of the police of Paris was "death by accident."

When Olive died, something died in Jack. He was to know romance after that, but never the same mad, ecstatic romance.

Love on the rebound was what drew Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford together. Frank Carter, Marilyn Miller's first husband, had been killed in an automobile accident the same year that Olive Thomas died in Paris. The two of them, Marilyn and Jack, were drawn together by their mutual tragedies. Friendship grew quite simply into love, and Jack and Marilyn announced their engagement. As soon as they did, Ziegfeld sent Marilyn a wire begging her not to marry Jack, saying that he had broken Olive Thomas's heart and would also break hers. Marilyn's answer to that was that Jack was "one man in a million." So Jack and Marilyn were married in 1922. And very much in love they were, too.

They tried very hard to make a go of their marriage, those two, but almost from the first it was doomed. The newspapers constantly reported rumors that they were drifting apart, which Marilyn and Jack just as constantly denied. Even when Marilyn's own mother admitted that there was a growing coolness (*Continued on page* 81)

Barbara Stanwyck's Trick Bedroom

By HARRY LANG

Frank Fay has to bump his head on the door to enter Barbara Stanwyck's bedroom. The doors are purposely designed that way!

HOLLYWOOD goes for bedrooms in a *big* way! Now wait!—don't jump at conclusions, and guess that this is going to be one of those inside-private-life-exposé stories about "Who's Whose In Hollywood Tonight." It's not.

What I mean is that Hollywood gets all excited about bedroom interior decorations. Remember how Lil Tashman wowed 'em with that beach bungalow bedroom of hers? And Norma Shearer's, with the soundproof windows so the surf noise won't wake her? And all the others you've read about?

Well—here's the latest—and the most interesting. It's Barbara Stanwyck's, and it's just been finished under the personal supervision of none of Hollywood's outstanding interior decorators, but of Frank Fay himself—Barbara's hubby.

And you can call it "Queen Barbara's Bedchamber—With Comedy Relief." Depend on comedian-hubby Frank for the comedy, even though the joke is on himself!

You see, one of the trickiest features of the bedroom (which is otherwise, really, one of the most strikingly lovely in all movieland) is the fact that neither of the two doors to the room is more than just a few inches over five feet tall . . . !

In other words, it's high enough for Barbara, who stands just about five feet, to go through easily. But when a person of normal height tries it, the chances are 100-to-1 that there'll be a loud BOMP, when forehead hits door-jamb.

And here's the top-laugh. . . .

The very first person to bump his head on the low door was the carpenter who installed it. He said a few bad words, remarked that working for a comedian was the bunk, and resigned.

The second person to raise a walnut on the brow was FRANK FAY himself! He was hurrying into the room to join Barbara, giving a few directions while the room was being built, and cracked his head with a wallop that knocked him "sillier than usual," to quote himself. Now Frank crawls in on his hands and knees. "But hell, who *wouldn't* crawl for Barbara?" he grins.

Reason for the low doors?—oh, none. Except that Frank and Barbara thought it'd be cute.

The bedroom color scheme is amazing. It's virtually all white. Even the rug is pure white. The walls are white. The bed, dressing table, are trimmed in white organdie, with countless fluffy-ruffles. Over the bed, which stands on a raised dais, is an imperial canopy—oh, it's all very regal, this bedroom of Queen Barbara's! Atop it all is a crown.

Crowns are the only decoration-motif. They appear on the one color-note of relief—the red chairs and chaise longue. *Royal* red, by the way. And of linen, incidentally. A cupid doll by the foot of the bed is one of the room's "little touches." Another, characteristic of the way Barbara feels, is a miniature picture of Hubby Frank. It was the first item that went into the room when Barbara began moving in!

Particularly tricky is the Frank Fay-designed perfume cabinet. Two sunken niches at each side of the dressing mirror, with glass shelves, and a hidden system of indirect lighting.

But all the dazzling whiteness, all the trick perfume shelves, that regal bed—all these take second place for novelty to those two bump-your-head doors, one into the hallway, the other into the bathroom. Frank's bumped his head on both.

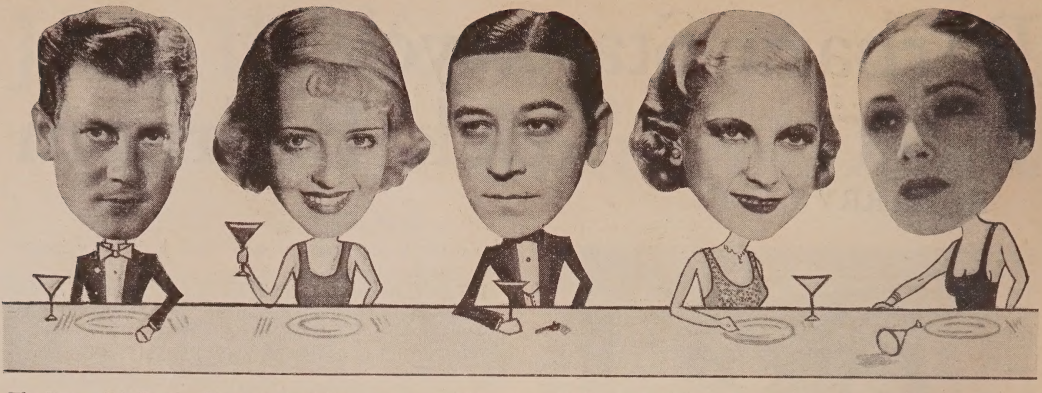
There's one other feature of the Stanwyck home which always gets a laugh from visitors. (Oh, this Frank is so funny!!!) It begins when he asks: "Have you seen our iceboxes?"

They say no, so he takes them to the pantry and shows them an amazing spectacle—a specially-designed, stainless-steel plated, electrically-lighted icebox, about twelve feet long, seven feet high. It was specially built, cost $5,000, and holds enough foodstuffs, ginger ale, and other Hollywood necessities to supply an average-sized hotel. The guests marvel at it. Then, after awhile, they ask:

"But didn't you mention iceboxes . . . ?"

"Sure," says Frank, "here's the other one . . ."

—and he takes them hippity-hop upstairs, into the nursery of their adopted baby boy Dion, and shows them Fay Icebox No. 2—a specially built nursery icebox, just as tiny as the other one is huge. It's for Dion's milk.



The Impossible Party. If you invited these guests, you'd break up Hollywood society. From left to right: Joel McCrea, Bette

A Hollywood Party

The Most Amazing—And Amusing—Guide Ever Published

By ELLIOTT GRAHAM

OH, sure, there are lovely parties given in Hollywood . . . someone takes a chance every night . . . grand dinner parties . . . elegant food . . . served expertly by liveried servants. Nice people, too. Beautiful women . . . gowns in which Patou and Lanvin have poured their souls . . . jewels that have enriched the shops of Cartier and Tiffany. Handsome men that half the flappers in America dream about . . . brilliant writers . . . the foremost humorists of our generation . . . a smattering of foreign titles. Oh, yes, indeed, Hollywood is the hostesses' dream of heaven. And, Jimminez, *what* does she get for it? Just plain *hell,* that's all.

A Hollywood hostess must have the tact of a foreign ambassador, and the patience of Job. She must know exactly who is speaking to whom at the current moment, and not bring any active combatants into her home. Compared to the Hollywood spats . . . and there are a million of 'em . . . a Kentucky feud is as peaceful as an ice cream social on the parsonage lawn . . . and that Alice Longworth-Dorothy Gann controversy is naught but a feast of love.

Just take a list . . . choose it at random. Suppose you were in Hollywood, had met the following group of people, and wanted to entertain them at dinner. You invited Lupe Velez, George Raft, Dolores Del Rio, James Dunn, Constance Bennett, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, Lilyan Tashman, Joel McCrea and Clara Bow. All charming dinner guests. You order the filet mignons, instruct the servants to put out the best china, the solid silver, and the fanciest crystal. After ten minutes at the table you'd be lucky if you didn't have to put in a riot call. You'd be darned lucky if you were *able* to put in a riot call.

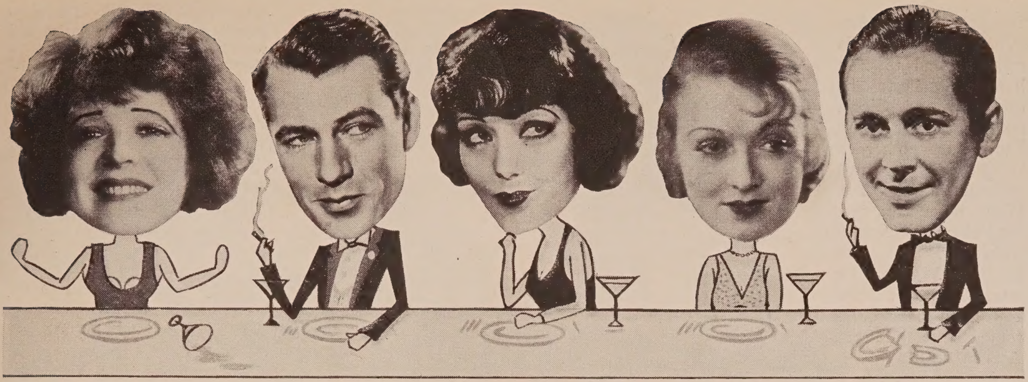
The European war started with less provocation than this little dinner party. After that experience, any but the most ambitious hostess would sell her house and spend the rest of her life on some desert island.

To begin with there has always been a slight professional jealousy between Lupe Velez and Dolores Del Rio. Both are of Mexican descent, and have been frequently mentioned for the same rôles. Just to add fuel to the fire, Lupe, having a flair for mimicry, included the Senorita Del Rio among her impersonations at a certain party. Lupe is clever at it but sometimes her characterizations are more than slightly barbed. Dolores heard about it and wasn't any too pleased. The wise Hollywood hostess never includes both of them on the same soiree.

Continuing with this little congress of war . . . Constance Bennett and Bette Davis aren't too pally . . . chiefly because they look so much alike (just try and mistake Bette for Connie and see what happens). Connie and Lilyan Tashman have never been buddies, either They are the town's rival queens of fashion.

George Raft has no overwhelming fondness for James Dunn . . . it hasn't been so many moons since they were rivals for the heart of Molly O'Day. Gary Cooper and Lupe aren't speaking since their torrid love affair dipped to the freezing temperature . . . and Clara Bow and Gary haven't exchanged a "howdy" since the war of 1812 . . . anyway it seems that long. Joel McCrea was invited on the party because another man was needed . . . and that was where the hostess showed intelligence. Joel is good natured and never seems to get in spats with anyone. He could hold the fire extinguisher, too, when the rest of the party really got going.

Hostesses used to hide the butcher knives and the andirons when William Haines arrived at a party where Tallulah Bankhead was already in attendance. Both of these stars are experts at that great American pastime, the wisecrack, but it seems that once Billy dished out more than Tallulah cared to take. Then the fun began, and they practically snarled at each other when they met after that. The pipe of peace was passed shortly before Tallulah left for the east. Billy ate Thanksgiving dinner at Tallulah's house, and apparently there was no arsenic in the turkey dressing. At least Billy is still very much alive . . . and still wisecracking.



Davis, George Raft, Tashman, Dolores Del Rio, Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Lupe Velez, Constance Bennett, Jimmy Dunn

Is DYNAMITE

On Whom You Can Safely Entertain in the Movie Town

There is no particular secret that until very recently it was not considered "kosher" to place Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford too close to each other at a dinner party. They were both too lady-like to start throwing the soup plates, but there was enough ice in the atmosphere to chill your highballs without going near the frigidaire. Joan was pretty frank in saying that Norma, being Mrs. Irving Thalberg, had all the best of it in stories and directors at M-G-M. That didn't please Norma very much, so the two girls maintained sort of an armed truce at the studio. Things are a little smoother now. At least Norma headed the guest list of Joan's veddy, veddy ultra dinner party at the last Mayfair. It hardly seems logical, however, that the two stars will be planning any European trips together soon.

Things have never been too hotsy-totsy between Joan and her step-mama-in-law, Mary Pickford, for that matter. The Junior Fairbankses are invited up to Pickfair, of course, and Doug and Mary never miss a première in which either young Doug or Joan takes a stellar part. BUT . . . did Mary Pickford *scorch* when Joan said she couldn't have a baby because Mary didn't want to be a grandma?

One hostess recently made a dreadful *faux pas*. She invited Joan Bennett to the same party as the John Considines. Mrs. Considine, you know, is Carmen Pantages, daughter of the Los Angeles theatrical magnate. The Bennett-Pantages-Considine feud is one of the oldest and bitterest in the Hollywood colony. Talk about the Montagues and the Capulets . . . they were pals in comparison. The battle began when both Joan and Carmen were being beaued about by the gallant John. There has been no thaw now that Joan is happily married to Gene Markey, and Carmen is the new Mrs. Considine.

Most hostesses in the colony are careful to see that such a thing does not happen . . . but there's many a slip. Somehow both couples arrived at the same party. It happened to be a Sunday evening buffet supper, and Joan accepted a plate of food and headed for a small table in the corner. It's a bit unfortunate but the lovely Joan is rather near-sighted, and she didn't recognize her dinner partners until after she was seated. Of course it just *had* to be Mr. and Mrs. Considine. There was nothing to do about it—it was bad taste to make a scene—so Joan stayed at the table. It was an embarrassing evening for everyone concerned . . . but it had its humorous side, too.

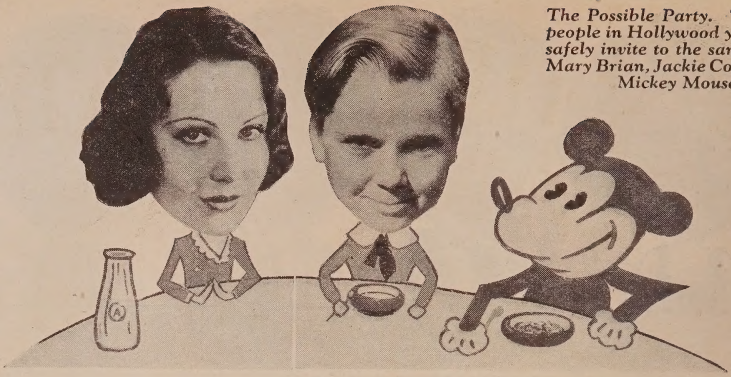
They do say that Carmen took steps to see that it didn't happen again. When the tennis tournaments were being held she demanded a chart of all box-holders before she paid her check. She was going to know who sat in front of her, behind her, and on either side.

Another unfortunate contretemps happened when Sally Eilers and Marian Nixon were seated at the same table at another buffet supper party. The two girls weren't speaking at the time. The fuss came about through some trivial happening at the studio. Both were willing to make up, but both hated to be the first to break the ice. And isn't that just like Sioux City, Dallas, or Dayton?

At the same table was a writer whom both the girls knew. For a time every remark at the table was directed scrupulously at him, and the poor man hardly had a chance to eat the baked beans (you *always* get baked beans at Hollywood buffets). After a time the whole procedure seemed sort of silly, and both girls began to laugh. Then no one spoke to the poor writer—and by that time the beans were cold.

The road of the peace-maker is hard in Hollywood, too. One world-famous hostess discovered that to her sorrow. She attempted to patch up a long-standing squabble between the wives of two prominent executives. Each lady was invited without being told that the other was to be present. They met in the drawing room. There was an ominous silence for a moment . . . the silence before a storm . . . and then the thunder started. Heated remarks were exchanged, and each lady left the room in tears. They're *still* mad at each other . . . and the well-meaning hostess made fried chicken out of the dove of peace.

Maybe it's a good thing that Pola Negri is living in New York and Gloria Swanson continues to be a



The Possible Party. The only people in Hollywood you could safely invite to the same party: Mary Brian, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Mouse!

farmer-ette in London. When those two gals were around town a hostess had to be doubly careful. Gloria and Pola couldn't hand each other a thing . . . and the town still talks of the time Gloria unloaded a carload of cats in front of Pola's dressing room bungalow. You've guessed it . . . the Polish star has a deep-rooted aversion to cats. And then so many people were mad at them, too. Mary Pickford, they say, once invited Pola up to Pickfair for Christmas dinner, and Pola didn't show up. By golly, you don't pull that sort of stuff around Pickfair and expect to have the welcome mat left out for you.

Pola and Mae Murray were about as congenial as a cage-ful of sore-eyed bears. The fact that, at the time, they were both married to a Prince M'Divani didn't make the blood any thicker.

Gloria and Constance Bennett are not sorority sisters in any country including the Scandanavian. There were considerable hard feelings over that little matter of the Marquis de la Falaise. Folks seemed to think that Gloria didn't object to losing the Marquis, but she hated like the deuce to lose the title of Marquise. Incidentally, all of Gloria's ex-husbands are bosom friends. They call each other brother-in-law, and are waiting to initiate Michael Farmer into the fold if Gloria ever returns to the crude, frontier life of Hollywood.

It used to be that Lilyan Tashman could coax Greta Garbo over to her house for small dinner parties. They were firm friends until Lilyan supposedly talked for publication about Garbo . . . no world shattering revelations . . . but Garbo has never forgiven Lilyan. If memory serves me rightly the Swedish lady also had the same sad experience with Fifi D'Orsay.

To return for a moment to Lupe Velez . . . and it's always such fun returning to Lupe . . . the wise Hollywood hostess would no more mix the Mexican girl at a party with Jetta Goudal or the Countess de Frasso than she would serve cucumbers and whipped cream for dessert. If you recall, Lupe and Jetta did everything but pull hair during the making of a D. W. Griffith picture. And the Countess and Lupe aren't friends, either. The big reason, of course, being Gary Cooper.

I don't know what happened but Ruth Chatterton and the Richard Barthelmesses . . . once the best of friends . . . aren't very chummy any more, and there has never been any great love lost between Alice White and Dorothy Mackaill. Hollywood still remembers the night both girls arrived at a première wearing exactly the same model wrap. After one glimpse of her "twin" Dorothy promptly turned hers wrong side out, and paraded up and down the aisles.

It doesn't do to mix Al Jolson and George Jessel about the same festive board. No sir-ee. While Jessel and Warner Brothers were trying to settle salary difficulties Jolson stepped in and made "The Jazz Singer." The picture netted a fortune, and Al became one of the greatest box-office stars of the early talking pictures era. Jessel has never been quite able to forgive him, and just this year, there were further arguments as to which player would film "Wunderbar."

Of course it is nothing unusual for ex-husbands and ex-wives to meet at parties. In any town where the divorce mills are as busy as they are in Hollywood such things are as inevitable as moonshine following sunshine. Comparatively unimportant spats drag on for years, adding venom as time goes on, but most divorces are accomplished with a minimum of hard feelings.

It didn't do for a time to invite John Gilbert and Ina Claire to the same party—and the famous remark accredited to Ina didn't do much toward healing the breach. At the time of the notorious John Gilbert-James Tully knockdown and dragout battle in the Brown Derby cafe, Ina was an interested witness. Just as Gilbert hit the floor a messenger boy rushed in inquiring for him. "He's out," said Ina, calmly. But they speak now. Ina sent *such* a nice congratulatory wire when John married again. However, John and Garbo aren't good friends . . . and if she sent any "congrats" they got lost in the mail.

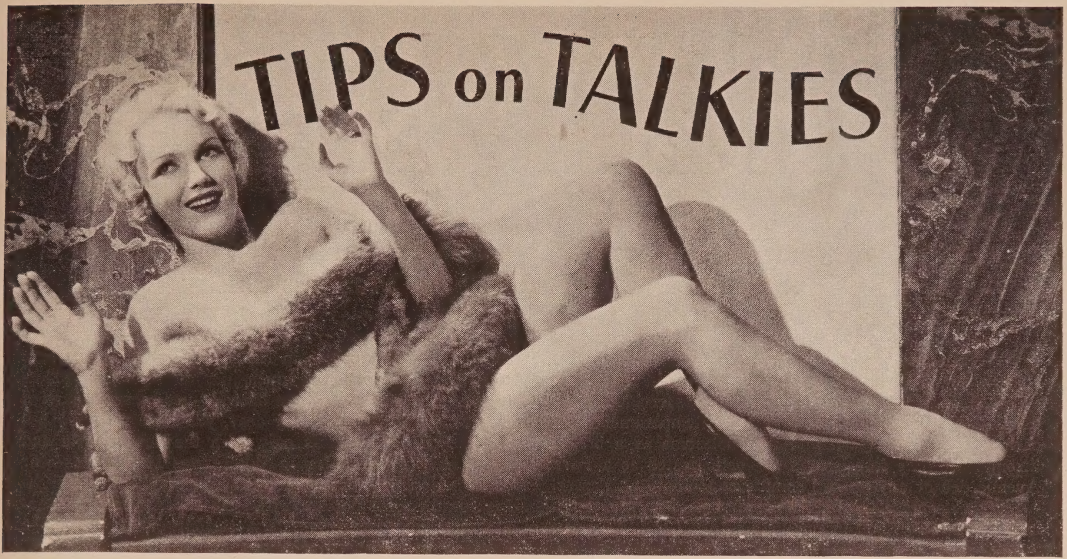
Mrs. B. P. Schulberg speaks cordially to Mr. B. P. and Sylvia Sidney, although the Schulberg divorce is not long in the past. Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker are the best of friends, and everyone knows that Billie Dove occasionally lunches with her ex-husband, Irvin Willat. On the other hand, Colleen Moore no longer speaks to John McCormick, and you should see Natalie Talmadge pretend Buster Keaton isn't there when they happen to meet. And while we're on the subject, it would be no place for women and children when Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello meet face to face. The divorce testimony was hardly complimentary to either party. It is also understood that Edna Murphy, the former Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, speaks neither to Mervyn nor the girl to whom he is reported engaged, Ginger Rogers.

Nancy Carroll and Dick Arlen are poison to each other. Their feud grew very bitter when they made "Wayward" together in the East. While Dick was always punctual, Nancy would appear hours late on the set and keep him waiting. And did he burn up?!! Nancy hated the sight of Dick, and when the camera wasn't watching, she said plenty of things that weren't in the script. There was an instinctive antagonism between Dick Arlen, easy going, good natured, kind hearted Dick, and Nancy, a fighting Irish rebel who would ride over anybody's feelings to get what she wanted. To make matters worse, both stars hated the picture and the dialogue.

You'd like to know *whom* you could invite to a peaceful party in Hollywood. Well, now let's see . . . Jackie Cooper, Mickey Mouse, and Mary Brian. *And* we wouldn't put anything heavier than paper plates on that table, either. That's just how risky it is.

Oh, so you're going to give it all up and go to the cafeteria for dinner? That's exactly what a lot of sensible Hollywood people are doing. They're afraid to take a chance, too.

TIPS on TALKIES



Beautiful, blonde Adele Lacy, Warners-First National player, makes her movie début in "42nd Street"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AFRAID TO TALK** (Universal) What happens to a young bellhop who witnesses a murder. A scorching exposé of how politics and crime are mixed up. Eric Linden is very fine as the young bellhop. There isn't much for Sidney Fox to do. She continues to represent sweetness and light.

☆

✓✓ **AIR MAIL** (Universal) War aviation has been glorified a lot of times, but here's the first big story about the men who fly the air mails. And is it thrilling! The outstanding player is Pat O'Brien, who easily steals the picture with the best performance he's given since "Front Page."

☆

✓ **ALL AMERICAN, THE** (Universal) The fall and rise of a football hero, admirably played by Dick Arlen. Exciting glimpses of real all-American football players, Dalrymple, Baker, Booth, Carideo! Hot-cha romance with Merna Kennedy, and real romance with Gloria Stuart and June Clyde! All in all, the best football picture of the season.

☆

✓✓ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE** (Radio) One of the most beautifully acted pictures of the season, and no wonder! Just look at the cast—Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, Neil Hamilton and Bill Gargan. There are splendid, heart-rending performances from all of them and grand comedy from Bill Gargan. The story, that of a man who leaves the woman he has loved for years to marry another woman, has depth of heart-interest.

☆

✓ **BIG BROADCAST, THE** (Paramount) If you're a radio fan, you won't want to miss this. It's got Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, and many of your other favorites. Stu Erwin adds to the fun; Leila Hyams supplies the romance. When it comes to the story the picture is so-so, but it's a radio fan's delight just the same.

☆

✓✓ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT** (Radio) A strange theme handled fascinatingly. John Barrymore gives a powerful performance as a man who comes back to his family in England, sane in mind again, after fifteen years in an asylum. Katharine Hepburn is the most interesting newcomer in years.

BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE (Columbia)Though this is beautifully acted by Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther, it's a question whether you'll go for it. For it deals with a generally forbidden theme—a white girl who gets mixed up with a Chinese general. The ending is tragic and inevitable.

☆

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount) Glamorous Marlene Dietrich in a weak story. Marlene, a devoted housewife and a good mother (imagine that!) sacrifices her virtue to save her husband's life. Charming Herbert Marshall is wasted on the husband rôle. The photography is beautiful, but the story—oh, the story!

☆

✓ **CABIN IN THE COTTON** (First National) As a Southern boy Barthelmess looks amazingly young and is tremendously appealing. The Southern atmosphere in this is charming. Dorothy Jordan is lovely and Bette Davis absolutely brilliant.

☆

✓ **CALL HER SAVAGE** (Fox) A personal triumph for Clara Bow. By this time you must know that the "It" girl comes back, more Itty than ever, with a lot of "umph" and pep and dramatic vitality. As a half-breed girl who doesn't know what makes her different from other girls, she's superb. Gilbert Roland was a good choice as the half-breed lover, but the picture is all Clara Bow's.

☆

✓✓ **CENTRAL PARK** (First National) They threw everything into this but the kitchen stove, and somehow it emerged good entertainment. There's the escape of a lion, a hold up in a café, a policeman who becomes a hero and a few other things mixed up with a sweet love tale. And it's all enacted by a grand cast, including such troupers as Joan Blondell, Wally Ford, Guy Kibbee and others. All the events take place in New York's Central Park.

☆

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox) This radio drama is as wild as a tale from the Arabian Nights with its Yogis and its good magician and the madman trying to wipe out half the world with a death ray. Edmund Lowe is urbane as the magician, Bela Lugosi a bit monotonous.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **A Farewell to Arms**

Because it's a beautiful picture—beautiful in its photography, in its poignant sadness, and in Helen Hayes' magnificent performance.

✓✓ **If I Had a Million**

For the most blissful screen moment in many months. Watch for it in the Charles Laughton episode.

✓ **Flesh**

For Beery's human characterization of a dumb, good-hearted cluck.

Also These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ **Air Mail**
- ✓✓ **Bill of Divorcement**
- ✓✓ **The Conquerors**
- ✓✓ **I Am a Fugitive**
- ✓✓ **Kid From Spain**
- ✓✓ **The Most Dangerous Game**
- ✓✓ **Night After Night**
- ✓✓ **Once in a Lifetime**
- ✓✓ **The Phantom President**
- ✓✓ **Prosperity**
- ✓✓ **Red Dust**
- ✓✓ **Silver Dollar**
- ✓✓ **Smilin' Through**
- ✓✓ **Strange Interlude**
- ✓✓ **Tiger Shark**
- ✓✓ **Trouble in Paradise**

✓✓ **CONQUERORS, THE** (Radio) Here's a picture with a message—and what a message! It's a soul-stirring story of America's pioneers. It's real movie entertainment. Richard Dix, Ann Harding and Edna May Oliver do a lot to make it a swell show.

☆

✓ **CYNARA** (United Artists) Judging by the leading players (Kay Francis and Ronald Colman) and the story, this should have been a smash hit, but it emerges as just a good picture. Maybe that's because there's too much talk, too little action. Some of the scenes pack a punch; others are a little dull. On the whole, though, "Cynara" is worth your while.

☆

EVENINGS FOR SALE (Paramount) A heavy-handed attempt at a light movie about a Viennese count who's lost his money and becomes a gigolo. Herbert Marshall is only fair and Sari Maritza, the romantic heroine, is much too coy and self-conscious. There is no suspense to this obvious story. (*Continued on page* 75)

Hollywood's Rules for Making Friends

as told by the most popular girl in Hollywood, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, *to* Marquis Busby

SHE'S as modern as Technocracy (you explain what *that's* all about to me) and she has the good, old American style of beauty—even to the freckles on her nose. Not a Polish languor or a Latin temperament in a carload. She's as fresh and as wholesome as a breeze through the pine forests, and as sophisticated as a Park Avenue deb or any up and coming sophomore at Vassar.

She's Constance Cummings—and she's the most popular girl in Hollywood in this year of our Lord, nineteen-thutty-three. The boys like her. The girls like her. Babies have quit squalling for Castoria—now they want Cummings.

If you don't agree you can sue me—if you can find me.

Don't tell me that it's courting disaster to come right out in meeting and name the most popular girl in Hollywood. I *know.* To state flatly that anyone is "the best something or other" or "the most something else" in this town is like going up and spitting (yes, I know that's a nawsty word) in a panther's eye. It's worse than that—even a panther *might* listen to reason. But maybe I'm tired of living. Maybe I'm trying to avoid paying the government that thirty cents I owe for income tax.

Connie, herself, was a bit perturbed when she was informed that this magazine decided she was the most popular girl in Hollywood.

"Are you out looking for trouble?" she queried, anxiously.

Constance Cummings' Rules for Popularity

Rule 1: **Don't try to be the center of interest all the time. Give others a chance to talk occasionally.**

Rule 2: **A good listener is seldom a bore. Appear interested in the conversation—even if you, yourself, are bored.**

Rule 3: **Don't appear blasé. It is never an attractive pose, even if it is authentic.**

Rule 4: **Try to put people at their ease.**

Rule 5: **Avoid all forms of rudeness. Don't sacrifice another's feelings for the sake of a clever remark.**

Rule 6: **Be neat in appearance, even if you can't afford an expensive wardrobe.**

There was a little difficulty in the beginning of the conversation. I wanted to know why Connie was the most popular girl in the colony—her rules for personal success, so to speak. Connie, on the other hand, wanted to know why the magazine thought she was the most popular girl in Hollywood. Modesty is a commendable quality, but it had to be understood from the start that she was the one being interviewed, and that she wasn't interviewing me. Sometimes it's very embarrassing the way the interviewee wants to be the interviewer. After being rebuked she was most tractable. She even gave rules for popularity that any girl might do well to write down in her memory book.

It wasn't just the case of this magazine tossing the crown of popularity at the first likely looking damsel who happened down the boulevard. By golly, this story took thought. Every maiden in Hollywood from Mitzi Green to Alison Skipworth was given just and solemn consideration. Married ladies were barred—not because married ladies can't be popular (my dear, you have no *idea*) but because this story deals only with the heart whole and fancy free (more or less). Where was I? Oh, yes—for days this writer went about with a haunted look—searching for the most popular girl. He asked dozens of people—listened to their answers, serious or in jest. The question was directed to actors, writers, directors, playboys, Republicans, Democrats, college boys and octogenarians. Believe me, Diogenes was on a Boy Scout camping trip in comparison.

Constance Cummings was almost invariably the choice. No doubt about it—she's the answer to the question—"Who's the most popular girl in Hollywood?"

There were dozens of whys and wherefores to support the choice.

First of all, Connie does not belong to any one clique or claque in the Hollywood colony. She does not even confine her friendships exclusively to Hollywood. She admits that she is a social free-lance. She does not go out solely with any one young gentleman—although I know of several who would be only too glad to sign her on the dotted line. She goes to the ultra-swanky Mayfair parties, to swell-elegant mansions in Beverly Hills, to grand opera, to neighborhood movie theaters, dog races and wiener roasts at the beach. She likes caviar, *pâté de fois gras,* breast of pheasant, corned beef and cabbage, Irish stew and ice cream cones.

She's a regular, healthy American girl. She likes horseback riding, tennis, golf, swimming, dancing—and just sitting.

She says she almost always has a good time anywhere and everywhere. She doesn't just *appear* to be having a good time—she really gets a tremendous "wallop" out of being alive.

"But," she amends her remark, "if I'm not having a good time at a party I always look for a dark corner and go to sleep for half an hour or so. It's simply amazing what a little sleep will do for your disposition."

She had never thought of such a thing as specified rules for popularity—but there (*Continued on page 97*)

HERE she is—Hollywood's most popular girl for 1933. You've seen her in dozens of pictures and liked her—but maybe you didn't realize what a social success the girl is. Men like her, women like her, children cry for her. Producers all want to borrow her for their pictures. She's equally at home at ultra-swanky Mayfair parties and at wiener roasts at the beach. She has a knack for making friends, and you can learn how to acquire the same knack by reading the story across the page

Inside Stuff

Showing you something very new and cute in furs, Miss Rosalie Roy of Universal. Quite Universal!

MOST startling news of the month from Hollywood is that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have separated and that a divorce is probably in the offing. Janet is living with her mother.

This will, of course revive those old Gaynor-Farrell romance rumors, though Charlie and Virginia Valli are about to celebrate their third wedding anniversary and are apparently just as devoted as in the honeymoon days. Janet and Lydell celebrated their third anniversary last September. However, Charlie has been going out a lot alone lately and has done quite a bit of partying with Mary Pickford. Janet and Lydell have had long vacations—if you want to call them that—from each other ever since their marriage.

It's all very scrambled and very Hollywood. Lydell, who was a lawyer when he and Janet surprised the world by marrying, has since given up his law career and dabbled in the motion picture business. He's a supervisor at Fox right now. Charlie Farrell bought off his Fox contract just recently, thereby splitting up the team of Gaynor and Farrell. Virginia Valli has retired to domesticity.

The Hollywood story before either Charlie or Janet married was that the trouble between them was that they were never in love at the same time. When Charlie was in love, Janet was out of love, and when Janet was in love, Charlie wasn't. That, however, may be just one of those romantic legends.

At any rate, the little Cinderella girl is alone right now. Rather sad it is, too. There isn't anybody else quite like Janet. And there's probably no star who has a public which feels more tenderly toward her.

Maybe the Horse Learned from Clark!

Mae Clarke almost groaned as she dismounted from a horse she'd rented from a riding academy in Hollywood, after a long ride through the hills.

"That's not the horse I usually ride," she said. "This one surely treated me rough!"

"Well, miss," said the groom who helped her get off, "this is the 'oss Clark Gable usually rides."

Charlie Chaplin is still, after months and months and months, trying to complete that book-length story about himself, which a national women's magazine is waiting to buy.

But—ten-to-one, it won't be *half* as interesting as the "inside" book-length story of Chaplin which was authored by Carlyle Robinson, the long-time confidential aide to Charlie, who quit the comicker after a tiff during the recent trip abroad. Robinson's story, too, will be in a magazine—before Charlie's own. And will Charlie's ears burn? Or will they?

There's a new-come caricaturist to Hollywood, who makes the most amazing caricatures of the stars.

His name is Eddie Vitch.

And more than one star, after seeing Eddie Vitch's caricature, has thought of a rhyme.

Durante Crack-o'-th'-month:

Schnozzle, talking about an ultra-English actor, says: "He's so 'H'english' that he even drops the aitches when he's eatin' alphabet zoop!"

Cecil "Sign of the Cross" DeMille has a great church organ in his mountain summer house.

And—of course!—a bathtub, too.

Is this Hollywood's newest romance? Jimmy Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan are seen everywhere together these days but they're close-mouthed, the two of them, and won't say if they are married or engaged or even in love

Her name's Wera Engels—yes Wera. She's RKO's little import and as you can see, she has much to recommend her. Oh, sure, it's hoped she'll be another Garbo

Buck Jones Gets an Anonymous Gift

Usually, when a star gets a present, the fan makes plenty sure the star knows whom it's from. And at the opposite end of the story, usually when a star gets an anonymous note, it's full of vituperation.

So Buck Jones, western star, just can't figure out the gift he got. It came by mail—a magnificent, rare model Colt revolver, with a jewel-studded, hand-carved handle, and gold-plated screws.

The package, which bore the postmark of Canton, Ohio, had no name or message from the sender. Jones is trying to locate the giver, to thank him.

Marlene's Pants Start Something!

At first, Hollywood thought it was good self-exploitation—good publicity stuff, you know.

Then Hollywood began calling it "silly" and "ridiculous."

And then, Hollywood—yes, even Hollywood!—began to admit it felt a bit nauseated.

And now Hollywood (as this is written) is wondering what will be the eventual outcome of Marlene Dietrich's insistence on wearing pants—oh, call 'em trousers, then!—almost exclusively. That is—she wears, at home, at the studio, even at large when shopping and dining out, purely masculine attire. Trousers, jacket, etc., made for her by one of Hollywood's foremost men's tailors! She even has a masculine tuxedo, for evening affairs!

Paramount is quite mad about it. They want her to cut it out. It was good publicity at first, but now, with people muttering about Freudian angles, Paramount is getting more than annoyed. They refuse, for one thing, to help publicize her masculine attire.

And the latest report is that the "unbreakable" association between Marlene and Josef von Sternberg was finally broken up more because of Von's antagonism to her male attire than because of any other factor.

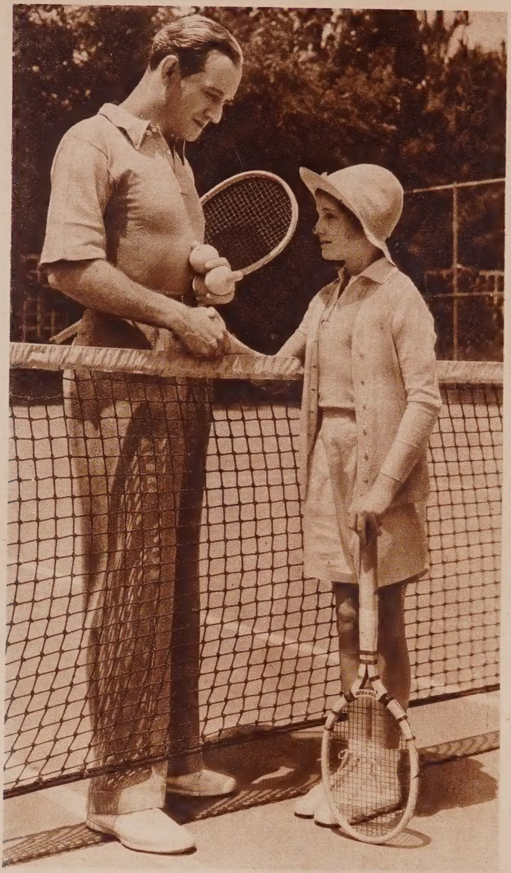
But as far as Marlene is concerned, they can all go jump in a lake! She goes right on wearing her trousers wherever and whenever.

And what's more, she has her little daughter wear trousers most of the time, too, rather than skirts.

So what?

Here's Your Peep at Dan Cupid's Memo-Book

MARRIAGE Dept.—Barbara Kent and Harry Edington eloped to Yuma, which is still Hollywood's favorite marrying-place, and were mrandmrsed . . . Edington, you know, is the fellow who's known as "the man behind



One star about whom you don't hear any divorce rumors and one of the reasons why—Conrad Nagel and his young daughter, Ruth. The other reason is another Ruth, Mrs. Nagel, who is pretty enough to be a film star

The newest twig on the family Twelvetrees. His name is Jack Byran Woody and things being so slow right now he hasn't yet made up his mind whether to take up acting like his mother, Helen, or just go in for business like his dad

Garbo" because he managed her and instituted that policy of silence of hers . . . Lupita Tovar, the Mexican filmactress, married Actor Paul Kohner in Czecho-Slovakia, of *all* places!

ADOPTION Dept.—Frank Fay and Wifie Barbara Stanwyck finally legally adopt Dion Fay, the chubby lad whose origin they keep a profound secret . . . and it's revealed that the baby Sue Carol and Hubby Stuart chose for a mysterious couple of friends to adopt, will be the ward of Bandleader Guy Lombardo and the Mrs.—the Stuarts and Lombardos are friends, and when Nick and Sue were so happy over their own baby, Guy asked them to find one like it for him . . .

OL' DOC STORK'S DATES Dept.—don't forget the Edward G. Robinsons' pretty soon (if not already by the time this is printed!) . . . and Jack Gilbert and new-wifie Virginia Bruce, before midyear . . . and also another baby at the Bill ("Handsome") Gargan's . . . and pretty soon, at Anita Stewart's, the one-time star who's now retired and happy as Mrs. Converse in Hollywood . . . and, too, Alice Day, who's also retired from pictures as the wife of Broker Jack Cohn—yes, they've got one already, but another is due! . . . and if you don't think Ol' Doc Stork *has* been busy in movieland, it's a fact that his 1932 record among film folk is far above his average for the rest of America.

GENERAL CHATTER Dept.—Ruth Chatterton, with present-hubby George Brent, going to the movies with ex-husband Ralph Forbes and the latter's blonde new gal friend, is the latest sight in Hollywood's "friends-though-divorced" picture . . . and also, there's Kathlyn Williams and ex-hubby Charles Eyton, football-gaming it together . . . and also "friends-though-not-divorced" are Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, who even live apart in separate houses, and are seen everywhere together (when they're not with somebody else) . . . don't be surprised if *two* of the most-publicized "happy marriages" of Hollywood go boom pretty soon . . . and in *both* cases, because the wife (each a star) is too ga-ga over a prominent male actor! . . . Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant are here, there and where else, together . . . and Hollywood's romance-smellers are watching Billy Bakewell and Sally Blane . . . and he-he-he-he!—*did* Eric Linden and Mitzi Green goo-goo-eye each other recently . . . oh, Mitzi's thirteen now, you know . . . The Richard Dixes are persistently denying the rumors that all's not well in the home . . .

Janet and Will Cost Each Other an Hour

Among film bigshots who can set their own quitting time on the set are George Arliss, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers. Arliss quits at 4:30 sharp. Janet and Will always at 5.

Here's that Hepburn gal who's stirring up all the excitement and look who's hanging around, will you, Joel McCrea, the unconquerable! Be exciting, wouldn't it, if those two fell for each other with a great big thud?

Have you noticed how many interesting new youngsters there are on the screen right now and how they're stealing pictures? Here's the latest little thief, Buster Phelps, who swiped "Handle With Care" away from the regular actors

But one day on "State Fair" at Fox, wherein both Will and Janet play, came five o'clock, and neither Janet nor Will called quits. At 6 o'clock, the director, sore puzzled, called it a day, thanked Bill and Janet for working overtime. And it wasn't until then that the reason was found out . . .

Will wouldn't quit because he thought Janet was being "regular" so he would, too. And Janet thought the same about Will.

And *is* the Fox studio laughing???

Trust those Bennett gals—Joan and Connie and Barbara—not to let any one of them put anything over on the other.

Now it's Barbara (who's the only one of the three not in pictures) who's made it even-steven. Barbara (she's Mrs. Morton "Crooner" Downey) gave birth to a 7-pound son not so long ago. Now she's all square with Joan, who has her own little daughter, and Connie—who has her adopted son.

But oh! if any of the three should have twins! . . .

Maurice Chevalier's new picture is now called "Bedtime Story."

Interesting (or Don't You Think So?) Chatter—

. . . when you see Marie Dressler and Wally Beery co-starred again in the forthcoming "Tugboat Annie," it may interest you to know that "Annie" was a real character, a woman tugboat captain in Providencetown, R. I., according to Author Norman Reilly Raine . . . Paramount changed the title of "Metropolitan Garage" to "The Devil Is Driving" because they were afraid drunken autoists might try to drive into theater lobbies if they put the "Garage" title over the marquees! . . . Kay Francis was born on a Friday the Thirteenth and if that's bad luck, don't we all wish we were, too? . . . Charlie Bickford has given up all his outside business ventures (yes, even including the women's lingerie shoppe!) except the garage he owns across from the M-G-M studio entrance . . . in Stockholm, tourists by a great majority prefer auto tours passing Garbo's birthplace, the barber shop she once worked in, and the apartment where her mother now lives, to other auto trips about the city . . . Barbara Stanwyck is letting her hair stay the red she made it for her rôle in "Baby Face" . . . a picture was published showing Mary Pickford riding a bicycle about the studio, and within a week, she had six letters from people asking for the bike when she was through with it . . . Barbara Stanwyck often autographs pictures "Barbara Stanwyck Fay" . . . and Ruth Chatterton's new stationery bears both her stage name and "Mrs. George Brent" . . . while on tour, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart got a *daily* snapshot of their baby from the baby's nurse

If we couldn't have the life of Reilly, we'd just as soon have the life of Jackie Cooper, for this is the boy-star's new Beverly Hills home. Not bad, not bad, for a nine-year-old capitalist!

. . . an ex-star hires autograph hunters to surround him at public places . . . Ernst Lubitsch has told Schnozzle Durante that he'd like to direct him! . . . ever since Helen Hayes heard a couple of sailors at a preview, making wisecracks about her looks, she's been sensitive about her lack of beauty in contrast to other film stars . . . never mind, Helen, we'll take *you* and *your face* and *your acting* and call the total a great deal more beautiful than—well, why mention names? . . . Nancy Carroll's great ambition is to direct a movie instead of acting in it . . . Victor McLaglen is going on tour in spring with a vaudeville act he wrote himself . . . Jackie Coogan, now going to a California junior college, gets $25 a month spending allowance out of his millions, but he works as clothing salesman on the campus to earn $2.50 a week extra, and commissions . . . you'll see Old-Timer Mary McLaren, once a star, return to the screen in Mae West's next film . . . and Marjorie Rambeau is coming back to pictures in an independent film, after winning the consent of her recently-new hubby, Francis Gudger of Florida, where she's been Mrs.-ing it . . .

The automobile in which Jackie Cooper and his mother now ride, with Jackie's salary at $1300 a week, is a rather strikingly green affair. Jackie doesn't like it.

The other day, upspoke Jackie to "maw" as he calls his mother:

"Maw. For Christmas, will ya gimme a present?"

"Surely. What is it?" she asked.

"Have the car painted black, will ya?"

"But why?"

"Aw, the way it's dolled up now, every time I ride in it, I feel like a movie star!"

When Stars Speak, Here's How it Rates:

Some "positive statements" of famous film stars, as culled from old-time interviews:

Mary Pickford, quoted a decade and a half ago: "In 1920, I shall retire from pictures forEVER."

Gloria Swanson, when she married the Marquis de la Falaise: "This is my LAST marriage."

Constance Bennett, a week before she became Mrs. Phil Plant: "I'm not going to marry Phil Plant nor anyone else."

Clara Bow, before she married Rex Bell: "Rex is a nice clean boy. I like him very much. I appreciate his friendship. But it's only friendship."

Norma Shearer, before she became Irving Thalberg's wife: "I don't believe one can mix matrimony and a career."

Wallace Beery, when he left Paramount after doing a comedy series with Raymond Hatton: "I'll never make another comedy."

Ho, hum.

If a star should lose all,
  Have no money for meat,
He still wouldn't starve; he'd
  Have his words left to eat.

Wifies are stopping being that, and being themselves again, these Hollywood days. For instance: Mrs. Al Jolson quits bride-ing to play in a Warner picture as Ruby Keeler; Mrs. Chester Morris goes into a film under her former stage name of Susanne Kilbourne.

Fair Warning: You Don't Have to Read This

It was the first day Sir Guy Standing, eminent British actor who'll film début in "The Story of Temple Drake," was on the Paramount lot. A certain associate producer, seeing the stranger, asked one of the publicity men:

"Say, who's that feller standing over there?"

"Oh, him?—why, his name's Sir Guy Standing," the press agent informed. The associate producer looked at him suspiciously a moment. Then:

"Look here, young feller, don't kid me. If his name's Sir Guy STANDING, I s'pose you'll now tell me when he takes a chair it's Sitting Bull, hah?"

(Oh, well, we warned you.)

"TIME FLIES" note: Betty Blythe (remember?—she was the "Queen of Sheba" how many years ago?) is still in pictures. She plays a bit rôle in Arliss' "The King's Vacation."

Paraphrasing that old newspaper gag about "it's not news when a dog bites a man, but when a man bites a dog, THAT'S news!"—well, when the bulls in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid From Spain" toss the actors, THAT'S news . . . !

Will you look at that contraption in front of Warren William? (No, no, not the lady. That's Mrs. William.) We mean the headless business. That's Warren's own invention and he uses it to practice his fencing on. These actors, always up to something!

ENTRANCE TO STAGE 4 5

Who said man couldn't build a tree? Here they are building one over on the United Artists lot for "Secrets," and here's what it takes: trunk of plaster of Paris, bark of collodion and rubber, and limbs from the carpenter's shop. Mighty clever, these studios

Mister Thelma Todd's Embarrassing Moment:

Mr. Pasquale de Cicco, sometimes known as Pat de Cicco (or do you spell it Di Ciccio, or how? Anyway, you pronounce it "de cheeko," or do you?) is rather anxious that his wife be known, socially, as Mrs. De Cicco, instead of Thelma Todd, as *you* know her.

But the other day, Mr. De Cicco had reason to call by 'phone a person whom he'd never personally met.

"This," telephoned Mr. De Cicco, "is Mister De Cicco."

"Who?" asked the person at the other end, not at all recognizing the name or identity.

"Mr. De Cicco," repeated Mr. De Cicco.

Still the other person didn't place it. "Who?" came the reiterated question.

"OH—THELMA TODD'S HUSBAND!" came the identification, from Mr. De Cicco.

And imagine Mr. De Cicco's vexation!!!...

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Screen's New Heroes

They're Setting Styles in Love-Making

By DORA ALBERT

HAVE you noticed how in the last few months, a new group of leading men with a new kind of charm have popped up like popcorn out of the popper? Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, Lee Tracy, Randolph Scott and others.

For the past year and a half Clark Gable has been the only new leading man who mattered in Hollywood. New girls came along at a dizzy pace, promising girls, hot-cha girls, girls who knew all about love making. There were flashing Bette Davis, sophisticated Karen Morley, Constance Cummings and Joan Blondell. But with the exception of Gable, all was quiet on Hollywood's masculine front. Gable had to be passed around from one leading woman to another because there wasn't any new man of any importance at all.

And now all of a sudden Hollywood is full of new men, hot men, cold men, cavemen, gentle lovers, all kinds of men—but men, men, men. Hollywood is demanding them and they are flocking into Hollywood. Feminine fans are demanding them, and here they come. For the moment there are very few interesting new girls, with the exception of Katharine Hepburn. So let's meet some of Hollywood's new men and see what their love-making technique is like, for most of these new men are lovers rather than character actors as such. They are introducing a new kind of love to the screen, or rather a kind of love that had almost been forgotten for the past hectic year. Two of the most popular of the new men, Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall, belong very definitely to the school of gentle, suave lovers who treat a woman with kindness and tenderness.

Leading ladies practically cry for Leslie Howard. Norma Shearer begged for him as her leading man in "Smilin' Through" and got him. A long time ago when they were making "Devotion" together, Ann Harding and Leslie decided that they must make another picture together some time. Production sche-

He's still Hollywood's greatest lover, this Clark Gable chap. For a short while he lost some of his box-office wallop, but now that he's being cast in he-man rôles again, he has made a terrific comeback dules had to be turned topsy-turvy to do it, but when Leslie Howard demanded Ann Harding as his leading lady in "Animal Kingdom" he got her. Mary Pickford, knowing that she needed a strong box-office name if she wanted to attract people to her next picture, considered every leading man from Buddy Rogers to James Cagney (imagine that!) and then persuaded Leslie Howard to play opposite her in "Secrets." Another studio wants him for "Berkeley Square."

Several studios have offered Leslie Howard movie contracts, but so far he hasn't signed one. He'll sign up to make one picture at a time but that's all. The one thing he wants above all other things is the freedom to work out his own destiny. When he was a young man in England Leslie Howard once worked as a bank clerk. He hated it, looked upon the bank in which he worked as a living prison. When the War came along he enlisted. When he returned to England, his father wanted him to get a position on the Stock Exchange. It meant security. But Leslie Howard didn't want security at that price. He turned down the chance and decided then and there to try for a career at acting.

Today he is the same way. He told me recently, "I want to be free to do what I want to do when I want to do it. A movie contract would bind me to do whatever I was told to do as long as I was under contract." So Leslie Howard goes on his way, making a picture here and a picture there when he wants to make them, but signing no run-of-the-mill contracts. That he gets away with it is particularly interesting because a year ago, Hollywood refused to accept Howard on his own terms. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was willing to give him a long term contract or nothing. He took nothing. He offered to make one picture at a time, when he liked the script. Hollywood refused.

This year, with the Leslie Howard vogue become practically a mania, Leslie can just about take Hollywood by the seat of its pants and do what he pleases with the town.

And is it or isn't it significant that Herbert Marshall, who threw feminine hearts for a loss in "Trouble in Paradise," is in many ways the same type as Leslie Howard? Both charming, both suave, both gentlemen, both Englishmen and both romanticists in their love-making. Herbert Marshall made his talking picture début a year and a half ago in "Secrets of a Secretary" and clicked only so-so. Apparently the public wasn't ready at that time for a lover of the Herbert Marshall type—gentle, suave, charming. It wanted to be swept off its feet, and Marshall wasn't the sweep-'em-off-their feet and drag-'em-around kind of lover.

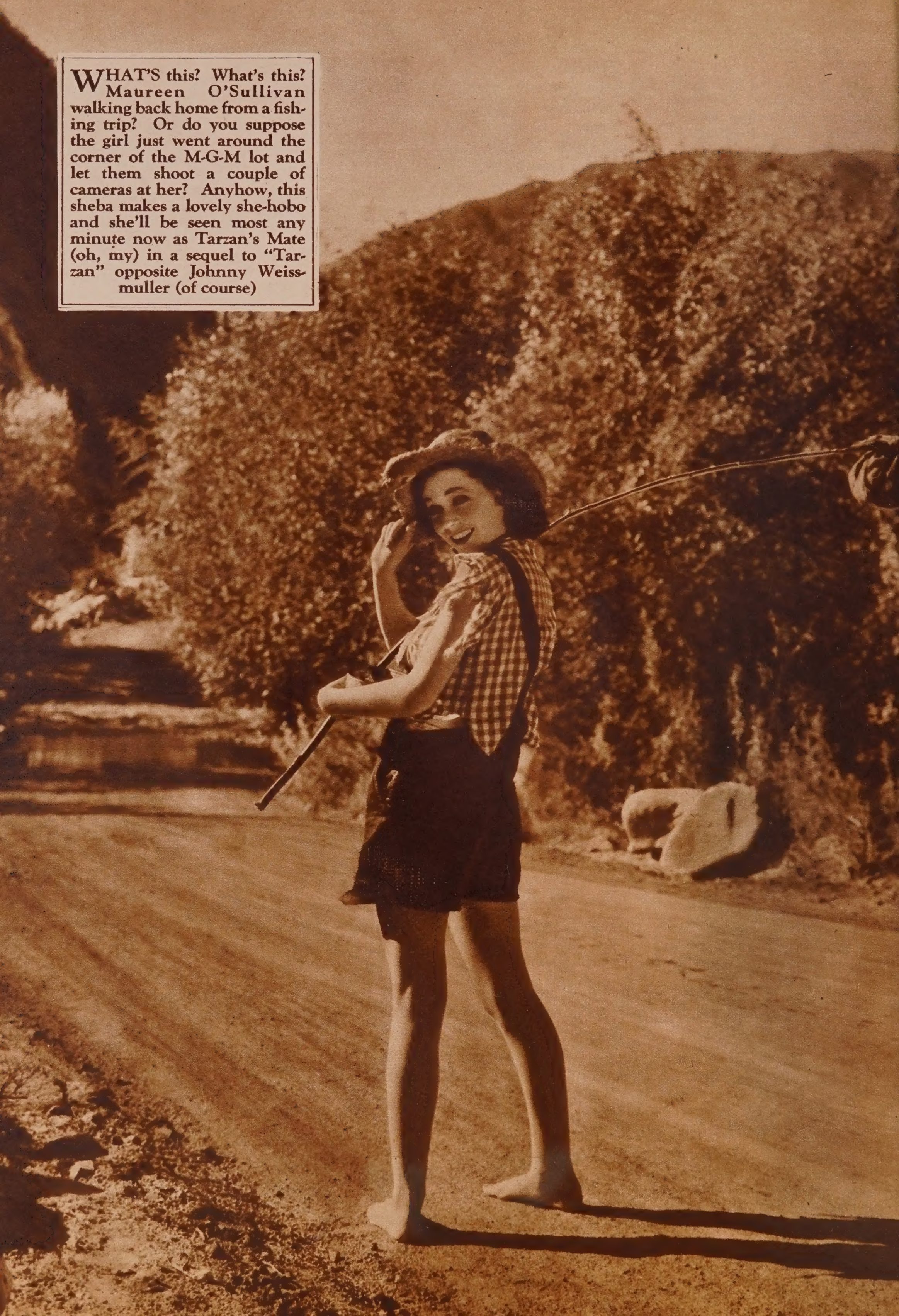
But this year, even in so silly a picture as "Blonde Venus," in which he was totally miscast, Herbert Marshall clicked. At once Movie Mirror began to receive letters raving about him. Then he made "Trouble in Paradise," and oh, baby, was he terrific! It's an open secret that Paramount wanted to sign him to a contract, but that he refused to sign unless they could find work for his wife, Edna Best, too. They couldn't and he didn't, that being the kind of love that exists between those two romantic children. Now he's somewhere in England appearing in a play with Edna Best, but there isn't the slightest doubt that he'll be back soon, making more pictures.

So why is it that Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard, who only clicked moderately last year, are causing box-office riots this year?

There is only one way to explain it. Women are getting restless. Current screen lovers are not satisfying them. They want variety in screen love-making.

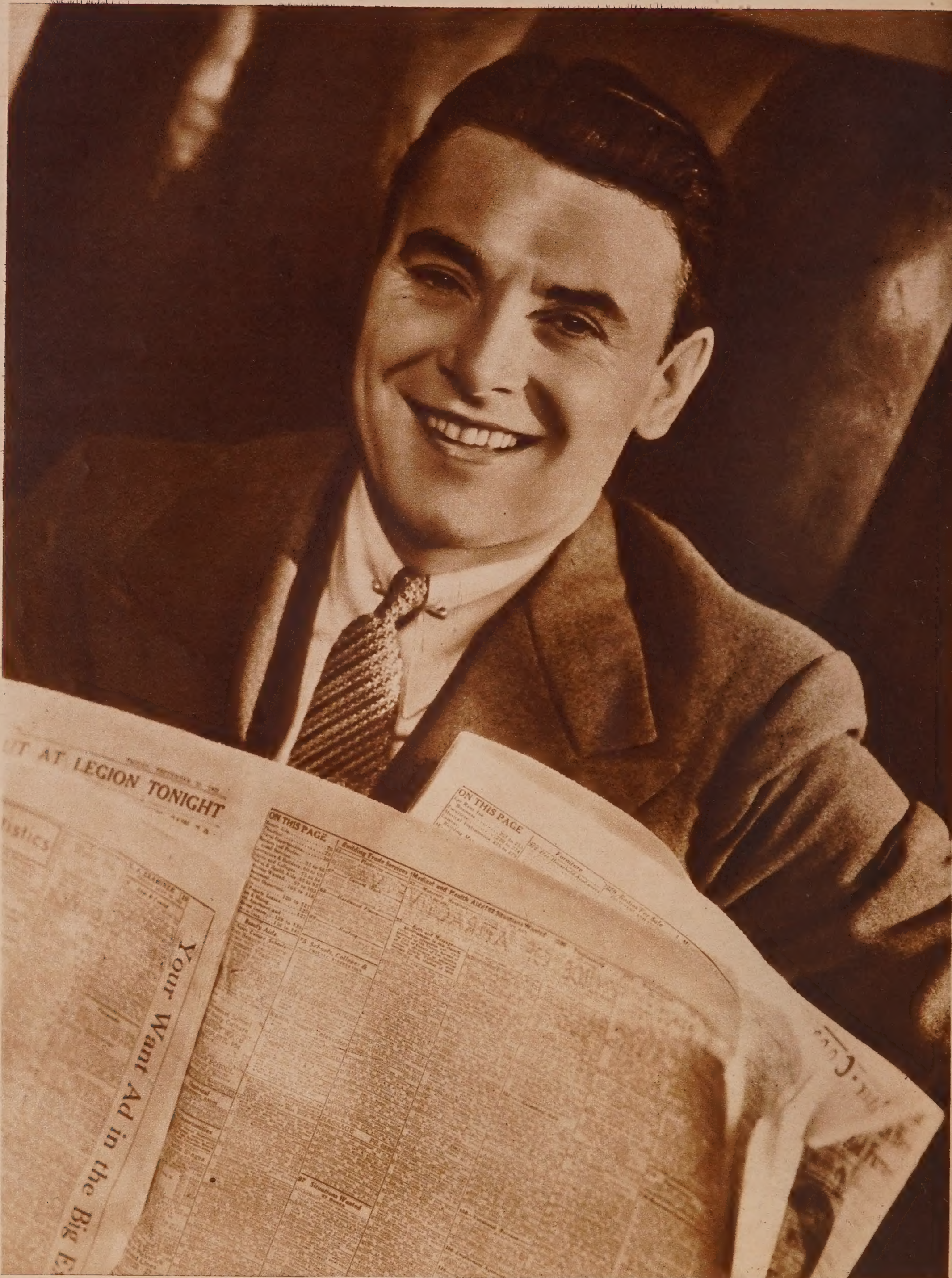
Men have long believed, because they want to believe, that women are naturally monogamous, that they can love one man only all their lives. And because few women can be happy without love, they have tried more (*Continued on page 94*)

Here are some of the new men who've suddenly come into rousing popularity. Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant and Lee Tracy have as different ways of making love as they have different personalities



WHAT'S this? What's this? Maureen O'Sullivan walking back home from a fishing trip? Or do you suppose the girl just went around the corner of the M-G-M lot and let them shoot a couple of cameras at her? Anyhow, this sheba makes a lovely she-hobo and she'll be seen most any minute now as Tarzan's Mate (oh, my) in a sequel to "Tarzan" opposite Johnny Weissmuller (of course)

WALTER HUSTON never gets any sensational publicity and he has never been "built up" by any studio as a tremendous discovery. He doesn't have to be. He goes about his business quietly and without fuss. Even when he got married for the second time he didn't do it to the tune of a million cameras. He's regular both on and off the screen. M-G-M is proud to have him under contract, and glad he's in the cast of Bob Montgomery's next picture, "Hell Below"


T AT LEGION TONIGHT
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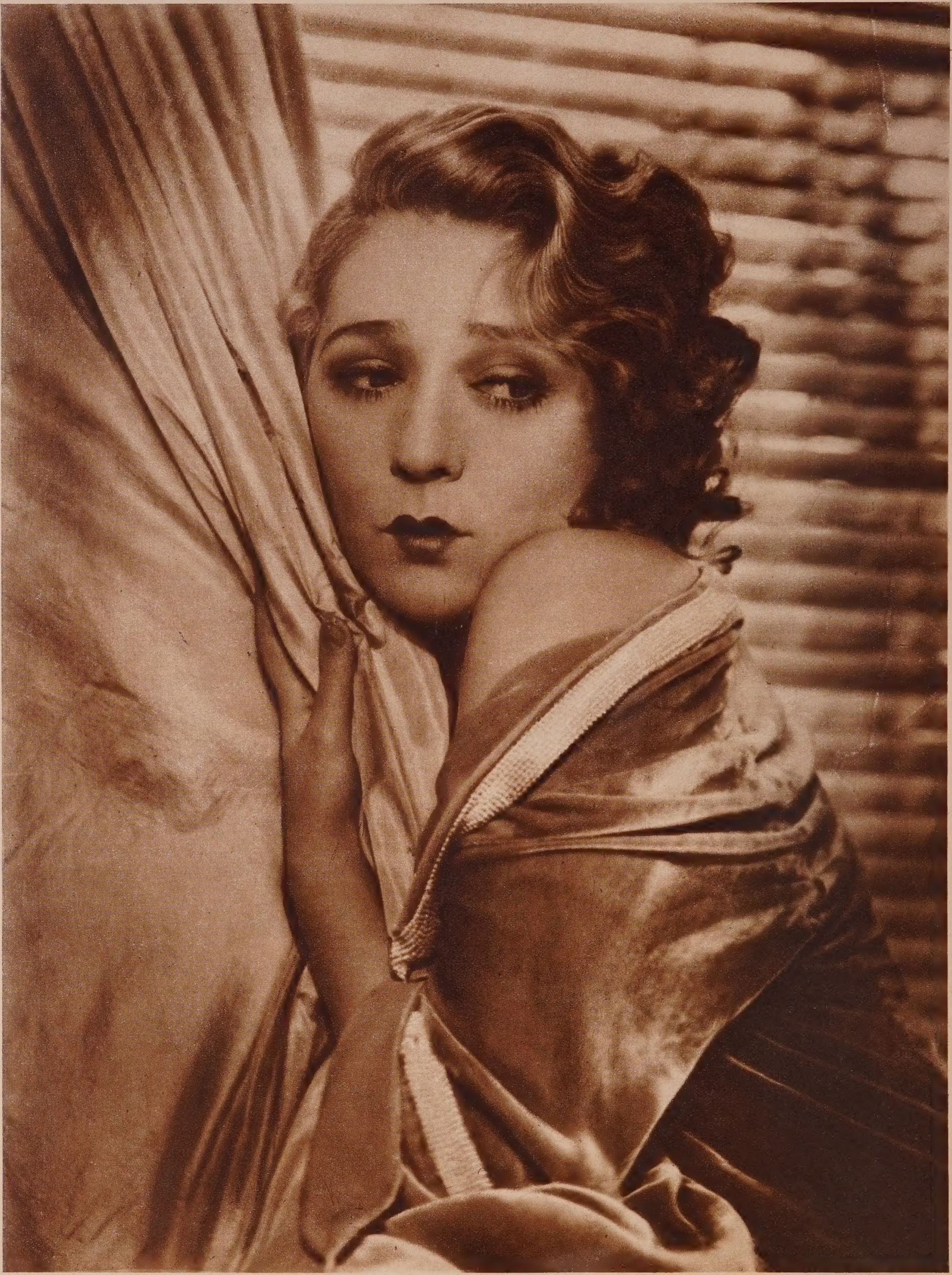
Your Want Ad in the Big E

MAYBE this picture of George Brent with a newspaper spread in front of him is Warners' way of saying that George Brent is news now. But why, oh, why did they leave the paper open at the want ad section? For one thing sure now is that George Brent won't ever have to hunt himself a job again. Not after his work in "The Rich Are Always With Us"! Once he was an actor on the Broadway stage, but now the nearest Broadway will come to getting him back again is when he appears in Warners' "42nd Street"

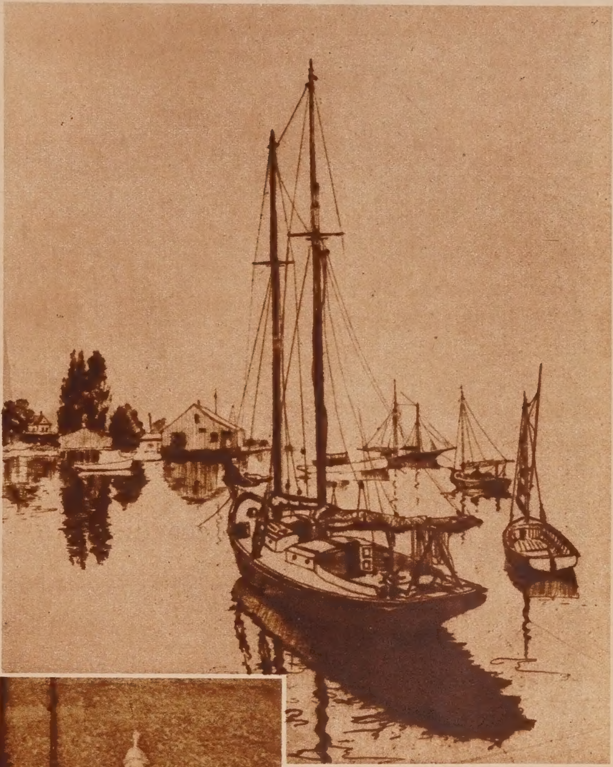
METRO claimed Jean Harlow and Clark Gable were born to co-star. Well, so must Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville, Universal's stars, have been born to create team laughter. For where could you find two more dolefully funny faces, where another pair of sillier figures, where better acting skill? It's been a long road up to the top for both of them, full of hard knocks, but they kept their sense of humor every foot of the way. You'll see them next in "The Five Year Plan"

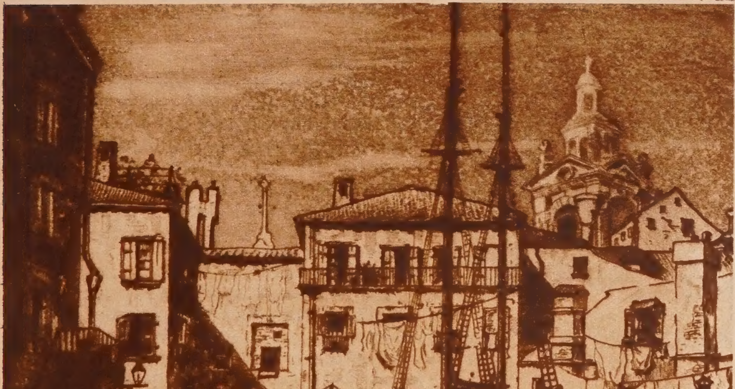


No, it isn't Anita Page holding that curtain and it isn't one of the Wampas Babies either. We give you three guesses as to who it is, and probably you'll be wrong on all three. But doesn't Mary Pickford (yes, it's really she) look marvelous? Imagine a woman approaching forty looking like a girl in her twenties. How does she do it? That's one of the secrets Mary Pickford won't tell in "Secrets," which she's making opposite handsome Leslie Howard

He's Really An Artist Now!

Lionel Barrymore, who doesn't talk about his art but who simply goes ahead and creates it





FUNNY how often screen success comes to unassuming people. The other Barrymores may shout and go glamorous, but Lionel Barrymore just plods along in his quiet way. For years now he's had a hobby, etching. He hasn't told the world about it. He just etched to amuse himself. But this year he sent in a couple of his etchings to the very swanky Society of American Etchers Exhibition at the National Arts Club of New York, to which all the biggest artists contribute, and lo and behold if these two charming studies of his weren't the hits of the show. Beautiful work, isn't it?

Hepburn's Driving Hollywood Cur-razy

At her studio they call her "the screwiest dame on this lot." Katharine Hepburn does as she pleases, but it's all with one eye on old demon publicity

THE Marx Brothers' long-undisputed title of Hollywood's Champion Nuts is threatened at last.

And by Katharine Hepburn, the newest actress-sensation of movieland, and by forthright admission of the press-agents at her own studio, "the screwiest dame we've ever had on this lot!"

For bizarre clothes, for downright cuckoo behavior, for crazy spontaneous stunts, Katharine Hepburn matches the Marx Brothers' offstage clowning, gag for gag! So much so that, within her few months' début in filmland, she is already being hailed as Hollywood's *enfant terrible*.

There are those who insist that in doing these things, which we're going to tell you about, Katharine Hepburn is showing shrewd showmanship.

Let's take her attire. Her favorite costume, on the studio, or riding about Hollywood's streets in the tonneau of a huge Hispano-Suiza behind a chauffeur chosen because his skin matches the deep brown of the car, consists of a pair of age-faded, tattered, patched, disreputable blue overalls! Call 'em jeans, if you want to.

It's not a gag, she insists. She says they're comfortable, that she's had them for years, and sees no earthly reason why she can't wear them when and where she pleases. So she does. There are rips in the knee which leave the major portion of one pretty Hepburn leg quite uncovered. There's a place in the seat which would be even more so, were it not for the fact that she's recently seen it discreet to have the place patched.

After her brilliant film début in "Bill of Divorcement," she went to Europe for a vacation. Her success was so great, the studio wanted her back quickly for another picture, so David Selznick, head man of RKO, wired her asking her to come right back. In a day, he got this cablegram from Katharine Hepburn: "OKAY BABY."

He'd never had that happen before. He was so befuddled that he took the cable to the RKO legal department to see whether or not they could hold her to the contract—whether the "Okay baby" constituted an acceptance. But before their legal minds figured it out, Hepburn was back and ready to go to work.

She's the despair of the studio publicity department. They don't dare arrange interviews for her. They're afraid of what she'll tell the interviewer. Usually, she tells them nothing. There's a report that she's been married. Another that she's been married twice. Another, that she has two children somewhere. A writer wanted to interview her about the marriages, the children. Here's how the interview went:

WRITER: "Miss Hepburn, how often have you been married?"

HEPBURN: "I don't remember."

WRITER: "How many children have you?"

HEPBURN: "I haven't the slightest idea."

WRITER: "But there's a report you have two."

HEPBURN: "Oh yes—I remember now. They're both black."

And that's how it goes, always.

She's a creature of sudden impulses and hobbies. Just now it's tennis. She plays a great deal of tennis. But she explains that it's really to reduce, because she wears rubber pants when playing.

She's got a pet. She doesn't own it, but it's a monkey she "borrows" from a Hollywood pet shop. She's crazy about the monkey, but the monkey doesn't return the admiration. Instead, the monkey bites her regularly. Her arms and legs are all scarred by monkey-bites. Despite it, she totes the monkey with her, biting away at intervals, wherever she goes.

She's as liable as not to turn a cart-wheel, or start walking on her hands, in the midst of an ordinary conversation or stroll, even with strangers. The other day she came bounding out of the restaurant on the RKO lot after lunch, just as Joel McCrea was entering. Without checking speed, she flung herself in an adagio-dancer leap, squarely at Joel McCrea. Startled, he had no recourse but to catch her. He did, and she lay in his arms like a baby, utterly relaxed, not even clinging to his neck. He could have dropped her like that! Instead, he meekly obeyed when she ordered, imperiously: "Carry me to my car!" He did.

The Startling Marriage of Sidney Fox

NOT even if Greta Garbo had married Jimmy Durante would Hollywood have been more startled than it was at Sidney Fox's marriage the other day!

The amazement wasn't so much at the fact that she married as it was at *whom* she married.

His name is Charles Beahan, Jr. In Hollywood, he's known as "Good-Time Charley Beahan."

Charley Beahan, in contrast to Sidney's less-than-a-hundred weight, weighs somewhere between 230 and 250 pounds. He's not sufficiently tall to carry the weight like Adonis. He's jovial, anti-Prohibitionist, a lover of good times. He has quite a bit of money in his own right, aside from his income as Universal Pictures story editor.

And the description of Charley Beahan tallies in a remarkable degree with Sidney Fox's own description, voiced less than a year ago, of the man she would *not* marry! In fact, Charley Beahan is very much the opposite of the ideal man, as Sidney outlined him when she told why she'd never married, a year ago.

But to top this, there's this even stranger fact:

On the very day when the news wires carried the news of Sidney Fox's overnight elopement with Charley Beahan, in New York, one Jean Negulesco, Hollywood artist, received a letter from Sidney Fox, telling Jean—who had been her steadiest "steady" for months prior to her departure from Hollywood, how much she loved him, admired him, missed him and how anxious she was to get back to Hollywood to be with him again!

Sidney Fox, in the four days it took that letter to travel from her hand to ex-flame Negulesco's, changed her mind decisively! And to say that Negulesco, a charming young fellow, is broken-hearted would be putting it entirely too mildly.

But let's get back to Sidney's year-old interview. Here are some things she said then, in all sincerity:

A year ago Sidney Fox gave out her qualifications for an ideal husband. Here's Charley Beahan, the man she married, and he hardly lives up to one of them!

"I'm quite sure that no one connected with the motion picture business would ever intrigue me enough to fall in love." Well—Charley Beahan is a movie big shot.

She said she'd insist on her husband being over 30. Beahan is in his 20's. She said she'd want him to be athletic and strong—"not a great big bear, you know." Well, you've read Charley's weight.

"But most of all," continued Sidney, "the qualities that would inspire me to love would be kindliness and thoughtfulness. The man who'd be very good to me, considerate of me, would have a long start over others."

So maybe that's the answer to it all. In Charley Beahan, Sidney Fox probably found just the degree of kindliness and thoughtfulness that she was looking for. And so they married, these two, and when the news reached Hollywood, they began to get telegrams of good wishes from those who knew them. From Carl Laemmle, Jr., for one, certainly. There was a time, you know, when Carl Laemmle, Jr. and Sidney Fox were so often and so much together that all Hollywood whispered "romance" then. But then Jean Negulesco stepped into the picture, and Junior stepped out, and pretty soon it was definitely understood that when Sidney came back, she and Jean would be married.

But now—well, Jean was one of those who wired his best wishes to Mrs. Charles Beahan.

The Newest Hollywood Diet

On Hollywood's newest diet Patricia Farley took off thirty pounds in sixty days—and won a movie contract

POMEGRANATE juice!!!
—It's Hollywood's newest sensation. For reducing, that is.

Why? Well, for one reason, because a pretty girl named Patricia Farley took off *thirty pounds in sixty days,* via the pomegranate-juice system. And as a result, you'll be seein' her, because by taking off the pounds, Patricia won a long-term contract with Paramount.

It all began when Patricia got a chance at the contract, thanks to fine work in some tests she made. But there was one trouble—

"Good work, girl. But how much do you *weigh?*" asked the director.

Patricia blushed. "I weigh 145," she confessed.

"Nix on the contract, unless——" said the director.

Patricia "got it." And went to one of Hollywood's weight-reducing specialists—Dr. Maurice LeBell, whose specialty is the pomegranate-juice system.

"Can you trim me down to 115?" she demanded.

"We can try," said the doctor. And they did.

Thirty days from that day, Patricia went back to Paramount.

"What have you done to yourself?" asked the director, startled at the change.

"Dropped 15 pounds, and I'm dropping fifteen more in the next month," smiled Patricia. She got the contract.

Naturally, Hollywood being Hollywood, the news spread like wildfire. "What is this pomegranate-juice diet?" everybody began asking. And probably you'd like to know, too—because, provided you can buy pomegranates at your fruit-shop, you can go on a self-treatment form of the new diet yourself—and lose from five to fifteen pounds within a month, if you follow instructions. The best part of it is that there's no starvation diet to be followed for eighteen days, even though there *is* a three-day no-food-at-all interlude!—

That's how it begins—for the first three days, you take *nothing* but pomegranate juice. One-half an ordinary water-glassful every hour during the day. Now here's an important point: in preparing the juice, squeeze only the pulp of the pomegranate. *Not* the rind. (You can squeeze it through cheesecloth, most conveniently.)

Now then, after the three days of juice, you start eating. First of all, before breakfast, have a tablespoonful of sage honey and the juice of one lemon in a glass of hot water. Then—

BREAKFAST: Three strips of bacon, well done. One slice dry toast. Black coffee. If you want the toast buttered, use unsalted butter.

LUNCH: Combination vegetable salad of tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, with lemon juice. Glass of skim milk, or pomegranate juice.

DINNER: Bowl of broth. *No* cream soups. Steak or chops, broiled. *No* fat. Choice of one non-starchy vegetable, from the following list: Artichokes, asparagus, beets, fresh green beans, cauliflower, squash, rutabagas, parsnips, fresh green peas, carrots, spinach, celery, okra, fresh corn, eggplant, pumpkin, watercress, parsley, lettuce, raw cabbage, onions. For dessert, dish of stewed prunes, figs, applesauce or other fruit. *No* gravies or pastries.

And throughout the diet, while on food, drink two glasses of pomegranate juice daily.

Now, vary the above diet *one* day each week by having the following for breakfast, lunch, and dinner: One large baked potato and one glass of skim milk.

Every *second* week, repeat the three-consecutive-days of no food and a half-glass of pomegranate juice hourly.

Don't take too much fruit, the doctor warns, because the water and sugar content of fruit will counteract its other reducing values.

Why Doesn't Phil Holmes Click?

WHAT'S the matter with Phillips Holmes?

Why hasn't he achieved the success that seemed certain for him not more than two years ago?

Why did Paramount, after ballyhooing and publicizing him as a coming sensational star, let him go without regrets?

Why did Radio Pictures, after shooting "Rockabye" with Phil Holmes in the lead opposite Connie Bennett, throw the film away and re-shoot the entire picture with Joel McCrea in Phil's place?

Why has Phil Holmes sunk into obscurity?—is it because he simply hasn't got what it takes?—or is it that he's really a great actor who hasn't had a chance?

Those are the two arguments. Both sides will be told here—and maybe you can judge the answer. Or maybe, now that Phil has signed an M-G-M contract, time will tell which is the truth.

Paramount's answer to why they let Phil Holmes' contract lapse may be expressed in this way: "Phillips Holmes is a one-rôle actor. He can't do anything else but that one characterization."

Phil Holmes' answer to that is this:

"The truth is that at Paramount, I was simply 'typed' by my rôles in 'An American Tragedy' and 'The Man I Killed,' so that Paramount began to believe, as studio executives seem to do, that I couldn't play any other rôle!

"They gave me those parts—weaklings, neurotically impossible men, without a spark of vitality—and expected me to make the rôle big. In 'An American Tragedy,' I was a pretty rotten, weak cad. They gave me the rôle and told me it was a weak character, and asked me to make it as good as possible. Why, I was licked at the start. 'The Man I Killed' might have been better. I think Lubitsch is *the* greatest director today, and I hoped the picture would be great. But instead, it was one of those pictures where things went wrong, and somehow, the spirit died in the making of it. Those two pictures finished me at Paramount."

What about "Rockabye," then?

"The audience laughed when they previewed the picture as it was made with me in the lead," said Phil. "I don't blame them. The original story idea was good. But when they made it, they had instructions to 'make it hot.' So instead of showing a big, fine love between me and Constance Bennett, they dragged it down to—well, what they call 'hot' scenes. When the climax came, where the girl and I suddenly go noble and renounce each other because my wife has a baby, it was ridiculous. No wonder the audience laughed. No wonder they made the picture over. Is it any better as it stands?" he asked.

There's Phil Holmes' side of that. At Radio, the publicity office didn't feel like talking about why the film was re-made with McCrea in Phil's place. One informant, however, said he "guessed Phil Holmes had emoted too much again."

Phil says:

"It sounds like alibi-ing, but I don't want it to sound like that. I'm honest when I say I believe I never had a real chance.

Handsome and talented, Phil Holmes has never quite hit the heights. What's the answer?

"I want to play real men, vital men, not weaklings. Weaklings are all they've given me to play, for the most part. There were a few rôles that weren't, and I believe they were my best pictures."

He's at M-G-M now. Irving Thalberg, whose judgment has been as close to 100 percent as any film executive's can be expected to come, believes that Phil Holmes is right—that he *is* a fine actor, but that he has never had a chance. Phil Holmes has a virtual understanding with M-G-M that they'll give him vital, "gutsy" rôles. He's happy. He believes at last his chance will come to prove himself, and to confound those who cry that he's a "lousy actor" and a "ham"—and both phrases are verbatim, oft-repeated criticisms heard not at all rarely in outspoken Hollywood.

Whether Phil can come through remains to be seen. But this much is certain—

If he doesn't "click" at M-G-M, Phil Holmes is practically through with pictures. It's his last chance. He knows it.

No "comeback" story has been more thrilling than that of Marian Nixon. For years she has made pictures without making an outstanding hit. Then came "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the rôle Janet Gaynor refused. It brought Marian success—and then faced her with an emotional problem that could only come to a Hollywood wife

Will Love or Marian Nixon Win Out?

By KATHRYN WHITE

The Amazingly Frank Story of a Star Who Confesses Fame Means More to Her Than Anything in Life and Yet Who Is Deeply In Love With a Husband Who Adores Her

THERE'S a vacant lot next door to the big house in Beverly Hills, where Marian Nixon and her husband live.

On that lot, the neighborhood kids play "movies." Marian's own little niece, nine years old, is usually the "star," and one of the boys plays director, one plays comedian, one plays hero.

"Up to just a little while ago," Marian tells you, "the comedian used to call himself El Brendel. The 'hero' would probably call himself Clark Gable. And my niece, the 'star,' would *always* be Janet Gaynor. . . . !

"And then I made 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' And now—and if you don't think this *thrills* me, you're silly!—my little niece has stopped being Janet Gaynor, and instead, she's Marian Nixon."

And that is just one of the reasons—although an utterly indicative one—why Marian Nixon is riding the top o' the world, these days. She's found herself again.

"And if you've never been down, you can't know how thrillingly grand it is to be at the top. And if you've ever been 'way up, and then have gone crashing down, and then come *up* again—well, that's just the final top-thrill of all," says Marian. And in her sudden new screen success, after many months of being forgotten, Marian has found a joy and a happiness that she never did find in being married to the young millionaire Eddie Hillman of Chicago, a good-looking, clean-cut lad who's still utterly crazy about his wife, even though that wife flatly and outspokenly prefers her screen career to a career as Mrs. Hillman—so flatly, in fact, that she won't let her husband come onto the stage or set where she's working, and won't let him go on location trips with her.

"Marriage and its duties and its advantages do *not* make up—to me, at least—for the things that a career has to offer," she says. From that, there have developed often-printed reports that Marian Nixon and her husband were separated, were actually divorcing.

That's not true—*yet*. It may eventuate. It's not likely that even such a love as Hillman's, which has led him to wait in solitary loneliness for hours outside the stage where his wife was working, so that he might have the pleasure of driving her home, will survive such treatment.

But at least for the present, they are living together—Marian and her part-time hubby and his rival, Career—in that house next to the vacant lot where the little girl has decided Marian is once again important enough as a screen star to be impersonated when they play "movies."

This story is to tell you Marian's side of the picture—much of it in Marian's own words. For she speaks frankly, as is her wont, and sincerely. And she tells you just what a film career means to her, and what the relative importance is, to *her*, of that career as compared with happy matrimony. . . .

"I want a career more than anything else in life, now," she says. "I don't attempt to explain it, to psychoanalyze the reasons for it, but I do know that I'm happiest when I'm working, and making a success at it. I do *not* care for social life. And compared with my work, marriage and its duties and 'joys' do not make up for what a career has to offer me—and that I'd have to sacrifice if I devoted myself to marriage."

Marian knows—you sense this as you hear her—that her own marriage will probably fail.

She has sense enough to know it can't last against such things as this: For a month, she hasn't been home to dinner with her husband! That's because production demands on "Face In The Sky," which she's starring in as this is written, have been such that the company has worked late every day. Marian gets away for dinner at a Beverly Hills café, not far from Fox studios. Then she has to hurry back to the lot for more scenes. She gets home, usually, at ten or ten-thirty, say.

Sometimes, but not often, it happens that Hubby Hillman can get away from his own office in time to join her for dinner at the restaurant. But that's not often.

"It takes a pretty intelligent and long-suffering husband to stand for and put up with the things a movie career demands of his wife," says Marian. "Successful, happy marriage is harder in Hollywood than anywhere else. Why?—well, you can hardly help feeling too self-important. You see, you're a monetary investment, to the studio. They are going to protect, enhance the value of that investment. So everything is done for you, and you're praised, and kow-towed to. Not to be impressed would mean constant telling one's self that it's not for yourself as an individual, but merely as an impersonal investment that all this is being done. *And that's not half as pleasant as just letting yourself think you really are pretty important. . . .!*"

You've probably gathered, by now, that Marian Nixon wants a career pretty badly. She admits it. She tells, for instance, of the misery of the many months of obscurity that were her lot— (*Continued on page* 95)

This Man MUNI

By CRUIKSHANK

Paul Muni as you'll never see him, being himself, a handsome young man with a sense of humor

HE was born in the theater. At twelve he portrayed an old man—*on roller skates!*

He refused a starring contract.

And walked out on a star who kept him waiting five minutes!

He has played four hundred rôles.

But never has been himself!

For twenty years he was the man nobody knew.

Now he is America's greatest actor!

His name is Paul Muni.

* * *

Are you listenin'?

* * *

It's all true. And you needn't take my word for it. Each fact may be verified by competent authority. I'm telling the tale as it was told to me. Read on!

* * *

His real name is Muni Weisenfreund. But with the economies prevalent in the movies, it was deemed well to shorten it. Electric light bills, you know. So he combined his own with his father's name. And became Paul Muni.

He was born back-stage in a Viennese theater. His mother was a trouper. So were her folks before her. Yet it is doubtful whether the tradition that "the-show-must-go-on" held true that night. Though had they given the babe a cue-line he might have played in the emergency.

The family barn-stormed America with the infant in its arms. Avid for knowledge, he snatched a bit of book-learning where he might. At twelve his schooling was completed. Though not his education. By then he had won his way to the junior year in a Cleveland high school. He quit to go on the stage.

He played all parts. Boys, women, old men. One time he was a kid in Act 1, and a graybeard in Act 3. So engrossed was he in coasting through the theater alley on new roller-skates that he missed his third act cue. There was no time for change. So they mussed his hair, put on a beard, and shoved him on the stage. That was the night he enacted the part of an old man on roller-skates!

This went on for years. Scouts coming from the sticks reported that there was an actor out yonder. At the time the Yiddish Art theater was the most virile group in the country. It sent for Muni. And he became the idol of the Ghetto.

Where "Uptown" was satisfied with the usual Broadway razzle-dazzle of girls 'n' music shows, "Downtown" demanded more meaty histrionic fare. Muni provided it in both comic and tragic masque. He played his rôles in Yiddish. And until 1920 he remained a Great Unknown.

That is to say, he was famous on the East Side. But on the West, unsung. Then John Golden "discovered" him. That was when he refused a starring contract. On the opening night of his first play, Broadway discovered him, too. After that he needed no contract.

Laurette Taylor sent for him to play the young violinist in "Humoresque." He waited five minutes and left Laurette—and the part—flat. Slender, youthful, fiery, he went to see Channing Pollock regarding the part of a fat old man in "The Fool." Channing couldn't see him playing it. Muni left without a word of the old men he had been portraying for ten years.

Muni in "I Am a Fugitive," one of the greatest acting performances ever given, in one of the greatest pictures ever screened. Yet while he has been acting since birth he had to wait nearly thirty years for success to come to him

Finally Hollywood did the Columbus act, and he went West for pictures. He made two, "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces." He panned 'em both, and returned to New York and renewed success in a half-dozen plays. The first time he appeared without the putty nose and whiskers was in "Four Walls." He felt naked.

Howard Hughes, Hollywood's ex-millionaire kid, wanted him for "Scarface." But he didn't wanna do it, he didn't wanna do it. Finally he was convinced. And you know the rest. Muni doesn't like the picture—nor the part. Inside info says that originally he managed to make the villainous "Scarface" so sympathetic that the censors cried for him and cheered the character before applying the scissors!

Meantime Muni packed the make-up kit and went back to Broadway for the season's long run hit, "Counselor-at-Law." But now the picture producers were aboard the band-wagon, and none of the Big Shots failed to fall in line with an offer for this bright, "new" star. The valiant Brothers Warner won, and gave the world the startling and different Muni in "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang."

What his next picture will be is still undecided but it will surely be a different Muni. Because every Muni is different. He declines to be "typed." Because he says typing is silly, and declares an actor can change characters as he changes clothes. An *actor*, that is. Muni doesn't admit that there are many of them in the theater. And he implies that there are fewer on the screen. He differentiates between the simon-pure histrionic genius of a Barrymore, or rather *the* Barrymore, which is Lionel, and the S. A. (screen, not sex, appeal) distinguishing any of the Buddies.

The masking of the features with paint and putty is incidental to characterization. You may disguise the body, he says, but not the mind. And if the mind isn't "made-up," the portrayal cannot be convincing. It is the difference between characterization and masquerade. And he'll point out that Dusé played young girls as an old woman. That Ruth Draper changes character without artificial aid. Then didn't Bernhardt play *L'Aiglon* when she was a crippled grandma?

The eyes have it, Muni declares, when it comes to depicting character. They tell the story. To be an old man, for instance, think old, and the eyes will mirror the thought. He cites the immobile features and expressive eyes of Emil Jannings in support (*Continued on page* 95)

HOLLYWOOD knows that there are different kinds of love depending upon the lovers, so when Paramount needed someone to portray hot-cha love, they thought of Clark Gable. And so would you and you! They borrowed him from M-G-M especially for "No Man of Her Own." He portrays the kind of love that is passionate and demanding, and doesn't Carole Lombard look yielding? And to think that the girl gets paid for emoting in a scene like this! Ah, me!

WHEN it comes to quiet, dignified love and deep tenderness, Phil Holmes has got what it takes and so has Irene Dunne. There's a spiritual quality about their love scenes in M-G-M's "The Lady." M-G-M was so sure that Irene Dunne understands that kind of love that they borrowed her from RKO especially for "The Lady." There are stories in this issue about both Irene Dunne and Phil Holmes, and the one about Irene proves that M-G-M was right

The Jazz Madonna

Wild, Unconventional Lupe Has the Most Unusual Rules for Bringing Up Her Adopted Daughter

By GLADYS HALL

HOLLYWOOD homes, lately, have broken out like flower gardens with *babies!* Not just plain, everyday *born* babies, either—but little, transplanted babies—adopted babies, too. Babies that haven't just come "out of the Everywhere into the Here" . . . but were sought after, were *wanted.* It has always seemed to me that if there can be anything diviner than a baby born of the flesh it is a baby born of the desiring spirit.

These girls, these men, these *stars,* with youth and fame and money and careers and, it would seem, *everything* have obviously felt and beautifully demonstrated that it is *not* "O-kay for sound!" unless the patter of Little Feet and the piping treble of infant voices are part of the sound effect.

Barbara Stanwyck — Miriam Hopkins — the Wally Beerys—the Fredric Marches—the Neil Hamiltons have all adopted babies and—now—LUPE VELEZ!

Somehow, when the others adopted babies it seemed more or less the normal thing for them to do. Easy to picture Barbara Stanwyck in the tender, mother rôle. Easy to visualize strapping, kindly Wally bending, paternal, over a tousled head. Easy to picture Miriam Hopkins, intelligent, modern, raising up a child the way a young Modern should go.

But Lupe—LUPE! I don't know whether you get me or not, but when I went to lunch with her the other day, to talk with her about her adopted daughter, I felt convulsed at the mere idea of Lupe as a *mother.* No, no, I said to myself, some things just *cannot* be and this is one of them! Lupe—to whom have been attached such tags as hot-cha, the Mexican Madcap, the Hot Tamale, the volcanic, the tempestuous—Lupe, known everywhere for her wild love of Gary Cooper and her wilder parting from him, her flirtations, her escapades. Lupe, imagined as all things save a mother.

As I proceeded on my way to talk with Lupe I hoped that she would have gone heavily maternal in the best mid-Victorian tradition.

I might have known better. Lupe is as much herself in the rôle of mother as she has always been herself in every rôle she has played, on the screen and off. In her flaming rebellions in the august presence of producers, in her passionately broadcast love for Gary, and in her heartbreak. In her extravagant home, her furs, her cars, her jewels. In her lavish love for her family and her friends . . . Just so does Lupe's love for the child cascade from her, vehemently, explosively, hotly. She can talk of nothing else. She tells you tale after tale of the child's brightness and courage and precocity.

I said, interrupting, "What does the baby call you, Lupe?"

Lupe said, "Call me? Oh, yes—she calls me 'Maw'!"

MAW!

If that isn't enough to slay you, what is? Lupe—LUPE being called MAW. I am having hysterics even as I write it.

"Lupe," I ventured again, when I had come up from under the table for the third time, "how are you bringing little Joan up? That's what we all want to know. Are you being strict with her? How do you feed her? Do you take care of her yourself? Have you read books about 'The Care And Feeding of Children'? Have you theories? And first, and most important of all, what urged you to adopt her in the first place? *Why?"*

It was at this last question that Lupe's vivid face, animated and excited, grew grave, grew strangely stern, almost sullen . . . "I have adopt' her," she said, "because as I have tol' you before, Gladys, *I will never marry.* Never in my life. You don' believe me? No? Well, I make a bet with you, any bet you say, for any time. I never marry anybody. And I wan' a baby more than anything in this world."

Five hundred dollars' worth of clothes, all the toys in a toy store! Such are the gifts Lupe is showering on little Joan

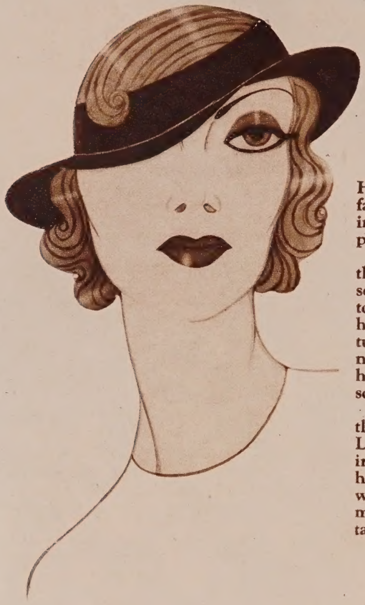
And then I did remember how Lupe had once said to me, "Gary is my type of man"—and how I had realized then that what she meant was "Gary is *my man*—there can be no other." I realized that I was looking again at the face of Lupe's pain, the unhealable sore spot in her life.

"I want that baby because I can never have one nearer my own," Lupe said, and added, passionately, "and she *is* my own, this little one. She is my own flesh, my own blood, my sister's baby, mine, now. She is someone for me to work for, to plan things for. The firs' day I had her I took her down-town and I bought her five hundred dollars' worth of clothes. I let her pick her own dresses and hats and coats. Sometimes the things she chose were hideous and sometimes not, but if she wanted them it was all right with me. Then I took her up to the toy department and I say to her, 'Darling, my lamb, you can have everything you wan'. You can have everything you see. I don' care what it is, or how much, or how many, if you wan' 'em all, take 'em.' And do you know, that little thing look up at me with the big tears in her blue eyes and say, 'Maw, I wan' this big dolly right here. I really wan' this *one*. I don' wan' you to promise me all these things. I wan' this one *now*.' You see? You see, my sister and those three kids of hers are poor. This little one of mine was use' to have only one little dolly even at Christmas time. She could'n' believe me when I tell her to have all those things. She was trying to tell me she'd rather have the one big dolly there for sure than for me to make promises to buy her all the things. I tol' her she could have them all, right then. And you should see that little face—like a light breaking out all over it. And we bought dozens dolls an' games an' dolly houses and toy automobiles and kiddie kars and tricycles and balls an' everything she see and touch.

Great philosophers would pay their respects to Lupe's method of bringing up a baby, even though Lupe herself is untamed and very shocking to smug people

"You ask about being strict with her?" Lupe laughed—"No, I am not strict. I believe in a person being what they wan' to be, doing what they wan' to do. The other night I had the funnies' feeling I ever had in my whole life. That baby, she say some terrible thing to my mother. My mother tell me I should spank her for that. I take her up and lift up her little skirt (*Continued on page 79*)

Hollywood Fashion "Tricks"



Katharine Hepburn's "Crownless Hat"

Rapidly taking front rank in Hollywood as introducer of fashion novelties is the flashing Katharine Hepburn, sophisticate of 1933.

It was only a few weeks ago that she delighted Hollywood's seekers - for - something - new - to-wear with her "crownless hat." This Hepburn hat actually can be duplicated with nothing more than an old felt hat of your own, and a pair of scissors!

The effect is modernly startling, without being "freakish." La Hepburn wears it plain, as indicated in the first sketch here. However, it can be worn with clips, or other ornaments, according to your own taste.

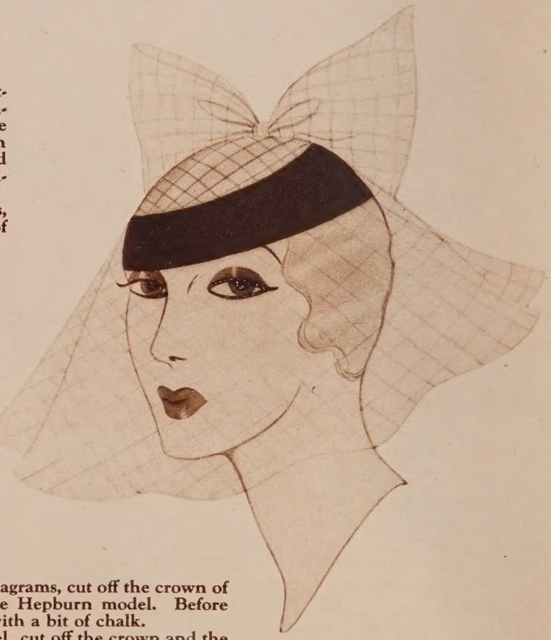
EDWARD STEVENSON is one of the leading fashion designers in the Hollywood film world. Following a long period during which he was designer for several of the leading studios, during which time he created countless of the gowns and fashion effects you've seen on the screen, Mr. Stevenson is now independently designing for filmland. Such stars as Joan Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Chatterton, are among his clients.

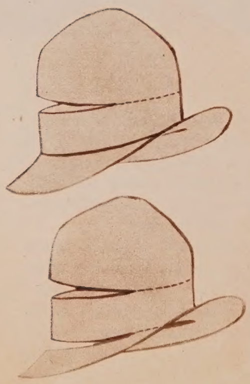
He is a young man, keen and alert to today's rapidly changing styles. By reason of his day-in-day-out study of style developments, plus the fact that he is "on the ground floor" in Hollywood, where so many of today's fashions and accessories find origin, he is peculiarly fitted to extend to *Movie Mirror's* readers the service which begins with this issue, on these pages.

Each month, Mr. Stevenson will present here a group of "accessory" and "effect" ideas which can be made or adapted by any of you—for the most part with things you already own. Each of these ideas will be based on an effect either worn in a modern talkie, or worn in Hollywood's social life by some outstandingly-attired screen figure. In addition, Mr. Stevenson will be glad to answer any fashion questions. Address him through MOVIE MIRROR, 8 West 40th St., New York.

—HERE, by removing also the brim of the cut-down felt hat which creates the Hepburn Crownless, and by adding a flare veil and bow in the modern manner, Mr. Stevenson has produced an item of headwear for more formal afternoon and evening occasions, which fits in with the most advanced mode of 1933.

Besides your old felt hat and a pair of scissors, the only additional items needed are a square of veil—and some thread and needle.





How To Do It—

As indicated on the diagrams, cut off the crown of your old felt hat for the Hepburn model. Before cutting, mark the line with a bit of chalk.

For the Formal Model, cut off the crown and the brim. Then take a large-enough square of veil to cover your hair and fall around your head to below the chin.

Slip the felt band over your head at the proper angle. Drape the veil over it so as to fall in the modern flare. Tack the veil to the top line of the felt band. Remove and sew the veil fast to the felt around the top line, as tacked.

For the ultra-chic bow, use the same veil material. Tie a smart, flaring bow. Fasten it to the top of the felt band, in the back, slightly to one side, so it flares up high over the head.

for Clever Copy Cats

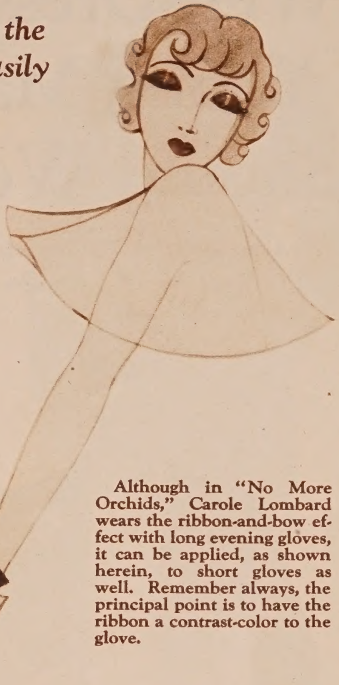
Little fashion touches that you've seen on the screen which you may copy for yourself very easily

By EDWARD STEVENSON

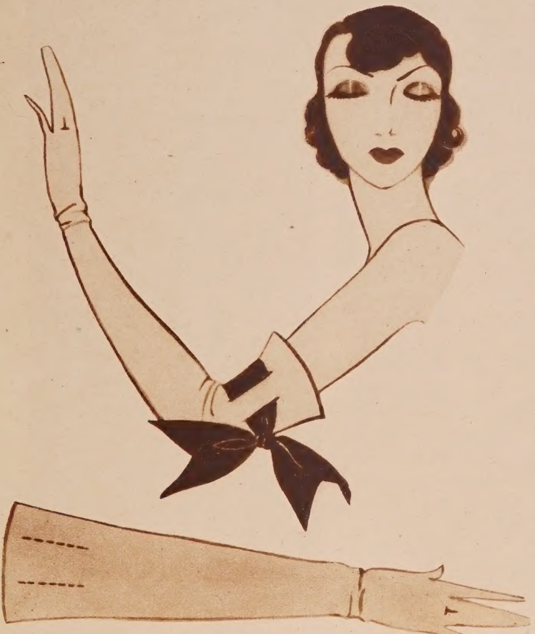
Did You See "No More Orchids?"—*and these gloves, as worn by* Carole Lombard?

In that Columbia picture, there is a fashion touch whose simplicity is only matched by its effectiveness and ease-to-reproduce. It appears on the long black evening gloves, worn by lovely Carole Lombard, one of Hollywood's "best-dressed," in one of the brilliant sequences. The touch is merely this—a band of contrasting-colored ribbon is drawn through a series of slits in the glove, and tied into a brilliant bow.

The idea, as indicated in the sketches herewith, is adaptable both to evening gloves, as in "No More Orchids," or to the short glove for less formal wear.



Although in "No More Orchids," Carole Lombard wears the ribbon-and-bow effect with long evening gloves, it can be applied, as shown herein, to short gloves as well. Remember always, the principal point is to have the ribbon a contrast-color to the glove.



Nancy Carroll's Beret-Purse—

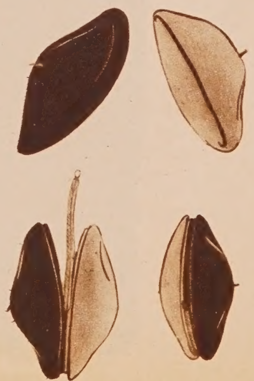
Cutest idea of the month seen in Hollywood women's accessory-wear is the Beret-Purse devised by Nancy Carroll. It's simplicity in itself!—but is doubly effective in that it can be quickly, cheaply made in any color or combination of two colors, to match or complement any sports-wear outfit you wear.

HOW TO DO IT—Take two berets of matching size. They may be the same color, or contrasting.

Place them together, brim to brim, and sew them *tightly* together except for about six inches for an opening.

Into this opening, sew a zipper-length to fit, such as you can buy at any department or novelty store for a few pennies.

That's all there is to it. The result is a Zipper-Purse which is chic, convenient, and can match any sports outfit, adding that "new" touch that makes or breaks a costume.



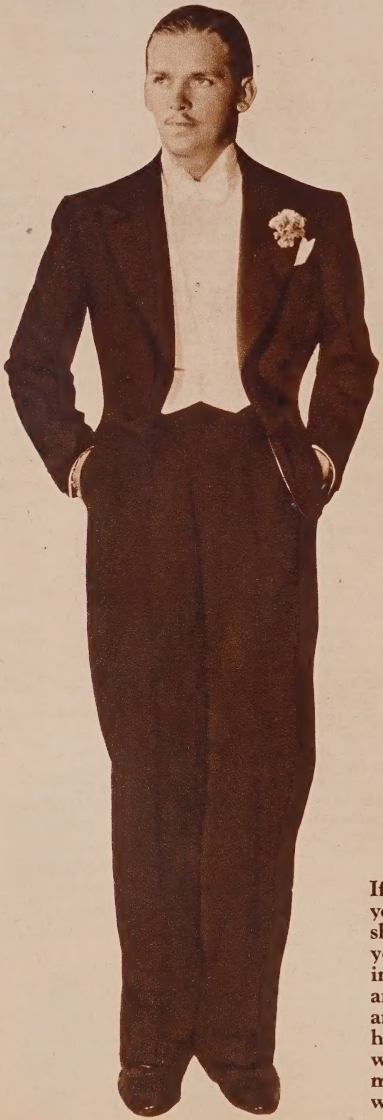
How To Do It—

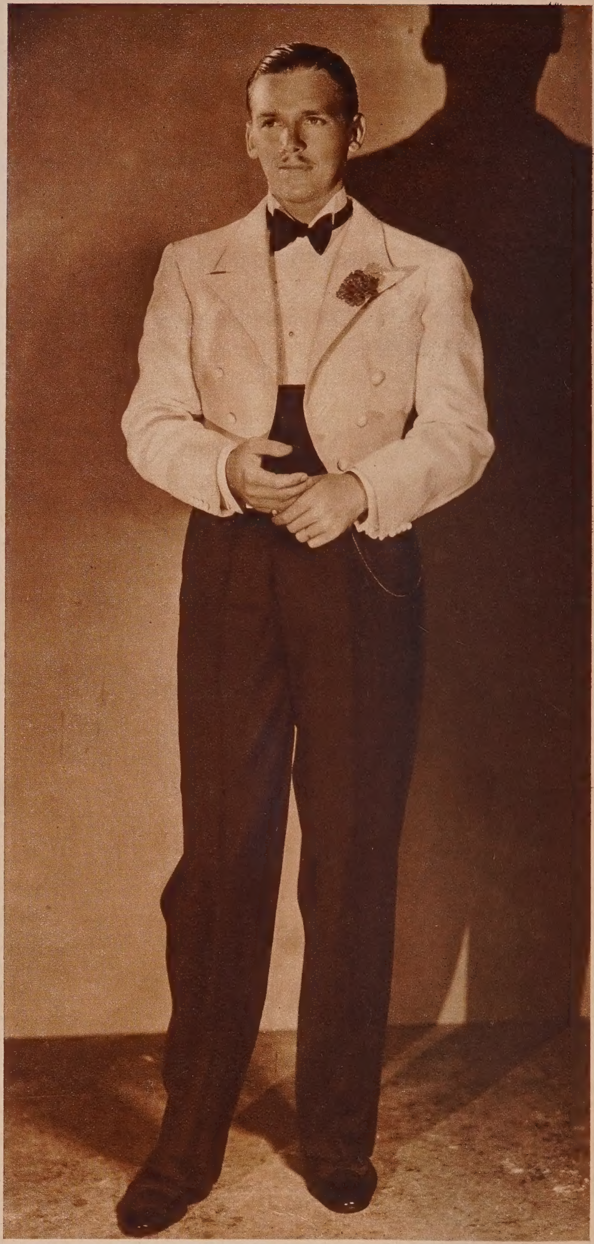
Lay the glove, suede or leather, as shown in the sketch here, flat on a flat surface. Mark on the glove with chalk two parallel lines, as shown by the dots on this diagram. The length of the lines should be a quarter-inch or so longer than the width of the ribbon you intend to use. Now, with a sharp razor blade, cut the lines *through*—through *both* thicknesses of the glove.

Draw the ribbon through the slots thus formed, in such a way that the ribbon passes around the outside of the arm or wrist, dips under the slots. Tie the two ends into a big bow on the outside of the arm, as shown in the sketches.

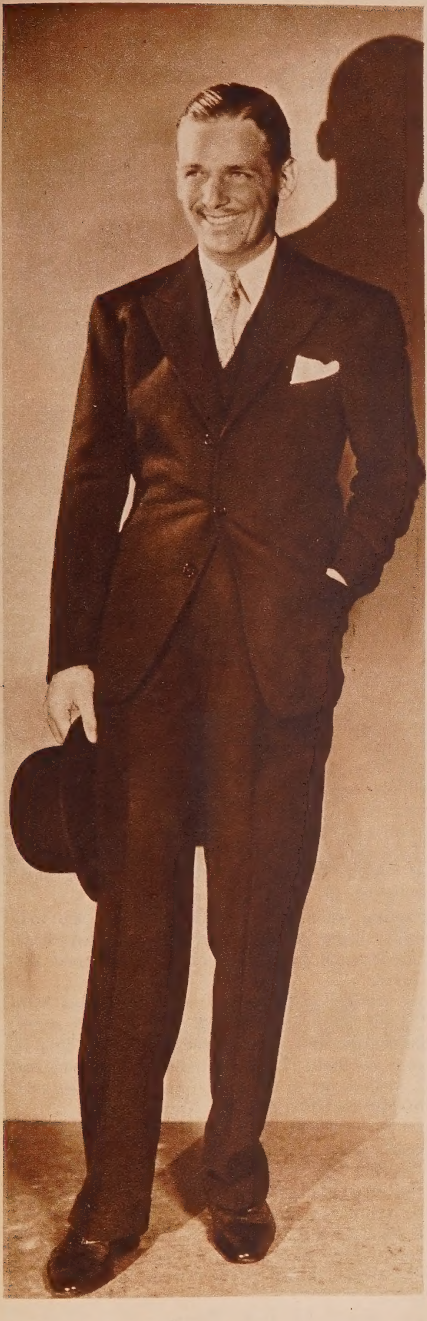
What the Well-Dressed Young Man Should Wear

Posed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in suits direct from his London tailor

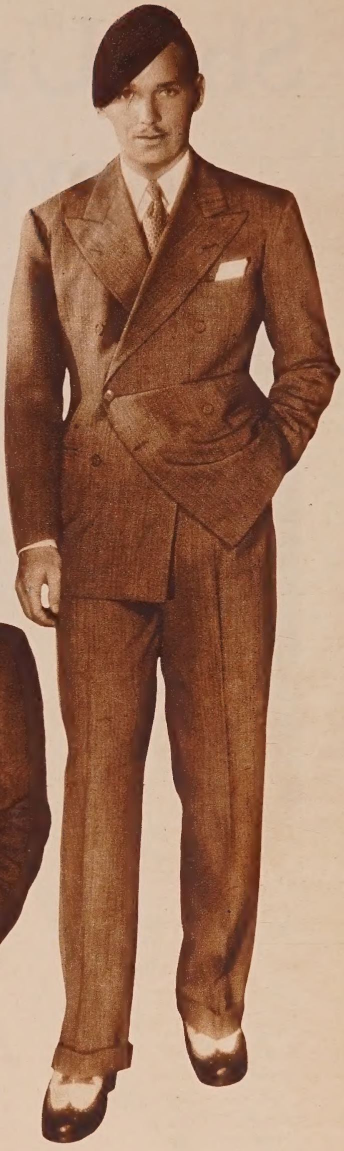


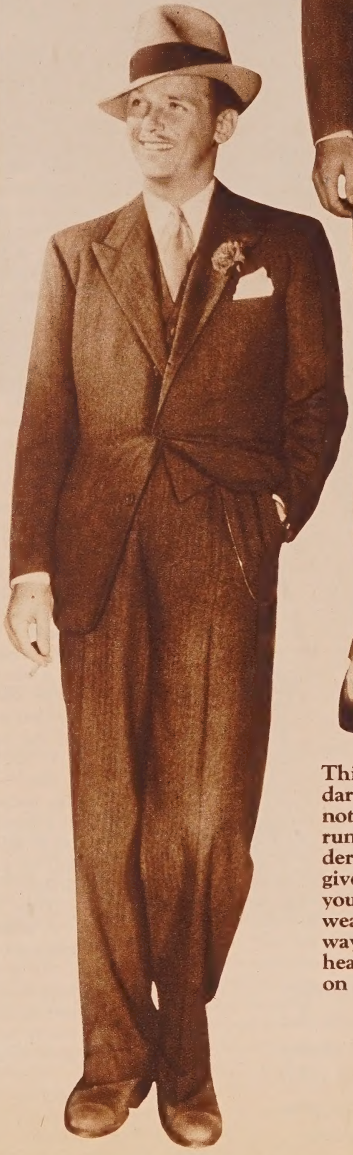


If the he-man in your life goes in for "tails," the handsome young Mr. Fairbanks illustrates several fashion points he should watch out for this season. For instance in this year's formal wear, the collar is lower, with a wider space in front, and it, as well as tie, starched shirt and waistcoat are all made of the same white linen. Satin-faced lapels are wide and notched, and the trousers are both pleated and high-waisted. The high silk hat and low patent pumps with bows are the correct accessories. For tropical or summer wear the white mess jacket of washable linen may be worn with a high black sash called a cummerbund and a red carnation in the notched lapel as a final touch



For informal wear, Doug, Jr., chooses this single-breasted gray business suit in which the armholes and shoulders attain a new width with the consequent added freedom of movement





And here above is a business suit of black serge. The shoulders are cut with a new width with a fold on each side of the coat giving freedom of movement. The vest is high cut, while a soft white broadcloth shirt, conservative tie and black derby are the proper accessories

This double-breasted suit of dark gray weave has a wide-notched lapel and a fold running up to each shoulder, a new tailor's trick to give complete freedom. And young Doug says if you must wear a beret here's the only way to do it, tight to the head and pulled as far down on the left side as possible

She Understands Love

That's The Reason Irene Dunne's Performances in "Cimarron" and "Back Street" Made Those Pictures Immortal

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Irene Dunne has a quality that goes far deeper than the professional glamour of many stars. She is a woman who thinks profoundly, feels profoundly and lives wisely

"IRENE DUNNE is that unusual type of woman who makes men want to become the father of her children."

One of the foremost casting directors in Hollywood told me that before "Cimarron," the western epic which catapulted Miss Dunne to fame, had been previewed.

And in that one sentence lies the story of her success in two great rôles, that of the wife in "Cimarron" and that of the mistress in "Back Street."

To go even farther into the personality and the mind of Irene Dunne, it may be said:

"She understands love."

Why does she? Because she is one of those sweet, wholesome women who think deeply and who watch life understandingly as it unfolds. Because she herself is fine and sensitive. Because she, if she had lived through the life of Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," would have done much as Sabra did. Because if she had loved as the mistress of "Back Street" had loved, she would have carried through in the same fashion, to the end.

"I was acting when I played those rôles," she told me. "I wasn't being myself. But I understood those women, I understood their love, and I understood the men they loved."

She spoke frankly and honestly. She is always both frank and honest. She did not boast. Irene Dunne never boasts. She shoots straight from the shoulder. That is why everyone at Radio Picture Studios looks upon her as a friend, idolizes her at the same time, and wishes that he or she might know her better.

That goes for everyone on the lot, from property men to the executives.

It has been said that she is not a glamorous person.

She is the most glamorous woman in Hollywood today because behind her physical beauty, shining through, is a mental beauty which all stand in awe before. Electrical workers, racing back and forth on cat-walks above sets on sound stages, do not pause to cheer or to cry for ordinary people.

They have paused for Irene Dunne.

A prominent physician in Chicago, a highly intelligent, educated and thoughtful man, wrote to her:

"It is hard for me to know whether or not I bring happiness, peace, comfort with my work. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you do. I, for one, can testify to that. You have done that much for me with your work."

There are hundreds of other letters of the same calibre pouring into Radio Picture Studios every week.

And, as far as glamour is concerned, Irene Dunne can become very "glamorous." (*Continued on page* 80)

The True Aline MacMahon

By Emily Z. Friedkin, *who went to school with her*

"HOLLYWOOD? I love it. Better than Broadway. Because you can work harder and live more sanely in Hollywood."

Even I, who knew Aline MacMahon, who had been a college chum of hers and had faith that she wouldn't betray her ideals in any environment, drew a long breath at this unusual statement. And later when I asked if she would mind if I said anything in this article that referred to her birthdays, she replied without hesitation, "Of course not."

Unique? Rather. But that's Aline, the same Aline MacMahon—her real name, by the way—I knew at Barnard College, Aline with her sincerity, her ideals and her unusual personality.

"I might have known, Aline, that you would escape the tinsel and the tarnish of Hollywood," I said, rejoicing. But the wonder of it remained. Imagine some one loving Hollywood not for its glitter and glamour, its parties and romance, but for the opportunity for hard work which it *does* offer! That's hardly your idea of Hollywood's lure, is it?

Miss MacMahon, cultured, intellectual, didn't have to resign herself to Hollywood, to condescend to it. She loves it. And that's why she's won your love. You saw her as the secretary who bosses her boss in "Five Star Final" and in the "Mouthpiece," as the nurse who is all things to all women in that hour of trial and triumph when they bear their babies, and as Betty in "One Way Passage," Betty the bogus Countess, so coolly audacious, so scintillatingly smart that you forgot all about the stars and joined the audience in their delighted giggling, in their loud guffaws, in their hilarious appreciation of Aline's portrayal. In addition her rôles, during her *first* year in Hollywood, mind you, included such different characterizations as the Jewish janitress in "Heart of New York," the sister in "Week-End Marriage," the vaudeville actress in "Once in a Lifetime," and the plain pioneer wife in "Silver Dollar." A pretty good initial year's work, and with rôles varied after Aline's own heart!

That's the glamour of Hollywood for Aline: working there without becoming typed, pigeon-holed. Not that Hollywood, ruthless, selfish Hollywood cared about that. On the contrary. After her first two successful rôles as the smart, rather plain secretary she was immediately offered a similar part in "Skyscraper Souls." But Aline said "No" firmly, and turned the part down. And because Warner Brothers, for whom she did most of her pictures, gave her a variety of rôles to interpret she finally accepted their contract. This document contains two unusual clauses which Aline stipulated to safeguard her work and her private life. And Warners must have wanted her badly to sign on the dotted line. One clause specifies that she will have a wide range of rôles, the other assigns her to work for two three-month periods, alternating with two other three-month periods when she may live in New York or travel with her husband. Usually cinema actors must stay in Hollywood for forty weeks at a stretch. Aline is the wife of Clarence S. Stein, well-known New York architect. That's another of her successful rôles, the only one she wants to keep on repeating.

Although it's early in the game, I wager she won't pay Hollywood's price. "Tosh," said Aline, "Hollywood doesn't exact any price." No, not (*Continued on page 86*)

Jim watched the plane overhead with bitter, longing eyes. He loved flying more than life itself, and yet he was through as a pilot

Central Airport

A First National Production
Starring Richard Barthelmess
Screen Play by Rian James and James Seymour
Fictionization by Constance Brighton

A TRAIN roared through the vast flatness of Texas. On the observation platform sat a lone figure, staring unseeingly at the uninteresting countryside. He was a young man, quietly dressed, appearing older than his twenty-eight years. His mouth was set in cynical lines of hardness. His deep brown eyes were dark and brooding.

The conductor poked his head out the door. "Next stop's Winnemucca."

Jim Blaine nodded wearily. Winnemucca and home. And then what? His parents' unspoken sympathy. His younger brother Neil's wide-eyed astonishment. His, Jim's disgrace. Blaine covered his eyes with his hands. Again he saw, as he always did when his eyes were closed, the horror of that stormy night in the clouds. Six passengers in his cabin-ship trusting their lives to him. Six passengers terrified as the plane nosed into worse and worse weather. Six passengers screaming in panic as the plane careened like a crazy thing whipped to shreds by a cloudburst.

Cast

Jim	*Richard Barthelmess*
Jill	*Sally Eilers*
Neil	*Tom Brown*
Eddie	*James Murray*
Mrs. Blaine	*Claire McDowell*
Mr. Blaine	*Grant Mitchell*
Managers	*Willard Robertson* *Doug Dumbrille*

And he, Blaine, piloting the crippled ship in the blinding storm, staking his cool nerve and his expert ability against every odd to land safely. But how could he land safely with mountains and ragged country and huge trees below him for miles and miles? How could he have avoided that ghastly crash? The sound of that crash and the stricken cries from six throats would stay with

"You look like the toy ornament on a Christmas tree, dangling from that parachute," said Jim cruelly. "O-oh, if I were a man," sobbed Jill

him so long as he lived. Thank heavens he had kept his head and turned off the motor. That, at least, had saved the horror of a fire. It had not saved, however, fatal injuries to his six passengers. Trapped on the side of a mountain. No way to flash an S.O.S. No way to get word to any airport radio station. He couldn't move. Not with a broken leg and a broken arm. All he could do was wait—wait—wait, while two women and four men, one by one, died from injuries and exposure.

High overhead, in the sixty hours that dragged along before rescue finally came, searching planes had flown. Each plane missed sighting the wrecked plane until he, Blaine, with the aid of a cracked mirror and a blessed beam of sunlight, deflected this beam of sunlight to a single airmail plane zooming lazily over the mountainous country. The plane had circled, returned. The pilot had waved encouragingly and speeded back in the direction he had come.

And that was all Jim Blaine knew until days later he recovered consciousness in a hospital to find his broken arm in splints, his broken leg in a pulley above the bed, and a newspaper story—his death warrant as a passenger pilot—announcing to the world:

"OFFICIALS BLAME AIR CRASH PILOT
AS FIVE-DAY INVESTIGATION ENDS
"Carelessness alleged on part of Pilot Blaine—Crash result of failure to heed storm warning."

Blaine sighed deeply. His mouth set in the familiar lines of bitterness. His eyes darkened. Twenty-eight years old and he was through—through . . . The train slowed. The young man got awkwardly to his feet and limped drearily into the train.

An elderly couple ran forward from the station shack. In their eyes was the eagerness with which people look for arrivals.

Jim Blaine looked toward them. Their feet raised little whirls of dust in the cindered walk. Jim smiled. "Mother—Dad!"

At least, it was nice to have a home to come to and sympathy to come to, though this he did not believe he wanted. And it was nice to see Neil racing toward him. He stared at his younger brother unbelievingly. Neil had grown up. Like him, he was dark haired and dark eyed. Unlike him, he was young as he should be—young with the future ahead of him—not behind him.

Jim Blaine straightened his shoulders. There was chaos behind him and futility before him, but a man made the effort to carry on.

ROAMING the west and the southwest was the Collins Air Circus heralding Jill Collins as the most daring parachute jumper in the world. Jill accepted her vaunted position with easy unconcern. A vagabond at heart, she loved the reckless flirtation with death, the crowds, the continuous being on the go. She was a slender trick of a girl with the slim figure of a boy. Her eyes were brown and clear and wise and often gay. Her soft brown hair waved deliciously above piquant features. Jill was in her early twenties. She knew few people except those who ran the air circus and who helped her brother keep his stunt plane in condition. She had never been in love—not really. She had had little time to think of love until the air circus arrived in Winnemucca to entertain and dazzle the townsfolk with its feats of daring.

The arrival of the air circus was to Jim Blaine what the sea is to a sailor. Any aeronautic activity. Anything—but the wretchedly sedentary life he was leading as the cashier in the Winnemucca Bank. Jim took the afternoon off and chugged off alone in his dusty roadster to the fair grounds. About a mile before he reached the grounds, he saw a plane take to the air and go through an assortment of stunts. He stopped the car, stood up, watched with yearning eyes. To be in that plane! It was torture just to watch. Torture to know that his brother Neil was even now in Los Angeles serving as a pilot for one of the big air-lines while he couldn't get near an air field.

Jim shook his head to clear the mist from his eyes. As he watched the plane, it straightened out. A dot of a figure dropped clear of the wings. The parachute billowed out above the falling body. Jim's eyes sparkled, then narrowed. With expert calculation, he judged the speed of the chute and the direction of the wind, then jumped from his car and started off in the underbrush toward the spot where he estimated the parachute would land.

Jim worked his way through thickets and underbrush, pausing frequently to keep his direction according to that the parachute took. It floated above him, caught in the branches of a tree. The girl in breeches and white silk shirt dangled helplessly at the end of the parachute. She was at least five feet from the ground, and fuming at her inability to free herself. She was so angry she neither heard nor saw her rescuer until Jim, amused by her wrath, laughed heartily.

Jill Collins turned her lovely sunburned face toward the irritating sound. The merriment of the handsome face before her increased her fury.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she blazed.

"I do!" Jim pointed wickedly to her torn breeches.

Alarmed, Jill's eyes dropped and she saw the tear. "Oh!" in helpless rage. Her frantic effort to hold the gap's edges together caused her to jiggle more than ever. Jim's mirth rang out.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried.

"Sure," he chuckled. "Like me to hunt you up a barrel?"

"I want to get down from here!"

Jim grinned provokingly. "Pretty please?" he coaxed as if she were a five year old, "and don't forget to smile."

She gritted her teeth and forced a smile. "Please!"

"Much better," he approved. "Now let me study the—er—problem from all angles." With maddening slowness, he walked around the dangling girl, gazing appreciatively at her very attractive figure.

"Say," he said suddenly, "do you know you look like the toy ornament on a Christmas tree hanging there?"

Jill was boiling. "Oh-oh," hotly, "if I were a man!"

"The job," he informed her sternly, "wouldn't be nearly so interesting if you were a man. Not—nearly. Now," having completed his leisurely tour of inspection he stood directly in front of her. "Unfasten that chest strap."

"But I'll fall out head first," she objected, "and right on top of you."

He nodded happily. "I thought of that."

"But if you drop me," dubiously.

"Then I'll put you back," he said solemnly, "and we can try it over again. Come on!"

Still suspicious, but desperate enough to risk anything, Jill unbuckled the strap and dove head first into his arms, clutching him tight around the neck.

"There," Jim held her unnecessarily close. "Wasn't that nice?"

"Would you mind putting me down?" trying without success to be dignified.

"Sure," he agreed, "but I

Jim Blaine stared in surprise at his brother's empty bed, then his eyes took in the scene across the room

Jill was amused by the infatuated boy's open admiration, and to her surprise was a little flustered by it

Jim's girl and his brother were lying together in the same bed. Jill shrank at the sight of Jim's murderous eyes

generally collect for jobs like this."

Jill had other ideas. She twisted her fingers in his hair and pulled viciously.

"Ouch!" Jim let her go and clapped his hands to outraged head.

Safe on the ground, Jill smiled sweetly and dodged safely beyond reach: "Thanks, too much."

"Okeh," grimacing and smoothing down his hair. "You win for now."

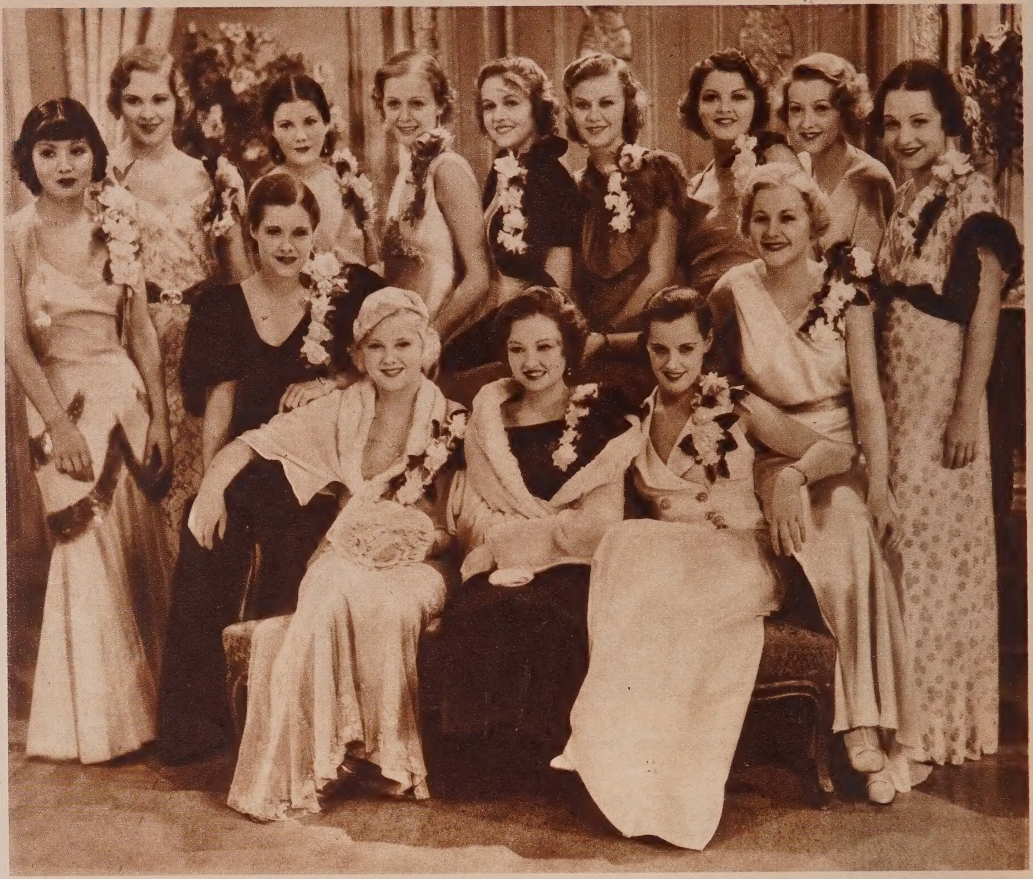
With a disdainful glance, Jill jerked a pin from her belt and patched the gap in her breeches. Jim laughed and, picking up her trailing parachute, guided her to where he had left his car.

"I'll drive you back," he offered.

With a haughty thank you, she got into the car. Jim stood beside the door watching a plane stunt over the fair grounds. "This partner of yours," he asked, "is he—"

"He is," Jill interrupted with relish. (*Continued on page* 88)

There was no place for Jim in Jill's happily married life, and Jim knew it



This year's Wampas Baby Stars: Left to right—standing: Toshia Mori, Boots Mallory, Ruth Hall, Gloria Stuart, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, and Marion Shockley. Seated—left to right: Dorothy Wilson, Mary Carlisle, Lona Andre, Eleanor Holm, and Dorothy Layton

HERE are the lovely "Wampas Baby Stars" of 1932—chosen by the membership of the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers (the initials of which spell that "Wampas" name) because out of all the crop of film-fame aspirants this year, these 15 are supposed to have the best chance to become big-shot stars.

Right now, by reason of their election, these 15 beauties are riding on top of the world.

BUT—and here's the rub!—before five years have passed, at least ten of them will have dropped completely out of sight!—will have failed more or less miserably to make the grade to stardom—will have been so utterly forgotten that you won't even recognize their names!

Only five of them have a chance to hit the heights! Which of these fifteen will win? Which ten will be the "Forgotten Starlets" of 1932?

Those figures, cruel as they seem, are based on actual fact-figures. They're not just a guess.

For some ten years, now, the Wampas have been electing a group of Baby Stars, annually with the exception of one year they skipped. In those ten years about 100 "baby stars" were chosen.

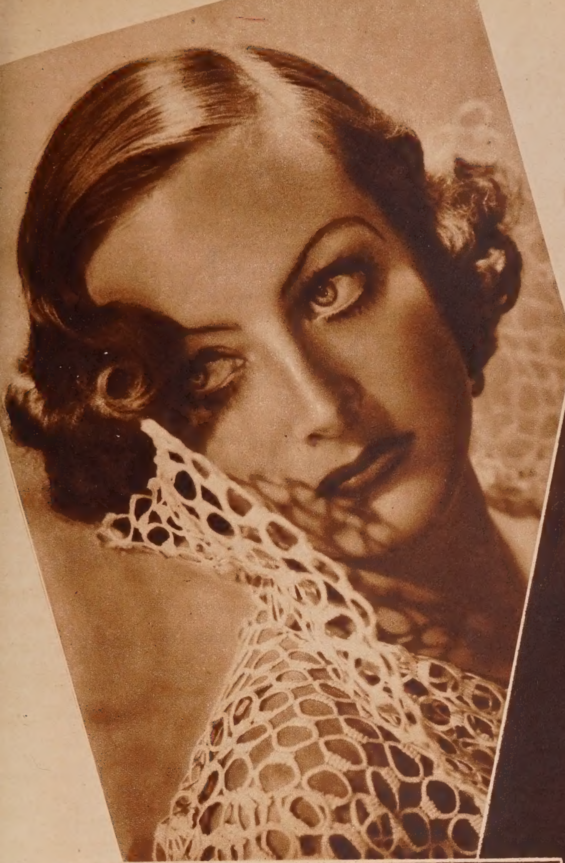
Of that hundred, only one out of three reached anywhere near stardom. Actually, a mere handful attained *actual technical stardom.* To be a star, technically, you must have reached such heights that your name is billed above that of the picture you're in. "Clara Bow in 'Call Her Savage'," constitutes star-rating. But if it were "'Call Her Savage,' with Clara Bow"—that would *not* be technical stardom.

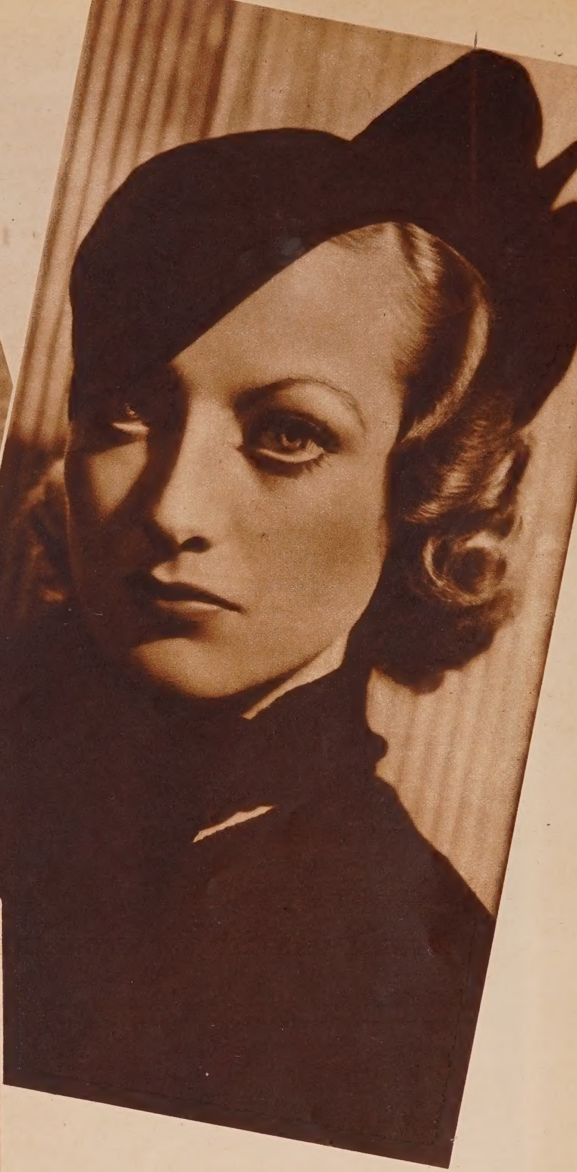
Out of all the ten years of picking by the Wampas, only these have been billed as actual stars: Colleen Moore, Laura LaPlante, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Helen Twelvetrees. Some others achieved virtual stardom—Lupe Velez, Dolores Costello, Sally Eilers, Olive Borden, and a few others. Four of last year's group have distinguished themselves, Karen Morley, Joan Blondell, Constance Cummings, Sidney Fox, with the first three having the best chances for the future. But all the rest—just names, and there are a lot of them you won't even remember now! How about Marion Aye, Kathryn McGuire, Kathleen Key, Lillian Rich, Madeline Hurlock, Sally Long—how many of those, picked at random from the list of names, do you know anything about?

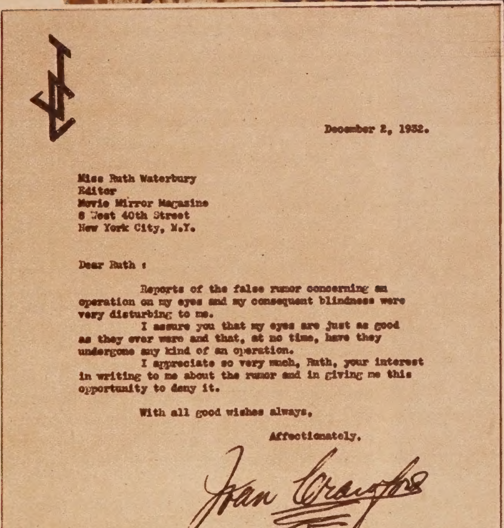
Even so, the Wampas members claim that one-out-of-three is a good record, Hollywood and the film-battle being what they are. And probably it is.

But all the same—out of these fifteen Star-Prospects, ten (if the figures stand up) will be just Forgotten Names in a year or three or five.

Go to it, new babies! And may the best five win!







December 2, 1932.

Miss Ruth Waterbury
Editor
Movie Mirror Magazine
8 West 40th Street
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Ruth :

Reports of the false rumor concerning an operation on my eyes and my consequent blindness were very disturbing to me.

I assure you that my eyes are just as good as they ever were and that, at no time, have they undergone any kind of an operation.

I appreciate so very much, Ruth, your interest in writing to me about the rumor and in giving me this opportunity to deny it.

With all good wishes always,

Affectionately,

Joan Crawford

AFTER a nationally famous columnist printed the false rumor that Joan Crawford was going blind, your letters began pouring in on Movie Mirror begging us to say it wasn't so.

Okay. It isn't so. Not a word of it. And you don't have to take our word on that either. Take Joan's word. They are her eyes and she knows about them. We wrote Joan when you began writing us, sent her a lot of your worried letters, and you see her answer alongside here.

And please look at the newest Crawford pictures above and note the glorious Crawford orbs. Could any eyes be more perfect? And doesn't the girl grow more beautiful every day of her glamorous, vital life?

Shearer ten years ago, pretty and young, but awkward, dowdy and very shy. None of her friends could possibly have believed she would grow into a woman pre-eminently successful in every phase of life

Norma Shearer's Twelve Rules for Success

By GLADYS HALL

HOLLYWOOD disagrees about almost everything. Garbo and the Four Marx Brothers and formal evening wear versus sweaters and skirts for its evening parties. On one subject it is in accord, to a man and to a woman. It is unanimous that the smartest girl who ever came to town is—Norma Shearer. To this terrible, triumphant town. To this painted desert of a town, where pitfalls and passions trip the feet of the unwary and only those with the lamp of wisdom in their heads and their steady hands holding their firm hearts attain secure success.

Take the glittering Garbo, unique and empedestalled as she is. For all her stellar glory Garbo, as a woman, is a lonely soul dwelling in comparative isolation in a manless, childless house. Her private life is something no woman with normal demands should envy.

Take Joan Crawford and for all her due acclaim and glory one feels about her a restlessness and feverishness which suggest possible tragedy rather than secure triumph. She has come through bitter waters and the stinging drops afflict her still.

Take Marlene Dietrich and for all her fame and wealth and beauty and husband and child you find a harassed and somehow sinister figure appearing to stand always on the ragged edge of some sort of precipice.

Norma, almost alone, is complete. Norma alone has everything. Norma is a star. She is a wife. Norma is a siren. She is a mother. In every phase that life has to offer Norma is pre-eminently and securely successful. Because *she has everything*. She wasn't signally dowered of the gods. She began life as a normal, rather everyday schoolgirl in a Canadian town. She went to high school and local parties and those who saw her did not stop, breathless, at sight and sound of her. She had to have money. She had a brain and the vision of where she wanted to go and by what path she wished to walk there. And she has allowed no will o' the wisps to divert her from her course.

She came to Hollywood and she did none of the things other and less successful girls seemed to find necessary. She did not burn her candle at both ends. She did not run about with this boy and that. She could afford to wait for the special one—and she did. The breath of scandal never touched her. There was never anything to breathe. Norma manages to be that rare combination—a great star and a very human person.

I can think of no woman in this whole modern world of ours better qualified to give the rules of success she has followed—and so I asked her, sitting with her in her dressing room on the M-G-M lot, admiring her exquisite grooming, her Hunters green tweed suit and matching Peter-Pannish hat, her sleek and brightly brushed hair, her clear, unmade-up skin. . . .

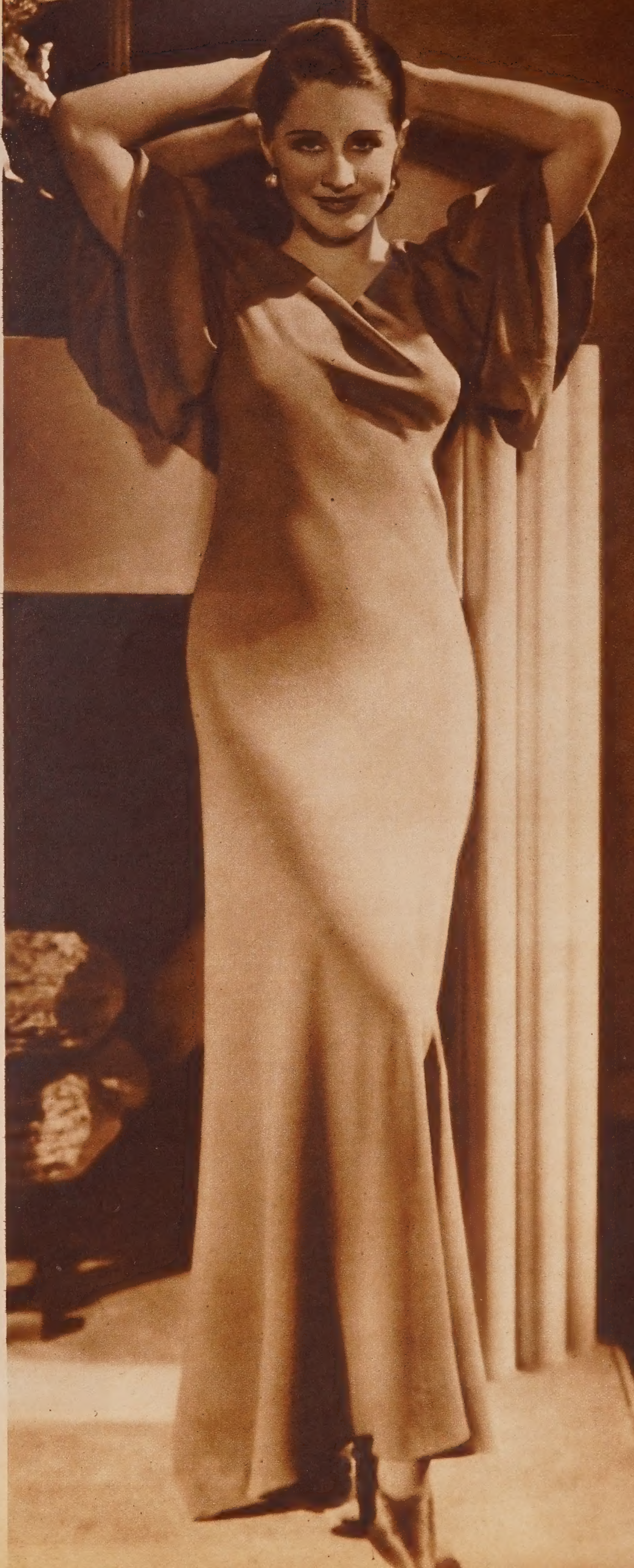
SHE said, "It's rather a delicate business, talking about success. One is apt to sound so *smug*. And then, besides, I always feel like holding on to a rabbit's foot or something when I *mention* success. I'm *afraid*, you know. I feel like going very softly, lest I arouse the gods. . . .

"And then, there are so many warm, colorful, delightful people who are not successful at all, as we mean the word. Charming people who live scattered, untidy lives but manage to infuse them with some sort of enchantment. So that it sounds rather mathematical and stiff and priggish to talk about rules of success. . . .

"But be that as it may, I have a few rules I've tried to follow all of my life. I don't know that I ever thought about them as rules or even formulated them until I knew that you were going to ask me about them. Now I've tried to think them out and put them in some sort of shape. And the best I can say is that whether they sound smug and cut-and-dried or as old as Time, they are personal to me. I do believe in them. I am honest in passing them on to you for what they may be worth.

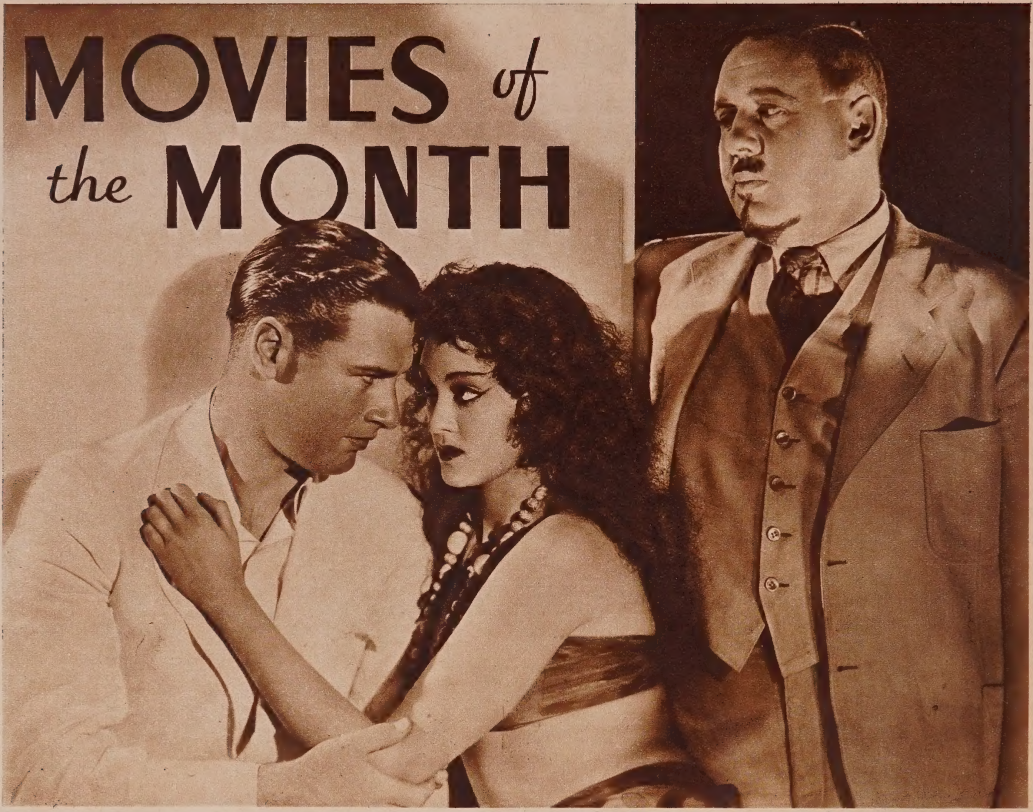
1. The first one is this—when a woman feels the lowest she should always *hold her head the highest*. There is such a thing as defying the world; daring the world to penetrate your defenses. There is an even greater defiance—the defiance of *yourself*.

2. If you are poor *never let anyone know it*. A down-trodden male may rise again through sheer momentum. A down-trodden woman is the most abject collapse I know of. And if you are rich never forget that you have (*Continued on page 77*)



Norma Shearer today, sophisticated, chic, worldly, wise, and she has accomplished it all by methods that are so sound any girl can follow them

MOVIES of the MONTH



A horror film of the first order is Paramount's "Island of Lost Souls," but it's not recommended for those with weak nerves

Richard Arlen, Kathleen Burke, Charles Laughton.

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

THIS month's pictures prove that it isn't always the newness of a story that counts, so much as heart-throbs and splendid performances. For certainly there's nothing new about that grand classic, "Madame Butterfly," or the story of the mother who sacrifices all for her son, who grows up into the district attorney. Yes, that's the plot of Chatterton's "Frisco Jenny," but so splendidly is it acted that while you're watching it, it won't matter that you've seen the same plot many times. Splendid acting and not a novel story is what also makes "No Man Of Her Own" double check screen entertainment. So, since this is a month of great performances, here are some you'll want to see:

Helen Hayes in "A Farewell To Arms"
Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly"
Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny"
Clark Gable in "No Man Of Her Own"
Charles Laughton in "The Island Of Lost Souls"
Wallace Beery in "Flesh"
Karen Morley in "Flesh"

To miss any of these is to miss really distinguished acting. And if we had to pick out the one perform-

What an actress that Irene Dunne girl is! In "No Other Woman" you'll suffer with her and triumph with her. Her acting makes the picture worthwhile

Charles Bickford.

ance that is most poignant, most heart-rending and most unforgetable, we'd choose Helen Hayes' portrayal of the little English nurse in "A Farewell to Arms."

✓✓ A Farewell To Arms (Paramount)

You'll See: *Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Blanche Friderici, Henry Armetta, others.*
It's About: *Hemingway's great novel of the love of a man and a woman, against the emotional and material upheaval of the Italian Great War retreat.*

When they bought this for the movies, the wisenheimers shook their heads and said: "It can't ever be done. Watch Hays kill it!" But, as usual, the wisenheimers were all wet.

"Madame Butterfly" with Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant is a three handkerchief picture (maybe four) you mustn't miss, both because of the acting and the wonderful musical score

Purely a story of the unlegalized affair of a man and woman though it is, it comes to the screen a beautiful, inspiring, heart-warmingly lovely tale, rather than the sordid thing too many Hollywood-knockers thought it could only be. Where the greatest credit goes doesn't matter here. For you, it's good to know that Helen Hayes proves anew an artistry that is the sort of thing that makes you love the theater—stage or screen, it doesn't matter. She makes good her winning of the last Academy Award.

Equally notable, though, because not at all so expected, is the fact that Gary Cooper rises to heights he's never before approached. And Adolphe Menjou, in the third principal rôle, turns in the sort of technically exquisite performance you've come to expect from him.

You'll find some beautiful examples of photography and lighting in this, too.

Your Reviewer Says: There is such a richness of sincerity, of beauty, of that naturalness that goes beyond mere acting, that you'll be awfully glad you've seen this.

✓✓ Madame Butterfly (Paramount)

You'll See: *A Jap-alacked Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, Charlie Ruggles, Helen Jerome Eddy.*
It's About: *What? You don't know that good old antique—Mme. Butterfly—and how the handsome white naval lieutenant had his way with her and then done her wrong.*

One of the first things you'll want to know about this is, What did they do with the music? Answer: They've used the original music of the famous opera as the underscoring, so that you get all the charm, beauty and the pathos of it.

Plus that, you get a gorgeous piece of work by Sylvia Sidney. Unlike so many of the current flood of Oriental dramas, where the white actors struggle vainly to look and act like Orientals, Sylvia Sidney herein achieves as nearly perfect a characterization of a Japanese girl as any Occidental maid might be expected to do. She's got the face to start with; somehow, she seems to have acquired the manner, the feeling. Little Sidney has always been admitted a fine actress; in this, she's a great one.

The story has been little changed. Oh, Pinkerton isn't quite the cad he is in the opera, you know, but even so, even so! Cary Grant does the rôle. Suave chap, that.

Your Reviewer Says: Thanks to Sylvia Sidney, you'll find "Madame Butterfly" one of the season's more worthwhile pictures.

James Murray.

Ruth Chatterton comes back as a great dramatic actress in "Frisco Jenny" (center); "Fast Life" (bottom) is a clean, wholesome comedy, but you know how it'll come out from the start

Madge Evans & William Haines'

Baby, oh baby, is "No Man Of Her Own" a hot picture, with hot love making by Clark Gable!

Carole Lombard.

"Handle With Care" (center) is just a so-so picture, even though Jimmy (swell actor) Dunn is in it; "Employees' Entrance" (bottom) with Warren William and Loretta Young has an interesting department store background

Boots Mallory.

✓✓ Frisco Jenny (Warners)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, Donald Cook, James Murray, Pat O'Malley, many others.*

It's About: *The career of a girl of Frisco's old Barbary Coast days, who sacrifices all for her love child.*

Hooray, right at the beginning, for a Ruth Chatterton more like the Ruth Chatterton who long ago earned our admiration. A few more like this and Chatterton will be back at the top.

The story's told with a wealth of thrills and color and fine acting and magnificent production, and it clicks. For excitement, get a look at the big San Francisco earthquake scene.

The heart thrills come when the child fails to recognize its mother, after her sacrifices to win it back. And, of course, at the end when the child, grown and district attorney now, thanks to his mother's own political trickery, prosecutes her for killing the man who threatened to tell him her identity.

Your Reviewer Says: For "heavy" film fare, this is close to everything you may ask. It's emotional melodrama, with Chatterton giving it the works.

✓✓ No Man Of Her Own (Paramount)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Grant Mitchell, Dorothy Mackaill.*

It's About: *The love-'em-and-leave-'em gambler who falls for a small-town beauty.*

Yes, the plot is old and you've seen it before. But all the same it's a knockout movie! And that's thanks to Clark Gable, here starring for the first time away from M-G-M, and in a rôle that was made to order for him. Listen girls—if you *ever* went for Gable, in any degree, you'll go incandescent over him in this. How he makes love is going to be the envy of your boy-friends.

This, by the way, is the picture Miriam Hopkins walked out on. You can see why when you see the picture. It's *all* Gable. And that leaves only a little for the leading woman, who is Carole Lombard. But what a lot that Lombard gal makes of the little she's got. Bouquets, too, to Dot Mackaill as the hard-boiled baby who goes soft, and Grant Mitchell, who can make a dull line funny by saying it.

But all that's just trimming. Or rather, the shell of the nut. The kernel is Clark Gable's love-stuff. And a juicy kernel!

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the kiddies at home, and enjoy yourself at this, but boys, don't get mad at wifie (or the girl friend), if she seems absent-minded later on.

✓ The Island Of Lost Souls (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Richard Arlen, Kathleen "Panther Woman" Burke, Bela Lugosi, Leila Hyams, Stan Fields.*

It's About: *The horror-island of a mad scientist, who transforms humans into half-animals—and what happens when love and hate enter the scene.*

Fair Warning: This is not a sweetness-and-light movie. It's another of the "horror films," and one of the

The elegant team of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts is wasted on a mediocre comedy, "They Just Had To Get Married." Too bad!

Probably the finest picture of the month is "A Farewell to Arms," which has two magnificent performances by Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper

horrormost. If you like that sort of thing, oke. . . !

You've maybe read H. G. Wells' famous "The Island of Dr. Moreau"—this is it, à la screen. Paramount's Makeupper Wally Westmore went the limit on the half-men-half-beast creatures that people the island which is the tale's locale. Everybody else connected with the film did the same. And so, if you don't have nightmares after this one, its only because your nerves rate 100 per cent shockproof.

Notable are the performances of Charles Laughton, Hollywood's best lunatic-portrayer, in the rôle of the doctor, who is eventually slain by his creations. Notable, too, is the film début of the highly-publicized Panther Woman, Kathleen Burke. Her rôle in this film is sex-appeal. She's a success. No wonder her boy friend objected to some of the costumes, while the picture was being shot.

Your Reviewer Says: No "general" criticism possible. If you like horror-stuff, this is a fine example. If you want amusement from your screen, better forget it.

✓ Flesh (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Wally Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez, Jean Hersholt.*

It's About: *A lovable but concrete-headed German wrestler, who finally discovers the truth about his wife and her "brother"—and what he does then!*

Here's the sort of rôle and story that's just another "natural" for that grand big lunk, Wally Beery. He's a German beer-garden *kellner* who is highpowered into the framed wrestling racket, headed for the championship.

Melodrama develops when the girl he marries confesses to him that her "brother" is really her lover, father of her child. Grand, then, the Beery portrayal of the gargantuan rage that slowly forms in the hulking wrestler's brain, leading him finally to the obvious revenge, murder. It is after that when the girl discovers her love of him.

Beery's performance is what you've come to expect from him, and a bit more. It is his finest screen work to date. Karen Morley's work as the girl is guh-rand. And Riccy Cortez, the dirty villain, is hissably perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: If you've been missing Wally Beery for lo, these many months, this'll repay you. It's great entertainment.

Fast Life (M-G-M)

You'll See: *William Haines, Conrad Nagel, Madge Evans, Cliff Edwards.*

It's About: *A sailor who invents a speed-it-up device for racing motorboats. Follows the usual formula of the girl, the villain, the race.*

The story of this one is based on the hoary old formula of Wally Reid's old-time auto-race plots. It moves precisely according to the recipe. But what save it are speed, fine lines, good acting, grand production values.

William Haines is the boy who invents the speed gadget, which forthwith blows up. Madge Evans saves him when he's dumped into the sea. (And boy-oh-boy-oh-boy, that rescue scene! (*Continued on page* 96)

From the Underworld to Stardom

GEORGE RAFT'S *Life Story as told to Marquis Busby*

I WAS born in New York in what is charmingly called "Hell's Kitchen." My father was German, my mother Italian, and I was the only one of their eleven kids who lived to grow up. I hated school and never went beyond the seventh grade. I went to work just as soon as I could legally, my first real job paying four dollars a week. I was an electrician's assistant. After that I was a newsboy, a fixer of dumb-bells (real ones) and doorbells, an usher, a boxer and finally a professional dancer. It was while I was dancing that I met Rudy Valentino, Barbara La Marr, and such loyal friends. I danced my way up in vaudeville, across the ocean to London, where I had the privilege of teaching the Prince of Wales a few steps, back to Broadway, and finally to Hollywood.

I ACCOMPANIED a friend to California. For all I knew of the West there might still be scalping Indians on the outskirts of Kansas City. I had the typical born-and-bred New Yorker impression that Buffalo was 'way out West. I came only for a vacation—but I suppose the Fate that manipulates the threads of our lives was working out a scheme even then. I had no intention of trying pictures. I didn't think movies were in my line.

There were three years when I did absolutely nothing. I said I came to California for a visit. I stayed three years.

Of course there was something more than the climate that made me stay. I fell in love—and with a motion picture actress. This seemed like the real thing to me—the forever and ever business—and I thought that I knew something about love before this. Perhaps every time you fall in love it seems like the real thing, but you never think of that while you are so hard hit that you can't sleep or eat.

But it didn't last forever, as I hoped it would. When it ended, and none too happily, I wanted to go right back to New York. California was a severe pain to me by that time, although, really, I shouldn't blame my unhappiness on California. But I was hard hit and I wanted to escape.

There has never been a much darker time in my life than during those dismal weeks. My spirits were lower than the stock market reports. Everything seemed to be going wrong. I didn't want to go back to the stage and I was pretty close to being flat broke. Then, one day, in the Brown Derby, I was introduced to Roland Brown. He was getting ready to direct "Quick Millions," and was on the lookout for a certain type of man for one of the rôles. He told me that he wanted me to play the part, and asked me to call at the studio.

There was a conference when I got there. Brown was determined to have me in the rôle, but he was advised against it. Studio executives said the rôle called for someone with acting experience. I had only been a dancer. But Brown is a man who usually has his own way. He wouldn't give in to have anyone else.

I finally offered to work three days for nothing, and then if I were unsatisfactory, I would just bow out of the picture—and no hard feelings. If I made good, all right. If I failed, I could take the next train for New York. At the end of the second day I was given a run of the picture contract. And a new phase of my life had begun.

The reviews on "Quick Millions" encouraged me a lot, but I did get a laugh out of some of the comments. In one scene I had to kill a man, and then walk toward the camera. We did the murder scene two weeks before we did the walk. I didn't see how you could look as if you had just killed a man when you hadn't at all, so I just played it dead pan. That scene got the most comments. Can you beat it?

I was in "Palmy Days" after that, but no one would remember me. It was a good rôle to begin with, but after the script was rewritten two or three times I was practically written out of it.

"Scarface" was my biggest break. That business of tossing the coin is a life long habit with me. The director watched me doing it on the set one day and decided to put it in the picture. It's funny how some little thing like that will catch an audience's interest—and it might so easily have been left out.

While Howard Hughes was settling censorship difficulties on "Scarface" I went over to Paramount and made "Dancers in the Dark." Both pictures came out at about the same time, and three contracts were offered me. I chose the one with Paramount. Somehow their offer listened the best.

During all that excitement of signing a contract, meeting studio executives, and newspaper and magazine writers, I moved about as if I were in a dream. Honestly, it was so exciting that I didn't know what I was doing. And, I guess, I listened to some bad advice.

A well-meaning friend told me to keep mum about the fact that I had been married—to say that I was single. He told me that motion picture fans didn't care for that matrimonial business for the actors. So I wrote "unmarried" on the studio questionnaire. I know now that it was foolish. Sooner or later everything in your past life crops out.

I had married when I was very young—back in my early dancing days. It turned out to be a mistake—perhaps marriage is not for me at all. Anyway, I don't see any reason for talking about it now. It has been eight years since I have seen my wife, and a chapter that has been closed for that long is better left closed. Somehow, we never got a divorce. I'm not divorced now. I don't know that I will be.

So, you see, these romance rumors don't mean very much. I suppose Hollywood being what it is, these rumors of romances will always go on.

George Raft loves night clubs, Broadway, the world after midnight. So he makes a hit in pictures in a town where he has to go to bed at ten, rise at dawn, and live in an atmosphere of eternal sunshine, which drives him nuts! Here's his stunning California home which he doesn't care for!

There was talk about Billie Dove and myself. I admire her very much—but it wasn't a romance. Billie was a good friend during those first hectic weeks of a contract. She even corrected my English for me. I lunched with Constance Cummings a few times at the studio, and there was talk about that. Connie played opposite me in "Night After Night," and she was a grand girl to work with. But that wasn't a romance either.

Surely, I like the Hollywood girls, and I like to go to the theater with them, and out dancing. I still like to dance, but there aren't many places to go in this town. They're grand girls, but I wish they wouldn't go in for all of this sun-tan business. I don't think it adds much in the way of general beauty. They're more interesting when they are pale. I don't like the beach, myself—I didn't go near it all summer, and I don't want to be mahogany colored.

I'll never be very social, I'm afraid. I don't talk very much. I learn more when I keep still and listen. Then, too, I'm a washout on a party. I don't drink, and I don't even care much about eating.

I learned to let liquor alone when I was dancing in the night clubs. I saw what it did to people, and I didn't want to have it happen to me. Liquor does things to your wits and—believe me—that's something you need to get along nowadays. I can have more fun staying sober. I don't want anyone to have to put me in a taxi and send me home—and somebody else take my girl friend to her home.

Eating has been a sort of unimportant function ever since I grew up. About one meal a day is all I want, and I don't like much of anything but steak. Vegetables don't taste like anything to me, fish makes me ill, and I never drink coffee.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Did you know a Southern accent could be cured by looking into a mirror? Dorothy Jordan's was—with the aid of Dr. Marafioti

Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

Wherein "Kathryn" Tells You How to Acquire a Beautiful Speaking Voice

RUTH, Dear—

Believe it or not, darling, but I've learned to talk like a LADY! Yes, you'll call me a four-way fibber, but believe me, *anything* can happen in Hollywood. I've been talking to not one, but *two* of the voice experts who teach the stars in this amazing movieland how to talk—and they've told me things about my voice, and yours, and just about anybody's, so that by a little work and attention, we can all talk like Ann Hardings or Ruth Chattertons or Kay Francises . . .!

Remember the day we had lunch in that tearoom in New York, and we got all excited about something we were talking about (Joel McCrea, wasn't it, darling?) and got to screeching and squeaking until we both realized it? And you told me I sounded like a cageful of peevish peacocks, and I answered that you could be mistaken for the noon whistle yourself? Well, Ruthie dear, when and if I ever tear myself away from this town and come back, you'll never recognize me by my voice. I tell you, these men who've taught stars to talk have shown me what was wrong. And because I told you in my last letter that I'd pass on the good news, here it is—

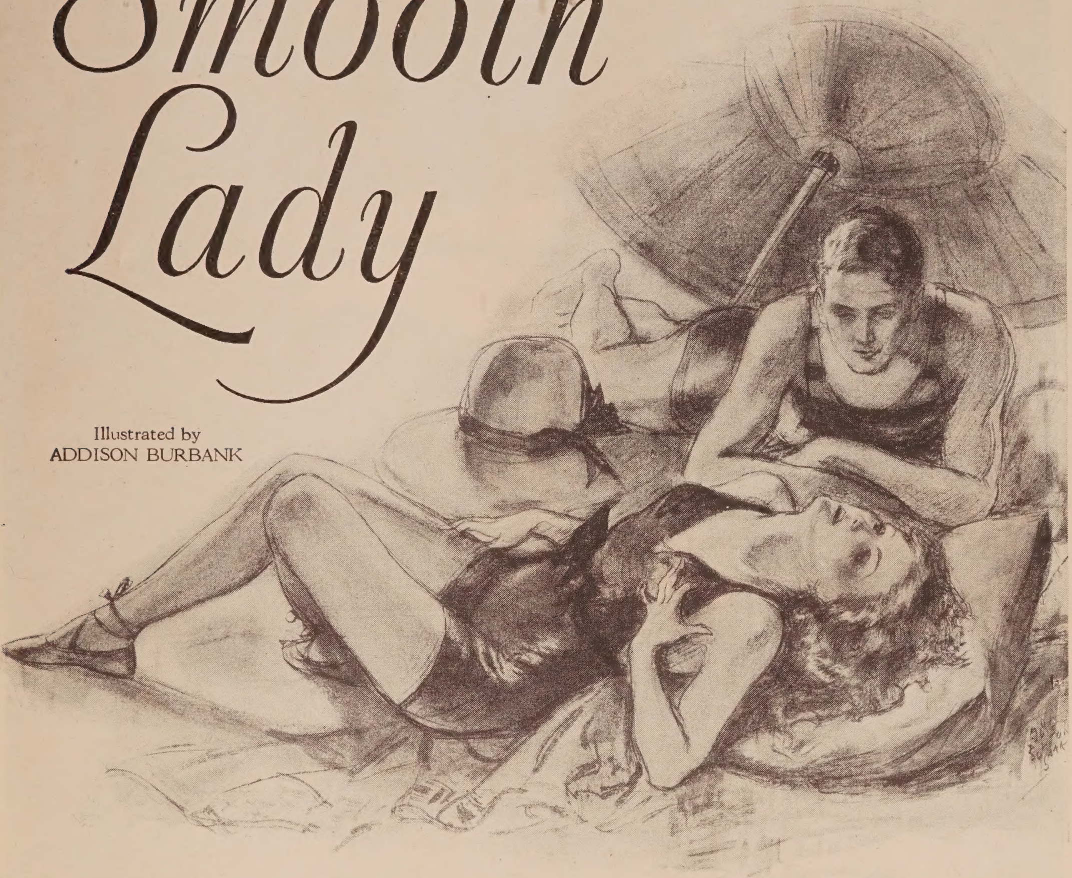
It all began when that writer-friend of yours asked me if I'd like to meet the man who'd taught John Gilbert how to de-squeak his voice. Well honey, you know that ANYthing that had Jack Gilbert in it'd interest me, so I said yes. And then he introduced me to Dr. P. Mario Marafioti, who stirred up a lot of attention when talkies first came in.

Dr. Marafioti is one swell chap. He's Italian (or did you guess it?) and his house is rich with the aroma of Italy's national fruit, and did my mouth water while I was talking with him? And he and his wife have two of the loveliest voices I've ever (*Continued on page* 78)

Smooth Lady

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by
ADDISON BURBANK



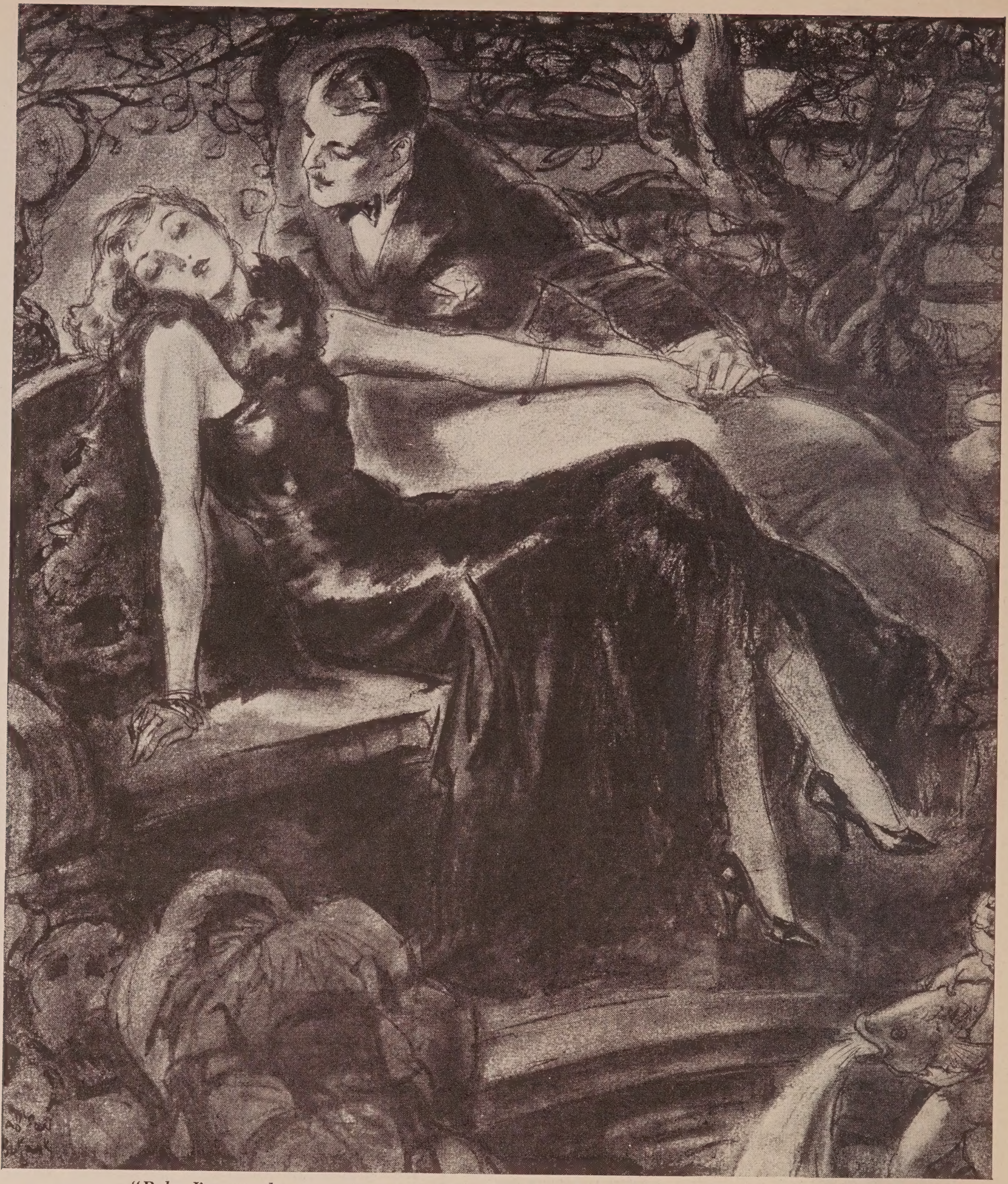
"Are you," Julie asked, "making love to me?" "Have it your own way," John Squires answered

JULIE CARTER, typist in a smart Fifth Avenue fur shop, gets the opportunity, because of the regular model's lunch hour, to model an ermine wrap for John Squires, young motion picture executive in from Hollywood. Handsome and ambitious, John Squires notices Julie, her beauty, her lovely freshness, and invites her to a speakeasy for lunch. Julie has the time of her life. She tells John Squires of her ambitions, he tells her of his. They get very friendly over cocktails and when Julie goes home that night her regular boy friend seems to her very dull indeed. Squires is leaving the next day and she does not see him again but feels secure enough in his promise to help her if she ever comes to Hollywood to give up her job, her family and her stuffy suitor and journey to the town of a thousand dreams. She is determined never to fall in love with John Squires but most certainly to use him to get the things she wants from life.

Arriving in Hollywood, Julie can't go on with her romance with John Squires for the good and perfect reason that she can't even get in to see him. From the gossip columns of the newspapers, however, she learns John is all but engaged to Mabel Brady, the hatchet-faced daughter of P. T. Brady, the owner of the studio where John works. Julie manages to vamp a boy at the Central Casting Agency into giving her a bit of work, but it is so infrequent that she is reduced practically to starving and at last in desperation gives up her room and spends her nights in an unfurnished new house she has discovered open for inspection. She is terrified and lonely but determined to beat the Hollywood game.

THE darkness, thick and deep, pressed close. In the vacant house, Julie waited through the dark hours of the night, chilled and afraid. With no sun to temper them, the winds that blew down from the snowy mountains were biting cold. And her tweed coat was her only covering.

Nor were her troubles over when the day came. Sitting in the park, reading in the library, she felt hunted. Because she lacked an address and slept at night in a vacant house left open for inspection, Julie doubted her right to the green acres and the quiet book-lined rooms maintained for respectable citizens. Every time she saw a policeman she expected him to recognize her for the derelict she felt herself to be, to touch her on the shoulder and order her to move on.



"Baby, I'm nuts about you. I want you to marry me." Julie knew Tom Wallace was giving her the chance of her lifetime

It was the morning of the third day, desperate after fifty-six miserable hours of homelessness, that Julie decided to make still another attempt to see John Squires.

"A business man wouldn't be put aside by a polite, evasive note from a secretary," she reasoned, lying there waiting for the dawn, when before the neighbors were up and about she must slip out of that house where she had no right to make her bed. "Neither will I."

And at ten o'clock she was greeting George, the Apex information clerk.

"Mr Squires in?" she asked.

"He is," George said. "What's more, he wants to see you."

"But how do you know?" Julie demanded.

"I was talking to him about you the other day," George explained with some importance, "and he said the next time you came to be sure and . . ."

"You wouldn't fool me!" Julie interrupted.

George grinned and began dialing the inter-office telephone.

"Miss Baum?" he said. "Miss Julie Carter's here."

A short wait. Then, "You're to go up," he informed

Julie. "It's on the second floor. First door on your right."

When Miss Baum announced Julie, John looked up quickly.

"It's really you!" he exclaimed. He held out his hands. A smile flashed in his lean brown face. "I was sure you'd turn out to be someone else."

"For instance?" said Julie while he still held her hands.

"An authoress," John explained. "Or a forbidding female soliciting advertisements for some film directory."

He pulled a low red leather chair close to his desk. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me everything. How you came to leave L' Atelier . . . What you're doing way out here . . ."

"I'm seeking my fortune!" Julie told him, pulling off her gloves. "In the movies!"

"Good Lord," John was concerned. "Not really."

"Yes, really," Julie insisted. "Why not? That day at '21' you weren't discouraging when I said I might come out here sometime. You even suggested I look you up."

Now John looked very serious indeed.

"I had too much to drink that afternoon," he said, "without a doubt. I'd hate like the devil to think it was something I said that influenced you to spend your savings on such a venture. The movies are a darn tough game, Julie. Only one in a thousand even begins to make the grade. And you aren't as hard-boiled as you'd like people to believe . . ."

She realized the more responsibility he felt for her being there the better for her, the more he would be likely to do in her behalf. But he looked so unhappy that she had to reassure him.

Julie wondered what he would say, how he would look, if he knew how little she had eaten during the past few weeks, if she should tell him where she slept at night.

"The movies are my one chance to get the things I want from life," she told him. "If I fail I can always go back to what I had before. And if I do have to go home, marry a poor beau, and settle down in an ugly little house for the rest of my life . . ." She shrugged. "At least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I tried for something better."

She marked the charming office in which they sat. "You should be the last person in the world to discourage me from taking a chance," she told him. Just see how much better off you are because you gambled."

"Get me Gene Metz," John told Miss Baum through the buzzer.

"Gene's our casting director," he explained to Julie. "If I can't discourage you perhaps I can help instead." Now his smile was the warm indulgent smile Julie remembered.

Gene Metz was a short, dark man with an ingratiating manner.

"Miss Carter expects no favors," John explained when the introductions were over. "But I'll appreciate it if you'll remember her when there's any work she can do as well as the next girl."

"There should be something tomorrow or the day after," Metz said, "depending on how they come along with 'Spanish Nights.' There's going to be a fiesta scene. We'll need a lot of girls."

He had barely gone, after making careful note of Julie's address and telephone number, when Miss Baum announced Mabel Brady. Julie noticed that she was very careful to open the door only half-way, to obscure the view of John's desk with her sitting close beside it.

"Show Miss Brady in," John said.

Mabel Brady wore a brown crêpe dress with accents of chartreuse at the neck and sleeves. A small brown hat. Dark sables were fastened at her throat.

"She's smart," thought Julie, "and a little hawkish."

John introduced them. And Mabel, in spite of her graciousness, seemed annoyed at Julie sitting there. It was nothing tangible, more an overtone of graciousness than anything else.

She perched familiarly on the edge of John's desk and, selecting a cigarette from the tooled leather box, leaned forward for John to light it. There was the little flare of the match. A whiff of smoke.

"You live in California, Miss Carter?" she asked.

"I hope to," Julie said.

"Miss Carter's from New York," John explained. "She modelled that ermine coat your father wired me to buy you."

"And now," Mabel was just a little patronizing, "Miss Carter's hoping to get into the movies."

"That's right," Julie admitted.

Mabel crushed out her cigarette. "If you two are going to be busy for some time," she told them, "I'll come back later."

Perhaps Julie was unduly sensitive but she stood up immediately.

"I was just going," she said.

John went with her as far as the stairs. "Remember . . ." His voice was warm and gentle. "If there's anything I can do I want you to consider me your friend. You're a swell girl, Julie. I'm for you."

"Thanks," Julie told him, "for everything. I hope I'll see something of you."

"You certainly will," he said.

From the telephone booth in the main hallway Julie telephoned Mrs. Mulford. And when she found that the top floor, front had been vacated sooner than had been expected she engaged it immediately. She must be where Gene Metz could reach her without any delay.

"Carter?" said Mabel when John rejoined her. "Wasn't that the name Miss Baum announced several weeks ago when I was here?" Mabel had a sharp memory.

"I think it was at that," John agreed. "She's lovely looking, don't you think? Smooth . . ."

"Frankly," Mabel said, "she isn't the type I admire. Her mouth's too big . . ."

"Oh, no," John protested, "I like her mouth. It's warm and generous."

Mabel smiled the thread of a smile. "I knew how grand you thought her by the way you sat mooning. Come, come, Johnny . . ." There was a thin edge to her voice now. "Are you quite sure you didn't know who Miss Carter was when Miss Baum announced her that day?"

John laughed, pleased and flattered, enjoying her jealousy.

On the Morrow-Wallace set there was pandemonium. Margot Morrow, Apex's very glamorous lady, returning from a location trip, had refused to go on with "Love's Debtor."

"I'm the star," Margot had announced quietly, "and entitled to the sympathy. The way this sequence stands I lose it. It simply has to be rewritten."

And still very calm and contained, she had walked off the set. It was everybody else getting excited that caused the commotion. Tom Wallace, the director, in particular. The overhead on this production, his responsbility, was mounting by the minute. He stamped up and down availing himself of oaths from innumerable languages and as many dialects.

Tom Wallace was by way of being an anachronism. He would have been far more at home had he been born into the middle ages when men, roistering at great oaken tables, threw the joints of their mutton to the hounds and pinched the pretty serving wenches.

Now he flung himself in a chair next to Julie. "Hello, Pretty," he said. "What in thunder are you doing hiding over here all by yourself?"

Julie closed her book. "Trying to keep out of your way until things quieted down." (*Continued on page* 82)

Speak *for* Yourself

William Powell and Dorothy Christie in "Lawyer Man"

***This is your department.* You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Movies as a Nerve Cure

I am a doctor specializing in nervous disorders and any medical man will assure you that these are often very baffling. In exasperation one day at a certain woman patient I said to her: "Since you refuse to obey orders, madam, just throw out your medicine and go take a course at the movies—they will at least keep your mind off your nerves for two hours." To my surprise she did so and became a rabid fan, so much so that her trouble, largely imaginary, became of secondary interest. Today she is practically cured. So I began to try this scheme with other patients, always making sure first that they had no eye trouble or at least were fitted with good glasses. I prescribe a regular semi-weekly course of motion pictures for people with aggravated worries, with the fidgets or with insomnia or all of these, and I find that invariably it works like a charm. The transfer of the thoughts to another all-absorbing interest for two hours weekly relieves nerve strain and tends to minimize the importance of "nerves."

D. W. Davies, M.D.,
Regina, Canada.

P. S.—I must add that I am always willing to take a dose of my own medicine.

THE $10 LETTER

And It Is a Success

I have just seen Paul Muni in "I Am A Fugitive." It is horrible. It is depressing. It is painful. It preys upon my peace of mind. I have never before seen a picture so hard to shake off. And because it is so real, I know that I have witnessed one of the great pictures of all time. And more—I know that the moving picture industry now deserves its place among the arts, for the highest service of art is to convey to its witnesses a sense of reality.

If "I Am A Fugitive" is a box-office success that will be proof positive that the American Public is ready for intelligent entertainment.

Let's cast our ballots (in the ticket box) for more pictures like "I Am A Fugitive."

G. Reed Schreiner,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 LETTER

Would There Be Any Plots Left?

I wish the producers would give us for a change:

A criminal that a pretty girl can't reform.

A young person who doesn't run wild only to pay in the end.

A prominent financier without a wayward son to be set straight.

A private secretary who is neither an old maid nor a siren.

A flyer who doesn't crash after his girl has turned him down.

A football player who looks like a football player.

A husband and wife actually behaving as married people should.

A $25 a week stenographer who doesn't wear the latest from Paris.

A husband who doesn't obligingly die when his wife falls in love with his best friend.

In other words, we want natural, sincere, true-to-life pictures.

Shirley McPhail,
Arlington Heights, Mass.

(*Continued on page* 73)

What happened at "Pickfair" on New Year's Eve

EVERY world has its aristocracy. In England it's the House of Lords; in India, the Courts of the Maharajahs; in New York, the mythical "400."

And so too in Hollywood is there an "upper crust" of world famous celebrities who periodically assemble for the great social events of the movie world.

And the life and activities of these *elite* center in one spot—a charming, lovely estate, the home of "the most famous couple in the world."

It's "Pickfair," the huge, palatial residence of screendom's king and queen—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Here, on "state" occasions, foregather the actors and actresses whose names are household words from coast to coast. And so, on New Year's eve of 1932-1933, "Pickfair" was the Mecca toward which journeyed these stars of stars.

It was an unusual event—with true Old-World splendor.

In the April issue of *Movie Mirror,* Ruth Waterbury, our editor, will describe in detail what happened at this internationally famous affair to which she was invited (if in fact a royal command may be called an invitation).

Duchesses and Princesses were there, as well as the outstanding stars of the Talkies. And all of it is described in the inimitable flowing style of Miss Waterbury—the gowns, the amazing entertainment, even the gossip that was noised about.

Don't miss this intriguing story. Remember it is to be in

MOVIE MIRROR

for April

Alluring Eyes for YOU instantly...

BEAUTY is every woman's heritage, and nothing can give you your share more quickly than proper eye make-up. Long, dark, lustrous lashes, with delicately shaded lids and gracefully formed brows, instantly bring out the fullest expression of beauty in any woman. Beautiful eyes can make up amazingly for lack of beauty elsewhere. Why not see how much these exquisite Maybelline preparations can increase your attractiveness and charm? These famous beauty aids may now be had in purse sizes for 10c each at all of the leading 10c stores. Treat yourself to beauty, safely, simply, and surely with genuine

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

The non-smarting tear-proof mascara. Black or Brown

Smooth, clean-marking. Black or Brown

Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Violet, Green

Applied nightly. Stimulates growth

From the Underworld to Stardom

(*Continued from page 65*)

So, I don't accept dinner invitations. I can't tell my hostess that I won't drink her cocktails, and then go into the dining room and tell her she hasn't anything that I can eat.

I have a house in Los Angeles and a houseboy, but he doesn't have to know how to cook. Incidentally, it seems funny living in a house with a yard and everything.

There have been some funny things printed about me since I have made a little progress in pictures. I get a laugh out of all this talk about my having a bodyguard. They mean Sam Finn, my friend. Sam makes appointments for me, and things like that, but he isn't a bodyguard. I don't think there's anybody around here who wants to take me for a ride.

Ever since I have been in pictures I have been mighty lucky. I've had directors who haven't asked me to "act." They've let me be myself.

Pictures are a big thrill to me now. Of course it's a kick to be recognized and have people want your autograph. It's great to have head waiters fall over themselves to get you a table, and to remember that a couple of years back you would have had to stand in line like everybody else.

I want to make money because I know that this fame business doesn't last very long. But that's one thing I probably will never have. I can't save money. Sometime, when all the shouting is over, I'd like to travel, and do it the right way. I'd like to spend some time in Europe, and a *lot* of time in New York. That will always come first with me. The Broadway lingo is my native language, and the Broadway crowd is my crowd. They say they're fair weather friends but I've never found it that way.

California isn't for me. I'm like a stranger in town, even if I have been here for three years. It's probably all right for a man with a family. It's a swell place to raise kids, and there are some dandy golf links. Well, I haven't any kids, and I never play golf. I don't even like the sunlight very much.

I don't have any particular philosophy of life. I like to lend a hand to people who need it. I don't think you'll ever hear those "high-hat" rumors about me. There is one remark that I'll never forget. A friend repeated it to me right after I had my first break. He said—"Don't forget to speak to everybody on your way up. You'll meet the same people on your way down."

And that's pretty good advice for anyone to write in his memory book.

DO you know why there are no aristocrats in Hollywood? Lots of people from the Blue Book have tried to crash the movie town, but not a single one of them has made a glittering success. Read why this is in a challenging article, "Why Are There No Aristocrats in Hollywood?" in next month's Movie Mirror.

(*Continued from page 70*)

$1.00 LETTER

Notes to Producers

To M-G-M—Why on earth isn't that practically perfect actor, Walter Huston, named among your stars?

To Paramount—Couldn't you arrange to have Jack Oakie play in "The Song and Dance Man"? What a talkie that would make!

To Fox—You get my vote for having the swellest actor and the cleverest director in captivity, namely Spencer Tracy and Frank Borzage.

To Warners'—You certainly have done nobly by your players as far as giving them keen stories goes. Look at James Cagney with "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars," and Warren William with "The Mouthpiece" and "The Dark Horse." All swell stories! Thanks for them!

P. S. Does Ruth Chatterton select her own clothes for pictures? If she does, I can't say much for her taste.

To Universal—I'm mad at you for not keeping Mae Clarke under contract after her wonderful work in "Waterloo Bridge."

Ruth Briggs,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

$1.00 LETTER

"Coming Next Week"

"It comes from the pen of a writer prolific,
It's smashing, stupendous, absolutely terrific,
Sends chills down your spine and tugs at the heart,
Holds you enthralled and tense from the start,
Blows off the lid on grafting and crime;
The romance is tender, enduring, sublime."
Oh, why are captions of previews so dramatic
And the picture itself so damn anti-climatic?

Gorman Walsh, Lancaster, Pa.

$1.00 LETTER

Scrambled Titles

By scrambling a few picture titles I discovered an amusing game. Like this:

"Strangers May Kiss" the "Divorcee" because she's "A Free Soul" just "Smilin' Through."

"Goldie" was a "Platinum Blonde". She joined "The Secret Six" and became a "Red Headed Woman". "Hell's Angels" got her, and now she's just "Red Dust".

"Susan Lenox" didn't sound, to me, like "Romance" but "Mata Hari" gave me an "Inspiration" so I moved to "Grand Hotel" to be "As You Desire Me".

"The Blonde Venus" was "Dishonored" at "Morocco" because she was a "Blue Angel" so she left on the "Shanghai Express".

"Cimarron" heard the "Roar of the Dragon" and called "The Conquerors".

Doris Timmons,
Gadsden, Ala.

YOU fans have a lot to say about the private lives of your favorites this month. For one thing, you think Johnny Weissmuller "went Hollywood" and got a swelled head when he divorced his lovely young wife. But you all expressed sympathy for Jean Harlow and admiration for the way she has carried on since her terrible tragedy.

The women stars got a much bigger hand this month than the men. Shearer because of "Smilin' Through;" Garbo just because, Joan Crawford for her uniformly fine work, Clara Bow for her comeback (and what a comeback!), Aline MacMahon for being such a swell picture stealer. But the girl of the day, month, hour and year is Katharine Hepburn. Everyone agreed that she stole "Bill of Divorcement" from John Barrymore.

"I Am A Fugitive" joins the list of pictures-that-are-raved-about this month. But "Smilin' Through" is still leading in the number of raves received. Then come "Back Street," "Prosperity," "One Way Passage" and "Cabin in the Cotton," all hits. But a reaction against "Grand Hotel"seems to be setting in. Most of you admit it's a good picture (though there are some who say it's the world's worst), but your chief complaint against it is that it has been overballyhooed. Oh, well . . .

What we'd like to know right now is who is going to be the fair-haired boy this year. Right at the moment it looks as if George Raft is going to take Clark Gable's throne. Lee Tracy, Bob Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard are also plenty popular. Who is your favorite?

Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 Street, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

The Perfect Movie Menu

My idea of a perfect movie menu for the year 1933:

One big portion of pictures such as:

Bad Girl *Blessed Event*
Back Street
What Price Hollywood?
Scarface *The Crowd Roars*

Well mixed with pictures such as:

Emma *Down to Earth*
Horsefeathers

Deliciously flavored with:

Letty Lynton *Possessed*
The Red Headed Woman
As You Desire Me

and served with a large quantity of:

Delicious
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
First Year *Sunny Side Up*

Josephine Manyana,
Hammonton, N. J.

Everyone Agrees on This

I think "Back Street" was splendidly Dunne.

Mrs. Vula Kyle,
Scottsboro, Ala.

Love and Johnny Weissmuller

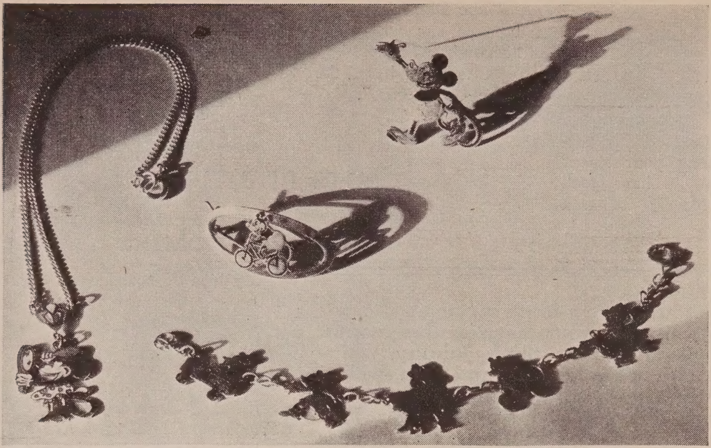
Johnny Weissmuller's success has gone to his head. He may have good reasons for separation from his wife, but coming so soon after his success, it would seem he feels too good for her now. I enjoyed "Tarzan" heaps, but anything else he plays is spoiled for me. I'm for "the little woman".

E. M. L.,
Mishawaka, Ind.

You Notice Everything

It seems to me that the wild and woolly natives of the South Seas are rapidly becoming more and more civilized. In "Bird of Paradise" Dolores Del Rio certainly showed the movie fans as fine a pair of manicured hands as they ever will see—and her native fiancé had a lovely gold tooth. Another (native) member of the cast displayed some rather prehistoric unmentionables. Darn modern—these Hawaiians. If only the medicine man had been reading Movie Mirror the picture would have been complete.

A. Alvin Richards, Los Angeles, Cal.



Look at what they're up to now! Mickey Mouse has become so popular that they're even having Mickey Mouse jewelry, no less! It's the latest fad, and the Mickey Mouse rings, bracelets, necklaces and whatnot are sold through our chain stores

Muni's Admirer

It is very seldom that I get the urge to rave over any particular performance or any particular star, but may I express my deepest and sincerest admiration for one of Hollywood's truly great actors—Paul Muni? His performance in "I Am A Fugitive" left me with a lump in my throat and a feeling in my heart that I'll never forget.

Harold Peterson,
Barberton, Ohio.

The Girl of the Hour

The newcomer most likely to win stardom this year?

Katharine Hepburn gets my vote. In my fifteen years as a theater goer I have never seen a more impressive début than that made by this same Katharine Hepburn in "Bill of Divorcement."

And let us rejoice—she is not an "imported," "press agented," "built up" star that someone found somewhere but our own All American Girl. So boost, you boosters.

Mrs. G. E. Dumbauld,
Toledo, Ohio.

The coming favorite of the screen will be Katharine Hepburn. She has not as yet reached the heights of a Garbo, a Crawford or a Bennett. But as a Hepburn, her present promise in "Bill of Divorcement" implies future stellar achievement.

J. R. Kent,
Manhattan Beach, Cal.

Katharine Hepburn is going to be the brightest star this coming year!

Elissa Jones,
Bronx, New York, N. Y.

Sympathy for Jean Harlow

I never liked Jean Harlow as an actress. Then came that terrible tragedy a few months ago. Profound sympathy for a child having to face such an ordeal made me want to see what I believed to be her last picture, "Red Dust". Somehow I felt awed when I saw her performance, to think so young a girl could carry on when I who had had a similar fate gave up and almost failed. Thanks to Jean Harlow I have a new lease on life and I believe she is only at the beginning of a great career. I feel sure that no one could let her down after seeing "Red Dust".

Ellen Mason,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Take a Bow, Clara

The old question, Can Clara Bow Come Back, is laid to rest. It seems to me that in "Call Her Savage" she has "come back" in the most significant sense of that term. There isn't any of the hip-tossing, hair-waving hoydenism that characterized her earlier pictures. Instead, she gives us a poise, sureness and sincerity that show she is developing into a mature, emotional actress. The vital, vivid personality that has endeared Clara to all of us still glows with its old fire, but there is something besides "spit-fire" qualities.

Bow-Bell's clothes are stunning, and the cast is perfect, but after all, it is Clara's acting which gives her the right to emerge from the picture with flying colors.

Kerry Kavanaugh,
Seattle, Wash.

A Criticism of "Rain"

Joan Crawford's "Rain" was somewhat disappointing. The acting was excellent, of course. I suppose it was the story itself, or perhaps the characters in the story, which repelled me. Anything exaggerated or extreme is always repulsive, and the main characters in this story were certainly that.

Joan should not play that type of rôle. She, who can wear clothes so beautifully, and is so beautiful herself, was actually ugly in this picture.

The picture gave no satisfaction of any sort. It taught us nothing, gave neither beauty nor humor. It did remind us of the utter futility of things. But who wants to be reminded of that?

Sandra,
Bellevue, Pa.

She Was Thrilled

No recent picture has so moved me as did "Smilin' Through."

This drama is not "a tough dose of sentimentality," as it was described by a popular movie reviewer. It is poignantly moving; but I, for one, do not object to losing a few tears if they are shed in as good a cause as "Smilin' Through."

In my opinion, the Shearer-March combination can't be beaten. May we soon see them together again—and again!

Mrs. C. E. Beam,
Statesville, N. C.

She Was Bored

I certainly was out of place
In "Smilin' Through". When others wept
My eyes were dry. I gazed through space,
And once I very nearly slept.
I wondered whether men went on
To Heaven wearing watch-fobs, or
What brides of 1860 don
To greet their sweethearts loved of yore.
The villain's heaving breast invoked
No answering pants from me: that lock
Of hair in disarray provoked
No sigh from this stern heart of rock.
Now, was I wrong, or all alone?
I thought the picture overdone,
Its sticky sentimental tone
Left me all frigidair, for one!

Frances Rodman,
Ridgewood, N. J.

Will the Crosby Fans Stand For This?

Why all the drivel and gush about Bing Crosby? He's just a second-rate moaner who wanders about disregarding the words and tunes of all our favorite songs. He ruins everything he tries to sing; and not only that: he's started all the singers up and down the Pacific coast following his imbecile style of mooing. There really are a few women in the world who aren't dribbling around about Mr. Crosby and who would prefer less gargling and more music.

C. P. C.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Charm, Your Name is Marshall!

A new star has risen in the Hollywood firmament—a star who, compared to many others, is an entire constellation. I mean that new, charming Englishman and actor, Herbert Marshall, who appeared in "Blonde Venus" and "Trouble in Paradise."

I like his rugged masculinity, the culture which is so obvious in his manner, his delightful personality. Incidentally, I do not blame his wife, the lovely Edna Best, for forsaking fame in Hollywood to take that much publicized trip to join him, for he does have a way with him!

Ida Kaech,
New Glarus, Wis.

Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 17)

FAITHLESS (M-G-M) Once again Tallulah Bankhead gets a tawdry, unimportant story. If you like Tallulah, you'll want to see her in this, as it may be her last picture. We promise that you'll like her performance and Robert Montgomery's, though not the story.

* * *

✓ **HALF NAKED TRUTH, THE** (Radio) Whizzing Lee Tracy in a fast moving story about a press agent who has more brilliance than discretion. Laughs, speed, a few smoky gags and a lot of Lupe Velez, without too much covering on. Yes, this is hot, and how! If you're squeamish don't go. If you're not, you'll have a beautiful evening.

* * *

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount) Very mediocre horse opera, notable only because it introduces Randolph Scott. He's likable but needs better stories.

* * *

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount) Small-town gossip almost ruins the life and love of a good gal (Nancy Carroll) but she wins her man in the end! You can skip this picture without missing much.

* * *

✓✓ **I AM A FUGITIVE** (Warners) Yes, this is brutal, this is harrowing, but you'll never forget it. *Never!* You'll feel as though you've lived through the ghastly horrors of the chain gang system this shows. Paul Muni is magnificent here. It's not for those with weak nerves, but every thinking adult ought to see it.

* * *

✓✓ **IF I HAD A MILLION** (Paramount) You'll get a variety of entertainment out of this one. It's composed of a series of episodes showing how eight different people react when given a million dollars apiece by an eccentric millionaire. The best of the episodes are those dealing with George Raft and Charles Laughton.

* * *

✓✓ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE** (Goldwyn) Well, it's about time, Eddie Cantor, that you gave us some more of your gorgeous tomfoolery. In this idioticly delicious story about a fugitive from justice who pretends to be a famous bullfighter, Eddie, you're great. And so is Lyda Roberti and your collection of gorgeous gals and tuneful ditties. Hallelujah!

* * *

✓ **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE** (Radio) Do you know the Little Orphan Annie comic-page pictures? Here they come to life, with Mitzi Green as Orphan Annie, to the great delectation of the youngsters. Adults will be only mildly diverted by this, but the kiddies will chortle with delight.

* * *

✓ **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (Paramount) A ten-round fight with a crooked opponent! Excitement, thrills! Sports racketeers and sure fire gamblers! Jack Oakie simply grand as a middleweight fighter! Don't miss this. It's elegant.

* * *

✓ **MATCH KING, THE** (First National) If for nothing else, this is notable for being so timely. It deals, of course, with the rise and collapse of a financial giant who builds his fortune on matches and trickery. Star Warren William is supported by a swell cast, including Lili Damita, who does a garbo all over the place.

* * *

✓ **ME AND MY GAL** (Fox) Spencer Tracy as a cocky waterfront cop steals this picture away from Joan Bennett, who's cast as a tough, pert little waitress. The story's just routine stuff, but it's been given such a nice production and Tracy does such a swell job, you won't mind.

* * *

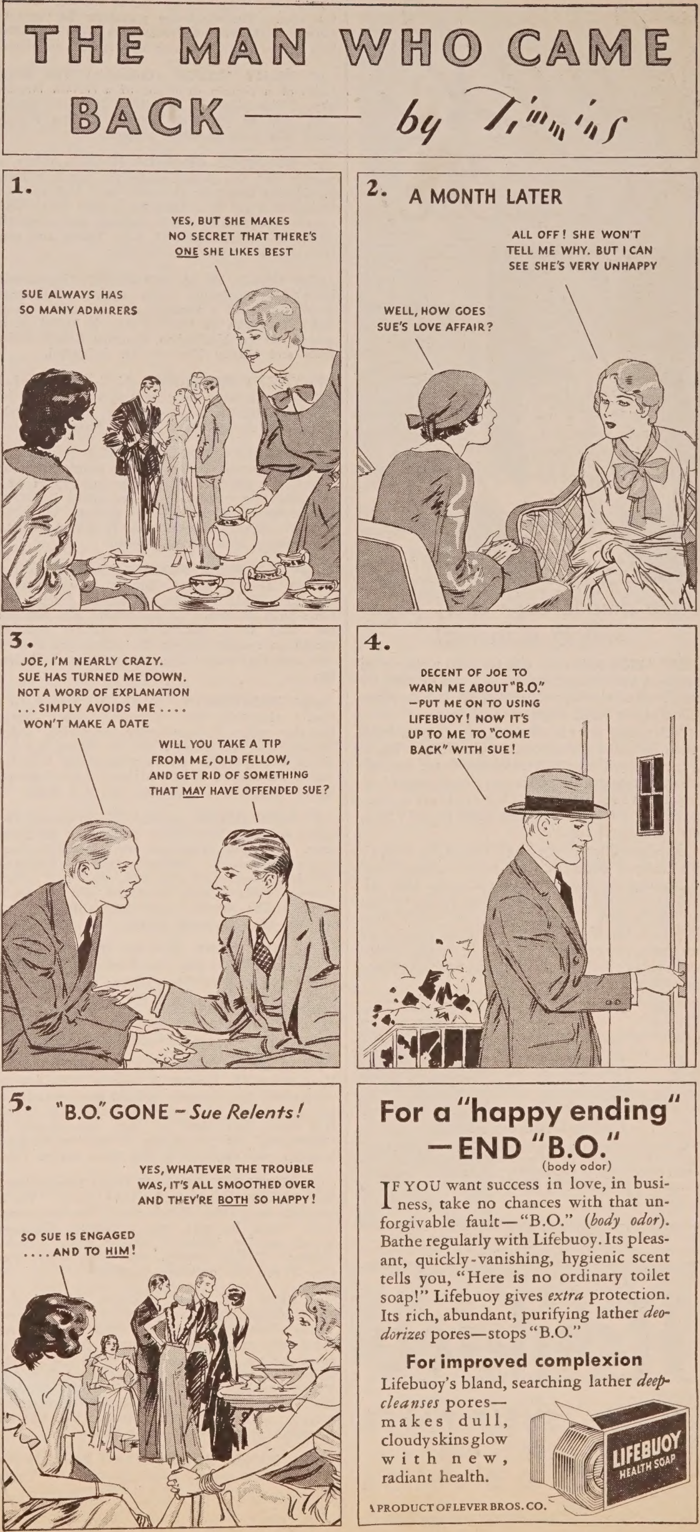
✓✓ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE** (Radio) This is exciting! It'll hold you breathless. The story's weird—about a mad Russian nobleman, tired of hunting animals, who hunts down humans instead. Leslie Banks is superb as this madman. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are excellent. The suspense during the scenes of the manhunt is almost unbearable.

* * *

✓ **MUMMY, THE** (Universal) Boris Karloff is rapidly becoming the best actor at horror stuff on the screen. "The Mummy" is nearly all Karloff, and he puts it over. The picture deals with an old Egyptian mummy that miraculously comes to life. Those who love eerie horror stuff will find "The Mummy" another big moment.

* * *

✓✓ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT** (Paramount) The picture that makes George Raft a star! With his suggestion of something sinister behind his


THE MAN WHO CAME BACK — by Timmins
1.
SUE ALWAYS HAS SO MANY ADMIRERS
YES, BUT SHE MAKES NO SECRET THAT THERE'S ONE SHE LIKES BEST
2. A MONTH LATER
WELL, HOW GOES SUE'S LOVE AFFAIR?
ALL OFF! SHE WON'T TELL ME WHY. BUT I CAN SEE SHE'S VERY UNHAPPY
3.
JOE, I'M NEARLY CRAZY. SUE HAS TURNED ME DOWN. NOT A WORD OF EXPLANATION . . . SIMPLY AVOIDS ME . . . . WON'T MAKE A DATE
WILL YOU TAKE A TIP FROM ME, OLD FELLOW, AND GET RID OF SOMETHING THAT MAY HAVE OFFENDED SUE?
4.
DECENT OF JOE TO WARN ME ABOUT "B.O." —PUT ME ON TO USING LIFEBUOY! NOW IT'S UP TO ME TO "COME BACK" WITH SUE!
5. "B.O." GONE – Sue Relents!
SO SUE IS ENGAGED . . . . AND TO HIM!
YES, WHATEVER THE TROUBLE WAS, IT'S ALL SMOOTHED OVER AND THEY'RE BOTH SO HAPPY!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

For a "happy ending" —END "B.O."
(body odor)

IF YOU want success in love, in business, take no chances with that unforgivable fault—"B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its rich, abundant, purifying lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

For improved complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—makes dull, cloudy skins glow with new, radiant health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

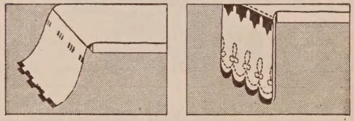
feel the edge!

New double-edge shelf paper simply amazing!

MISS ALICE HUGHES, the famous writer and fashion authority, whose advice is heeded by millions of thrifty women, describes Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper as follows:—

"Dressing your kitchen reaches a new high with Roylace Double-edge Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. It neither crinkles nor curls up, regardless of temperature changes due to cooking. Its texture resembles cloth more than it does paper, and it outlasts most shelf paper 4 to 1, by laboratory test."

Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper, because of its unique construction, resists grease and dust, and stays clean much longer! Like all Roylace Shelf Papers, it is but 5¢ a package at all 5 and 10¢ stores. There you'll find Roylace Shelf Papers in patterns quaint or modern, gay or demure—and in a wide choice of lovely colorings. Always, the name Roylace is embossed in the selvage.



Unlike Ordinary Papers

The double edge of Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper will not curl or quickly become messy and unsightly. This extra thick edge is a scientific, patented improvement controlled exclusively by Roylace.

Get a supply of Roylace Paper Doylies, too. These bits of lacy charm look so festive beneath your cookies or sandwiches, your fruits and desserts. And what a saving in laundry costs! Made by The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York City.

Roylace

SHELF PAPER
AND
DOYLIES

suavity, he looms up as one of the big bets of the year. The speakeasy proprietor he plays is George Raft. He lived this rôle. And oh, what love scenes there are with Constance Cummings!

☆

✓ **NIGHT MAYOR** (Columbia) The escapades of a certain ex-mayor of a certain largish city. The picture's a holiday for Lee Tracy. Boy, how he plays the part! Evalyn Knapp gives him some excellent support.

☆

✓ **NO MORE ORCHIDS** (Columbia) It's a wonder that this picture packs the punch it does, considering how trite the story is. Just another spoiled rich gal who falls for a poor lad! The story's redeemed by swell dialogue and excellent acting by Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and picture stealer Louise Closser Hale.

☆

✓✓ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME** (Universal) Here's the gorgeous satire against Hollywood which was such a triumph on the stage. Jack Oakie is a riot as the sap who is hailed as a genius. Aline MacMahon, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Sidney Fox are all delightful.

☆

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M) A morbid psychological study of a man tortured by guilt. Charles Laughton is superb as a murderer, but the picture is depressing without being great.

☆

✓ **PENGUIN POOL MURDER** (Radio) In which the movies discover that murder can be mixed with laughs aplenty. The mystery of who committed the murder in the aquarium is solved to the accompaniment of lots of fun. Wait till you see James Gleason and Hoss-Faced Edna May Oliver as a *romantic* team!

☆

✓✓ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE** (Paramount) This is clever, this is funny, this is original. What more do you want? Jimmy Durante pulls off almost all his clothes and smashes the radio while making the craziest political speech on record; George M. Cohan has a dual rôle and Claudette Colbert is pretty and charming.

☆

✓✓ **PROSPERITY** (M-G-M) Maybe it's mostly slapstick—this "Prosperity"—but Marie Dressler makes it seem pretty wonderful. Polly Moran is in the picture, too, of course, but it's Marie who gives us the most gorgeous laughter and a few tears. The marriage scene between Polly's daughter and Marie's son is a riot!

☆

✓ **RAIN** (United Artists) Worth seeing because of Joan Crawford's tremendous performance. As Sadie Thompson she absolutely dominates the picture. Walter Huston's Reverend Davidson is pompous and dull. His very colorlessness makes Joan Crawford all the more vivid. The drama itself suffers from being warmed over so many times.

☆

✓✓ **RED DUST** (M-G-M) Mammy, this is a hot picture! If you like them that way, sexy and with a lot of wow to them, you'll find this one of the swellest shows you ever saw. Clark Gable has a part at last that fits him down to the ground. But the way Jean Harlow struts her stuff is what'll get you.

☆

ROCKABYE (Radio) No picture in which Connie Bennett appears is ever a total loss to the Bennett fans, because at least they can admire her charm and the gorgeous gowns she wears. But that's just about all they can admire in "Rockabye." If you belong to the handkerchief brigade, you may get a few tears out of this.

☆

✓ **SHERLOCK HOLMES** (Fox) Here's Sherlock Holmes, modernized, 1933 style. You'll love the way Clive Brook plays Sherlock, especially when he gets into petticoats, disguises himself as Dr. Watson's maiden aunt. Laughs aplenty. Thrills aplenty, too. Yep, worth seeing, if you like detective dramas.

☆

✓ **SIGN OF THE CROSS** (Paramount) You'll either want to get up in the aisle and whoop about this, or you'll think it's just too much of everything—too many spectacles, too much acting, and too much piling up of the horrors endured by the early Christians in Rome. That's the background for a love tale between Elissa Landi and Fredric March. One thing everyone will agree on—and that is that Charles Laughton does a swell job as Nero.

☆

✓✓ **SILVER DOLLAR** (First National) The best historical picture since "Cimarron." Vivid, dramatic, colorful, it gives a brilliant picture of Colorado, in the eighties when fabulous wealth came from the silver mines. Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels are great. You'll get a high powered kick out of this.

☆

✓ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE** (Fox) An unusual idea. The story of a man who's been murdered by his political enemies and who's brought back to life for six hours by a new scientific device. If you like pseudo-scientific stuff you'll go for the way Warner Baxter plays this.

☆

✓✓ **SMILIN' THROUGH** (M-G-M) Norma Shearer moves triumphantly through the smiles, the tears and laughs of this. Norma plays a dual rôle and is breathlessly beautiful. What leading men she has too! Fredric March and Leslie Howard, no less, and are they great opposite her! Here's a clean, glorious romance.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable.

☆

✓ **TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY** (Fox) Janet Gaynor has a lot more than Charles Farrell to do in this re-telling of the well-known story of the girl who gets into trouble when she and her father help a girl-mother whose lover has been murdered. For Gaynor fans, this is another sweetness and light epic. Other moviegoers will find the story too old-fashioned.

☆

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio) An exciting book with a weird story made into a movie that's only fair. However, you'll enjoy the performances of Myrna Loy, Jill Esmond, Mary Duncan and the other women in the story.

☆

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners) Too many stories woven into one keep this from being topnotch entertainment. A grand cast has been wasted on this. It's a shame that such players as Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Warren William should have been put into a mediocre picture.

☆

✓✓ **TIGER SHARK** (Warners) Boy, this is thrilling! It's exciting, red-blooded he-man drama. Edward G. Robinson is magnificent as a Portuguese fisherman. Richard Arlen gives a sincere and effective performance. Zita Johann is an excellent actress, but she has not been photographed well.

☆

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox) Even Will Rogers doesn't like this. You can't blame him either. The picture, from the story "Jubilo," is feeble. Will Rogers' performance as a hobo is somewhat monotonous.

☆

✓✓ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE** (Paramount) Here's something as light as a feather, as fragile as a bubble, but so gaily is it directed by Lubitsch you'll laugh and chortle and howl and blush and giggle while Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall plan to rob a rich and lovely widow. And because the lovely widow is Kay Francis, you'll be held in suspense till the very end.

☆

✓ **20,000 YEARS IN SING SING** (Warners) A morbid but powerful film set against a prison background. You'll have to decide for yourself whether you want to see this kind of thing or not. The climax is the electrocution of the main character. Spencer Tracy gives a shuddery-grand character performance. The picture is terrifically strong.

☆

✓ **UNDERCOVER MAN** (Paramount) A better-than-average racketeer picture. George Raft, a young racketeer, becomes undercover man for the police to discover who murdered his father. After that, his spine-tingling adventures keep you in suspense to the very end. Nancy Carroll is pretty nifty in this one.

☆

✓ **WILD GIRL** (Fox) In spite of its title, this is an old-fashioned story told in an old-fashioned way. Joan Bennett is exquisite as Salomy Jane, and she has such perfectly grand leading men as Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell. For photography and scenery alone this rates a single check.

☆

✓ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL** (First National) The high spot of this is Joe E. Brown going into thinking interludes à la "Strange Interlude." He plays a poor nut who's mistaken for a swimming champ—and tries to live up to that title, because of a gal, Ginger Rogers. The swimming match he takes part in is probably the funniest ever shown on the screen.

Norma Shearer's Twelve Rules for Success

(*Continued from page* 59)

been poor and never be ashamed of it.

3. Really the greatest rule of success is to keep yourself fit. The poet Browning loved an invalid, that's true. But he was the rare exception who most certainly does *not* prove the rule. Health produces a glow—it produces enthusiasm. When we are really well, we will find a wealth of golden opportunities we would never be aware of if we were not in good condition.

The interesting woman is the woman who is *interested* . . . in other people. The dullest woman or man is the one who is bored with other people. Those individuals with too much introspection.

4. Which leads me to seem contradictory—*Don't make health a fetich.* I know of women who spend months and money running to psychoanalysts and fortune tellers and beauty parlors. Their own possible condition absorbs them to the exclusion of everyone and everything else. Which is a sickness in itself. *Keep away from fortune tellers and facials* is the gist of my fourth rule of success. There are things *not* to do, you see, as well as things to do. The mere thought and time and energy spent on these sterile schemes will *invite* ill-fate and wrinkles rather than prevent them.

5. It is obvious to say that we should always look our best. And no matter what your equipment is or what *you* are, you *have* a best and you can see to it that you look it. When you are feeling the rottenest put on the dress you like the most and spend more than the usual amount of time over your hair. *You'll find that you'll feel exactly as well as you look.* Try it! When you are feeling self-confident and sure of yourself is the only time you can dare to be a little bit casual and careless—and then you don't care to!

6. *Never be self-conscious.* I used to be. I know what a stumbling block to *any* success that malady can be. Work out of that ugly, stultifying state of mind if you have to make yourself over inch by inch. Never mind whether other people like you or not. Forget that. Get the feeling in yourself that *you* like *people,* enjoy being with them, are genuinely glad to see them and hear about them and you'll find that they'll like you without any question of a doubt.

7. *Never be bored.* That's so important. Boredom means that your mind is stale and the condition of your mind is reflected in your body and your face, even in your *hair.* Honestly it is. If you find yourself in danger of this affliction start in *deliberately* to think about other people. I don't mean to be a selfless little Pollyanna type going about the earth scattering rays of sunshine but I do mean to avoid too much self-concentration. I do mean to interest yourself in normal, *outside* things. Politics. Sports. Books. Listen to the radio when important people are talking about important things. Care about what is going on outside the four walls of your own little house of life. Take up tennis or golf or walking or swimming. I know of no mood, no depression that the sight of a green golf links, drenched with sun and swept by the four winds of heaven, will not cure.

8. *Never ask your friends for a job.* Just because you are a woman is no valid reason why you should do the things good business men avoid doing. A friend will get you, if at all, any job he or she happens to know about at the time. Probably a courtesy affair, of short duration. If you look for a job for yourself it will probably be something for which you are personally and individually equipped. Friends, I believe, are to give things to and to receive things from—but things that are neither bread nor stones nor cash nor jobs nor anything we can see with our eyes or touch with our two hands.

9. *Always hear what the other fellow—yes, even another woman—is saying.* An absent-minded woman is one of the most deadly things I know of. And too many of us have the absent-minded habit of listening with only half an ear to what is being said to us. We are thinking, no doubt, with the other half ear of what we had intended to do while shopping. What *was* that we meant to get for the baby, now? Shirts? No. Sweaters? Nooo—Shoes? Yes—but what size was it? *Form the habit of making notes, of writing things down.* Carry the things you have to remember on bits of paper instead of on bits of your mind and you won't be all cluttered up with confusing, half-remembered things and your attention will be yours to give.

10. In your home, keep in your mind's eye the thing you fell in love with before you married your husband. When you and he were "going together" he had some special magic for you. Well, he still has that special magic. Tell him about it now and then. Make him feel that he still possesses it. *He will live up to your ideal of his attractiveness.* If you are lax enough to allow daily custom to blind your eyes to that potent, unremembered magic of his *some other woman will see it.*

11. Don't take long vacations from your husband for purely selfish reasons. Men and women are and should be warm, vital, full-blooded human beings. Neither man nor woman, whether married or single, should ever cease to be attractive to the other sex. But being just that—warm-blooded and vital and aware—too-long absences are liable to make the man aware of some attractive woman near him and vice versa. One of the rules for a successful marriage should certainly be the remembrance that men are still men and women are still women after the marriage service has been read over them.

12. *Never remind your children that they owe you something.* The attentions and the love that your children give you should be spontaneous and never because they feel such demonstrations are their duty. If you are an agreeable, charming person; if you lead a gay and happy life they will want to share it with you, to touch it, to become part of it at times."

Wife and mother and star and friend . . . girl and woman and hostess and playmate . . . witty and wise and informed and honest . . . Is it, or is it not worth while to copy down Norma's Twelve Rules and discover what they will do for you?

HER FAULT?
"ENTIRELY," SAID MEN

Then HER OWN LIPS told her . . . what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up . . . she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much" . . . but *the wrong kind.* And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color . . . without the usual painted look!

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Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 66*)

heard in my life. He's the man who's put the polish on the voices of Gloria Swanson, Vivienne Osborne, Bob Montgomery, Vilma Banky and several others of this town's loveliest-voiced. But when I mentioned Gilbert, the Doctor shook his head. Gilbert, it seems, is one of the Doctor's failures.

"—and it's all because Meestair Geelbairt deed not have the ambeeshun to feeneesh what he undertook!" exclaimed the Doctor. (I said he had a lovely *voice*, dear, but I didn't say anything about his accent, did I?)

And that started my lesson. Because it seems, Ruth, that *the* secret of getting a good voice for yourself lies not in tricks, or saying sentences by rote, and things like that, but merely by hard work and constant application.

The first thing, he says, is to analyze your faults. Voice faults, after all, fall into a very few categories (that's a swell word, eh?) The commonest, by far, is the nasal-shrieky-strident tone so many of us Americans have. Maybe it's because we're trying to out-shriek the subway or the family Ford, I thought. But the doctor said no, it was merely a case of too-high tension. We Americans, he said, are temperamentally high-keyed. It manifests itself in the tautness of our speaking organism. It results in our characteristic nasal, twangy, squeaky voices—the very thing you and I, Ruthie, have wondered how to overcome.

He says you can do it yourself—and showed me. Told me to pick up a book or newspaper, and read aloud some paragraph, noting while I read it whether or not my voice was nasal, high-pitched, squeaky; whether I mumbled—that is, failed to move my lips, jaws, tongue adequately. And things like that. Your own common sense will tell you—even if your best friends won't, dear. Well, then—list those faults. Then all you have to do is to bear them in mind constantly—*constantly*, don't forget—and prevent yourself from repeating them in every utterance you make.

To overcome all faults of tone, the secret is always the same—RELAX. I tried it, and it's really amazing. Just sit down, and consciously allow your throat and mouth and face muscles to relax completely. Then, taking conscious and deliberate care not to tauten them again, start to talk.

Enunciate carefully, but not freakishly, he warned. Try it yourself—it's really simple. Don't try to talk loudly, because "trying" is what tightens up the nerves, runs up your voice pitch. Make your lips, jaws, tongue really work, instead of being "lazy" and just mumbling. When you have a consonant to say, *say* it, the doctor told me. And when you have a vowel, utter that vowel sound fully. We all confuse vowels, it seems. Where we should say "u" with a pure "u" sound as in "true," we are apt to pronounce it "troo," which isn't proper for a lady, or gentleman, either. And that goes for all the vowel sounds. B-e-e-u is pronounced that way, not "biu." In other words, don't slur. That's the whole "secret" of diction, as relaxation is the whole "secret" of voice.

But—and here's the catch—the thing is to establish the *habit* of talking well.

And the greatest hurdle, too, is the ridicule of one's friends. They'll notice you trying to talk in a better manner, and they'll kid you. Don't let them kid you out of it, warns Doctor Marafioti. Stick to what you're trying to do, until you establish the *habit* of talking well—and then you can forget it, because *habit* will take care of you.

That's where John Gilbert has failed. Gilbert was enthusiastic when he first took the doctor's course, and worked hard. You remember how his voice improved? But then he got overconfident, or lost ambition (Dr. Marafioti says this) and "forgot to remember." And the doctor is very, very sad, because he fears Jack Gilbert will never make the grade. (But then, there's Joel, isn't there, de-ar?)

Remember how we laughed at Bess, when she suddenly started broad-A-ing all over the place last summer? Well, it's all right to laugh at that, because broad-A-ing is *not* talking well, says the doctor—so you see, we were right. "It's ridiculous to imagine that false accents, affectations of speech like a broad A or an artificially low-placed voice, constitute good speech," is the way the doctor put it. We *all have* good voices—if we'll relax and give our natural voice a chance, he said.

Now, dear, that all sounds very simple. It's disappointingly unspectacular, isn't it? I rather hoped he'd give me trick sentences to say, and things like that. But there's nothing like that. It's just hard work and keeping-at-it, and darned if as I go along through life I'm not beginning to believe that after all, our school copy books, back there in P. S. No. 58, weren't right after all—"Work and Perseverance Spell Success," wasn't it?

The doctor told me some secrets, too—for instance, Dorothy Jordan has hired him to *kill* that gorgeous southern accent of hers! Can you imagine, Ruth? Dorothy says she's afraid her accent would limit her work, and she doesn't want that. So the doctor is training her to overcome that Dixie drawl. Ah think it's a shame, don't you-all?

I'm keeping this short after what you said about my "writing all over the place" last month. But honey, here's a tip (uh huh, GOSSIP!, and don't you LOVE it?): Watch one of Hollywood's "happiest married couples." Because there's liable to be an explosion any time. Because this "happily-married" wifie has the wildest and most unrestrained crush on—guess who!—Clark Gable. They're *still* going for him. Well, I'm not so sure about MYself, at that. . . .!

Love and hugs, dear. I'll write next month about how they teach the movie girls to be graceful when entering and leaving a room, posing for photographs, balancing tea cups and the rest of it. You'd be surprised how "inside" I've gotten, and how much I can tell you . . . ooo!

Always,
KATHRYN.

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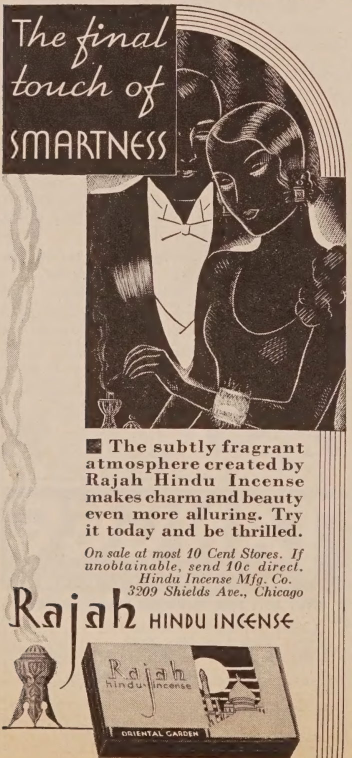
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The Jazz Madonna

(*Continued from page* 45)

and raise my hand up—like this—*I could not make that hand of mine come down*—it wouldn' move—see—it stuck up in that air, like this—I could'n touch that baby —*I couldn'*—then my mother got mad at me for bein' such a fool and she let fly her slipper at me and it hit the poor little kid in the head and she got her spanking that way—but I could'n touch her for my life—

"She doesn' have a nurse because my mother, her own grandmother, is there and she takes care of her. She fills my mother's life, too, because before that she didn' have anything to do. An' she goes everywhere with me.

"She goes to bed when she feels like going there. She has no regular what you call routine or schedule. Why should anyone sleep unless they feel like sleeping? *I* sleep when I feel like it, no matter what time the day or night it is—and so does she. Sometimes she stay up until eleven or twelve o'clock at nights. She goes to the movies with me, if she wan's to go. She sees anything I see. Or she plays the victrola or she dances for us. And can that baby dance and do the shimmy and wiggle her little hips around, like this! Sometimes she goes to bed at five or six o'clock, if she feel like that. Whenever she is ready to go up she goes by herself and puts herself in her little pajamas and gets into bed. And then I go up to her and hear her say her prayers.

"She eats when she feels like eating, too. She doesn' have any three meals a day, that stuffy breakfast, lunch and dinner way of eating. *I* eat when I am hungry, don' I? And I don' eat when I am not hungry, no matter what time of day it is. We have no regular meals at my house. We eat when we feel like eating and Joan eat when she is hungry, too. What other time should anyone eat?

"She can do whatever she wan's to do—that's my theory of bringing up a child and I don' care what the rest of the parents think about this. It's the only theory I got. I don' know anything about bringing up babies, but I do know that one. I wan' her to be a free and natural human being like God intend her to be. I wan' her, when she grows up, to do what she wan's to do, to be what she wan's to be. I don' care whether she scrubs floors or acts in movies or flies in a plane—if she wan's to do it that's all right with me.

"I love that baby—that's all the discipline I know. An' she has more respect for me than for anyone else in that house. She will do more for me than she does for anyone. If she do something bad for her I say to her, 'All right, I have been bad to you, have I? I haven' give you any nice things at all, huh? You wan' to act that way because I am bad to you, no?' And she puckers out her little lip and doesn't do it any more. I'm telling her I love her. I'm making her understan' that if a person loves you that's reason enough to do what they wan' you to do.

"An' she does love me. Do you know, when I am asleeping, that little child tiptoes all around my house? She goes out in the garden and plays with her toys, quiet like a little mouse, like this . . ." Lupe laughed . . . "One day I was sleeping and someone down in the living room was playing the radio. That baby goes into them and says, 'Turn that off, don' you know my Maw is asleeping?' Then she comes upstairs to me, *wakes me up* an' says, 'I tol' them to turn off that radio, Maw, 'cause you were asleeping!'

"She has airs, too, that one. She say to me the other day, 'You might not think I was a star's child at all, the way they act around here. I tell the gardener to pick up the bones the dogs leave around on the lawn and he doesn' pay any attention to me.'

"She is jus' like me, that one. You couldn' force her to do anything any more than you could force me to. If someone come to me and say, 'Lupe, you are to do this or that, at once,' I thumb my nose at that one. But if someone come and say, 'I love you very much, Lupe, and I would be happy for you to do this for me,' I break my bones to do that thing. Joan is jus' like that.

"I have started a Trust Fund for that baby of mine. When she is thirteen I wan' her to go to a convent until she is eighteen. And it will all be paid for in advance, the whole time there. I have fix things for her so she won' ever need for anything. I have fix my mother, too, so that if I die tomorrow she won' need to speak to anyone the rest of her life.

"I jus' love that baby and I wan' her to be happy. That's all I know about it. I wan' her to be happy in her own way, not in mine or anybody else's. I tell her what is good and what is bad and she can take her choice of those two.

"She is so cute, when she says her prayers at night she says, 'Please, God, bless my people at home and give them plenty bread and please, God, bless Grandma and please, God, *give Maw plenty work!'*"

This is Lupe as a mother—she jus' loves that baby—she jus' wan's her to be happy —well, philosophers have said less and used more words and I think home-town mothers should copy.

A	P	E	■	H	E	■	O	F	T	■	L	E	G	■	A	M	■	H	I	E
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T	O	S	C	A	■	E	L	L	■	T	I	T	A	N	■	O	T	T	E	R
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This is the answer to last Month's Cross Word Puzzle

Caught
RED
HANDED

COLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin . . . and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught . . . "red handed."

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White—Quick—Safe. Special 10¢ Size.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only $1
Permanently Destroys Hair

She Understands Love

(*Continued from page* 50)

She can even go that one better and can become absolutely "hot-cha." She can drop her natural poise and character and can turn into an absolute hoyden on a moment's notice if she wishes.

It has been said that it is hard to write stories about Irene Dunne.

She is an extremely easy person to talk to. She has some remarkably interesting opinions on a variety of subjects, and she is inclined to think about a great many problems which wouldn't interest the average woman. She'll talk about love, dahlias, golf, marriage, politics or theatrical work.

There is, for instance, a fable running around Hollywood that her marriage to Dr. Francis D. Griffin, dentist and manufacturer for dental laboratories, is "ideal." It is said that she and Dr. Griffin have worked out the perfect marriage relationship, which consists of racing across the country about six times a year so that they can have a few days together.

She becomes fiery when this subject is mentioned. First, because it is a private matter. Second, because she knows it isn't perfect.

"I love my husband," she told me. "He idolizes me. There is no happiness in our separation. I hope the time will soon come when we can be together. If you think it is enjoyable, try living three thousand miles away from one you love and see how thoroughly unsatisfactory four telephone calls a week, letters and gifts can be.

"I tell you this much about our marriage. We are in love *understandingly.* We have faith, absolute trust, terrific confidence in each other. Only one couple in a thousand could stand what we've been through in this series of separations, and could stand it only then if their plans were well worked out."

The last time I saw Miss Dunne, she was busy with J. Walter Ruben, the director, and two publicity men who wanted her to remain in Los Angeles for re-takes on "No Other Woman" and for a radio broadcast. She was busy telling them in no uncertain terms that at a certain hour on a certain day she was leaving for New York City and for her husband.

Her absolute refusal to remain had much of the quality of Sabra Cravat about it. *I don't think she herself realized how intense she was about getting away.*

I asked her one last question about this much-discussed long distance marriage.

"If you had your choice between your career and your husband, which would you choose?"

Without a moment's hesitation, she replied: "I'd choose my husband."

There is something "Cimarron," something "Back Street," about that. There have been dark moments in this "ideal" relationship, as the gossipers have it. Dr. Griffin, no matter how unhappy he is, at times, has never asked his wife to give up her singing, her work on the stage or in motion pictures.

But if he does——

Remember Yancey Cravat's demands in "Cimarron"? Remember John Boles' requests in "Back Street"?

When that request comes from the bottom of the heart, she will understand, and the roar of the crowd, the adulation, the career and everything else will be forgotten in one mad rush to unpack the silver wedding presents, the Swiss linens and the continental bric-a-brac which she and Dr. Griffin gathered in a honeymoon to Europe.

But, to go back to the screen and Miss Dunne's portrayals. She has been worried about her two great rôles, her newest rôles of mother love in which Charles Bickford plays opposite her.

"At first," she said, "I was worried about those rôles in which I aged. I was afraid of them, afraid of the public. But the public seems to accept my portrayals. I seem to be doing some good with them—and so I'll go on with them. I'm glad that I'm able to do them. I'm glad I can look into the soul of a man or a woman and give that soul to the screen.

"Of course, it *is* partly acting, as I've said before. I understand how the characters feel. But I have to stifle something of myself. You see, I'm part Irish, and I have a tremendous sense of humor. Both those parts, the wife and the mistress, lacked humor entirely. Perhaps, next time, there'll be humor in the rôle, and that'll make it so much better."

Miss Dunne is tremendously ambitious.

She has chosen a life of hard work instead of a life of teas and bridge parties.

It has been said that Irene Dunne is mysterious.

This is another misnomer. She is so normal, so perfectly poised, so self-sufficient, and so capable of keeping her own counsel that the legend has arisen.

Her early life is modest, polite. Nothing about it glares from the headlines.

HER father was Captain Joseph Dunne, head of the government steamship service at Washington, D. C. She was born on July 14, in Louisville, Kentucky. She went to grammar school and high school, fell in and out of love, and studied music religiously. Shortly after her birth, a younger brother was born, who is now in New York City.

At seventeen, she skylarked across the Ohio—and up and down it—on the good old show boat, "Trimble," singing and playing the leading rôle in "St. Cecilia." She studied in St. Louis, sang with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company at Forest Park there.

She was lifted to stardom in "Irene."

Flo Ziegfeld asked her to play the lead in "Show Boat."

"May I?" she asked her husband.

"You may," he replied.

She played the rôle for two years. William LeBaron saw her and asked her if she'd come to the coast for musicals with RKO-Radio. She asked her husband if she could go and he agreed.

That was early in 1930.

Irene Dunne is not exotic, not ephemeral, not epochal. She is an American girl who has led a quiet and cultured life, who feels deeply, who thinks deeply, who is naturally reticent, but who hides nothing—and a girl who understands love.

Jack Pickford's Strange Death

(*Continued from page* 12)

between her daughter and son-in-law, Marilyn denied it. There came a time, however, when further denials were fruitless. Then and only then did Marilyn go to Paris to get a divorce.

Jack married again—Mary Mulhern, a former Follies beauty (he seemed to have a way with them!), and told the world, "I am the luckiest man in the world." But that marriage also ended in the divorce courts. Jack Pickford apparently was one of those men who simply aren't meant for a happy marriage.

Disappointed and heartbroken, Jack went abroad. He had nothing to live for, and he knew it. He told a reporter who saw him in Paris just before he was taken to the hospital that the only perfect thing in the world was his sister Mary. "She is all that makes life worth living. Give her my love and tell her I am taking care of my health."

But with all the fight gone out of him, he didn't have the resistance to win his last great battle.

When Mary heard that he was dying she wanted to leave for Paris immediately. But the doctors told her it was too late.

Jack lay on his pillow in the hospital, trying to force a smile. He was alone, except for his nurse and secretary. And it was then he whispered, "I've lived more than most men and I'm tired, so tired! The world owes me nothing—now does it?" And the newspaper headlines shrieked in bold black type, "Jack Pickford Dead in Paris, Jest on Lips." They called that a jest.

The same strange nemesis that had pursued him in life pursued him in death. He had once said, "I hate Paris. London, sure that's a swell town. Berlin's okay, too. But Paris—not for me!"

He had many faults, as well as many virtues, but he paid to the last bitter drop for every one of them. He spent life too prodigally, lived life too fully, and so at thirty-six, he died an old man.

"I HAVE exactly the kind of house I want and I live just as I want to live," Bob Montgomery says in next month's Movie Mirror. Would you live as Bob does if you were a famous star married to a non-professional? The Montgomerys try to keep their home and the studio as far apart as possible. If you were in Bob's place would you want more or less excitement in your life? Either way around, you'll understand Bob better than you ever did before when you read about his home in the April Movie Mirror, on sale March 5

"Mother, *your hands are lovely* . . .
they're as young looking as mine"

FATHER thought so, too, as he watched the supple, youthful hands that all day long had been busy with homekeeping . . . with hot ovens . . . and hot water and scouring soap.

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THE E. E. HESS CO., BROOK, IND.

HESS WITCH HAZEL CREAM

Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page 69*)

He gave his thigh a resounding whack. His was mighty laughter. "Don't you know," he asked, "that little extra girls aren't supposed to sass big directors?"

His assistant came up. "Miss Morrow and the scenario writer are waiting . . ."

"Damn them," muttered Wallace, leaving Julie as abruptly as he had joined her.

On the sidelines of a library set Julie later watched Margot Morrow conferring with Tom Wallace and the scenarist.

"I could have a social secretary," Margot told them. "It could be this girl, wellborn and attractive, whom I find my husband embracing. Later it can develop they knew each other as children, that she's the impoverished sister of my husband's dead college chum. The embrace having been purely a sentimental one."

"Okeh," said Wallace. "We'll do that."

"And now," said the scenario writer, aware Wallace was chafing because of the delay, "now all you have to do is find somebody to play the secretary. That oughtn't take more than half a day."

"On your way out," Wallace told him meaningly, availing himself of this opportunity of exhibiting his flair for discovering talent, "tell that girl in black I want to see her. The one sitting over there reading. She's got more than looks. If she can't play the secretary, then I'm an Indian."

"Sit down," he ordered Julie when she came over. "I'm going to give you the chance of your life. We need somebody to play a social secretary. It's a bit but effective. Think you can do it?"

"I can try awfully hard," Julie told him.

"That's good enough for me," he said. "How does two days at fifteen per suit you?"

"Whatever you say, of course." Julie had no wish to quibble with her good fortune. She felt particularly favored in having her first bit with Wallace. She was sure she could count on him working with her, showing her the way. And the following morning when they began work he did this very thing.

"You're new on this social secretary job," he coached Julie, leading her on the set. "You don't feel quite at home yet. You need this job like the devil. You've been hungry. See? And being hungry's not the adventure it's cracked up to be. Take it from me."

"I know," Julie said tensely, "I know."

"You need this job so much," Wallace went on, "that you're pathetically eager to make good. Get the idea?"

Julie nodded and walked onto the set. She sat uncertainly on the edge of the chair. She looked several places before she discovered where the stationery was kept.

"That's the stuff!" bellowed Wallace. "Swell!" He had looked around to see if his company realized how shrewd he had been in choosing Julie.

Except for one or two technical suggestions Tom Wallace let her pretty much alone. He was enthusiastic about the emotion she brought to her work and her sensitive understanding of the character.

"Isn't she a honey?" he demanded of his assistant, his script-girl and his cameraman in turn. "Haven't I always told you it's the cool, quiet kind that have the greatest depth? That Julie's so afraid of her emotions she has to keep them restrained. Give me the quiet kind every time. I don't go for bottles of charged soda that effervesce over everything."

At two o'clock Julie was through. She would have enjoyed sitting on the cameralines watching the others work and had planned to do this but Wallace would not allow it.

"I've got work to do," he said. "And I find you a disconcerting petticoat. See? Go somewhere and see a movie. But be back at six. I'm going to have a look at the rushes. And if you're as good as I expect you to be I'm going to blow you to dinner."

In the driveway, on her way out, Julie met John Squires about to park his car. "Hello there," he said. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To the movies," she told him. "I have to kill time until six o'clock. Then I have to be back here to look at some rushes."

"You sound like a star." John held open the car door. "Come on, jump in. Tell me all."

She climbed in beside him.

"It's now two-thirty," he said. "What do you say to a run out to Malibu? We could have a dip. Jerry Tanner's away and I have the keys to his cottage. What do you say?"

"I'd love it," Julie told him.

Then breathlessly, for Julie was excited about her good fortune, she told how Wallace had chosen her to play a bit.

"I don't wonder you're excited," John said. "Wallace knows his stuff. And the company has confidence in him."

Miles receded under John's car. They passed the oil fields, the derricks in bold silhouette against the sky. They came to the Pacific stretching, deeply blue, to a vast and curving horizon. Breakers churned against the shiny, black rocks lying near the shore. There was the wild cry of gulls and kingfishers wheeling overhead. Still on and on they went until they came to the golden crescent of Malibu, separating the sun-baked hills from the deep blue sea.

The Tanner place was fairly small, a copy of a Mexican adobe house. Inside the walls were white-washed. Navajo rugs were spread on the floor. Masculine things stood about. There were charred logs in the big fireplace. From the variety of bathing paraphernalia hanging in a hall closet Julie and John had no trouble making their selection.

"Let's hurry," John said, "so we can have our swim with the sun high. You dress in Jerry's room."

In no time at all he was calling, "Ready . . . ready, Julie?"

She came out to join him, a white cap loose about her lovely young head, a white suit marking the tender curves of her young body.

"In that cap," John said, "there's something chaste about you. You're like a nun. But your body curves warmly. Like a siren's."

They ran down to where the beach

gleamed in the wash of the waves and foam lace clung to the sand. With a happy little exclamation Julie slipped into the water and started swimming with a clean, sure stroke.

John kept beside her. Out beyond the breakers the swell of the waves lifted them and gently let them down again. Finally, tired and dripping, they threw themselves on the sand.

"Happy, Good-looking?" John wanted to know.

"Frightfully happy," Julie told him.

They talked then, as these two must, of those things they wanted from life. Of their ambitions. Of the compromises you must make with your very dreams when you are poor.

"Now that you're close to success and wealth," Julie asked John, "do you want it as much as ever?"

"More than ever," he assured her vehemently. "Money buys beauty.

"Right now," he went on, "by way of example, I can see you in the sort of things you should have. Soft, tawny, velvet things, made simply. With sapphires for your ears and fingers." He considered a minute, then he said, "I wouldn't want anything at your throat. It's so pale and proud. And I love the little pulse that beats there."

"Are you," Julie asked, "making love to me?"

"Have it your own way," he said. As always he managed to keep the relationship between them essentially casual.

"You are then," Julie said. "And I like it. I like it a lot."

The sun getting low, losing its warmth, reminded them of the time. They flew into the house and stood staring incredulously at the hands of John's watch which indicated twenty-five past five. By half-past they were dressed. And on the way back his speedometer often registered sixty.

"We've got to make it," John kept saying. It was almost as if he talked to himself but the wind whirled his words to Julie. "We've got to make it! You can't afford to offend Wallace. If you're late he may get it into his head that you're flighty and undependable. And there's no way I could ever make that up to you."

He wasn't nearly as concerned over the possibility of his being late for the conference with B. T. Brady.

* * *

The firelight flashed on the old silver teapot, warm and smooth under Julie's hand. And the eucalyptus logs burning on the hearth filled the room with a spicy fragrance.

"One day," planned Julie, still adding to her dream, "I'll have a room like this. A casual room. With chintz curtains to close out the dusk. With books crowding open shelves. With autographed pictures of famous friends in silver frames. And flowers from my own garden."

It was Hortense Lombard's living-room in which she sat. Every day when Julie wasn't busy in the studios she came here to be instructed in the many things she needed to know if she was to get anywhere on the screen.

Julie had been effective as the social secretary in the Margot Morrow picture. As Tom Wallace, now her ardent boy friend, had put it, she had clicked. And Apex, believing she had potentialities, had

THE NEW "MYSTERY MAN" OF THE MOVIES

There's a mysterious new star rising—this time in the West. Though he has appeared in the lead of only two or three pictures, he already gives promise of being one of the outstanding movie personalities of the future. Directors find him most difficult to work with. His manner is unlike that of any other outstanding screen hero. Yet his charm is amazing, his buoyancy contagious. Don't miss the article in *Movie Mirror* for April containing the gripping account of the romantic, adventurous life and glamorous character of Lee Tracy.

Fictionization of "Today We Live" Joan Crawford's Next Picture

Reports are that it will be the greatest Crawford picture ever produced, story by William Faulkner, which affords opportunities for this vibrant young actress to exhibit all her versatility, charm and acting ability. And as told in story form in the April *Movie Mirror* you will have as gripping a tale as you have read in many moons.

With Movie People in Their Homes

Every month *Movie Mirror* brings you a fascinating illustrated article on one of Hollywood's famous homes. In the April issue we have featured the home of Robert Montgomery, one of the most beautiful and tastefully decorated homes on the Pacific Coast. It is an article which may give you hints and suggestions for the decoration and arrangement of **your own** home.

Hollywood's "Perfect Ingénue"

A clever feature in the April *Movie Mirror* is this skit on the "perfect ingénue"—all the things the "perfect ingénue" never does—with spicy illustrations by Irving Hoffman.

MOVIE MIRROR for April

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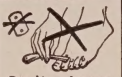

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April Issue Love Mirror Movie Mirror On Sale March 5th

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put her under contract. She received fifty dollars a week and played any part assigned her.

"You have nothing to lose by signing, Honey," Tom Wallace had assured her the night he had taken her to dinner at the famous inn where steaks are broiled over coals and real Canadian ale is served in pewter tankards. "It gives you security for three months anyway, a chance to learn something. Why, the coaching you'll get from Hortense Lombard alone should make it worth your while."

When Julie had written home that she was studying with Hortense Lombard her mother had been very much impressed. She remembered Hortense as a Broadway star.

Now Hortense played an adventuress or the mother of a débutante, but her greatest value to Apex was the subtle color and distinction she was able to transmit to the men and girls whom they wished groomed for a possible stardom.

"Let's try it once again, Julie," she said now, coming back from the telephone. "Verse really seems to have meaning to you. Beauty too. Nine out of ten people read it as if it was nothing in the world but gibberish."

Julie picked up the Morrocan bound copy of "Reading Gaol." She read aloud:

"And all men kill the thing they love,
"By all let this be heard,
"Some do it with a bitter look,
"Some with a flattering word,
"The coward does it with a kiss,
"The brave man with a sword!"

"You're getting it," Hortense interrupted after a swift glance at her wrist-watch. "You're using more tones all the time. And your diction is much better. Now, run along. You have to dress for 'la gr-ande partie'. And so do I.

"And remember, Julie, don't think of wearing all the orchids Tom's sure to send you. He's an old dear. But he has yet to learn that a girl going out to dinner doesn't want to look like a gangster's funeral."

THE Smithers-Lovely house where the party was held crowned one of Hollywood's seventy-seven hills. It looked like a mediaeval castle. Before the main entrance in a cobbled courtyard an old well-head, from Spain, stood under a pepper tree. There were tennis courts. The swimming pool, like a great slab of jade, was sunken amid flaming gardens.

It was the first time Julie had seen John since that day at Malibu. And so much had happened in the meantime that it seemed an even longer time ago than the calendar recorded it. There had, however, been a letter from John when she had signed her contract, a letter of congratuation, warm and friendly.

Now John, catching Julie's eye, smiled.

"When are those two going to get married?" demanded Tom Wallace, nodding down at John and Mabel.

"Maybe they're not going to get married at all," Julie suggested, bridling although such a marriage would no longer affect her interests one iota. Julie now was in a position where by dint of hard work, study and application she could do a great deal for herself. And for a friend at court she had Tom Wallace.

At the head of the table Old Smithers smiled his meager smile.

"What do you think of him?" Wallace asked.

"He's my host," Julie parried with a smile.

"What . . . do you . . . think . . . of him?" Wallace persisted.

"I don't like him even a little bit," Julie whispered confidentially. "His eyes are the coldest I've ever seen in a human head. They're like the sea in winter."

"That's perfect," Tom said and his laughter filled the room. "I love you, Julie. Know that?"

Under the table Julie returned the pressure of his hand.

A hundred times in the last few weeks Tom had told her he loved her. She waited for the proposition or proposal inevitably to follow. Whichever it turned out to be, as far as her career was concerned, she knew what she would answer.

In the ball-room candles flamed in crystal chandeliers. Behind a screen of smilax and jasmine was a famous orchestra brought down from San Francisco especially for this occasion.

A list of the guests read like "Who's Who in Filmland." There was Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown.

Julie danced with young Doug. Norman Foster too. Less than a year ago the stars had been attractive shadows and famous names to her. Now she found them warm and friendly and stimulating.

However, even while she danced with young Doug her eyes went seeking John.

She willed that John come over and ask her to dance. Whether or not that had anything to do with it, in another few minutes he stood before her. She stepped into the circle of his arms. The music was "Two Hearts That Beat in Three-Quarter Time."

"I'll be on the terrace having a smoke," Wallace said.

"It's been a long time since I've seen you," Julie told John, a little reproach creeping into her voice.

"Nevertheless," John said, "I've managed to keep track of you. I even looked your contract over before it went through, to make sure it was all it should be, that our lawyers hadn't inserted any of their tricky clauses.

"You didn't really," Julie said, delighted.

"I did," John insisted. "I know you have Tom to look out for such things but I had a look at it anyway . . ."

The dance over, they sauntered outside, down the shallow stone steps to the dark fragrant garden. Above was the vault of the heavens strewn with the gold of stars. Below was Hollywood, a vault of darkness strewn with the gold of lights. The garden hung there, suspended between the two.

"I wonder sometimes," John said, "how it would have been if you and I had met years ago. I have a notion we might have fallen for each other. Hard. And now . . ."

"And now," said Julie softly, "you're an ambitious and successful motion picture executive about to marry the president's daughter . . . "

"And you," John went on, "are ambitious

too and a potential motion picture star and about to marry a famous director . . ."

Neither of them denied what the other said.

Faintly on a breeze came a drift of music. Another dance had started. On the terrace Julie could see the glow of Tom Wallace's cigar. And when it waxed brighter with an increasing frequency she knew very well it was because he drew on it impatiently.

"I think we'd do well to go back," she said.

On the terrace beside Tom, Mabel waited.

"Hurry, Johnny," she called. "This is our dance." Her eyes slid around to Julie and they were as cold and hard as broken glass.

"I trust," Tom said when Mabel and John had gone inside, "that you had a good time in the garden."

"But . . . why?" Julie had to pry his arm away from his side to slip her arm through. He had turned wooden with his displeasure.

"Quit trying to act simple," he growled. "John's Mabel's man. And she's a power behind the throne at Apex. You two going off alone in the garden didn't please her any."

"I could tell that," Julie said, "by the way she looked at me."

"I didn't see her look at you any special way," Tom complained. "You women! You've a language of your own, just like animals."

He drew Julie down the shallow stone steps to the dark fragrant garden. Beside a sunken pool they found low garden chairs.

"Baby," he said, "I'm nuts about you. I want you to marry me. See! Next month I've got to run over to Paris. Look over a French star Apex may sign up. *Depends on what I think of her!* My divorce'll be final while I'm over there. You could join me. See! And we could have a little honeymoon before coming home.

"What do you say, Baby?"

Now the pattern of living for which Julie had risked everything was within her grasp. Married to Tom Wallace, even if she didn't succeed in the studios where she was, after all, only fighting to make a place for herself, she would be rich. Married to Tom Wallace, she would escape the drab, dreary life from which she had run away, preside over a beautiful home, have clothes from Paris, servants, cars and jewels, stop at the best hotels, travel de luxe . . .

What if her heart did cry out for John Squires? To seek John meant ruination. Julie knew how quickly Mabel Brady would work against her once she felt her to be a rival. And even if she could win John away from Mabel, what then? Would he ever forgive her for costing him the high place he would enjoy as old Brady's son-in-law?

What if she didn't love Tom? She liked him. Furthermore, hadn't she long ago discovered love to be nothing but a fever that gets in your blood and won't let you be? Hadn't she seen the way love had tricked people, making them forget that, after all, they were living in a practical, material world?

"What do you say, Baby?" Tom pressed.

(*To be continued.*)

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The True Aline MacMahon

(*Continued from page* 51)

when you've her sense of values, her love of work and the rewards of that rather than a hankering for parties and desires for mansions that might be a Maharajah's and a yearning for newer and more deceptive thrills. You've heard so much of Hollywood's scandals and frustrations, of the tawdry living and even more sordid dying there that you didn't know this other Hollywood existed. By its own publicity the infamy of its commercialism, its nasty back fences smeared with innuendo and smut, spread raucously to Europe where I had been living and working for eight years. That's why I was surprised at Aline's enthusiasm for Hollywood. No, Aline didn't invent the other, better side. It's there for those who "can take it."

And what does that kind of life, Miss MacMahon's life in Hollywood mean? What is a typical day on the job like? First, waking at six—which demands, as a rule, that you get some of that famous beauty sleep before midnight. A light breakfast, probably in bed, the usual morning toilet, being driven to the studio where you must make-up and have your hair "coiffed" by nine o'clock when work on the set starts. This lasts until twelve when you get an hour—yes, one hour—for lunch. You work until 5:30, then the "rushes" (yesterday's scenes) are shown until six, which is dismissal time and you go home. You may have dinner with your family or friends, or go to the movies yourself. Aline never misses any pictures in which Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson or Emil Jannings is playing.

And on Saturday night, when you naturally thought your screen favorites were having a whale of a good time—what are they actually doing? Well, they're in the studio working until one or maybe two o'clock in the morning because they won't be working on Sunday!

These are all the little reasons why Miss MacMahon likes Hollywood . . . And for ten years before she was invited to join a Hollywood cast she had been on the "legitimate" stage. So she knows her Broadway and the road. Miss MacMahon isn't unreasonable. She knows that theaters must put their performances on at night and that actors must sleep days. But she prefers the more normal Hollywood life.

Her blue eyes flashed happily. They were the same color as her blouse which showed from a tweed suit of burnt orange, a pretty foil for her chestnut brown hair. We were sitting on the balcony. Twelve stories below lay Central Park, New York's bit of green, a substitute for Hollywood's gardens. The cold finally drove us into the spacious living room, comfortably, unobtrusively furnished. There was that same warm hospitality for her friends that I had enjoyed in her parents' home, a home which they had expressly moved from Brooklyn to within a stone's throw of Columbia University when she became a student there.

Aline was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, but was taken to New York as an infant. She was an only child, the family had means. Not great wealth, which is usually as damaging to character as poverty, which humiliates and warps so many. Her father, William MacMahon, was the editor of *Munsey's Magazine* and had formerly been connected with the *Associated Press*. Her mother is a woman of rare charm and poise who made her home her career.

At the age of twelve Aline knew she wanted to go on the stage. She took elocution and dancing lessons. Her parents weren't scandalized. She made her first public appearances in the Wanamaker Auditorium in New York, reciting poems by James Whitcomb Riley and Alfred Noyes. And she was paid for them too! While at Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, she took part in the dramatic activities. In 1916 she entered Barnard College where she won the popularity her personality and her abilities merited. In her Freshman year she was chosen chairman of Greek Games, the traditional and biggest event of the year. She was elected President of her class during her Sophomore year—and you know what that means. Of course, she was a prominent member of Wigs and Cues, the dramatic society. She played Barrie's "Rosalind" and Maggie Shand in his "What Every Woman Knows." She took part in Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" and in her own "The Way Out." She wrote that one-act play for the course in dramatic writing and it was her appearance in that play that won her one of her best connections after graduation. It was a tragic playlet, high-brow like all the other dramas she'd played in. All of which would seem to be a handicap, for a stage career for Broadway is notoriously non-intellectual. And as for the road, and the movies!

Aline got her taste of that immediately. She joined the Yorkshire Stock Company and did "bits." For one month. She could afford to leave. She didn't have to support herself, nor did she have anyone dependent on her. And she had her sympathetic, enthusiastic parents. She then got a minor rôle in "The Mirage" in which Florence Reed was starring. She played in that for six months, going to London with the company. Then she returned foot-loose. One day the janitor told her he had a letter for her. In fact, he'd had the letter four months ago, but somehow it had slipped down the elevator shaft and he'd just recovered it while cleaning and fussing about down there. It was from the Neighborhood Playhouse, dated four months back, requesting that she come and join their company because they had seen her in "One Way Out." And in spite of the date, in spite of everything, Aline up and went to the Neighborhood Playhouse and got the job!

For three years she worked there, appearing in plays by Yeats, Shaw and Granville Barker. Good, hard work, but somewhat isolated, surely very far from Broadway and Hollywood. But excellent schooling, not only in acting but in modesty, in working for small rewards both in popularity and salary. The hard schooling Aline liked. Then they put on the "Grand Street Follies" in which Aline did impersonations. And attracted Broadway's attention. The production moved up-town. Lee Shubert saw Aline, her burlesque of Gertrude Lawrence was especially masterly, and he contracted her to play in "Artists and Models" at the Winter Garden.

Later she appeared in "Once In a Lifetime." Aline was asked to join the Coast company to play May Daniels in the last play and no sooner was she there than Mervyn Leroy saw her and engaged her for her first screen part, the secretary in "Five Star Final."

That was a year ago. And during the last year she has worked in eight pictures, doubling up on a rôle but once, steadfastly refusing to become typed, Holly*wooden*. The directors recognized her talent. She gives a part something only Aline MacMahon can give, she lives the part, never over-acting, never relying on mannerisms. She's level headed, poised, balanced as she is in real life. And these are things no actress can learn just for a part! She has, now, no nostalgia for the stage.

"I like pictures. They give me more scope, more parts, more problems. That's the advantage of Hollywood over Broadway. There's more variety in a day's work as compared with the theater.

"It's tremendously satisfying, reaching so many people, giving them your best work, people who would never see you on the stage. The other day while shopping at Macy's I heard one salesgirl exclaim to another, 'Why, that's Aline MacMahon—and she's wearing the same hat she wore in the picture.'

"I felt terribly guilty, of course, but pleased," she added candidly. And why shouldn't she be pleased? Hasn't she succeeded, on the foundation of ten laborious and sometimes discouraging years, in establishing herself as a first-rate actress without sacrificing her integrity as an artist? And she's another of those flaming, infrequent examples that it can be done in Hollywood! That's the glamour surrounding Aline MacMahon, and that's glamour enough for one person, I think.

I'd feel more comfortable if I could point out a flaw, a fault or two in Aline; it would be less embarrassing and more like myself than penning a pæan of praise. But I don't know of any. And that puts me, captious person that I am, in a quandary. Until I happened—in the middle of writing this article, cross my heart—to pick up the September number of Movie Mirror and read "Going On With My Life" by Loretta Young. You remember how she found solace after tragedy in work, hard work? And she says, "I came to know and admire a girl who played in 'Life Begins'—Aline MacMahon. She typified my ideal of womanhood. I don't care for good looks, especially in a woman, for any woman can acquire beauty. I do love character. Aline has it."

Thank you, Miss Young, for helping me out. For coming out so straightforwardly with your unqualified praise. I agree with you that she hasn't a "li'l gurl" face, and that her looks are not the most striking thing about her. But James Chapin, who painted her portrait, found her an excessively satisfying model, finding as great beauty in the rhythm of her contour as in the more conventional forms of loveliness. The camera is only just discovering it.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 25*)

Additional Notes from Cupid's Memo Pad

—After being away from Hollywood for eleven months, Norman Kerry, suave heavy, returned recently with his brand new bride. She was Helen Mary Wells, ex-wife of a New York broker. But they have separated already.

—Fifi Dorsay has a new boy friend. Oh, that's not news, but anyway, it's interesting to note that he's from Argentina. What a combination—that French Fifi and the Argentinian lover. Whoooooooo!!!

—Did you know that Director Edwin Carewe and wifie (who used to be Mary Akin of the silent days) have a new seven-pound-baby girl in their home?

Here's Your Monthly "You-Guess-Who"

What famous star sat at her home telephone not long ago, talking with her lawyer about the legal proceedings which were under way toward adopting a baby, and said:

"Say, listen! You know *exactly* why I don't want to sign those 'abandonment papers,' you dumb so-and-so's!" (Only she didn't say "so-and-so's," exactly!)

And, incidentally, wonder "exactly why" she refused to sign the papers?

When Sisters Cease to Be Sisters

Not even sisterhood interferes with Hollywood's race to be "first" and "most exclusive" and all that sort of thing. And so, the other day, Joan Bennett's secretary was motoring about Beverly Hills with a real estate agent, looking for a house for Joan to rent.

They passed one with a big FOR RENT sign out.

"I don't suppose you'd want to look at that one?" the agent asked.

"Why not?" asked Joan's secretary.

"Well, you see, Miss *Constance* Bennett once occupied it."

"No," no-ed the secretary; "No indeed! No, we won't even bother to *look* at it . . . !"

Kate Smith, the 200-plus-pound radio star who went to Hollywood to make a movie for Paramount, gave the town's wits and nitwits a new gag-basis. One was the story about the man who refused to meet Kate, "because he didn't like crowds."

Typographical Error of the Month

It was in a story about a certain star who's notorious for his affairs and marriages and divorces and so on. The line originally read: "This great star . . ." When it came out in print, it read: "This great stag . . ."

Let it stand!

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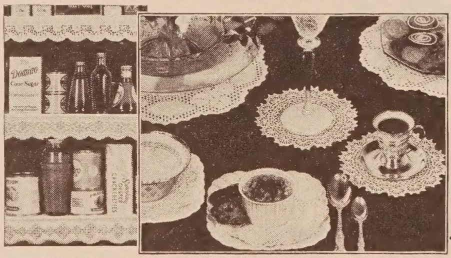

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Central Airport

(*Continued from page* 55)

"He's six foot two and very handsome and is he jealous!"

"Yeah?" Scowling, Jim banged into the driver's seat and devoted himself to starting the car.

Suddenly, Jill's hand grasped his arm. "Oh, no—no!"

Jim looked at her questioningly, followed her horrified eyes and saw the stunting plane stagger drunkenly. Its wings crumpled and the plane spun crazily toward the earth completely out of control.

"Buster!" Jill screamed, tears pouring down her cheeks. "Buster!" she sobbed, burying her face in shaking hands. "He—Buster is my brother."

Jim's mouth twisted in the old bitter lines. "Steady, kid." The car raced toward the fair ground. A morbid crowd of spectators formed a circle around the blazing plane.

"Buster," Jill wailed. Frightened, sympathetic eyes turned on the grief-stricken girl. The flames from the plane hit her in the face. "Buster," she choked, swayed and with a moan, collapsed to the ground.

Jim stooped and, picking her up in his arms, carried her to her tent.

It was a hushed, tragic afternoon. Jim stayed near the girl but she had herself in control now. His admiration of her burned to a deeper emotion. Her fine courage stirred him, drew him to her. He had to know more about her. And that night they talked.

"What," he asked gently, "are you going to do now?"

She pushed the curly hair from her forehead wearily. "Stay on with the show, I guess. What else," wearily, "is there to do? Pop Wagner says he'll pick up another—another pilot somewhere."

Jim lit a cigarette, smoked thoughtfully. "Do you think your Pop Wagner would hire me for that pilot job? I'm Jim Blaine. Maybe you've heard of me."

Jill frowned. "Blaine? Jim Blaine? The fellow who—"

Before she could finish, he reached down and put his finger on her lips. "Yeah," low, "the fellow who. I haven't flown since the accident but listen," in a sturdier voice, "I had forty-four hundred hours on my ticket of clean flying before that accident. Maybe your boss would hire me if you'd take a chance on me."

Jill's eyes were moist. She dropped her hand in his. "Sure. I'll take a chance, Jim."

Thus it was that Jim Blaine went back to his great love—flying—and through the west and the southwest the Collins air circus continued to entertain townspeople with pilot Blaine stunting and Jill doing her parachute jump. Between Jill and Jim, friendship grew into love, quite naturally, quite simply. When they checked in at the hotel at Fresno they had adjoining rooms and that night, Jill did not lock her door.

The air circus arrived in Pomona. Together, Jim and Jill taxied to the hotel.

Later Jim and Jill had dinner together, and after ordering, Jim picked up a newspaper beside his chair and suddenly exclaimed: "Well, I'll be—." He leaned toward Jill, serious, and showed her the story he had been reading. "My old buddy, Hank Ferguson, who's been flying the mail out of Cleveland, laid his ship down for the last time. Cracked up in a fog." He shook his head. "Leaves a wife and two kids. A fellow who flies for a living has no right to get married."

Jim continued: "My motto's 'love and light.' Anybody who makes a living in the air can't afford the responsibilities that go with a wife and kids."

Jill listened, realizing he was directing his words more at her than to her.

He went on doggedly. "I made up my mind to that a long time ago. People like you and me have to get our happiness like we're getting it now—on the loose."

Jill withdrew her hand from his. "Suppose," quietly, "you are a flyer and are in love—what then?"

"Because you're hungry," he argued, "you don't have to buy a restaurant."

Jill struck a match, her fingers unsteady.

"Anyway," he squared his shoulders, "we're doing all right at it is. Come on, let's dance."

But the evening had become meaningless for Jill. The future was meaningless, too. She had given herself to Jim because she loved him and he loved her. She had expected more than a motto in return. And that night, she locked her door.

Jim tried the knob. He knocked. "Jill?" no answer. "Jill?" he repeated. "Is anything wrong?"

The girl slipped into her pajamas. "Nothing is wrong, Jim."

"Then why don't you open up and tell me what it's all about?"

"You know what it's all about."

"Let me talk to you," he urged.

Jill switched off the light and got into bed. "There's nothing left to talk about."

"There's plenty to say," angrily.

"Then wait till morning and say it. Good night, Jim."

Morning found Jill up very early. She had slept wretchedly, but she had decided on her course of action. She would not continue an intimacy that Jim accepted so casually. She loved him. She was confident he loved her. If she had so willingly compromised herself for her love, then he must compromise his opinion of marriage for his love.

Dressing hurriedly, she went down to the hotel coffee shop and ordered a breakfast which she could not eat. She was alone until a slim, bronzed youth with wavy black hair entered to purchase cigarettes. Jill did not see Neil Blaine, but Neil was quick to see her. He stared at her enraptured and in his excitement completely forgot his cigarettes and change.

Jill had neither eyes nor thought for the smitten youth. Not until the waitress had taken his vague order for breakfast did she become aware of the boy's presence. It startled her for a moment to gaze into his rapt eyes. Then she smiled faintly, and calling for her check prepared to leave.

Neil twisted around in his chair, watching her. At the cashier's desk, she looked back and was mildly amused to find she was a little flustered by this whole-hearted adoration. Neil dashed after her, paying his check on the run. He discovered her in the small hotel lobby. Jill bit her lips to keep from laughing and disappeared around the desk. Neil pursued her and came up short before a door marked LADIES. Chagrined, he turned away, strolling about impatiently, but keeping a cautious eye on the door.

Jim Blaine espied his brother as he was coming down the stairs. A glad smile wreathed his lips: "Hey—Bud!"

"Jim!"

They gripped hands. "You've grown, Neil," Jim mussed the boy's hair, grinning. "Look like a million to me, fellow. Come on and breakfast."

Neil held back. "Not right now. I don't want to lose sight of her."

Jim threw back his head and roared. "You just got here and have taken a nosedive already, huh?"

Neil defended himself. "Well, she's a swell number."

"Uh-huh," razzingly. "Where is she?"

"Er—in conference," he jerked his thumb toward the intervening door.

"Well," chuckling, "she's got to come out some time."

Neil's face was beaming. "Look—there she is."

Jill walked demurely toward them.

"Come on," Jim dragged the hang-back Neil forward, "we'll pretend we know her. Hello, good lookin'."

Jill gazed up at them beneath lowered lashes. "Hello."

"This is Neil," Jim introduced, "the little brother. Neil, the partner in crime—Jill Collins."

Neil sighed robustly. "Your partner! Say, any time you want to pick a partner for me, Jim, you've got the job."

"Listen to it," Jim teased. Then, looking Jill straight in the eye: "How do you feel this morning?"

"Exactly as I felt last night," coolly.

Neil was puzzled. "Were you ill, Miss Collins?"

She flushed. "Sort of."

Jim changed the subject hastily. "Well, Bud, are you fed up with flying yet?"

"Me?" dourly. "I'm not, but they've given me a ground job at the factory and I'm sick of it."

And so it was hardly strange that when Jim was badly injured shortly afterwards while trying to stop a runaway plane, Neil volunteered to substitute for him until he was able again to join the air-circus. Jill approved, so the air-circus moved on to its next town, leaving Jim to recuperate in Pomono.

"Keep me posted on the jumps," Jim begged, "and as soon as they let me out of this bone factory I'll join you, and remember," to Neil, "take it easy."

"Don't worry," cockily. "I can take care of myself."

"Yeah," soberly, "but you have somebody else to take care of now."

"And will I love it!" gleeful.

"I mean in the air," Jim reproved. He considered Jill wistfully. "How do you feel now, Jill?"

She looked away from him. "We'll talk about that, Jim, when you're feeling better."

Jim had to be satisfied with that unsatisfactory answer. He had to be satisfied, also, with a handshake. He had to watch the two of them leave together, arm in arm. He loved Jill Collins. He wanted her as he had never wanted anything in his life. He knew it now.

But it was a month before Jim was able to leave the hospital. The first thing he did was to purchase a wedding ring. The next, to board a passenger ship enroute to El Paso. Jill didn't know he was coming. His arrival was only half his surprise. The ring was the rest of the surprise.

From the field in El Paso, Jim taxied to the hotel. "Have you got a Neil Blaine registered here?" he asked the clerk.

The clerk rubbed his chin. "Yeah, room three hundred and six."

"Okay and I want a room for myself."

The clerk looked at Jim's small bag. "You can have three twenty-four."

"But this key is three-ten," Jim protested.

"It's all the same. They'll fit all the doors."

Jim laughed. "Nothing like honesty."

In his own room, he removed overcoat and hat and tiptoed down the corridor to three hundred and six. Soundlessly, he inserted the key and opened the door. He stared in surprise. The bed was empty. He entered, closing the door after him. His face tightened into a scowl. The door adjoining the other bedroom was open. Jim stood on the threshold. Before him, close in each other's arms, were Jill and Neil, asleep.

He strode forward, his eyes murderous, and shook the sleeping form of his brother violently. The boy stirred, blinked sleepily and sat upright with a glad cry: "Jim!"

Jill awoke. She shrank deeper into the bed at sight of the maddened face bending over her. "Get out of that bed!" Jim gritted at her through clenched teeth. "Get out of that bed!" he shouted, and with a brutal sweep of his arm jerked her from the covers, ripping her nightdress. With a vicious thrust of his arm, he sent the stunned girl crashing against the wall. She clutched her nightdress about her, staring wildly up at him.

"You dirty, no-good, two-timing little—"

Jill flung herself at him, slapping her hand over Jim's mouth. "Stop it, Jim. Don't you dare!"

But he threw her from him again as Neil, leaping from the bed, grabbed him by the shoulder and swung him around.

"Stop it, damn you, before I—"

Without a word, Jim smashed his fist to Neil's jaw. Neil stumbled back and fell to the floor, unconscious. Jill screamed and leaped to his side, cradling his head against her breast. Blood trickled down the boy's chin. Jill murmured endearments, kissing the pale cheek.

"Get out!" Jim ordered, his voice shaking with curbed anger. "Get your clothes on and get out before I—"

"You don't understand, Jim." Jill looked up at him tearfully, pleadingly. "Neil and I are married."

"You're—what!" He was amazed, incredulous.

She nodded her head, sobbing. "We were married this morning."

He backed away toward the door, scarcely hearing her trembling explanation:

"I wanted Neil to wait until you got here. I told him—about us—everything there was between us, but he didn't care. He loves me. He wanted to marry me and—and I knew you didn't—" She broke off, unable to control her voice.

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A spasm of pain crossed Jim's face. "I—I'm sorry." He fled into the corridor, down the stairs, and out the door of the hotel. For hours he wandered the streets. He had no idea where he was, where he was going. He crossed to the Mexican side of the line, found himself in a Mexican café. A waiter served him liquor. He drank steadily. The blood raged hotly through his veins. His eyes glittered crazily. The heat and the smoke of the small, crowded room stifled him. Uncertainly, he got to his feet. Before his blurred vision, across the dance floor, he saw two Mexicans and a lovely Mexican girl. They were having a gay time. Jim scowled and started toward them. He had no memory of starting a rumpus.

He learned about it the next morning when he awoke in jail to find himself a mass of bruises and aches and to see a fat, genial Mexican whistling melodiously as he rocked back in a chair interestedly manicuring his nails. Jim blinked at this weird sight. The Mexican was flashily dressed. His pudgy fingers were ablaze with diamonds. At the sound of Jim's groan, he turned and smiled cordially.

"Ah, seen-or, gude morning."

Jim scowled at his companion. "Who are you? Where the devil am I?"

"I am Escamillio Alvarado Sanchez Felipe Emanuel Jose Fernandez." The possessor of this heroic name rose, and swept off his hat with a flourish. "Thees is thee Juarez jail, seenor. You," serenely, "are in thee jail for breaking the bottle of liquor, seenor, on thee head of thee policeman who interfere after thee mix-up you make with thee party in thee café." Jim listened aghast to the story of his battle.

Fernandez continued: "I am smart. You have ruin my best pilot in fight. It ees good thing you are pilot or you would be keel queeck."

"I'll say you're smart," grinning. "How'd you know I was a pilot?"

Fernandez handed Jim his wallet and pointed to the pilot's license card in it. "I get it," Jim said. "An eye for an eye and a pilot for a pilot. Well, what now?"

"Now," Fernandez stated, "you weel fly for me and we weel leave thees place but," opening his coat and patting the revolver slung in a holster at his huge hip, "there weel be no more fight."

"Not when you put it that way, mister," Jim chuckled.

In a charming room of Fernandez' hacienda, seated by a low table bearing bottles and glasses, Fernandez warned Jim Blaine that either he would fly a plane load of bullion across the border in defiance of the Mexican Federals or else he wouldn't live to see another sunset.

"The beeg difficulty," Fernandez admitted, "ees to land thee plane at thee mine. Thees," he showed Jim a photograph showing sheer mountain side with mine buildings on one side and a narrow ledge before them, "thees ledge, you see, that ees thee landing place."

Jim scratched his head dubiously. "Mean to tell me anybody has ever set a plane down there?"

"Si, seenor," Fernandez beamed. "I have many good men. They have all done eet. If they don't," shrugging, "then I get thee new pilot."

Jim laughed recklessly. After the mess he had made of things, it didn't much matter whether he landed safely again or not. "Okeh, Freddy," he saluted his new boss, "let's shove off."

That little job started Jim Blaine on an adventurous career that brought him into the newspaper headlines with extraordinary accounts of his activities in South America, in distant China, and back to South America and thence on to Havana where his fitful destiny again crossed that of the happily married Jill and Neil. Neither Jill nor Neil, by tacit consent, ever spoke of Jim after the delirious scene in that El Paso hotel, but Neil as a passenger pilot frequently heard unsolicited reports of his brother. Neil's new route was from Havana to Mexico City, and on the day that Jill accompanied him to the airport as usual, they met a pilot who regaled them with wild news of Jim.

"I saw that brother of yours last in a Buenos Aires hospital, Neil. Nothing serious. He'd just lost an eye."

Jill was worried. "Did he crack up?"

"Oh, two or three times. He was working for the Government down there, breaking up revolutions and doing a lot of crazy things no sane man would ever think of doing. The day before I left he was to be decorated by the president of Chili for bravery or something, but Jim got cock-eyed and sneaked out of the hospital and was the president's face red!"

Jill leaned forward fascinated, but, glimpsing Neil's stern face, she restrained her curiosity and together they walked toward the flying field to where a tri-motored Ford was being boarded by one woman, a little girl, and three men.

The field manager glanced at his watch: "Only five passengers this trip, Neil. Two cancellations."

Neil nodded glumly. The news about Jim had upset him. He had never forgiven his brother. Jill slipped her arm through his and smiled wistfully.

"I might just as well have married a travelling salesman."

"It's a darn good thing you didn't," Neil retorted, cheering. He took her in his arms, kissed her. "Love me?"

She gazed up into his fine, boyish face. "I love you, darling," tenderly.

His lips lingered against hers, then pulling himself free, he stepped into the plane as uniformed attendants closed the door after the last passenger. Jill moved back from the plane and stood just beneath the pilot's cockpit. She waved up at Neil, smiling. He waved back, speeded up his motors and with a roar taxied down the field and took off.

Jill was walking from the field when the manager called to her: "Will you look at that?"

A plane zoomed down in a terrific power dive straight for the ground. It looped when hardly one hundred feet up and at the completion of the loop made a beautiful three-point landing, taxiing slowly toward the apron.

Jill shook her head disapprovingly. "Whoever that idiot is, he's sure flirting with the undertaker."

"Yeah."

The "idiot" leaped from his plane and grinned companionably at the admiring mechanics who gathered around him. He shoved up his goggles. It was Jim Blaine, the same daredevil Jim, except that his hair was a little grayed at the temples, a black patch covered one eye, a scar zigzagged across his cheek. He wore a leather coat over a smart business suit.

He moved off to the airport exit where he hailed a cab and directed the driver to the Hotel Grand Nacionale. A short distance ahead of him, the cab carrying Jill also headed for the Hotel Grand Nacionale. Jill had just stepped into the elevator when Jim entered the lobby. He registered and was shown to his room.

In the room next door, Jill finished doing her hair. She was humming a sentimental melody that penetrated to Jim's room. He paused in brushing his hair, listened to the tune, puzzled. That melody had once been his and Jill's favorite. As she paused in her whistling, Jim, tiptoeing toward the door, took it up where she left off. Jill started in surprise and stared at the door. Jim stopped whistling. Jill hesitated, then shrugged in disbelief. After all, the tune was common property. She resumed her dressing. Jim also resumed his. In tuxedo, he stood before the dresser, tucking a handkerchief into his pocket and adjusting a foreign decorations ribbon in his lapel. Jill, in evening gown, picked up her vanity and walked toward the door. Both doors opened simultaneously. Both Jill and Jim stepped into the hall, locked their doors, straightened up and turned. Their faces brightened in delighted amazement.

"Jill!"

"Jim!"

Impulsively, they dashed into each other's arms, then Jill drew away.

"What—what in the world are you doing here?"

Jim's eyes devoured her. "Just in for a day or two. Are you and Neil still—"

She nodded, smiling. "We live here. Neil is a pilot with the P. and A. lines."

"That's great. Are you," he leaned closer, "are you happy?"

"Tremendously," quietly.

"I'm glad. But how about having dinner with your long lost brother-in-law?"

"I'd love it," sincerely. "I was going to eat alone. Neil doesn't come in until day after tomorrow." She took his arm and they walked toward the elevator.

Later in the evening, Jim suggested a café. He declared he wanted color and action and dancing. Jill was agreeable. After they arrived at a smart café during the solo dancing of the rhumba and over a drink, Jim confessed, shamefaced: "Jill, I've kicked myself ten million times for what I said and did that night."

"It's forgotten now, Jim," she said.

"And Neil—you love him?"

"Yes." She lowered her eyes. "Only—not the way I—loved you. It was different with us, Jim. Our love was—well, you know," a regretful smile touched her lips. "Neil is gentle and kind and devoted."

He forced his voice to be matter-of-fact. "You married the right man, honey." His fingers toyed with his glass. Then: "That night when I came to the hotel, Jill, I had this with me." He showed her his identification bracelet. From it dangled the wedding ring he had purchased.

Jill dropped her hand on his. "Jim—if I—if you—," she stopped. It was too late.

He drew back his hand and smiled, keeping tight rein on himself, almost afraid of the emotion surging in him. "Come on, Jill, let's dance."

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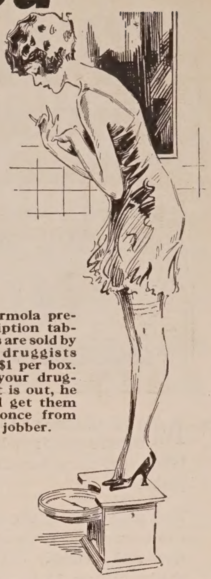

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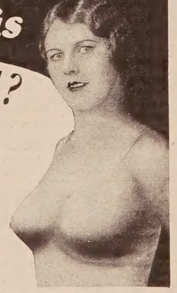

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April Love Mirror *On Sale*
Issue Movie Mirror *March 5th*

She melted against him. Her cheek rested against his. She half closed her eyes. Jim's face became grim. All his lonely need of her threatened to overcome his saner judgment. Suddenly, Jill halted.

"I think," breathlessly, "we'd better go home."

He nodded. They drove the short distance to the hotel in silence. At her door, she asked if he would care to come in for a night-cap. She ordered the drinks and tuned in the radio to a dance orchestra. Jim stood at the window, staring dreamily out at the lights of the city which flickered above the balcony and the trees of the garden. The waiter brought the drinks. They touched glasses, drank.

He said: "A penny for your thoughts."

"No," unsteadily, "a million dollars couldn't buy them."

He put down his glass, advanced toward her. "Jill!"

Slowly, Jill turned and faced him, her breath coming quickly. His arms reached out for her. Neither could fight their overpowering love. He strained her to him, kissing her hungrily.

The radio music broke off sharply and an announcer's voice stated: "We are forced to discontinue our program at this time, ladies and gentlemen, to clear the air for an S.O.S. signal. A terrific storm on the gulf. Ships are making for the nearest port and storm warnings have been raised all along the coast. A passenger plane en route to Mexico City is reported down somewhere in the Gulf."

Galvanized into sudden action, Jill rushed to the telephone on the table by the divan. Jim turned back to the windows, leaning one hand against its side.

"Is this the airport?" Jill asked. "Mr. Williams, please . . . Mr. Williams, this is Jill Blaine. We heard the radio report about—" She listened to the voice on the other end. Her face became horrified. She nodded vaguely, numbed by the shock of the news and replaced the 'phone.

"It's Neil," in a hollow voice. "That plane lost in the Gulf is—Neil."

Jim helped her to her feet, snatched her cloak from the back of the divan, wrapped it about her shoulders and hurried her to the door. "We're going after him, Jill."

The airport was brightly illuminated. A wind driven rain swept the field. Jim whisked Jill to the field manager's office. That rugged, bronzed individual was not too hopeful:

"Not much we can do. I phoned the naval seaplane base and several of the boys are starting out now."

"Seaplanes?" Jim demanded. "Why, it'll take five hours to reach him."

The manager nodded sorrowfully. Jim glared at him: "The kid can't stay afloat half that long."

Jill's breath caught on a sob. Jim patted her shoulders and barked an order at the field manager.

"Have 'em roll out my ship—in a hurry. I'm going after him. Damn your seaplanes."

The manager picked up his telephone, sent Jim's orders to the mechanics.

"Now," Jim took Jill's arm. "Let's get going."

"Do you think," but Jill couldn't go on.

"Steady on, honey."

She managed a feeble smile.

When they reached the apron, Jim's plane was ready. A mechanic ran up with coiled ropes and a box containing flares.

The way was cleared. Jim gave the plane the gun, and as the motor roared he taxied off and took to the air, disappearing into the blackness and the storm.

Miles away, rocking perilously on the tossing waves, Neil leaned from the pilots' compartment and shot up a flare from a Verey pistol. For a brief moment, the dense darkness was split with light, then the darkness settled down denser than ever.

The feeble lights in the ship flickered and went out. The child passenger wailed in terror. Neil called to her and the child stumbled toward him. Her arms wound tightly around his neck. At regular intervals, he leaned from the window and shot a flare into the air.

At the airport, the field manager received a telephone message about the seaplanes. One had to turn back because the engine began to miss. The other was beaten back by the storm.

"The pilot," the voice explained, "says you can't see two feet ahead of you."

Jill choked back a sob. There was still Jim, but marvellous flyer though he was, could he battle the storm and the darkness? Neil's plane tossed with increasing violence in the waves. It sunk to the wings. Neil issued sharp orders. The passengers were to crawl on to the wings. They couldn't stay in the ship and drown like rats. Shivering with fear, guided only by the occasional flares from Neil's Verey pistol, they clambered out on the wings. A man, drinking heavily from his flask, lost his balance, slipped toward the edge. He screamed and clutched wildly for a hold. For a split second he balanced on the edge of the wing, then tumbled off. The waves cut off his shrieks.

The ship gradually sank more and more until the wing, with its huddling passengers, was almost in the water. Silent, now, the helpless figures awaited the end.

"Look," the little girl cried. "Stars!"

Neil scanned the dark sky. "Stars!" he shouted excitedly. "Stars nothing!" He fired the Verey pistol again and again. "Those stars are flares."

High overhead, Jim leaned from his cockpit, firing his flares at regular intervals. Far below, he finally discerned the flares that Neil was firing. Jim banked his plane, zoomed toward the signals, circled and landed on the water in a smother of spray. Cautiously, Jim edged to Neil's plane, taxiing dangerously over the rough waves as he stood up in the cockpit. Neil passed the little girl to her father and edged on his stomach out toward the tip of the wing still clear from the water.

Jim called out cheerily and cast canvas bucket-anchor overboard. He took the coil of rope, leaped down onto the dipping wing nearest Neil's plane, and crawled hastily out along it. The two were about eight feet apart. Above the howl of the wind, Jim shouted, "Grab it," and tossed the coil of rope forward.

"I've got it," Neil yelled.

They both hawled on the rope until they were close enough to seize each other's hands.

"Hello, Bud," Jim greeted.

Neil gasped. "Jim! Jim!"

"The boy himself. Hang on to the rope, kid, and tie her round that strut."

Neil worked rapidly until the tips of the wings almost touched as they rose and fell in the waves. Neil talked in short gasps:

"Fog's comin' in. It's gonna be so thick in a minute you'll be able to cut it with a hack saw."

"All right, Bud," ignoring this cheer. "Hand over your passengers."

Neil worked back to the survivors. He took the little girl in his arms and struggled back to the wing tip, passing the child across to Jim who carried her to the cockpit. Meanwhile, Neil assisted the woman toward the wing of the plane. One by one, they covered the perilous distance.

"You'll have to chance it in the wing, kid," Jim said, and, turning to one man passenger, "you, too."

Frightened but willing, the man chattered: "Anything you say. I'm not afraid."

Jim climbed into the rear cockpit. The little girl stood up to make room for him. He took her in his lap, patting her shoulder, looked around to make certain everything was okeh. "Hold on, out there," he shouted, and stepped on the starter. The propeller whirled. The motor roared and with a swish of foam the ship raced across the water through the fog, staggered up into the air and slowly gained altitude.

At the airport, Jill roved around wretchedly. The manager tried to cheer her. "If Jim Blaine hadn't found 'em he'd be back by now, but," to himself, "I don't like this fog."

Jill fretted: "Why don't you turn on the flood light?"

"Wouldn't help a bit," with bitter finality. "This is pea soup fog a mile thick."

"But we've got to do something," Jill wailed. "He may be up there now, trying to find us."

Several pilots entered the room, overheard her frantic pleas. A pilot raced across from the Administration Building. "Say," he panted, "a plane passed over the seaplane base flying high."

Jill clasped her hands, excited.

"How about lighting that old emergency field back over the hill?" another pilot suggested. "The fog's always lighter over there."

"You can't light it up," his companion growled.

"Yes, we can!" The manager seized the telephone. "We'll get lights."

He called the radio broadcasting station. The anouncer hurriedly went to the microphone: "Ladies and gentlemen," he broadcasted, "it is a matter of life and death—the airport and city officials urgently request every man and woman with an automobile to go at once to the emergency landing field back of the hills on the old Seville Highway. You will be met by police and airport officials and given further instructions there. On your immediate response to this call depend the lives and safety of persons in a fog bound plane."

To a man and a woman, the city of Havana poured into the foggy night. The headlights of automobiles progressed in long lines to the designated emergency field. Airport officials and pilots directed and lined up the arriving cars so their headlights blazed across the landing field. The manager shot off his pistol three times as a signal and bellowed through a megaphone: "Quiet—everybody! Quiet!" An extraordinary hush descended upon the thousands.

From high overhead came the staccato roar of an airplane motor. It grew louder, then fainter as the invisible plane circled overhead. Jim Blaine stared hopelessly at his gasoline gauge. The indicator vibrated over "Empty." He stared even more hopelessly at the thick fog surrounding him.

"I've got to set her down," Jim yelled to Neil. "The tanks are empty." With a sputter, the engine died.

On the landing field, the manager shouted through his megaphone: "Attention—everybody. When I drop my arms, turn on every horn in every car." With a sweeping gesture, he dropped his arms. The whole mass of cars sounded their horns in one loud blast. Fire engines and ambulances blew their sirens.

Jim leaned over the side of the plane, guiding it toward the blast of noise. The glare of headlights on the clouds became visible and through rifts in cloud banks Jim got a glimpse of the lighted field. The auto horns and the sirens continued to sound in rhythmic, concerted blasts.

Jill kept anxious eyes on the sky. Jim's plane glided into sight, glittering in the light from the headlights. "He heard us," Jill cried.

But neither the manager nor the pilots echoed her happy cry. Jim had removed the wheels of his plane to make it lighter, the better to carry his heavy passenger load.

A pilot gasped: "It's a dead-stick landing. Quick, get those ambulances ready."

Jim's plane glided nearer the earth. He pushed his goggles back over his helmet, kicked the ship over into a bank, looked feverishly around at the passengers and warned: "Hold on everybody." For a terrifying instant the plane teetered in the air, then swooped down and bumped along the field. It just missed crashing into a wall of headlights before it came to a stop. With one accord, every auto horn burst into an ear-splitting salute and a mass of people ran from all sides toward the plane.

Jill rushed forward as Neil staggered stiffly to his feet and helped the passengers out. Jill looked up at Jim's haggard face. He smiled down at her. She started toward him, then seeing Neil, hesitated a second and with a pleading look at Jim went to Neil.

"Oh—Neil."

He held her close. Jim stared at them, his eyes darkening, a smile twisting his lips bitterly.

The next day, Jim prepared to go on his lonely way. Neil begged him to stay. Jill said nothing. Jim's mind was made up. He went. He would continue to fly alone to the end of his lonely, reckless life.

A new fictionization by Constance Brighton will appear next month. Don't miss it. It will be the complete story of Joan Crawford's new picture, "Today We Live," for which Gary Cooper has been signed up as leading man. Don't forget—it will be in the April issue, on sale March 5.

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In this age of the new sex morality, old problems must be faced in a new way. And one of the most important of these problems is that of the eternal triangle of a married couple and "the other woman."

How often it happens! A man marries before he has found himself, and hence before he knows his own mind as to the type of lifetime companion he really wants. The results are inevitable—irritation, boredom, susceptibility to new associations.

Then comes what he takes to be the "real thing," another woman with whom he feels a genuine spiritual companionship, in whom for the first time he feels himself fulfilled. What should they do? Divorce? But perhaps there are children who have come to mean much to him. Or there is still a feeling of conjugal loyalty that holds him back. A liaison or affair with "the other woman"? But that, too, has its problems.

In next month's LOVE MIRROR, Lilian Lauferty, with her clear analytical mind, discusses this vital problem in all its many aspects. Don't fail to read it.

LOVE MIRROR
for April

The Screen's New Heroes

(*Continued from page 27*)

or less to be what men want them to be. Or at least to pretend to be that way.

I believe that American women are starved for romance. I know that most of them have kind husbands, good providers and all that sort of thing. And are foolish enough not to know that their husbands are offering them a real kind of love, instead of the hand-kissing kind.

But women want to be made love to as well as to be loved. They want the gestures of love as well as the reality. They want the gilt along with the gold.

What women really want of lovers is revealed in the idols they fall for on the screen. And it is significant that those idols are continually changing.

Rudolph Valentino, the greatest lover the screen has ever known, to whom women offered their love like April incense, was the conquering lover. His picture, "The Sheik," made from a trashy novel, was one of the screen's greatest hits, because it gave women a chance to feel what it is like to be conquered. The girl in the picture took all sorts of punishment from "The Sheik," until she had love practically beaten into her.

The desire for that sort of love is fundamental to women. It is their greatest craving, the thing most lacking in their own lives, the thing that they must satisfy vicariously. But for an interlude, for a time, they will turn to some other kind of love or lover. And so we had the spectacle, several years back, of Ronald Colman and John Gilbert vying for the title of the screen's greatest lover. Colman, with his cool, sophisticated love. John Gilbert, hot and fiery. John Gilbert would probably have won out if the little dingus called the microphone hadn't shattered his self-confidence, without which no man can be a great lover.

Robert Montgomery might have become a great star if Clark Gable had not come along just as he was being "built up." Gable, appealing to an instinct more primitive than the hills, an instinct that is fundamental to women.

Clark made his great hit in he-man rôles. When he was cast as a weak-kneed fool in such pictures as "Polly of the Circus," he lost a good deal of his box-office appeal. Now he is winning back his popularity in he-man rôles again. For his power and the power of his kind of man over women depends upon their believing that he could do anything with them he wanted to. For him to go around meekly begging for favors is to kill everything he stands for. Thank heavens the studios are at last realizing that!

But while he was playing such parts, women began to shop around for a new kind of love. While he was playing ministers and such, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, George Raft and Lee Tracy won the vogue they now have. Leslie and Herbert by making romantic love. Cary Grant, with the kind of love that was a cross between the wholesome outdoor sort and the menacing indoor kind. You know what I mean if you saw him in "Blonde Venus" with Marlene Dietrich. Randolph Scott was purely the outdoor hero, the wholesome Gary Cooper type, whose love-making was refreshing but not overpowering.

George Raft established himself as the most promising newcomer of all. While he has less force than Clark Gable, he has more menace. Clark looks as if he might overpower you by brute strength, but George Raft as if he would insinuate himself into your heart while you knew all the time that he was darn dangerous!

The love scenes in "Night After Night" between Raft and Constance Cummings were fundamental, primitive. When George Raft *talks* about love to Constance Cummings she says, "You're just boring me." "That's because I'm talking when you came to my apartment to be taken, and that's just what I'm going to do," says Raft and they go into the hottest clinch that bored movie-goers have seen in a long time. That whole situation, all that dialogue was deliberately concocted to appeal to romance-starved women who have never known what it is to be conquered, whether they've been married or not. It voices the secret thoughts of their sub-conscious minds.

Lee Tracy belongs half-way in between the two schools of love making, the school of suave love making, as exemplified by Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall and sometimes Warren William, and the knock-'em-over-the-head and make-'em-love-it school to which Clark Gable and George Raft undoubtedly belong. Lee Tracy's got speed. Lee Tracy's got technique. Lee Tracy can talk a girl out of her chastity before you have a chance to say Gustaf Von Seyffertitz. And he doesn't have to hit her on the head to do it. So fast is his technique (did you see him in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," for instance?) that you hardly realize he's a lover at all. He seems to be doing a million and one things besides making love. But by the time he leaves a girl's apartment she hasn't got much left besides memories.

So there they are—Hollywood's new heroes. As grand an assortment of lovers as Hollywood has ever had at one time. Men to appeal to all kinds of romantic tastes. Restless, feverish Hollywood is wondering if any of these new screen lovers will take Clark Gable's throne.

But Clark has just come back with a terrific bang in "Red Dust," which packed a great box-office wallop, and in "No Man Of Her Own." If he continues to get the kind of he-man rôle he had in those two pictures, he can hold on to his throne as long as he wants to. Women will go for the Leslie Howard and the Herbert Marshall type of lover as a kind of romantic interlude. But Gable packs something that no other leading man has to the same degree.

Four Tests for Personality

That's the provocative title of an article in next month's Movie Mirror. It tells exactly what Hollywood's tests for personality are and how you can apply them to yourself. Don't miss it. It will be in the April Movie Mirror, on sale March 5.

This Man Muni

(*Continued from page 41*)

of his contention. So there's a tip for budding thespians. And here's another.

Muni says luck plays its part. And calls himself lucky. But he remembers still the years during which he spent eighteen of twenty-four hours in the theater. Sundays included. And he says that when the fight for success is won, it is necessary to keep on battling to hold it.

He regards the stock companies as the greatest acting schools.

He believes himself bad looking, and one imagines that he has more or less welcomed the protective coloration of nose and whiskers. In truth, he's no pretty boy. No crooner type or matinée idol. But he fits finely into a picture of vital, virile masculinity. A muscular body, a leonine head, striking features, strong mouth, smouldering eyes.

He's not a stay-out. He says he knows no better place than home. If you fail to find him there, it's because there's a concert in town—or a prize-fight. Needless, almost, to say, he's an accomplished violinist—and an adroit boxer. He expresses in every fibre the intensity expected in both. As well as in a great actor. And a great lover. He's never played that rôle. Wait until he does. You'll see sumpin!

He has never dramatized himself on or off stage or screen. He thinks that he's uninteresting as a personality. And betrays enthusiasm only for his work. Or for Muni, the actor, as against Muni, the man. His poise is no pose. As you'd expect, he speaks many tongues.

He's married to an actress. And here's a tip to Hollywood—those who know say that Bella Finkle is a feminine Muni. They have played together many times both before and after a whirlwind courtship that resulted in marriage a decade ago. It was love. And it has lasted.

Money means little. No foolin'! He can be—and has been—happy without it. But his modest method of living indicates that no benefits will be given for Paul Muni in his old age. He says he can't help giving a lot in each portrayal, and that when the day is done he's weary. But youth recovers with brief rest. Some day, he says, his mind and body will fail to respond as they do. Then, perhaps, he'll have a little theater of his own where he will appear once or twice a month.

Meantime Muni continues to learn of life. In books, and by living. He sees a story in every face, and in each passer-by a character he would like to portray. Nothing annoys him, except perhaps Hollywood parties. He gets in people's way, he says. And adds that they get in his way, too. So he goes his own, placidly living many lives in one, developing an art, developing a philosophy, both of which he gives freely to his friends, the fans. Muni, himself, is more interesting than any of his characters. And in his own person, Muni, America's greatest actor, is playing his most important rôle.

Will Love or Marian Nixon Win Out?

(*Continued from page 39*)

after she'd co-starred with John Barrymore in "General Crack," with Richard Barthelmess, with other big-names of moviedom. Her hardest part of life was that period when she was so "down" in moviedom that she made a couple of poor independent pictures.

"I hurt my pride. I never made another 'indie.' I waited and worked, instead, for a major studio offer. The disappointments I suffered! I went to M-G-M once for a test. It was a sophisticated rôle, and I should never have done it. That's not my type. But I was desperate. I'd have tried for *any* sort of major studio rôle, just to get the chance to crash back in. Well, I was pretty poor in the test. I saw it in the projection room. I felt miserable. I felt much, much worse, though, when immediately after running *my* test, they ran Karen Morley's in the same rôle. Karen was magnificent. Beside her, my work seemed like the trashiest amateurism. I tried to slip away, but the casting director stopped me.

"'What you need, my girl,' he said to me, 'is a six-months' course in dramatics, and some voice work.' I was so mortified that I *couldn't* tell him I'd played leads opposite John Barrymore and Richard Barthelmess . . . ! But I tell you this to show how badly I wanted a career. I must have wanted it mighty badly to have subjected myself to such embarrassments."

Well, you know yourself, if you follow movies at all, that keeping-at-it won back Marian's top-ranking. The "Rebecca" break did it. Marian's not letting herself ride on that; she's working harder and harder to keep what she feels she's regained. Long hours, gruelling work, mean nothing to her. The fact that she goes home only to sleep means nothing to her. Housekeeping means nothing. All the time she was furnishing the "honeymoon house" in Beverly Hills after she came back from that six-months honeymoon abroad with Hubby Hillman, she was really crazy to go to the studios instead.

Well, that sort of determination *must* win out. It has. Professionally, Marian Nixon is happy. Day after day, night after night, there's a happy girl, working her head off on a Fox studio stage, winning back and holding her screen career and fame. She smiles, she laughs, there's a sparkle in her eye.

And occasionally, of nights, there's a big costly car parked somewhere on the Fox lot, outside the stage where this happy girl is working. In it, all alone, sits a good-looking youth named Eddie Hillman, Jr. He's waiting for his wife, so he may have at least the brief pleasure of her company as he drives her home, tired as she is, to tumble into her bed and rest up for the next day's work. Just before Christmas Marian and her husband adopted a baby boy. What that will mean to them remains to be seen. Let's hope it will mean happiness. They are both nice people. And yet—"It takes a pretty long-suffering husband to put up with what a movie career demands of his wife."

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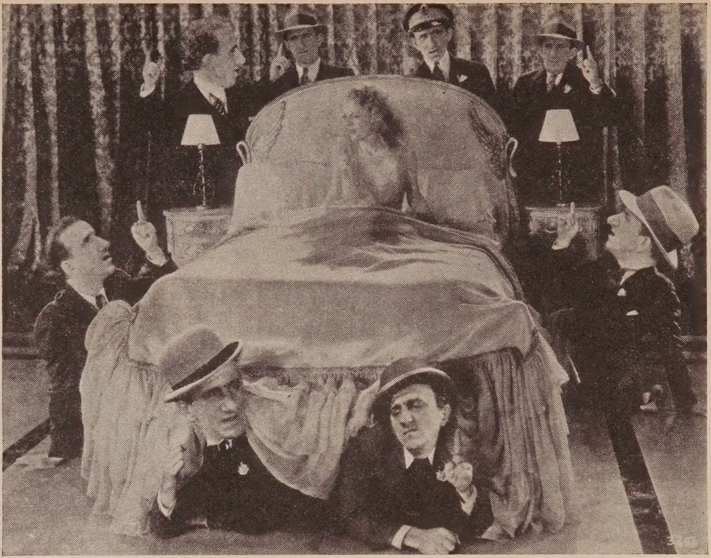

The lady has the Jimmys! Count all the Durantes in this picture and you'll see that the "Schnozzle" comedian can be in more than one place at the same time. Maybe that's why he can make so many pictures! Wotta man!

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 63)

Madge does it in her beeveedee's). Conrad Nagel, as the villain with a sense of humor, is foiled in his effort to stop the boy from winning the big race. What a race that is—we guarantee you several minutes of the most thrilling suspenseful speed action you've ever seen on the screen.

How does it all end? Aw, don't be nah-eeff!

Your Reviewer Says: For good, clean fun, "Fast Life" is okeh even though the title does sound like what it's not. And you can safely take the kiddies without expecting them to either murder or date the maid when you get home.

✓Employees' Entrance (First National)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Warren William, Alice (Comeback) White, Wallace Ford.*

It's About: *How a hard-boiled big shot manages the affairs of a great department-store, including its workers, and how love and hate and lust mix things up.*

Probably this'll start a new "cycle"—because every good picture against a new background does, nowadays. This is a good picture, and it's against the fairly-new background of the inside workings of a mammoth department store.

Warren William is the ruthless slave-driver who runs the place. Humans mean no more to him than the yards of ribbon they sell. He does with them as he pleases—either in a business way or otherwise. And much of it is otherwise, for while the big shot is quite inhuman in many ways, he's utterly human (and male) when it comes to pretty women. And in this story, there are quite a few pretty women.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a story entertainingly told. You'll enjoy it. You'll be interested, too, in the screen "comeback" of Alice White, with her new plastic-surgery nose. She does a character job in this that's entertaining.

✓No Other Woman (Radio)

You'll See: *Charles Bickford, Irene Dunne, Eric Linden, Gwili Andre.*

It's About: *A couple rise from poverty to wealth, only to face tragedy when the man falls for a gold-digger. How the wife turns the tables when they try to "frame" her out of the way is the big moment.*

Simple enough is the theme of this one. Simple?—well, anyway familiar, not alone in pictures, but in real life. Wealth leads two people out of happiness, into misery when the "other woman" does her stuff. In a magnificent back-against-the-wall stand, the heroic wife proves her greatness, saves the situation.

What saves it from being trite is a magnificent portrayal by Irene Dunne. Dunne is an actress who lacks that freakish brilliance that makes people talk about the Bennetts and the Bows and the Hepburns. But Dunne is an *actress.* How she takes you inside her heart, how she makes you suffer with her and triumph with her in this—that's sheer artistry.

You'll get a tremendous heart-thrill out of that courtroom sequence where the wife, falsely accused of adultery, turns the tables by admitting the charges, insisting that her husband is not the father of their child. It's melodramatic, but oh how effective! Bickford, the tempestuous, does one of his best pieces of screen work to come up to Dunne's pace. Gwili Andre is beautiful.

Your Reviewer Says: Lovers of problem-and-sex melodramas will hail this one as a honey.

✓Lawyer Man (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, William Powell, Alan Dinehart, Helen Vinson, many others.*

It's About: *Another of those lawyer-gone-more-or-less-crooked stories.*

You've seen "lawyer pictures" before. This is another one. True, it's good—but by now, maybe you're a bit tired of them. There are novel twists in the plot of this one, and it's splendidly, interestingly screen-told. But somehow, there seems to be so little novelty left in the story of the shrewd lawyer who reaches the heights, gets on the shady side of things, gets into a jam, gets his deserts.

William Powell gives, as customary, his usual smooth performance. And our wise-cracking gal friend, Joan Blondell, is back again in that kind of a rôle.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect *too* much, and you'll be glad you bought a ticket to this one.

✓The Son-Daughter (M-G-M)

You'll See: (*all dressed up as Chinese!*) *Helen Hayes, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone, Warner Oland, H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closser Hale.*

It's About: *The love-idyll of a Chinese maiden and youth, and how the Chinese rebellion, hate, passion, greed, murder, affect their romance.*

Helen Hayes saves this talkie version of the Belasco melodrama. There's an indefinable quality of sincerity, humanness, in this Hayes girl's acting that puts across a rôle that's really too artificial. That's the main trouble with "Son-Daughter"—it never gets away from being just a bunch of whites trying to act Chinese.

Oh, there are moments of high poignancy in the film. And of loveliness, beauty and excitement. And of horror. For the former, we recommend the love duet between Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro (despite the fact that Ramon sometimes lets his Mexican accent get twisted up a bit comically with the Chinese character). For the horror, that final scene—where Helen Hayes strangles the evil Warner Oland, is a masterpiece of direction, acting, photography.

For the rest of it, "Son-Daughter" is just another rather tritely melodramatic romance done in Chinese makeup.

There was a happy ending to the story of "The Son-Daughter" originally, but the ending was so illogical that at a preview they laughed at it—and M-G-M wisely changed it.

Your Reviewer Says: "Son-Daughter" is better than average due to the fine acting of its cast.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Hollywood's Rules for Making Friends

(*Continued from page* 18)

are certain things that she tries to do.

Rule One: Don't try to be the center of interest all the time. Give others a chance to talk occasionally.

Rule Two: A good listener is seldom a bore. And appear interested in the conversation—even if you, yourself, are bored.

Rule Three: Don't appear blasé. It is never an attractive pose, even if it is authentic.

Rule Four: Try to put people at their ease.

Rule Five: Avoid all forms of rudeness. Don't sacrifice another's feelings for the sake of a clever remark.

Rule Six: Neatness in appearance—and that does not necessarily mean an expensive wardrobe.

Naturally, any girl has a big boost along the road to popularity when she has Connie's charm. And any girl will be welcomed in almost any gathering when she has Connie's success. But her popularity is based on considerably more than that. Here is a girl who has no active dislikes—can never remember actually hating anyone. After all, if you *do* hate someone, it isn't very easy to pretend affection when you happen to meet them.

In Hollywood you usually see members of the same small clique at the different parties. Not at Connie's. She mixes her guests with a grand disregard of that old social maxim that it doesn't pay to assort personalities at parties. She invites screen players and socialites, newspaper reporters and bond salesmen, polo players and vegetarians. Sometimes her parties are a bit confusing to everyone but the hostess. She has that fortunate faculty of making everyone feel that he is receiving special attention. Almost everyone stays 'way past the tea hour, and if sufficiently urged Connie goes out into the kitchen and scrambles eggs. They're pretty *good* scrambled eggs, too.

You're liable to run into almost anyone at her pleasant, rambling house on upper Hollywood Boulevard. Ronald Colman, the super-recluse, may be there, and waxing right chatty. You may see Carole Lombard and William Powell, and Dorothy Mackaill and her husband, Neil Miller. Connie's very fond of them.

Her boy friends are more likely to be non-professionals than the handsome cinema lads whose photographs decorate the fan magazines. However, George Raft, the current heart throb in the colony, paid very marked attention for a time. I don't think George would mind if I say that he told me he was very, very fond of Connie. Goodness knows, if he told me he *must* have whispered it to Connie. Howard Hughes, the millionaire young producer, who has escorted her on several occasions, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., among an army of others, are in the contest.

She continues to climb the ladder of fame. And there isn't a man, woman or child in Hollywood hoping that she slips. More new friends every day.

She's the most popular girl in Hollywood. That's my story and try to get me to change my mind.

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STARTING with the next issue of *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror*, a striking service feature will be introduced by our editorial staff. An entirely new kind of dress pattern department has been originated—and it will come just in time to give you fashion counsel for your Easter costumes.

For years it has been known that the movie actresses are really the ones who set women's styles in America. Even the Fifth Avenue shops, which cater to New York's mythical "400", have experts who study the new films carefully with this in mind. True it is that Paris couturiers create the designs. But it is Hollywood that determines which of them suit the American type and mood.

And so the new Hollywood Pattern Service of *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror* is to be launched, making it possible for you to have in your own wardrobe *exact replicas of gowns selected by the leading movie stars.*

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HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS

will retail for 15c

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 96)

They Just Had to Get Married (Universal)

You'll See: *Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Fifi Dorsay, Roland Young, Verree Teasdale.*

It's About: *A dumb butler and his maid wife inherit a fortune, get tangled up in the net of a wily girl who's after the man's money. All done in comedy.*

Might as well tell you the funny story about the title of this one. The original title was "They Had to Get Married." But the Hays office frowned and waggled a forefinger and said: Naughty, naughty! So they thought and they thought and they thought. And finally they fixed it all up by just inserting the word "just" in the title. And *that* cleaned it up. Ah, me!

Too bad, though, that that's really the funniest thing about this comedy, despite the best efforts of such troupers as Slim Summerville and fluttery Zasu Pitts and Fifi Dorsay, et al. Somehow they don't quite get the laughs you'd expect out of the story of how a wife compromises her own husband to win him back from the vamp who compromised him first.

Your Reviewer Says: In the list of Summerville-Pitts ha-ha films, this is one of the least ha-ha!!

The Devil Is Driving (Paramount)

You'll See: *Wynne Gibson, Edmund Lowe, Jimmie Gleason, Dickie Moore, Alan Dinehart, Lois Wilson.*

It's About: *One of modern racketeering's phases—the business of automobile stealing in a big way. And what happens to a group of people involved in it.*

This is another of the modern-day crop of exposé films. It purports to show the inside workings of the "hot car" racket—that underworld activity whereby auto-stealing gangs appropriate whatever model and make car is ordered by some patron, change its appearance and deliver it, unrecognizable by its ex-owner. Of course, to make it movie, there's romance and tragedy and double-dealing worked in, and it all makes quite entertaining melodrama for an hour or so.

Edmund Lowe, as the big shot, turns in a good performance. So does Jimmie Gleason, as the hard-boiled operator of the garage where the stolen autos have their complexions changed. But perhaps the thing that'll "get" you hardest is when little Dickie Moore, playing his son, is run down by one of the gangsters in the business of stealing a car.

Your Reviewer Says: Particularly if you like racket pictures, you'll find this one entertaining.

Handle With Care (Fox)

You'll See: *Jimmy Dunn, Boots Mallory, El Brendel, Buster Phelps, George Ernest, others.*

It's About: *How two too-wise youngsters nearly bust up the romance of their pretty young foster-mother and how they make everything right by getting mixed up in heavy melodrama.*

Well, if you like the antics of a couple of little boys who really should have been brought up better, maybe you'll get a kick out of this. At least, you'll get more of a kick than the people who *don't* like kids.

Boots Mallory is a gal with two orphans on her hands and a boy friend who wants to marry her. But he and the kids don't get along and Boots gets mad and boppo, goes the romance. Then the kids feel sorry, go to tell Jimmy (the boy friend) they are, and get involved in a murder plot. But (oh, did you guess it?) everything comes out so-o-o-happy!

Incidentally, you who want music to come back in pictures, will be pleased to know that Jimmy and Boots sing love-songs to each other, and do it well. And El Brendel fiends will have a Scandinavian giggle or two at El Brendel as the brat's uncle.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to rave about for adults, but children will love it.

Recommended Films for Children

The Gambling Sex—because, no matter about the words "gambling" and "sex" in the title, it's an all right-enough horse-race and romance story.

Handle With Care—because they'll laugh at the wisecracks and goings-on of the two kids in it and at El Brendel's gags, and there's nothing else in the story to hurt 'em.

Fast Life—because it's fast and it's lively, and William Haines and Cliff Edwards and the speedboat races will entertain the youngsters no end.

Hypnotized—because while you may possibly fall asleep in the middle of it yourself, the kids will find a lot of those Mack Sennett comedy gags which they'll think very, very funny.

The Flaming Signal—because it's all action, has lots of thrills and the dog hero will delight the youngsters.

Officer 13—because it's got a lot of action, anyway, and if you like your youngsters to have point-a-moral screen fare, this says "crime never pays!"

Parachute Jumper (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, Leo Carillo, Frank McHugh, many others.*

It's About: *The adventures of an ex-Marine aviator who gets tangled up in gangland, but manages to get out of it safely after all sorts of hellish goings-on.*

The story of this hops around like a flea on a hot plate, but it hops. For plenty of action, variety, thrills, "Parachute Jumper" is pretty good stuff.

Doug and McHugh get kicked out of the Marines where they were fliers. They manage to get a few dollars doing a parachute jump. Then Doug gets hired as chauffeur by a hot mama who wants more than chauffeuring for his salary.

Frank McHugh is very funny. He makes the picture a lot better than it would have been without him. Doug is all right enough, but he lacks something in his recent pictures.

Big thrills of the picture are four airplane crashes—each of them a wow.

Your Reviewer Says: "Parachute Jumper" will excite, thrill and entertain you.

✓ Second Hand Wife (Fox)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson, Dorothy Christy.*

It's About: *A bored wife manipulates hubby into an affair with his beauty-prize-winning stenographer, gets a divorce. Steno becomes the "second hand wife."*

If you read the Kathleen Norris story which is the plot of this, you'll cheer for the faithfulness with which the original book has been translated into movie. But you'll have an idea, too, that maybe what seems exciting in words isn't in action. Although the story is full of heart interest, it's slow in action.

However, there's one thing sure—virtually every woman who sees "Second Hand Wife" will find it gripping, because it's full of the problems that lie so close to their hearts, so persistently in their lives. But wives—better leave hubby home when you go to the show to see this one, or he'll probably be a bit bored.

Sally Eilers does a pretty piece of work as the stenographer who finds herself in one of the toughest spots in a woman's world and makes it come out all right.

Your Reviewer Says: Well—ah—he's a male, but the comment of the lady who saw the preview with him was quite a boost for the picture. So figure it out.

✓ Ladies They Talk About (Warner Bros.)

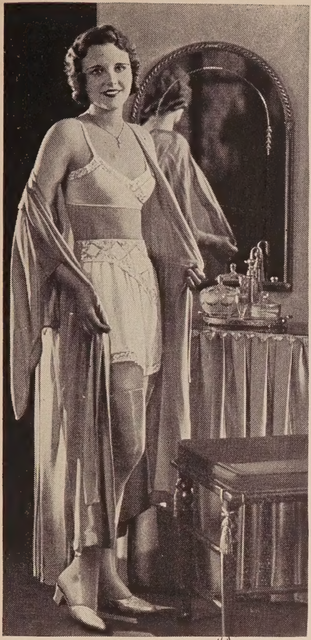
You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Lyle Talbot, Preston Foster, Dorothy Burgess.*

It's About: *A gang moll's life in prison, and how she falls in love with the reformer she hated.*

This is not one of Barbara Stanwyck's best pictures, although it has high spots that will delight you. It's the long-in-production film about life in a big women's prison, and to add to its reputed authenticity, it was co-authored by Dorothy Mackaye, the actress who recently got out of San Quentin.

Barbara Stanwyck has a rather tough time, even with her histrionic ability, in making real the character of the gang girl who suddenly goes soft at the finish, falls in love with the evangelist whom she has blamed not alone for her own capture but for the death of her pals in a prison-break attempt.

Your Reviewer Says: Although it didn't come up to what was expected of it, "Ladies They Talk About" will serve as an average theater-evening for most of us.



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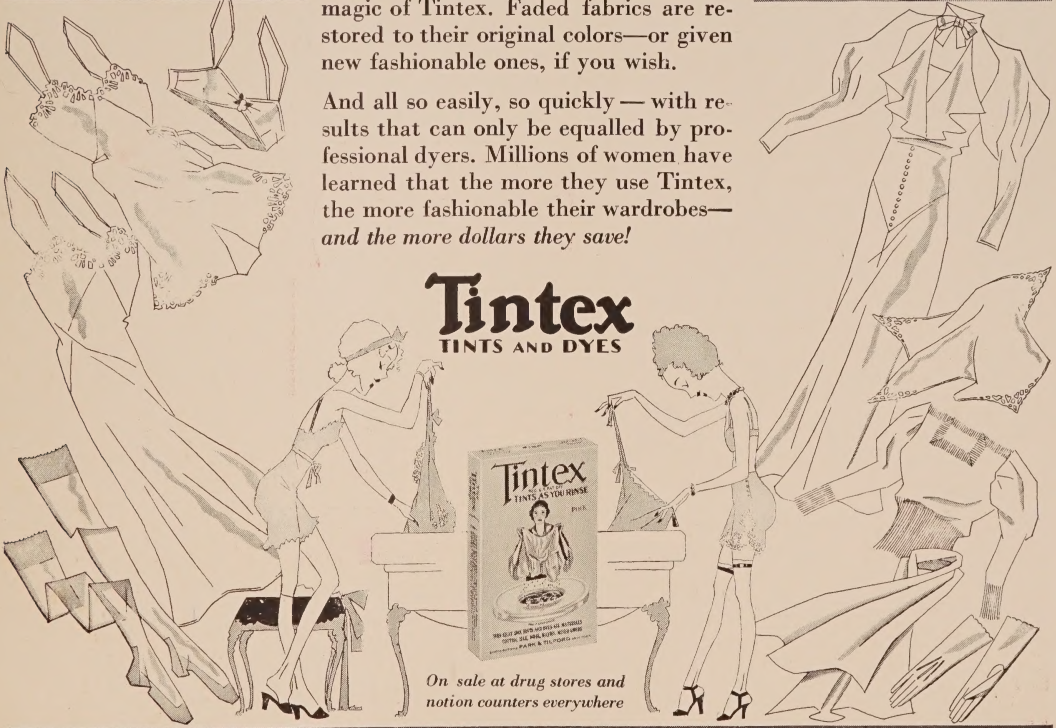
Tintex
TINTS AND DYES



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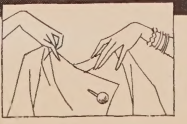
Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



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Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

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OIL SHAMPOO

Remember—Venida Rules the Waves!

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

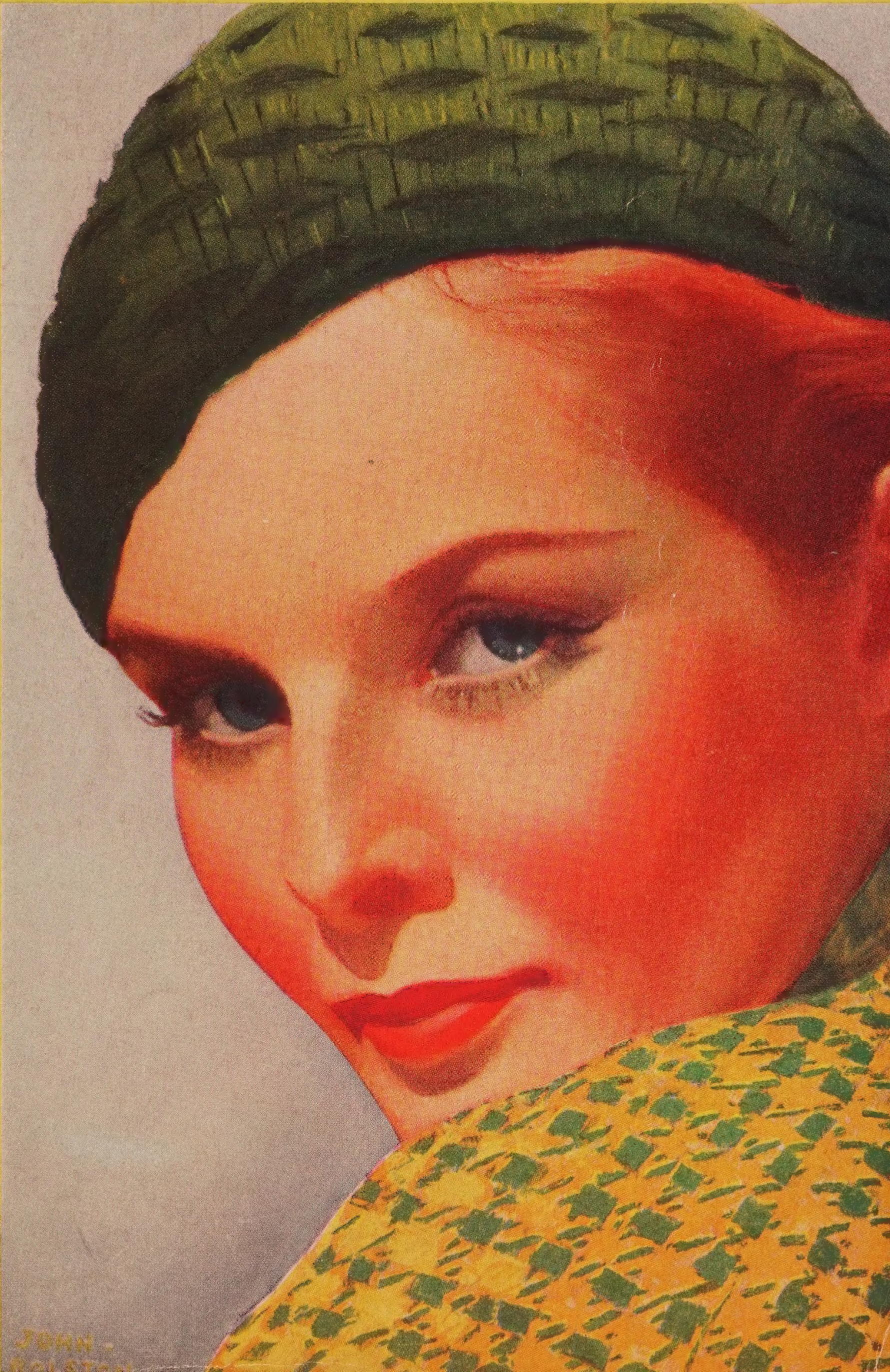
APRIL

10¢

How Hollywood Guards Its Youth

•

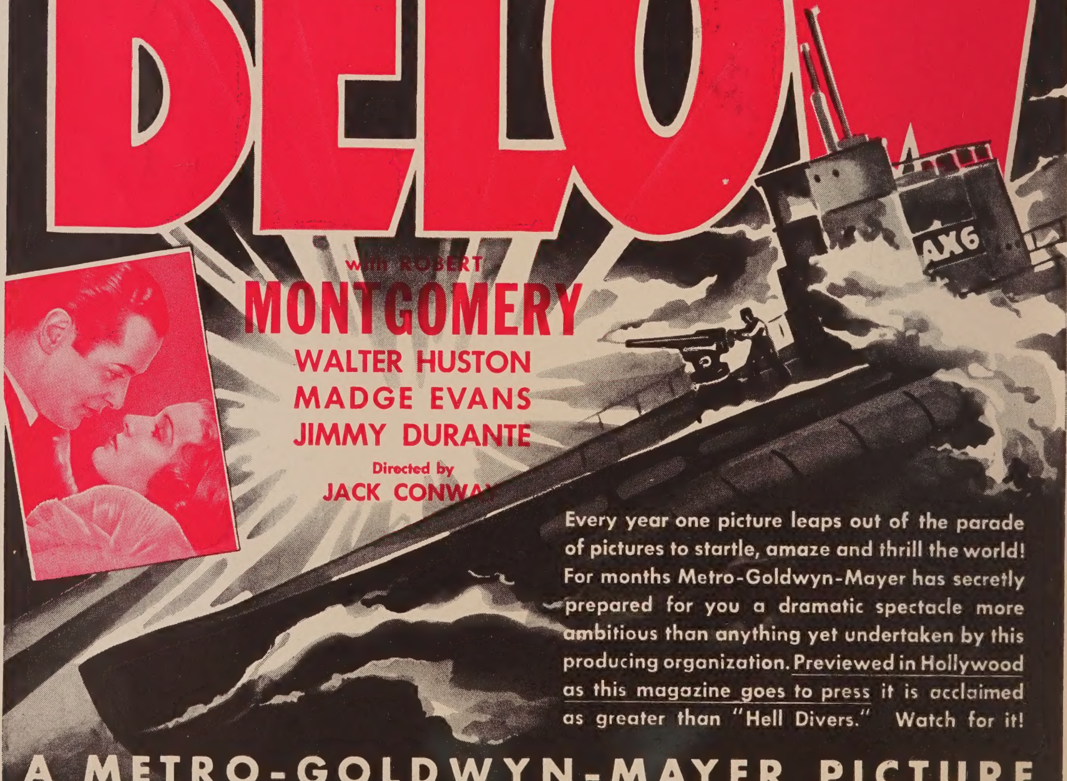
Four Tests for PERSONALITY



KATHARINE
HEPBURN

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW



with ROBERT

MONTGOMERY

WALTER HUSTON

MADGE EVANS

JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by

JACK CONWAY

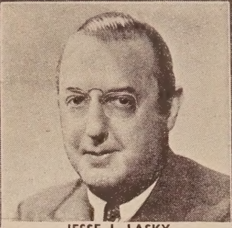
Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" *and* NOW—

FOX FILM presents

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

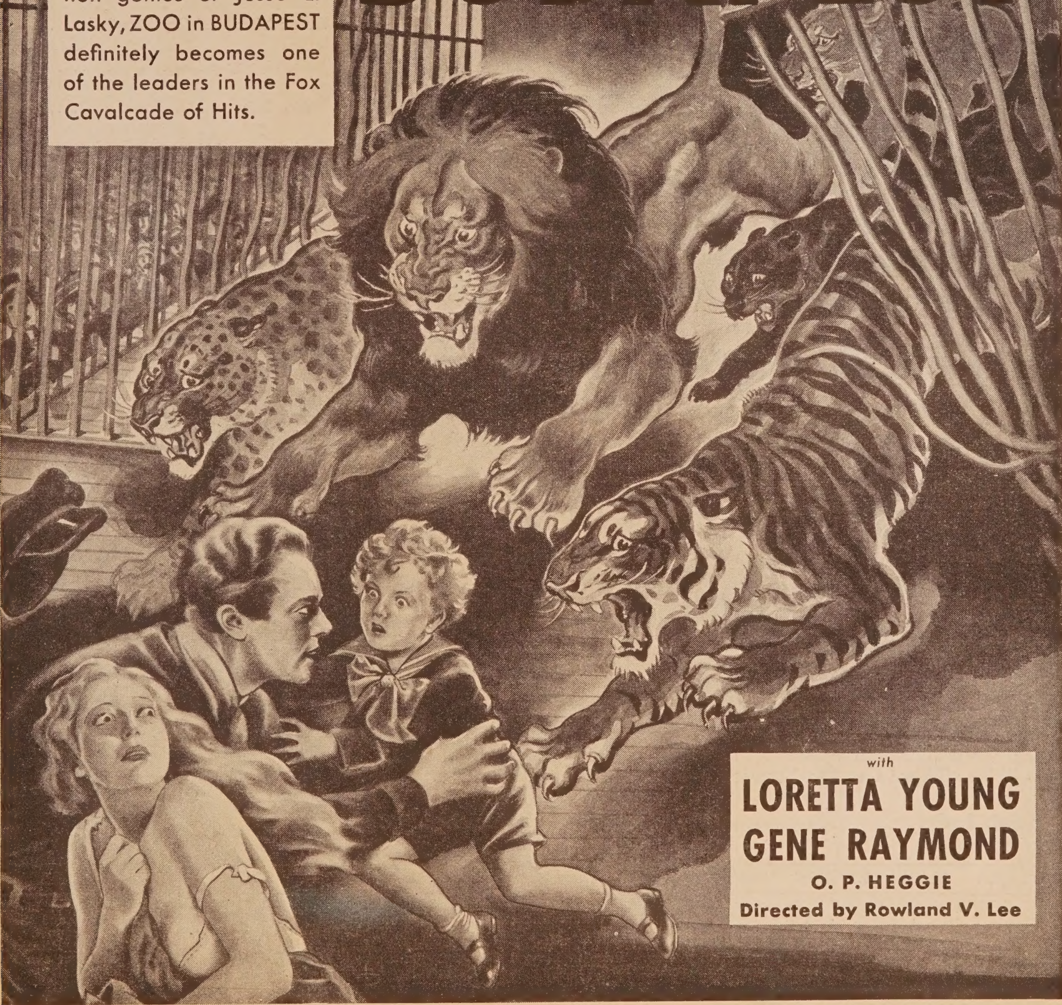


JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.

Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST



with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 3, No. 6

APRIL, 1933

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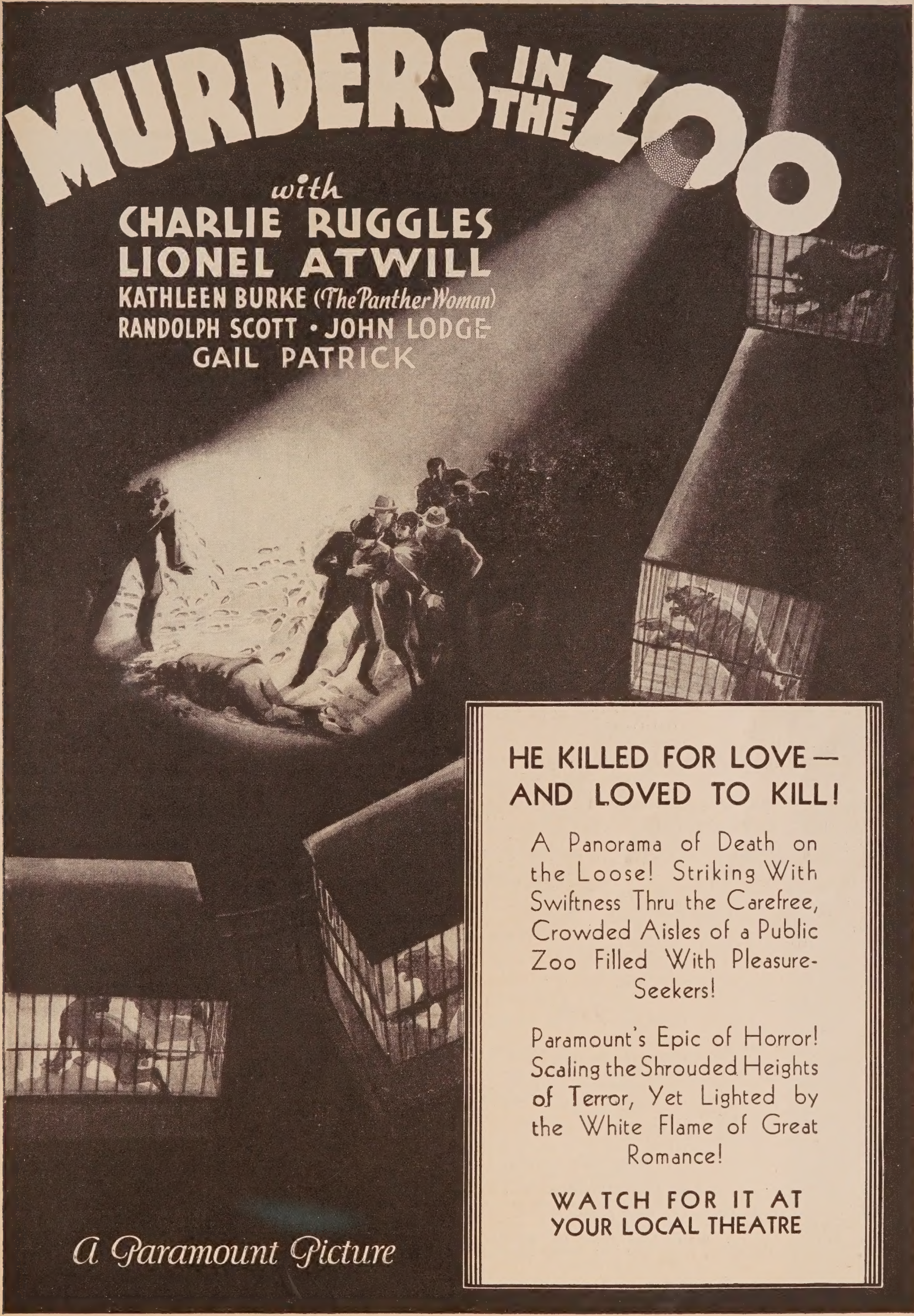


MURDERS IN THE ZOO

with
CHARLIE RUGGLES
LIONEL ATWILL
KATHLEEN BURKE (*The Panther Woman*)
RANDOLPH SCOTT • JOHN LODGE
GAIL PATRICK

HE KILLED FOR LOVE— AND LOVED TO KILL!

A Panorama of Death on the Loose! Striking With Swiftness Thru the Carefree, Crowded Aisles of a Public Zoo Filled With Pleasure-Seekers!

Paramount's Epic of Horror! Scaling the Shrouded Heights of Terror, Yet Lighted by the White Flame of Great Romance!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

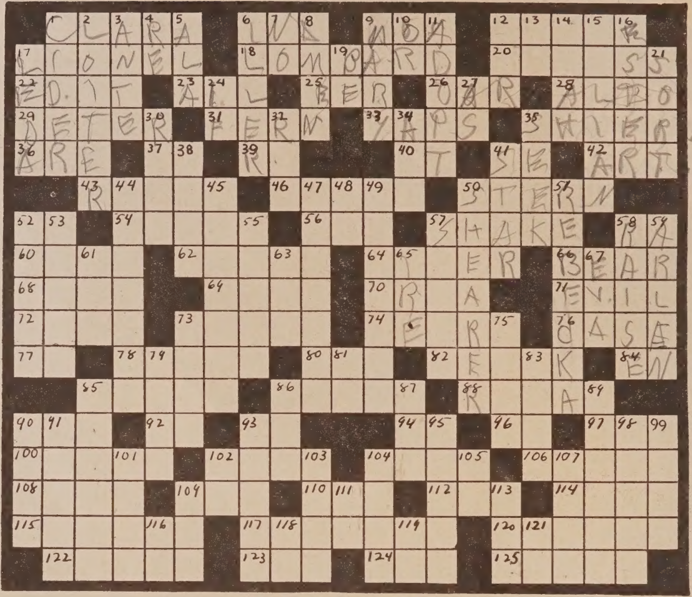
A Paramount Picture

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

120 Across

50 Down



109 Across

59 Down

ACROSS

1 Star of "Call Her Savage".
6 John Gilbert's ex-wife.
9 Extinct bird.
12 Co-star of "Red Dust".
17 Title rôle player in "Rasputin".
18 Leading lady in "No Man of Her Own".
20 Star of "The King's Vacation".
22 To prepare for publication.
23 To be ill.
25 Ever (contraction).
26 A boat propeller.
28 Low register in a woman's voice.
29 Prevent.
31 Flowerless plant.
33 A puppy's barks.
35 More bashful.
36 Part of to be.
37 You and me.
39 Japanese measure.
40 Pronoun.
41 Point of the compass.
42 What an actor says he works for.
43 Values.
46 To put in seeds
50 Severe.
52 One.
54 An animal that says Baa.
56 Exclamation of triumph.
57 To tremble.
58 Sun god.
60 A young horse.
62 More withered.
64 Poisonous reptile.
66 An animal you see in far North films.
68 A set of three.
69 Small opening in the skin.
70 Range or scope.
71 Wickedness.
72 Arabian prince.
73 Star of "Tess of the Storm Country".
74 Erects.
76 Container.
77 Baby's first word.
78 Likeness.
80 Viscous fluid.
82 Memento.
84 Printer's measure.
85 Gray-brown.
86 49 down.
88 To put a new top on a bottle.
90 What a sheep would say in a talkie.
92 Canadian province (abbrev.).
93 Point of the compass.
94 Swede comic.
96 You and I.
97 European measures of area.
100 The film that made Chester Morris famous.
102 A statement that has been sworn to.
104 An entry in bookkeeping.
106 A left-over.
108 A composition for one singer.
109 Leading lady in "Animal Kingdom".
110 To make an addition.
112 Pronoun.
114 To seep.
115 Shallow spots in water.
117 93 down.
120 Co-star in "Red Dust".
122 Tapestry.
123 Sweet potato.
124 Meadow.
125 After flying the Atlantic, she was leading lady for Hoot Gibson.

DOWN

1 A drink made of apples.
2 To linger.
3 Poker stake.
4 Concerning.
5 According to, as you see it on menus.
6 Sicker.
7 A word never used by yes men.
8 The end of a prayer.
9 Mrs. Fairbanks, Sr.
10 Either.
11 To take as one's own.
12 A fish.
13 European measure of area.
14 Nonsense (slang).
15 Mrs. Edmund Lowe.
16 Compound of ether.
17 Mythical lady whom Jupiter visited as a swan.
19 Exist.
21 Kind or class.
24 Provided that.
27 Like.
30 Star of "Frisco Jenny".
32 To tear.
34 Small river island.
35 To search for.
38 What your eye does.
41 What every extra hopes to become.
44 Home of Paramount's former Eastern studio.
45 Leakage.
47 Leading lady in "They Call It Sin".
48 Exclamation.
49 86 across.
50 53 down.
51 The girl of Sunnybrook Farm.
52 What the players did in any picture.
53 50 down.
55 A flat reclining position.
57 Pointed weapon.
58 Elevate.
59 Star in "The All American".
61 Roman numeral 52.
63 Before.
65 Anger.
67 The girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".
73 Orientals.
75 Killed.
79 Star of "I Am a Fugitive".
81 Part of to be.
83 Sherbets.
85 Maker of men's clothes.
86 To soak.
87 Clear, as profit.
89 Suspension of prison sentence.
90 Deep male voice.
91 Famous Hawaiian word for farewell.
93 117 across.
95 Leading lady in "Big Broadcast".
98 An actor growing a beard can't use this.
99 To spit up.
101 Male hog.
102 Upon.
103 Damage.
104 Sacred image.
105 Mountain (abbrev.).
107 Small rope.
109 Beast of burden.
111 A medical man uses this before his name.
113 Girl friend of He.
116 Note of the scale.
118 Scoriated lava.
119 French article.
121 The famous mammy singer.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 82. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

It's not the Clothes . . . .
It's the way you Wear them!

KATHARINE HEPBURN
5′ 5½″ — 107 Lbs.

Are You The "Katharine Hepburn Type?"

Are you moderne, debonair, sophisticated? Are you tall and slender? Then you are the Hepburn type and can wear the striking, the unusual.

The secret of smart style lies in this Paris edict:—*dress according to your type.* Study your type—study the individual styles of the stars of the screen to see how carefully they choose their costumes to enhance their personality. Get your fashion tips from them—and be true to your type. Don't try to be something that you are not.

Hollywood Patterns, introduced for the first time in MOVIE MIRROR this month—on pages 48 and 49, are attractively packaged and picture on the cover for each design, a movie star *as a guide to type selection.* They may be seen on open display in most of the stores in which these magazines are on sale.

This is not just *another* pattern service MOVIE MIRROR is offering. Through special arrangements made with a famous fashion organization, we are privileged to offer you *an exceptional value.* Never before have patterns of this quality retailed at less than *four times* the price at which they are now offered. The foremost stylists, designers and fitters of America, the most expert of the pattern cutters are employed in the making of these patterns—that the design may have that smart, chic line and yet be simple and practical in construction.

If you cannot secure the patterns for the designs pictured on pages 48 and 49 at the store in which you purchased this magazine, send in the coupon on page 49.

On your next visit to the chain store ask to see Hollywood Patterns. You will recognize the package by the pictures of the favorite screen actresses and by the band of color on the side.

15c

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN SERVICE
8 WEST 40th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press:

Such a to-do these late winter days . . . Hollywood's foreign colony is trembling in its expensive boots . . . your Uncle Sam is checking up on all passports . . . John (scenarist) Farrow is the first to face possible deportation proceedings . . . and that will make a lot of screen beauties go boo-hoo . . . Johnny has been the beau of Katharine (knockout) Hepburn, Maureen (colleen) O'Sullivan, and was once engaged to Lila Lee . . . Uncle Sam'l has okayed Maureen's passport . . . maybe Garbo is glad she's safe in Sweden stop . . . but still they come . . . Lilian ("Congress Dances") Harvey was thrown a swell tea with Fox as host . . . Lil wore sport clothes and 'steen diamond bracelets . . . but mebbe they do things thataway in Yurrup . . . another expected arrival is Dorothea (German favorite) Wieck . . . the lovely schoolma'arm in "Maedchen in Uniform" . . . they do say that Dot lives in one simple hotel room in Berlin . . . wait until she sees those snappy Beverly Hills villas with trick swimming pools stop some more . . . Sally (Loretta's sis) Blane and Bruce (RKO) Cabot are all a-twitter . . . and the Hollywood femmes have discovered Buster (Olympic champ) Crabbe . . . Buster has one of those Weissmuller physiques . . . even if his real name *is* Clarence stop.

Peggy (millionaire catcher) Joyce is in Hollywood to co-star with Rudy (dulcet voice) Vallee in a Paramount musical (wonder how they'll get along?) . . . the beauteous Peggy brought along all her pretties . . . twenty-one pieces of luggage . . . incidentally, a coffin traveled on the same train with Peg and she was fit to be tied . . . Grant Withers seems to be the favorite boy friend . . . but Peggy has been noticing Gary (lady killer) Cooper . . . so hold everything for further announcements stop . . . you can relax now . . . Marlene (without von Sternberg) Dietrich says she is getting tired of wearing trousers . . . all the local women's shops are displaying them for spring wear . . . and what's the use of wearing 'em if all the femmes take up the idea . . . but you should have seen Frau Dietrich at the première of "Sign of the Cross" . . . all decked out in a tuxedo . . . she carried a vanity, however . . . whoops, Marlene . . . lifted eyebrow *and* exclamation point . . . Ruth (honeymooning) Chatterton and George (ditto) Brent got snowbound up at Lake Arrowhead . . . and folks are beginning to scent a romance between Jean (hot platinum) Harlow and Dr. Carlos Orsonia . . . Mexicana M. D. . . . and Agua Caliente is now running a Jean Harlow race handicap stop.

The only way Mary Pickford can keep Doug (gadabout) Fairbanks at home is to chain him up . . . after just a month of Pickfair life he's off to St. Moritz . . . Mary will travel over later with the Countess di Frasso . . . and in case you're interested Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea may also be in the party . . . Count di Frasso meets the crowd at Genoa . . . sounds like one, big happy family, what question mark . . . a publicity blurb announces that Clark (still prime famorite) Gable never wears makeup in pictures but appears "au naturel" . . . omigosh couple of exclamation points . . . the merry, mad Marx Brothers are calling their new opry "Cracked Ice" stop . . . my, my, but there's a strained atmosphere on the Kate (moon over the mountain) Smith set at Paramount . . . Kate says there will be no swearing around her or she tank she go home . . . not even one little, innocent damn stop.

Silly season is on early this year . . . Polly (life of the party) Moran fooled everyone at Gary Cooper's shindig by appearing in a gray wig, spectacles and old-fashioned silk dress . . . and at Mike (producer) Levy's dinner for Elsa (hostess de luxe) Maxwell the dining room was illuminated by kleig lights . . . Elsa had complained that Hollywood parties were too dimly lit . . . and La Maxwell attended in a full dress suit and smoked large, black cigars . . . she looked just like Einstein stop . . . it's a

An actress shows her gratitude! Jasper Deeter, manager of the Hedgerow Theatre group in Rose Valley, Pa., gave Ann Harding her start on the stage, so when Ann had a vacation, she slipped unannounced into Rose Valley, and gave four performances with the repertory company

girl at the Richard (still box-office) Dixes . . . the blessed "expense" weighed seven pounds and ten ounces stop . . . someone suggests another theme song . . . "I'd Walk a Million Miles for One of Your Smiles, My Mummy" . . . Universal and Boris (boo!) Karloff please note f'gosh sake STOP . . . well, we knew all along that the studios would finally get around to glorifying a great American institution . . . Columbia announces a flicker yclept "The Cocktail Hour" stop . . . wotta cast . . . *wotta cast* . . . Crawford, Gable and Beery will steal scenes from one another in that M-G-M picture about Soviet Russia . . . Beery will play a ba-ad, old Soviet meanie . . . and after this Joan returns to her famous plot formula of whoop-de-do de luxe in "Dancing Lady" . . . no rest for Joan but she's planning a bicycling party some braw moonlicht nicht stop . . . they're telling about the old time movie star who has had her face lifted so often that every time she sits down her mouth flies open . . . and Mae (She Done Him Wrong) West astounded an interviewer by confessing to twenty-three summers (how many winters?) . . . and to a weight of 114 pounds stop.

In Hollywood a Rolls Royce delivery truck brought flowers to Jack Pickford's grave . . . that same Rolls, once a passenger car, had been the property of Jack and Marilyn Miller stop . . . John (emotional) Gilbert is adding on a nursery at his Tower Road home . . . and here's a tip . . . they're expecting a boy 'cause the walls are tinted blue . . . now what's that about counting chickens before they're hatched question mark . . . Evelyn (swell actress) Brent will play in "The Public Be Damned" . . . and why doesn't Betty receive more good rôles BIG question mark . . . Alice (still gawgeous) Joyce and Clarence (Garbo director) Brown are looking hearts and flowers . . . the colony predicts a merger when Alice's divorce becomes final stop . . . two others apparently beyond control are Jean (ex-Mrs. Valentino) Acker and Sidney (ex-Mr. Lenore Ulric) Blackmer stop . . . Gale Henry . . . once an outstanding screen comedienne . . . has been rediscovered . . . she's making a lucrative living training cats and dogs for the screen stop . . . Mae West and Jimmy (nose knows) Durante are tee-totalers stop.

Are you a bridge fiend? Then you ought to recognize the famous Ely Culbertsons, on their way to Hollywood to make shorts for RKO

Harry (*not* Mr. Ann Harding) Bannister's New York stage production, "Late One Evening," dropped thirty grand . . . quite a floppo . . . and Ann, back from Bagdad on the Subway, denies that she saw her ex-mate . . . Hollywood still insists there will be a reunion . . . another kiss and makeup possibility is Eleanor (great scout) Boardman and King (director) Vidor . . . they were glimpsed taking in the sights at the Auto Show stop . . . Josef von Sternberg is now the big noise at Berlin UFA . . . and he'd better come home pretty pronto . . . the Dietrich-Chevalier business looks *serious* stop . . . and just ee-magine Leslie (Mayfair pride) Howard's embarrassment . . . he upped and forgot himself and thanked Ralph Forbes for a nice evening at Ruthie Chatterton's party . . . were his ears *pink* coupla exclamation points . . . Ann (runaway) Dvorak is reported to be sewing on those tiny garments . . . and isn't worrying about her screen career stop . . . 1932 was a bleak year for Hollywood extras . . . only 205 extras worked two or more days a week . . . and their average salary was just $24.90 . . . only ten percent of the children registered with Central casting got as many as ten days work during the year . . . but Junior Laemmle says Hollywood must develop thirty or forty new personalities during the coming year . . . some way or other the two stories don't rhyme stop . . . here's a moompitcha you'll be waiting for . . . "The Eagle and the Hawk" . . . co-starring Gary Cooper and Fredric March . . sounds like sweet music for the box-office, *n'est-ce pas* question mark . . . and (no longer little) Farina returns to the screen in James (good boy now) Cagney's "Mayor of Hell" . . . there's a bombastic title for you . . . but the title of the month is "Bombshell" . . . announced as Jean Harlow's next stop.

Janet (bored with matrimony) Gaynor is enroute from Honolulu to start emoting in "Adorable" with Henry

When Doug, Jr., heard that his mother was ill, he went to New York on a short vacation trip to visit her. Here they are together. Doug's mother is Mrs. Jack Whiting, and was Beth Sully before her marriage to Doug, Senior

(European find) Garat . . . and by the way . . . Lydell Peck has been bearing up bravely . . . he was seen dancing at the Club New Yorker . . . no one recognized the girl . . . but it *wasn't* Janet Gaynor stop . . . they say El (Swede) Brendel gives his wife a dollar every night he comes home late . . . he got off for seven bucks last week stop . . . still far from well after a prolonged attack of the flu, Constance (Connie to the Marquis) Bennett is planning a trip through the Canal and on to Paris . . . yup, the Marquis is going, too stop . . . Ramon (going social) Novarro attracted the most attention at the Mary Wigman dance recital . . . Ramon wore yellow corduroy slacks, black overcoat, beret and no collar . . . and *what* was Leatrice Joy doing . . . sitting with Conrad (speech-maker) Nagel big question mark . . . golly, you see funny things in the Paramount commissary . . . Buster (lion man) Crabbe feeding ice cream to a lion . . . and Sylvia (exotic and how) Sidney lunching in a flannel nightgown stop . . f'hevven's sake, a local theater ballyhooed "Congress Dances" as a daring exposé of Washington night life stop.

Taking a quick look-see at the January Mayfair Ball . . . hot-cha jazz, red-hot from the Harlem griddle . . . George (ladies' heart failure) Raft escorting Mary (sweet and pretty) Brian . . . hah, thought *that* would surprise you . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . . ablaze with Cartier's best . . . with Grant Withers . . Chester (needs more pictures) Morris celebrated his birthday and the Richard (parents to be) Arlens were observing their sixth wedding anniversary . . lots of new romantic combinations but the dinner menu was the same stop . . . Katharine (town toast) Hepburn spent a weekend in the Good Samaritan Hospital . . . intestinal influenza stop . . . Lilian Harvey says she is *positively* not married to Willy (German star) Fritsch . . . says her press agent made up the story . . . things are coming to a pretty howdy-do when the p. a. marries off his clients . . . Ernst Lubitsch seems to be head man . . . and you should see the cream colored racing car Lilian brought from Deutschland stop . . . Minna (great trouper) Gombell . . . keeping company with David (real estate) Blankenhorn . . . met Frances (Irene's dotter) Rich t'other day . . . Irene used to be Mrs. Blankenhorn . . . "I'm so glad to meet you," said Minna . . . "I believe we have something in common" . . . but that's Hollywood stop.

We've been saying that Garbo was coming back for three months now . . . all we know is what we hear . . . but M-G-M assures us that the Great Greta has asked her manager to take a house for her . . . she wants a big garden and the evergreen shrubs surrounding it . . . "Christine of Sweden" will be her first opry . . . and after that "The Sun of St. Moritz" stop. . . . good thing that Muriel (Broadway favorite) Kirkland is a patient girl . . . she's waited five months for a rôle at M-G-M . . . she appears opposite Jawn Gilbert in "Rivets" . . . and Colleen (ex-flap) Moore wonders when M-G-M will give her a picture . . . she's waited for months and *months* stop . . . a certain director who has never allowed his small son to see anything but cartoon comedies was showing the lad around the lot . . . he was introduced to Joan Crawford . . . "who's she" . . . the tot wanted to know . . . the father explained that Joan was an actress . . . "you mean like Mickey Mouse" . . . queried the mystified boy . . . and did you know that they're calling Walt (Mickey's papa) Disney the old mice-tro question mark . . . Buddy Rogers tells of being stopped by a small colored boy demanding an autograph . . . Buddy wanted to know his name . . . "mah name is Buddy Rogers, suh," answered the boy . . . he got the autograph stop.

Margaret (new find) Lindsay . . . who knocked the critics for a row of superlatives in "Cavalcade" . . . put one over on Hollywood . . . she isn't English at all and was born in these U. S. A. . . . well, her accent sounded all right even if it was *supposed* to be an All-English cast stop . . . Harry (songster) Richman may do his crooning in the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles . . . wonder whom he'll be engaged to this time question mark . . . and we like the title of Frank (stage star) Craven's Fox picture . . . "Five Cents a Glass" stop. Dorothy (rebel) Jordan and Merian (director) Cooper are o-oh, de-ear . . . and did you know that Dot and Anita (blondie) Page have left M-G-M for free-lance careers question mark . . . Marie (beloved) Dressler draws the Grace George stage success . . . "Mademoiselle" . . . as her next pitcha after "Tugboat Annie". . . .

Remember Movie Mirror's story last month "Will Love or Marian Nixon Win Out?" We told you what Marian Nixon herself said about her marriage and predicted that it could not last because "it takes a pretty long-suffering husband to put up with what a movie career demands of his wife" . . . we were right . . . the news has just come that Marian and Edward Hillman are getting a divorce . . . pretty sad, isn't it, that two such utterly nice people should be parted by circumstances?

Fifi (couldn't be hotter) Dorsay's Argentine boyfriend is on his way to Chicago to meet her there . . . Helen Kane boop-a-dooped herself right into marriage with Max Hoffman, Jr., the son of Gertrude Hoffman, the famous dancer . . . but does anyone care question mark.

My, my, my is Ralph (ex-husband) Forbes in circulation these days exclamation point . . . latest gal seen in the dancing hot spots with him is Martha Sleeper stop . . . Zasu (weepy) Pitts has found herself a new romance . . . he's J. E. Woodall, the popular tennis champion, and everyone is hoping there will be wedding bells, for Zasu, whose comedy amuses everyone, has had little enough happiness in her own life stop . . . Warners and William Powell are in the throes of an argument about his contract . . . Warners wants to cut down the do-re-mi when Bill's option comes up, but Bill doesn't like the idea a-tall . . . he was lured away from Paramount, you remember, by a stupendous contract, but salaries have gone way down since those golden days stop.

Not content with a "Panther Woman" Paramount is now looking for a "female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . what next, what next question mark . . . Ruth (contented now) Chatterton didn't want to make "Lily Turner" till Warners agreed she could have hubby George Brent playing opposite her . . . Warners said yes, and now Ruth is enthused about the picture stop.

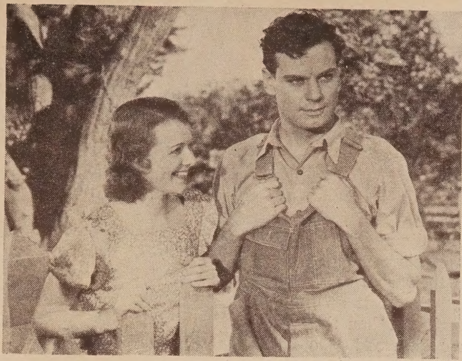
Hey, hey, hey, a romance for Myrna (slant eyes) Loy . . . that gal seldom gets into the Rumor Department, but now she's being seen here and there and everywhere with Lonnie D'Orsay . . . we'd like to know if it's serious too stop.

Maybe it's just publicity for "The White Sister," but now M-G-M is saying that Helen (modest) Hayes once wanted to be a nun . . . and aren't you glad she changed her mind question mark . . . and it's official that Buddy Rogers is returning to the screen in musicals for Fox . . . Buddy wants to return to Hollywood to prove that he wasn't a flop and isn't one now stop . . .

To Charlie (sad clown) Chaplin the greatest tragedy of his life has always been that he was deprived of the custody of his children . . . now that he has won his battle to keep them out of the movies, he is going to try to fight another and greater battle to get the custody of the children for part of the time stop.

Gwili (don't try to pronounce it) Andre is most likely going to be dropped by Radio because though she was beautiful she wasn't box-office, but she is finding consolation these days and nights in the company of Willis Goldbeck . . . and ain't love grand question mark . . . the gag of the month comes from Will Rogers, who visited Lasky on the set of "Zoo in Budapest" and watched a couple of elephants eating . . . "You know," he said, "to me, elephants are like women. I like to watch 'em, but I don't like to feed 'em."

Norma (exquisite) Shearer is going to appear next in "Another Language," the famous Broadway hit about how in-laws almost spoil a girl's marriage and her husband stop Boots Mallory is getting a divorce from her husband, Charles Bennett, the New York agent . . . Claudette (new haircuts) Colbert told her husband, Norman Foster, before she left for New York that she'd have a grand time and land in all the gossip columns but poor Claudette got ill with sinus trouble and had no vacation to speak of . . . You certainly never can tell whom Cupid is going to hit next . . . the most unlikely victim you could think of is Bela (Dracula) Lugosi . . . but he's very much in love and he just got married . . . to a girl of twenty-one . . . And that's all till next month stop.



Last Minute Review

✓✓ State Fair (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Louise Dresser and "Blue Boy."*

It's About: *What a week at the State Fair does to the home-and-love-lives of a farm family—pa and ma and daughter and son.*

"State Fair" is a picture that'll get 'way down deep inside you at times—and hurt, now and then, so you'll want to weep a bit. The hurt may be sheer sweetness, or just heartache for what's happening to the girl and the boy—but it'll be a nice sort of hurt. You know, don't you? And you'll feel better for having seen the film.

The cast is magnificent. In Your Reviewer's opinion, Janet Gaynor has never been sweeter, better. Will Rogers, with not a very big part, does his usual willrogersing to perfection. Louise Dresser, Norman Foster, Lew Ayres are splendid, too.

The story tells several love tales against the homely country background. Janet's is a sob and a smile. Norman Foster's (as the farm boy) is one that starts with a laugh, ends with a catch in the throat. And then there's the romance between Blue Boy, the champion hog, and the lady-pig in the next stall at the fair. As for paw and maw—well, they're simple farm folk, and what goes on over their heads doesn't affect them.

Your Reviewer Says: "State Fair," despite occasional draggy sequences, turns out to be an entrancing and entertaining cross-section of life in what the intelligentsia call the hinterland.

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Two People Who Were Too Much in Love

The Inside Story of Why the Lew Ayres-Lola Lane Marriage Crashed

By

S. R. MOOK

(Who is a close friend of both of them)

WHEN Lola Lane filed suit for divorce against Lew Ayres recently it gave the wiseacres of Hollywood a chance to go into their routine dance to the tune of "I Told You So" and they lost no time in availing themselves of the opportunity. When they were married a year ago everyone in Hollywood who knew them predicted it wouldn't last. I think possibly of all their friends I was the only one who thought they would make a go of it. Having enjoyed the confidence of both of them before and during their marriage, I believe I am in a position to know a little more of the inside than most people.

Suit for the divorce was filed on grounds of incompatibility and the usual charges were mentioned—cruelty, embarrassing her before their friends, that Lew remained away for days and refused to come home, that he stayed out until all hours and refused to account for his doings, etc. None of it was literally true—it was simply the filing of specific charges to obtain a divorce.

The real reason they couldn't make a go of their marriage is that *they were too much in love with each other!* Maybe that seems strange but it's true.

They had one of the stormiest courtships Hollywood has ever known. They broke off and made up more times than I can remember. People seized upon their quarrels as evidence they could never be happily married. If, friends pointed out, they fought so much before matrimony, what would it be like afterwards when they were together constantly? What friends and acquaintances didn't realize was that they were both madly in love and their quarrels were a form of love making important to both of them.

Before they were married Lola used to have dinner with Lew every evening. About once every month or six weeks a rather forlorn Lew would call me up and say "Why don't you come up for dinner this evening?"

"Where's Lola?" I'd ask.

"We-ll," he'd say hesitantly, "she isn't coming up tonight," and I'd know

Lew Ayres, who couldn't be happy with Lola Lane, and who'll never be happy without her. His love story followed the same pattern of success and frustration that has followed his career

Is it possible for two people to give too much devotion? Lew and Lola spent every hour together from the day of the honeymoon until nearly the end of their marriage

there'd been another row, and they had parted "forever."

I'd go on up and we'd kid awhile and have some laughs but, all of a sudden, after the meal was over, Lew would go into a mental funk, slump down in a chair and gaze moodily at nothing. There would be a thick silence for possibly a half hour and then the words would begin tumbling out: "We were so silly to scrap over nothing. Lola is the most wonderful girl in the world, but she is a little unreasonable at times." Two or three days later there wouldn't be a ripple on the surface of their affections. Sometimes Lew gave in and 'phoned her, sometimes Lola 'phoned Lew but it was a foregone conclusion that no matter what was said in the heat of argument, time (and they were so deeply in love I can speak of "time" in terms of hours and days rather than months or years) would soften them to the point where harsh words were forgotten.

Once they had a set-to and swore they'd never see or speak to each other again. Joan Bennett had a house guest and invited Lew down to Malibu to meet the guest. Lola was invited to a party at Charlie Feldman's Malibu home. They met on the beach. The idea of Lola with some other man—of Lew with some other attractive girl, was too much. Their companions were left standing open-mouthed and dazed as they returned to town together. I don't believe Lew to this day has ever said goodbye to Joan, his hostess.

Before they met, Lola used to be seen everywhere—at the Grove, the Blossom Room, Olsen's, premières, parties, the Derby, etc. Lew never goes anywhere. Once after they became engaged she called me and asked me to come up to her home. When I got there, there was a suspicion of moisture in her eyes. "I want to talk about Lew," she said simply.

"What about him?" I asked.

"Do you think we could be happy together?"

"Why not?" I parried.

"I don't know. We're so terribly much in love but we quarrel so. When we're apart our rows seem so silly but when we're together before we know it we're scrapping. I like to go out and he doesn't. That's one thing we argue over."

"Why don't you tell Lew you're willing to stay home with him four nights a week if he'll go out with you the other three?"

"I have," she answered, "but he just laughs and says how can we tell we'll feel like going out three nights a week."

"Well then, it seems to me the only thing to do is forget him or make up your mind to take him as he is. Either you love him enough to give up other things or the other things mean more to you than Lew," I said, being very paternal.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "we love each other so much and we need each other so much. There are so many ways he needs me and so many ways I need him."

Later, when she had calmed down, she said, "He's coming over tonight and I'm going to have one more talk with him."

A couple of days later she called me again. "Lew and I are through," she said with a gayety I knew she didn't feel. "Would you like to take me to the Grove tonight?"

"Sure I would."

"Everyone knows you are Lew's closest friend," she continued, "and if we were seen there together they'd know Lew and I have parted on friendly terms."

When I rang her bell that evening Lew opened the door.

"Hi, *pal,*" he greeted me.

"Hello, Lew," I said. "I thought you and Lola were through."

"Did you?" said Lew shortly. I stepped into the living room and he followed me. Lola came in and for a few minutes I lived through a drama such as I have never seen on the stage. The air was charged with emotion. Lew was in the overalls and flannel shirt he was wearing for his part in "Up For Murder." That was the only relieving note in the whole situation.

A person had only to listen to them a couple of minutes to realize that neither of them would ever really care about anyone else. I left. But the dramatics continued.

Two days later the whole thing was forgotten and they were more in love than they had ever been.

Their idiotic sense of humor and the crazy things they would do bound them closer together than almost anything. Lew bought a dilapidated car for ten dollars and then spent fifty more for new tires and a battery to make it run. The fenders dangled by a single bolt, the back was bashed in, padding (*Continued on page* 83)

The bold, bad man at the extreme left is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Next to him, standing on a chair that you can't see, is Ourself, the Editor, next is Joel McCrea, then Fay Wray, Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, and Johnny Mack Brown. In the front row are Mrs. Brown, Mary's nephew, Mary herself and Robert Fairbanks

An Editor's Adventures in Hollywood

By RUTH WATERBURY

THIS was to have been a simple story of New Year's Eve at Pickfair. But as I write it I find I must write instead the story of that strangely interesting, romantic and somehow touching little figure who is known to the world as Mary Pickford.

When I trekked out of New York just after Christmas, headed for Hollywood and what I fondly hoped would be a rest, I never dreamed New Year's Eve at Pickfair was going to happen to me. Nor could I possibly know that at Mary's homecoming party for Doug I was to come across one of those great human dramas that make life at once so wonderful and so terrorizing. Little did I realize I was to be privileged to look within a woman's soul, to see her as a symbol of something that has been in the world but which is surely dying, to see her as a person courageous, rather lonely and truly great.

It was Joel McCrea who brought the opportunity about for me.

My train was meandering through Nevada or some such state when I received a wire from him asking me to smash right into Hollywood's Holy of Holies with him. With what is known as alacrity, I accepted. I would, if the truth must be told, have accepted Joel's bid for New Year's Eve if it had been to a plate of beans in the middle of the Pacific Ocean at midnight. That is what the McCrea face, form and sprightly conversation do to a girl. So it was a hardship similar to finding a million dollars to say yes to his date to Pickfair.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the thirty-first when I arrived in Los Angeles. The sun was just setting behind the orange groves and the air was as soft as a yes man's answer. The noble three who work for this magazine on the Coast, Kathryn White, Marquis Busby, Harry Lang, plus assorted press agents and many, many roses—oh, it's great to be an arriving editor in Hollywood—met me and hustled me off to the stellar world's favorite beauty parlor. There we let art take its course for two hours till I emerged in such a state that could my own mother have seen me she would have been *that* surprised!

A more general shot of the party, Mary and Doug and Douglas, Jr., in the center, behind Mary, her niece Gwynne and her school chums. The mustachio-ed personage in the background is the Duchess of Sutherland

Promptly at nine Joel called for me. Instead of greeting each other romantically we stood and yelled with laughter. For in ordinary life Joel is six feet three and he had himself done up in cowboy boots and overalls—yes, it was a costume affair—which made him about three inches taller. And I was all appareled in a hoopskirt business that made my four feet ten look even shorter. We certainly made a dandy couple.

Women began appearing from all five directions as we tried to make our way out of the Ambassador. They bobbed up between the cracks in the floor. They popped out of palms. They surrounded Mr. McCrea. They beamed at Mr. McCrea. And Joel, genuinely embarrassed, genuinely shy, gave them his diffident grin and his autograph while I stood on one foot and another, feeling just as important as an old teething ring. But finally we struggled away from the crowd, out to Joel's Packard, and swept out through Beverly Hills.

"I'm excited," I confessed. "I'm excited and I've got the inferiority complex I always get in Hollywood. I feel homely and awkward and I'll be terrorized to walk into that room."

Joel looked solemnly ahead of him. "I wish I could get that again, the excitement, the thrill of Hollywood. It's all gone for me now. But don't be afraid of Mary. She's a darling."

"It's the royalties I'm thinking of."

"There will only be a couple. Mary's got the Duchess of Sutherland as her house guest. And there will probably be the Countess di Frasso with Gary Cooper but the rest will just be Hollywood regulars and you certainly know most of them. Here's Pickfair now."

It lay low and white across the ridge of a hill. The moonlight glittered down upon its gardens, lost itself in its swimming pool. At the motor entrance Mary's servants waited, dressed Western fashion, the butler a two-gun man for the night, Mary's favorite maid one of those giddy gals with a red cotton rose behind her ear. We entered through a charming early American hallway into the wing which Mary had just had built for Doug and which was a reproduction of a Carson City "gambling hell" of the '50's.

The walls were roughly whitewashed, the woodwork was deliberately battered and stained. At the head of the room there was a bar. Everybody has bars nowadays but this was such a respectable Pickfairian bar it was hard to believe it had ever seen a mining camp. Behind it stood two Pickfair servants, trying very portentously to live up to their desperado outfits. They were dispensing quite near beer, the only beverage of the evening, I assure you. There was a free lunch, too, smoking turkeys, hams and roasts, steaming casseroles of macaroni and beans, cold salads, canapes of caviar, fish pastes and *pâté de fois gras*. It looked divine and nobody touched it.

About the room were round, bar room tables and worn chairs. Old lamps hung from the rafters, throwing their flickering light on the couples dancing to the music of a prairie string trio who persisted in playing those doleful cowboy dirges and raising their voices, now and again, in cowboy laments.

And then against this deliberately shabby, very pioneer background the drama of Mary Pickford began unreeling itself to me.

Even as the guests began filtering in, I got the impression of Pickfair being primarily a closed corporation. There were Mary's adopted daughter, Gwynne Pickford, and her school chums, a cute bunch of giggling youth. There were Mary's niece and nephew by marriage, a Mr. and Mrs. Chalif. There was Doug's brother, Robert Fairbanks. Young Doug was to come in later and be wildly

The latest portrait of Mary Pickford. She has worked long and arduously for many years but has not aged at all

welcomed for his gaiety and wit and charm but these other relatives represented something almost feudal that broods over Pickfair. Think all you like about its being "first generation money," remember as much as you will that Mary was once a little girl named Gladys Smith and Doug was a youth named Ullman, but you cannot shake off the impression of aristocracy that touches that house. Here was no rowdy party where you'd smash glasses and drop cigarette butts on the floor. Here was order and charm and grace and Hollywood's very nicest people.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, with her hair gone back to brown, sat demurely in one corner and did not mingle at all. Elsie Janis and her handsome young husband, Gilbert Wilson, were at another table. There was no repressing Elsie's gay conversation. She wisecracked at everyone. Her Grace, the Duchess of Sutherland appeared—and did I jitter when we were introduced—so simple, so unassuming, so amusingly dressed as a pioneer plainsman you were quite enchanted by her. And there were besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Tom Gerarty, who used to write Doug's scripts, Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur, the Donald Ogden Stewarts, Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, "Big" Boy Williams and Sally Eilers, among the others. Yet when Mary and Doug entered together, Doug in that black costume he wore in "The Gaucho" and Mary in a delicate lavender and white gingham she wears in "Secrets" I knew that something was very, very wrong.

Some of us drifted over to the tables and began playing various games. Joel and Elsie Janis and Gilbert Wilson and I started a game of blackjack. Other people were dancing. Suddenly there was a stir throughout the room. Gary Cooper was entering, as an Indian brave, very straight, very tall, grinning beneath a long, black wig, more handsome than he has ever been on the screen, with four squaws beside him. One was the Countess di Frasso, another was Elsa Maxwell. I never did get the names of the other two women, but all of them were fairly short and fairly heavy and if you do not believe they made a dramatic entrance for Mr. Cooper, you've got no kind of an imagination. Midnight came, 1933 began. The light dimmed for a moment and Joel went over and kissed Mary's hand.

There was another stir in the room. A tall, dark figure stood in the doorway. He had a dirty face all topped with a tall, stiff hat and a very red nose. Everybody gazed at him. Finally Doug, Sr., spoke. "You darned fool," he said.

The figure grinned. It was Doug, Jr. "Awfully sorry Joan couldn't come," he said. "She had a terrific day at the studio. I stayed with her till midnight at home and then I came over here to say New Year's greetings to you."

He was very obviously the Crown Prince of the Royal Family of Hollywood. The party surged around him. Finally he came over to the table where Joel and I were playing blackjack and where I had just made the staggering sum of thirty cents.

"Wouldn't you like to see the rest of the house?" he whispered to me.

We went up stairs. The immense drawing room lay utterly still, not the ripple of a single curtain spoiling its quiet. We went into the formal dining room, into the tiny breakfast room, into the library, stuck our heads into the kitchen and astonished the servants. Everywhere was perfection, not a single fallen cigarette ash, not a disturbed rose petal. It was like walking in a church on a weekday.

We started down the stairs again. "But where are Mary and Doug?" I asked Douglas, Junior.

"They're at the studio," said young Doug. "Meet me there Wednesday next week and I'll prove it to you."

We ran into Joel in the hallway. "One more dance and let's go home, yes?" he asked.

Young Doug laughed. "You'd always go home at nine o'clock if you could get away with it."

"I like to go home early," I said.

"Now there's a lovely girl," said Joel. So we had the dance, whispered a quick good-by to Mary, and slipped out to his car.

As we drove away, I said, "There was something awfully wrong there this evening, Joel."

"I know it, and I can't imagine what it was," Joel answered.

On the following Wednesday, the day I was to have luncheon with young Doug, we all found out. Only a few hours before their party started on New Year's Eve Mary and Doug had received word by transatlantic phone that Jack Pickford was dying in Paris. It was too late for them to communicate with all their guests and rather than spoil everyone's happiness, they went through with that party while Mary's heart was breaking within her. Even while the party was going on Mary tried to get a call through to Paris only to have weather conditions over the Atlantic make hearing impossible. On Tuesday Jack died.

"But Mary won't be at the studio," I protested to young Doug when he rang up about our date.

Young Doug told me Mary was already at the studio and acting. She wanted that escape from her grief.

There is a small one-room building on that lot which is the stellar restaurant. Young Doug and I had lunch there and then went over to Mary's set. And there I began seeing her, the real Pickford.

She was playing a scene in the picture where she is a very old lady, married fifty years. She has four children, and it was the players chosen to portray those children who gave me the first insight into Mary's heart. They were Ethel Clayton, Huntley Gordon, Bessie Barriscale and Theodore Von Eltz. Not so long ago those first three were stars. They had only bits now but they were being treated as stars, with every courtesy, every deference. At the side of the set stood Ella Hall. She too was once a star and now is a saleswoman in a Hollywood shop. Mary buys practically all her clothes through her so that Ella can get the commissions. Ella Hall's daughter, little Ella, Jr., is working in "Secrets" too, to help out. The "still" man on the set was very cross. When stills had to be taken, it was necessary to shout at him violently, for he is very old and very deaf. But he is also a very fine still man and he has been with Mary for years. She won't have him replaced.

Do you get what I got, that Mary Pickford loves the motion picture business, that it is her life and her soul, that its people are her people and its gods, her gods?

I went and visited her studio bungalow while I waited to speak to her and it was revealed there even more strongly. Here was none of the cold stateliness of Pickfair. Here was a home. Yes, really, a home. It's like an exquisite little country house, with a living room, dining room, a kitchen, two dressing rooms that could be bedrooms, and a bath. It is furnished in the most delicate chintz and fine old mahogany. And there are books around, and flowers, and handkerchiefs and perfumes, and a living personality in all its rooms, refined, gracious and sensitive.

To cynical people who asked, "Why does Mary Pickford with all her money keep on making pictures?" here is the answer. Oh, yes, she has wealth. She has acclaim. But that is not enough. Doug may go to the East and hunt tigers. But in Hollywood are the people who hold Mary's love. For several years she had been head of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Her personal charities number thousands but she will permit no publicity on them.

"Of course, I love pictures," she told me. "Think how long I've been in them, ever since the days when it was a disgrace to be a movie actress, since the days when we had to work in public streets and crowds would throw vegetables at the camera.

"I'm sorry that sound came in. Pictures lost something then. They were universal, they could have done anything, prevented war, I think, taught millions.

"When you've been around the world as I have with Douglas, in the most out of the way corners, and heard the crowds, who didn't know a word of our language, shouting his name"—she did not mention her own—"you realize how great pictures were. But that is gone with talkies. We can't get over the language barriers."

I mentioned her four "children" in "Secrets." "They're such good actors," she said.

"But that isn't why you hired them."

She waited a long time to speak. Finally she half whispered, "We have to do what we can. It isn't so hard on them, playing small rôles, as it is on the youngsters coming up today. They shoot up so fast and it lasts such a little while. And it's so cruel. When you have been in the spotlight, you are so cold when it no longer shines on you."

We were sitting in her bungalow as we talked and it was very quiet. Mary still looks like a little girl playing dolls. Her beauty has none of the dynamic quality of a Hepburn or a Garbo. Tiny and slim, her very white skin is flawless and unlined, her golden hair like a nimbus about her face.

"I've taken a lot of discipline lately," said Mary. We neither of us mentioned Jack but we were both thinking of him, naturally. Mary's eyes glittered with the tears she wouldn't shed. "But it is only with discipline that one learns."

Mike Levee interrupted us. Mary was wanted on the set. There were some autographs she had to sign, too, and would it be all right if they brought a bunch of visiting firemen, honestly visiting firemen, in to see her tomorrow. They wanted her to okay a new portrait sitting, too, and what about that proposition to make "Alice in Wonderland" for Mickey Mouse's father, Walt Disney?

Mary took care of it all, stopped long enough also to tell her maid to order a suit—she thought corduroys would be nice—for the very little boy playing in "Secrets." The maid wasn't to let him know where the suit came from, just get it and give it to him. Mary had noticed he and his mother looked so poor and there wasn't more than two or three days' work for the little boy in the whole picture.

When she was gone I looked about the United Artists lot. Here once reigned Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, D. W. Griffith, Doug. Now only Mary is working there.

Mary was the queen of the silent pictures, the world's sweetheart.

On another lot is the queen of the talking pictures, her daughter-in-law, the dynamic, strangely beautiful Joan Crawford.

The silents have gone but Mary Pickford is still queen of her own kingdom, the kingdom which she, little Gladys Smith, built up for herself. She cannot desert now, forget the pleas of those whom the spotlight has deserted, who were less strong and less talented than she.

Mary, the little aristocrat, stands by and smiles bravely in the face of her own sorrow, and gives them bread.

Don and William Donaldson, 22 and 20, two boys from a poor family, whom Joan Crawford is sending through school

Joan Crawford Plays Fairy Godmother

One of the Most Revealing and Touching Stories That Has Ever Come Out of Hollywood

By KATHRYN WHITE

DIDN'T you *love* them, when you were a kid?—those fairy tales, about the poor children, and the beautiful fairy godmother who turned up when things were blackest, and waved a golden wand, and made everything turn out all right?

Of course you did. And you believed in them then—believed that when things were darkest, some fairy godmother might suddenly make things turn out right for you, too. And then you grew up. And smiled a crooked, cynical smile and said that Life teaches you that such things never, never happen outside of story books.

So? Well, then, read this little story. And when you read it, realize that *every word of it is true!* And that it's one of the kindest, finest, warmest stories that ever came out of Hollywood—

Once upon a time, there were two boys. Their father's name was Donaldson, and they lived in a little hamlet called Peru, Indiana. Their family was poor, and when the boys finished their schooling, they had to begin to shift for themselves.

The elder boy's name was Don. He was two years older than his brother William. And so Don had two years of shifting alone before William—let's call him Bill—joined him. Don made his way to the big city called New York, and tried to find means of earning a living. But this was in the time called Depression, and luck was against Don.

When Bill, too, finished his schooling, the two boys together set out against the world.

Now, like so many others, they had heard of a golden town called Hollywood, where wonderful magic came to pass, and where, if Fortune smiled, one might find gold in the streets, figuratively. So, high-hearted, courageous, but penniless, they set out toward the west. To gain the money to pay for their food, they mowed lawns as they traveled. They hitch-hiked from one place to another, always heading toward the west. In one place, Amarillo, Texas, they stopped at a rich house, asked if they might mow the lawn. The woman asked them how much they wanted. They told her a quarter, and she told them, go ahead.

From behind a curtain, she watched the lads work. She saw they were honest toilers, that they did their work well. For reward, she called them in when they had done, gave them a meal, gave them two dollars, gave them two blankets. Don and Bill began to learn that though the world is often hard, now and then one finds a person whose heart is soft.

When Joan was a young girl, she fought and worked for an education. She had to leave school because she couldn't afford to go on. So that's why her heart is touched by two lads who are eager for an education

At last, they reached Hollywood. But they found no gold in the streets. They found that in Hollywood, too, city of magic though it might be, there was Depression. They found many other lads, other men (by this time, Don was 22, Bill 20) "licked." They decided that they would not join these forces, but would live—somehow.

They canvassed the city, found here and there an odd night's work—washing dishes, sweeping floors, scrubbing pots and pans. They stuck to restaurants because they might get a half dollar, or a quarter—and a bite to eat.

What they earned, though, was not enough to give them a roof over their heads. But they still had their blankets, that the good woman in Texas had given them. And a mile or two outside of Hollywood lay the rolling hills. Night after night, after their work in the city, after their trudging for jobs until their shoe soles were worn away, and they walked on bare skin with only the rags of the uppers of their shoes to cover their feet, they'd hike those miles into the hills, retrieve their blankets from under the bushes where they'd hidden them, and stretch out under the California stars for another night's sleep. One good fortune was that this was summer in California —and they at least had no rain, no cold to fear.

Finally they found a job sweeping out a restaurant which was next door to Jim's Beauty Shop in Hollywood. Sweeping it out, they came on a quarter and a dime which had fallen onto the floor. They might have pocketed that thirty-five cents. Instead, they gave it to Jack Dyer, who owned the place.

"Plenty of bums come in here mooching food," said Dyer, afterward. "No bum would ever have returned money he'd found. I saw these boys weren't bums. I talked with them."

He learned the ambition that had brought them to Hollywood. It was not to crash the gates of movieland. It was because here they hoped to find work, so they might go to school. That was their big ambition, their big wish—to go to school, to college, to learn the things that would keep them, as they grew old, from the poverty that was their father's and their mother's.

Dyer, heart warmed by sincerity, gave them a job at a dollar a day. He learned where they slept, did not believe them until he'd gone out into the hills and seen for himself. Then he told them they might sleep on the back porch of his home, instead.

Yet things were black for Don and Bill. A dollar a day, a place to sleep—this did not mean for them what they sought—the chance for an education. Oh, there were bright spots—there was the day, for instance, when the girls who worked in Jim's Beauty Shop, and who patronized Dyer's eating place, (*Continued on page 72*)

Inside Stuff

Helen Gets Another Chance

Under the terrible handicap of advance press-agenting as "a second Janet Gaynor," a swell little gal named Helen Mack reached Hollywood from the east a year or so ago. Her heart was high, her dreams higher. But Hollywood hasn't been dubbed "heartbreak town" for nothing. Helen couldn't get over that "second Gaynor" title they'd hung on her—and Fox, after a few sporadic and feeble rôles, let her go.

But now Helen's got another chance. It's a break, too—because it was due to the fact that Radio could not get Alice White for a fat rôle in "Sweepings" that they hired Helen for the rôle. And Helen says she's going to be a "second nobody" if work can make the grade—but she *will* be a "first Helen Mack!"

Not that it matters, but Joan Crawford's latest means of whiling away tedious time on the sets is to whittle. Ah, me, this fast Hollywood life!

How To Rise in the World

When Gary Cooper first came to Los Angeles, he got a job canvassing for a photographer, selling pictures at $2 a day.

Today—see how stick-to-it-iveness wins!—Gary's still pretty successfully selling pictures! But he's getting more than $2 a day—and he knows countesses for good measure!

Lloyd Hamilton, who still is funny even though you don't see him often, says that if we can't have trial marriage, we should at least have trial mothers-in-law.

And just for another wise-crack, Preston Foster, who's raising a moustache, says it's like a baseball game. You ask why, and he giggles: "Nine on each side!" Oh. . . !

On a Hollywood theater (and wouldn't it be?!)—
LIFE BEGINS
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

Is it funny or isn't it that "Panther Woman" Kathleen Burke is awfully afraid of cats?

Meet Muriel Evans, M-G-M's new pride and joy. Cute? She used to appear in shorts, but now she's getting her first real break in "Men Must Fight"

Sex-Appeal Note

You'd think, wouldn't you, that on the M-G-M lot, where Clark Gable, champion heartbreaker of the fillums, rules in all his male sex-appealing glory, and where there are hundreds of his pictures in the files of the publicity offices, that some of the stenogs and other girls might have a photo of the brute on their desks?

But do they?

No. . . !

But ten of them—*ten* by actual count—have photos of Lee Tracy stuck up on their desks. . . !

My, My, My!—Will the Gal's Talents Never End?

Elissa Landi, besides being an actress and—as you know—author of three published novels, has now turned to song writing! In "The Masquerader," wherein she plays opposite Ronald Colman, she plays a song. Well, she wrote it!

Perhaps the next stunt
By Elissa Landi
Will be that she'll lead
A symphony bandi!

Bebe Thinks up a New Idea for Bedroom

As you've gathered by reading *Movie Mirror,* Hollywood householders go in a big way for novel ideas of bedroom decoration. But it took Bebe Daniels to think up the newest and oddest . . .

For Christmas, she had Hubby Ben Lyon's bedroom done over. And since Hubby is an ardent aviation enthusiast, Bebe had the bedroom decorated to resemble the interior of a large cabin plane, with all sorts of aeronautical fittings!

-GENERI - ALIMENTA

The two people in that carriage contraption are Clark Gable and Helen Hayes as they'll appear in "The White Sister", and doesn't Helen look pert?

At the Fox Studio they're calling her "the greatest discovery since Dietrich". Lilian Harvey was such a hit in "Congress Dances", a foreign made film, that American producers clamored for her. Fox got her, and her first picture will be called "My Lips Betray"

Ben says he's afraid to step out of the door for fear he'll fall a couple of thousand feet.

A-Hah! Skendel in the Joan-Doug Menage . . . !

The Hollywood chitter-chatterers nodded their heads and whispered, "I told ya so!" when it became known about Hollywoodtown that Joan Crawford had received an ardent letter . . .

"Dearest Joan," it read. "I love you. I love you and I'm so happy because now at last I can come and live with you. All my love." It was signed "Jock."

But—

It developed that "Jock" was just a shepherd dog, present from Doug, Jr., and weren't the scandal-peddlers annoyed?

Latest Who-Cares Note about Marlene:

—not satisfied with parading everywhere and elsewhere in men's trousers, la Dietrich has now taken to wearing those Gable-style turtle neck sweaters.

Heat News

Eastbound recently, George Raft bought two topcoats in Hollywood. But New York winters were too much for him and he shivered—until he found a Hollywood-bound actor-friend who'd bought a New York-weight overcoat and couldn't use it in Hollywood.

So they swapped.

And all the girls sighed relief because it would *never* do for Georgie to cool off too much!

Here are Your Monthly "Cupid's Diary" Excerpts

JUST-MARRIED Dept.—

—well, they've been a long, long time working up to it, but Joan Blondell and George Barnes were finally made Mr. and Mrs. at one of those Arizona elopement weddings . . . however, no wonder they waited so long; it seems George didn't have his final decree from his former Mrs., and bigamy is bigamy no matter how thick you slice it . . .

—at Yuma, Hollywood's most popular Gretna Green, Director Eddie Sutherland took his fourth wife, Audrey Henderson, Hollywood beauty, but not in pictures. . . . Eddie's ex-wives are Marjorie Daw, Louise Brooks and Ethel Kenyon.

—Helene Costello, who not so long ago divorced Lowell Sherman, plunged right back into matrimony . . . in Havana, Cuba, she married Arturo del Barrio, rich Cuban . . . she said she's a "former" movie actress, which probably means that she thinks she's retired from the screen. . . .

Of course you can pick out Mary Pickford, but do you recall the lady on the left? She's your pet of silent days, Ella Hall. She gave up pictures to get married, and now her daughter, Ella Hall, Jr., is the actress in the family. She plays with Mary Pickford in "Secrets", and is mama proud!

And so another famous Broadway actress goes Hollywood! She's Phoebe Foster, she's all signed up by RKO, and you'll see her first in Connie Bennett's picture, "Our Betters"

VIOLENT-DENIAL Dept.—

—from Stockholm, a denial that Greta Garbo will become the bride of rich Swedish engineer Max Gumpel . . . denial based on the very good reason that Gumpel is already married . . .

—from Kansas City, denial by James Aloysius Bausch, dubbed world's champion athlete, that he'll marry Mildred Harris, one-time wife of Charlie Chaplin . . .

—in Hollywood, blushing denial by Dorothy Jordan that she is betrothed to Director Merian Cooper, although she likes him an awful lot . . . why wouldn't she? —he sent her orchids in every city she appeared in during a long personal-appearance tour of the States! But Hollywood is betting, despite Dorothy's denial, that she'll marry him.

—from Eleanor Holm, decided denials that she'll marry Junior Laemmle with whom she's been seen everyplace and everyplace for months.

—from Norma Talmadge, denials that she's going to divorce Joseph Schenck . . . Norma just up and said that although she admitted some months ago that she'd get the divorce, a gal has a right to change her mind, hasn't she? So she did.

—from Lupe Velez, hot-peppery denials that she's even in love with Johnny Tarzan Weissmuller . . . and that, despite the fact that you couldn't in all Hollywood or nearby countryside, during

Do you recognize these two girls? Sisters? No. They're not even exactly relatives. The girl on the right is Wera Engels, who was imported from Germany by RKO as the perfect brunette. So what happened? The first thing they did to her in her first picture, Richard Dix's "The Great Jasper", was to make her a blonde (it's a wig)

the last weeks and weeks and weeks, see either of them without the other! . . . said Lupe in her denial: "Johnny is just a friend. I'm not in love with him or anyone. But he has a *marvelous* figure!"

RECONCILED-AND-HAPPY Dept.—

—after a two-day marital bust-up, Rosco Stuttering Ates went back home, got himself all squared up with Wifie. Then he admitted that he'd been in the wrong all the time, when he was "kicked out of the house," and that if it hadn't been for that pretty gal and those things in the tall glasses, he wouldn't have made a fool of himself.

—Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn are liable to be Mr. and Mrs. Dunn any time now—that is, if they don't get into another fight about something. They're both Irish, and well, you know. Anyway, as this is written, they're reconciled and doving-and-cooing and not denying that it'll be wedding bells soon.

BLESSED-EVENT Dept.—

—at Warner's, Edward G. Robinson is working overtime gladly these days, because he wants to get his current picture done in time to be in New York in early March—the Robinson date with the stork is about March 1, and Eddie wants to be there—he tried to get the studio to postpone the picture, but they were rushing production, and Eddie's just hoping the stork won't be doing the same.

—and also in March, Louise Fazenda, who's Mrs. Hal Wallis in ordinary life, has a date with Ol' Doc Stork, too.

Here are two people you rarely see at a night club. We mean Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, the two in the foreground. They lead a very quiet home life. But when Frank Borzage gave a party celebrating the finish of "Secrets", they couldn't resist

DIVORCE Dept.—

—in Reno, Alice Joyce gets her divorce from New York Hotelman James B. Regan. She also got her maiden name and custody of their 11-year-old daughter.

—and the Chevaliers finally get that Paris decree, after Mrs. Chevalier says that at home, Maurice wasn't at all the man he is on the screen and in turn, Maurice said she was too, too jealous anyway. So what?

Poof for those rumors that Marie Dressler hasn't been feeling well lately! This is the way the old gal behaved on her vacation on the desert at La Quinta. And to think that the calendar says she's almost sixty!

Hollywood Definition:
William Gargan says a "yes-man" is a fellow who has the courage of other people's convictions.

Heh, Heh, Heh—A Laugh by and on the Censors!

It was in Philadelphia that the censors got peevish about a lot of scenes in "The Kid From Spain"—Eddie Cantor's bullfight film, you know. It seems they objected to cruelty to the bulls, for one thing. So what happened? Well, Eddie Cantor himself, who was in New York, rushed over and talked to the censors.

The newest baby star to make the Hollywood grade is two-and-a-half-year old Philip Horimoto, the Japanese baby you saw with Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly". Isn't he cute?

He popped his eyes at them and told them how very, very kind the people had been to the bulls. In fact, he admitted that some of the bulls weren't really bulls—just "prop" bull heads mounted on auto radiators. And he told them a lot of funny stories.

So the censors laughed. And Eddie went away with a complete okay on the picture.

And aren't censors funny, anyway?

Talking About Censors, Did You Know That—

. . . in England, it is illegal to portray the King and Queen in any film production?

. . . in America, it is illegal to show on the screen the picture of American postage stamps, or real currency?

. . . in Boston, it is all right to screen scenes showing gambling on week days, but on Sundays, it's illegal?

Coming Surprise:

The appearance of Marie Prevost in "Parole Girl"—because all you who've been giggling at Marie's avoirdupois in recent pictures will be astounded. She's reduced so she looks like that gudgeous Marie of old!

How About Giving the Brunettes a Break?

Not only gentlemen but title-writers, too, prefer blondes. Anyhow, in 1932's list of pictures, we had "Blonde Venus," "Anybody's Blonde," "Blonde Crazy," "Blondie of the Follies" . . .

And then there was "Red Headed Woman."

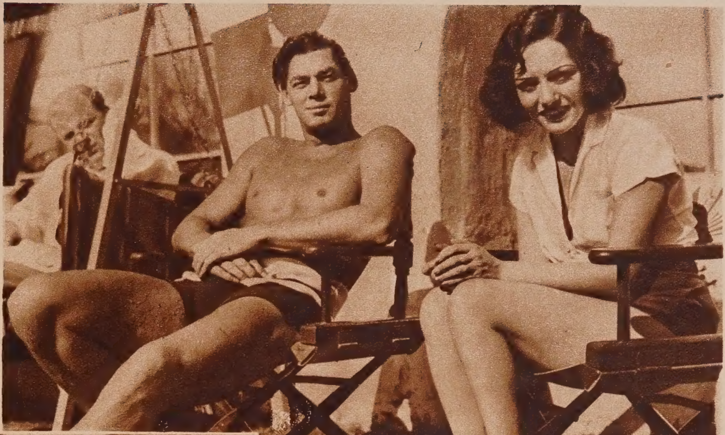
But not a movie about brunettes. My, my. . . !

Is it Funny?

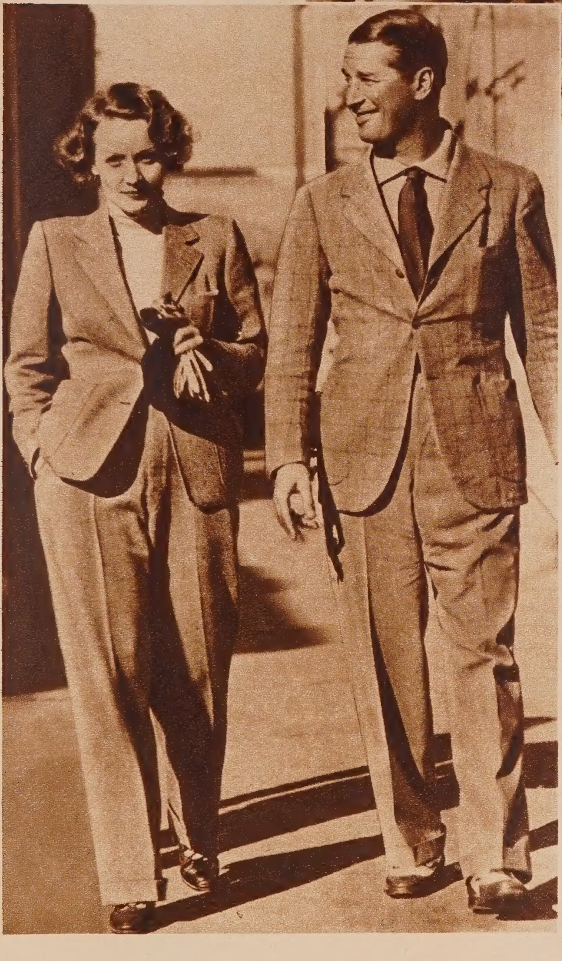
—that one of the *big* winners at Agua Caliente's gaming tables after Joseph Schenck had taken the place over was Gilbert Roland?

Wera Finds Yankee Men Wera, Wera Interesting . . . !

Wera Engels—you know, she's that li'l German girl



Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were the hottest combination in Hollywood till Lupe went East to appear in a musical comedy. Now Lupe says it wasn't a romance, at all, but isn't it strange that Johnny Weissmuller rushed East too?



You've heard about them and now you see 'em—the mannish clothes Marlene Dietrich is wearing everywhere these days. She goes attired in men's clothes from head to toe. Maurice Chevalier is being seen a lot with her these days

Radio pictures has imported—is delighted with American men's technique (or, rather, lack of technique) in love.

"European gentlemen," she explains, "campaign for weeks and weeks in seeking their heart's desire. But an American—*ach, himmel!* Yoost give him one little lift of the eyebrows, one little smile to show that you are interested and oh, my, you find yourself digging yourself out of his shoulders and arms and your lipstick is *ganz abgeschmirt!*

—"and I think it's *nice!!!*"

Here's a Cute Story About Jackie Cooper

Still quite unspoiled is Jackie Cooper. Because his mother has taught him that every time he's a bad boy, he must sacrifice something.

Jackie was shopping one day with his "maw." In a trinket shop window, he discovered an Indian ring. He fell for it in a big way.

"Aw, maw; buy me that."

"I'll get it for your birthday," she promised.

"Aw, maw—get it for me now, please."

"All right, but you'll have to be a good boy."

He promised. She bought the ring. He slipped it proudly on, stared fascinated at it for minutes at a time. But less than two hours later, he forgot his promise, and "sassed" his mother.

"Jackie, you've broken your word," she told him.

Jackie was silent. His lip quivered for a moment or two. Then, without a single word, with eyes downcast, he drew the new ring off his finger, laid it in his mother's lap.

Just All in Good Clean Fun, You Know

You've seen "No Man of Her Own" by this time?—and how that Gable boy does turn on the heat in his love scenes with Carole Lombard.

Well, to kid Carole, Clark presented her one day with a pair of heavy men's brogans. "So's you can keep your footing when I do my stuff," he wisecracked.

Did it faze Carole? Not Carole. She gave Clark a present right back an hour later—a HAM with his picture pasted on it. And was Clark's face red?

Kate Smith (*all* of her) will make another picture for Paramount.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Before Lee Tracy appeared in "Blessed Event," Hollywood had him mixed up with about five other Tracys. That picture made him a hit, identified him as an actor, and started a lot of worries for every company he worked for

Fast-Talking Lee Tracy Is the One Man In Hollywood Who Can Do As He Pleases And Can Still Find Plenty To Do

He Gets Away With It!

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

IN "Blessed Event", in which Lee Tracy plays the rôle of a fast-talking, wise-cracking newspaper columnist, a gunman comes to his office with the express intention of bumping him off. Tracy, his tongue stepping at a mile-a-minute rate, not only changes the gunman's mind, but proceeds to make a friend of him.

Strangely enough, Tracy has been doing the same thing in real life. No matter what he has done, he has such a winning personality and such a persuasive manner with him that he has been able to get away with it. No man has ever tried the same tactics with any kind of success.

In this, Tracy is unique.

There is a black-ball system in Hollywood. Usually, when an employee, whether he is an actor, a writer or a director, is branded obstreperous at one studio, the word is passed around and he has a hard time finding out what he is to do next. He finds that his popularity with all bosses has fled.

Consider Tracy's record.

After forty uneventful weeks at Fox Hills, he was given a contract at Warner-First National studios. He appeared in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain", "Love Is a Racket" and "Doctor X". Cagney was set for "Blessed Event". And Cagney and the Warners had salary trouble. Cagney walked out.

Tracy was called in. He was given the rôle. It was a great break for him—the greatest he'd ever had. Up until the time that the word got around Hollywood that the picture was a smash hit, he was mixed up with about five other Tracys. "Blessed Event" identified him as an actor and one of the finest actors in these here parts.

"I was a bad boy over there," he admits today. "I overslept a couple of times. Now, consider a man who has worked nights all his life. You suddenly ask him to appear at 9 o'clock. You disorganize his routine, shatter his nerves, upset his habits, change his curriculum and—let's see, what else do you do? But that's beside the point. My conduct was inexcusable.

"Of course, when it was let out that I was cockeyed, and that I locked myself in my room, and that I wouldn't come to the studio, they were carrying things a little bit too far. But, anyway, we tore up the contract. One word led to another, and you know how impetuous a man can be at times—"

No sooner had that contract been torn up but Lee went to work at Columbia—*with a raise!*

He made "Night Mayor" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round"—what a smash hit the latter was!—and moved his make-up to Radio. At a higher salary. He started in "Phantom Fame," which turned into "The Half Naked Truth," the story of a press agent. Lupe Velez was opposite him.

There are various reports as to just what happened. Some contend he walked off the set eleven times. Some say it was only four. Whatever it was, it was a new high record for walking off sets. Radio announced he had done $11,000 damage to the company by holding up production, and that they were going to do all sorts of things. A merry time was in store for Mr. Tracy.

The cashier hung onto $3500 worth of Tracy pay checks.

The entire affair was placed (*Continued on page* 98)

HE'S the worst son-of-a-gun who ever hit the studios. He tells supervisors where to head in; he disappears from the set for days at a time. He isn't handsome. He isn't too young. But he's the most-in-demand young man in Hollywood. Who is he? Lee Tracy. And how does he get that way? You'll find out all about this likeable rascal in the story across the page

The Most Amazing Boy in Hollywood

YOU'VE felt it—haven't you?—if you've ever seen Tad Alexander on the screen, that one child actor of them all who "gets" you as none of the others do. . . .

Oh, Jackie Cooper's clever, yes. Dickie Moore is cute. Spanky is funny. Mitzi is brilliant. . . . But none of them can get inside your heart the way Tad Alexander does. It's not just his face, his acting—it's something you *feel.* Want to know what it is? Then listen—

Three years ago, a pathetic little family—or part of a family—drifted into Los Angeles. There were a mother and two little boys. They were poor, bitterly poor. And they were unhappy. Of that unhappiness, it wouldn't be kind, nor is it necessary, to talk here. Family things. . . .

They came to Los Angeles from up north, San Francisco way, in a desperate hope that they might find better luck. They based the hope on that foolish thing that has led so many other hopers into heartbreak—success in amateur acting. One of the lads—they called him "Tad"—had done quite cutely in a school pageant. Neighbors, well-meaning friends who knew the plight of the mother and the two boys, said:

"Oh, why don't you go to Hollywood? Tad'd be great in movies."

Yes, it's an old, old story. But the mother didn't know it. And certainly seven-year-old Tad didn't.

They went to Central Casting Bureau first.

"If you've got any people at all, go back to them. You haven't a chance here," they told the mother.

The mother was ready to quit. It was Tad who said:

"No, mother. Let's not go back. Let's try some more. . . ."

Imagine a seven-year-old kid talking, acting like that!

The mother and the two boys took a tiny, cheap room in the cheapest, poorest section of Los Angeles.

Their money dwindled. They starved. They trudged from casting office to casting office afoot—and casting offices in Hollywood are miles apart. Blisters on their feet bled. . . .!

Tad Alexander as the pathetic little Czarevitch in "Rasputin". Tad himself, though only ten, has known bitter poverty

In Tad there's a strange something that few men possess. Call it, tritely, indomitable courage, if you will. But he had it. Time and again his mother and brother said: "Oh, we haven't a chance. Let's give up and go back where someone'll take care of us." Each time Tad said no.

One afternoon, footsore, weary, Tad and his mother were passing the front of a downtown Los Angeles theater. It was The Belasco. Tad, kid though he was, had heard the name.

"Mother, wait here," he said. "I'm going upstairs to ask Mr. Belasco for a job."

Now, it so happened there *was* a Mr. Belasco there. Tad thought it was the great David. But it was instead Edward Belasco of Belasco and Curran, Pacific Coast theatrical producers. With the same simple force that had won over his mother, Tad got by the secretary.

And then came the miracle—Belasco was looking for a boy to play a rôle in "Tomorrow And Tomorrow" wherein Kay Francis was making a stage appearance. Well—to shorten the rest of it, Tad's appearance at the psychological moment, plus that same strange force of personality, won him the job.

On the night he opened in the stage play with Kay Francis, Kay herself drove him home. All the way, he sat silent—his eyes riveted on Kay's beautiful hands on the steering wheel of her car. Kay commented on it afterward—he never took his eyes off her hands, said nary a word.

But when he got home, he said some words that tell SO much about Tad Alexander . . . When he got home, he stared for a long time at his tired mother's care-and-toilworn hands. Then this seven-year-old lad said, with that strange simplicity with which he says things—

"Mother—now I've got a job—now you can have pretty hands, pretty pink fingernails like Miss Francis, too. . . ."

LOVE makes the World Dizzy

That's what Minna Gombell Says, But Does She Mean It?

By DORA ALBERT

"LOVE," laughed Minna Gombell, "doesn't merely make the world go round. It makes the world dizzy. It makes the world go in a whirl.

"They say that all the world loves a lover. I'd rewrite that to read: The world is always interested in lovers and likes to watch them and think, 'How silly they are!'"

Minna Gombell didn't look as if she should be wisecracking about love. She looked young and sweet and charming in her vivid blue lounging pajamas. Our interview took place at her home in New York, where she was staying between pictures on a well-earned vacation. A dimple on the left side of her cheek flashed mischievously, and she laughed freely and spontaneously. Her blue eyes sparkled.

And yet Minna Gombell off the screen has a lot in kinship with those hard-boiled, soft-hearted gals she's played on the screen in pictures like "Bad Girl," "Sob Sister," "Good Sport," "Careless Lady"—remember? She, too, is free with her wisecracks, ready with her laughter; she, too, speaks her mind saltily, gustily and is hard-boiled on the surface.

The interesting thing about Minna Gombell is that underneath this hard-boiled, flippant, mince-no-words veneer of hers, she is an incurable sentimentalist. It is just that—a veneer. Hollywood thinks her one of the most self-sufficient, carefree girls in the world. And she lets it think so. She goes on clowning, wisecracking. What, bare her heart to people who don't care about her and for whom she doesn't care either? Not Minna! She has been hurt by life, badly hurt, and she has come up smiling, laughing even. Now she wisecracks to forget. The wounds may heal a little, the scars may become white and hard; but the slightest thing can open those wounds again.

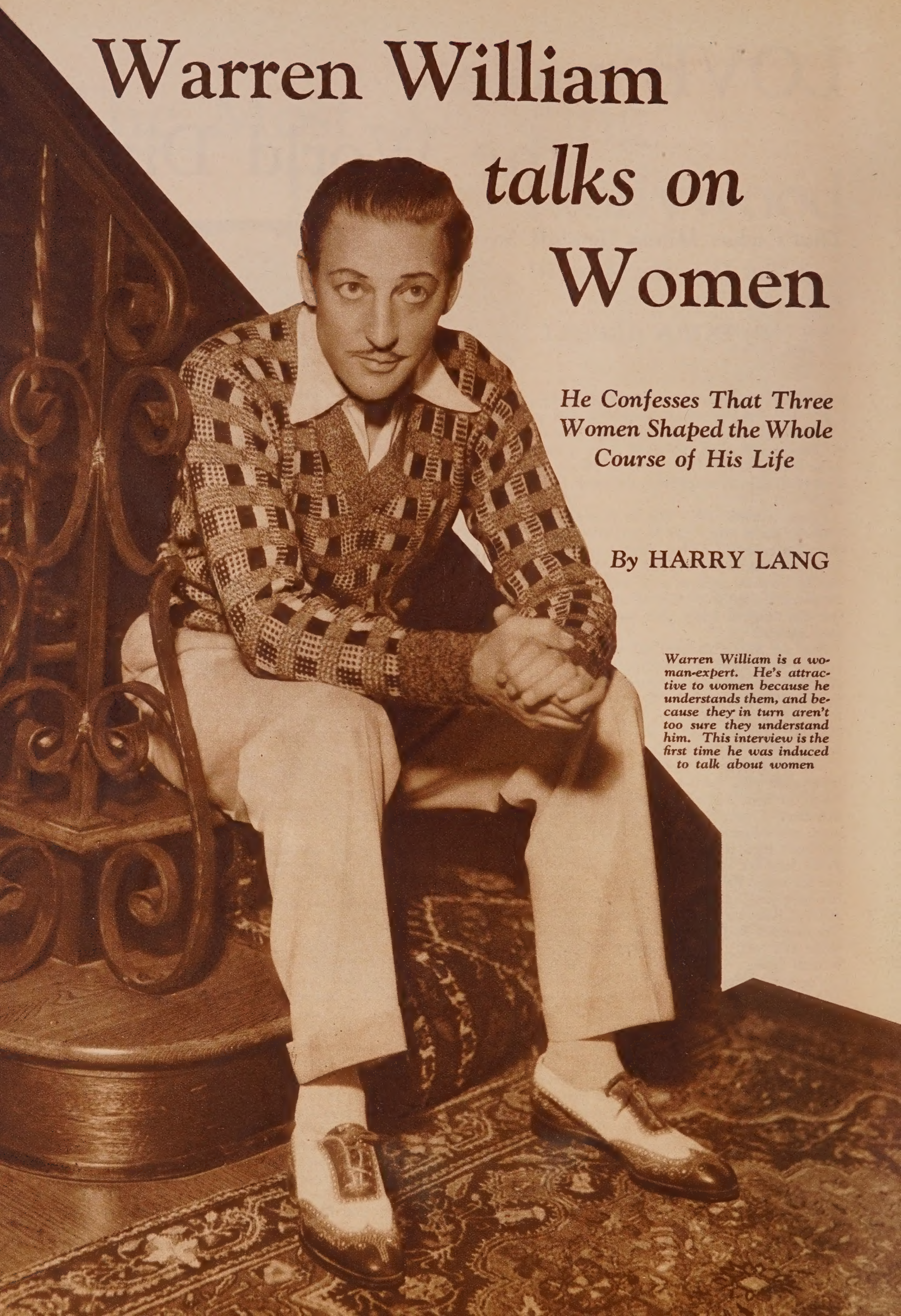
I'm not talking either about the kind of hardships that every trouper meets on her way to success. Usually stars, once they've succeeded, glory in overcoming obstacles, like to remember days of hardship, even of starvation because they're over. But the things life did to Minna were much crueler than that. They happened to her because she wasn't equipped to meet life, because she was brought up on Virtue and Piety and Faith in People. She was brought up to believe that Patience is a Virtue and that Virtue is Its Own Reward and that you should always trust people and believe in them. It is rather sad that she has had to scrap all this for a harder philosophy. . . .

"Today," says Minna, "I don't believe that you should *never* trust people, but I do believe that you shouldn't trust them too fully until they have shown themselves worthy of being trusted. I believe in following my hunches. Whenever I have failed to follow them, something disastrous has happened. There was a girl. . . . The first time I met her I didn't like her. But as I got to know her better, I began to think I must have been mistaken. She was one of those very charming people, my deah! But my hunch proved true. I lost a friend; I lost a lot of faith; I came out at the little end of the horn. But I won't talk about it. I won't! I believe that the past is over and done with . . . but I learned a lot of things from it, and un-learned many of the things I had been taught at my mother's knee."

Minna Gombell will wisecrack about anything, even about love. That's because she started out with a lot of illusions, of which life robbed her one by one. Now she's hard-boiled on the surface, but underneath there's a different Minna that she reveals only to her closest friends

To understand Minna and what has happened to her, you must know something about her childhood. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Her father was a physician, one of those good-hearted doctors who do a great deal of work for nothing. Minna is descended on her father's side from a long line of Lutheran ministers. One of her ancestors helped Martin Luther to revolt from the Catholic Church. (*Continued on page* 84)

Warren William *talks on* Women



He Confesses That Three Women Shaped the Whole Course of His Life

By HARRY LANG

Warren William is a woman-expert. He's attractive to women because he understands them, and because they in turn aren't too sure they understand him. This interview is the first time he was induced to talk about women

IT was a newspaper that started it.

You see, if it hadn't been for the newspaper, this article would probably have been merely something about "A Day On The Set With Warren William"—or something like that.

Instead, thanks to the newspaper, it turns out to be Warren William's personal ideas about women. Women in general. Because Warren William read, in the newspaper, what a lot of smart-cracking actors had said about the things they did *not* like about women—and that made Warren mad. It made him so mad that he sounded off, and said quite a few things in defence of women—if you concede that they require any defence.

And because Warren William is one of the outstanding among today's screen group of "matinée idol" heroes—the kind whose fan mail is more than 99 percent from admiring women—you may find it interesting to hear what Warren William has to say about them.

But let's get back to the beginning, so you can see how the newspaper started it all, as we told you 'way up there . . .

Warren and Loretta Young appeared together in "Employees' Entrance". "Men," says Warren, "think that they're the world's managers, but smart women behind the scenes manage them"

The newspaper had been thrown casually onto a chair, on the set where Warren and Connie Cummings were making retakes for "The Mind Reader." And between shots, while he was waiting for the cameramen and the "juicers" to set up their cameras and lights for the next take, Warren William had casually picked the newspaper up and begun to read it. Now it so happened that whoever had thrown it there had been reading the movie page, which isn't at all unusual in Hollywood. But it also so happened that the first article that struck Warren William's eye, as he looked casually at the sheet, was one of those things headed "What I Don't Like About Women." And then it went on to quote a lot of screen actors—Warren William *not* among them, by the way—airing their pet peeves against the gentler sex . . .

And it was while Warren William was just about in the middle of the piece that this interviewer accosted him and the interview began. Now on a "blind" interview—that's one where no subject has been specified in advance for discussion—an interviewer frequently finds it easy to start by asking: "Well, what would you like to talk about?"

Now here's a trade secret: The chances are ten to one that the star will answer: "Oh, let's talk about anything—anything but myself!"—and then forthwith launch into a conversation about nothing but "myself." But this time it wasn't like that. This time Warren William had something he did want to talk about.

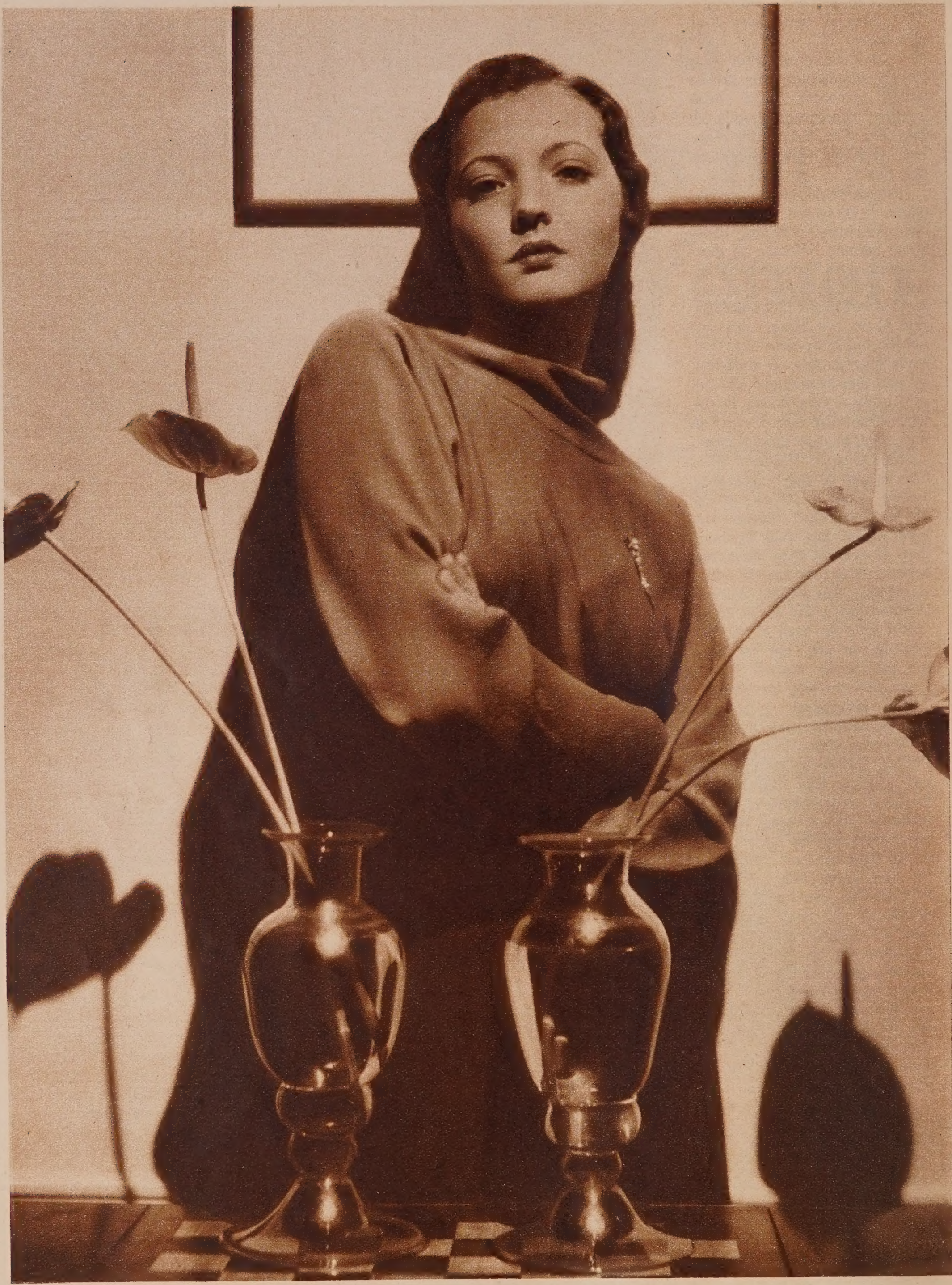
"Let's," he said, "talk about *that* . ." and pointed to the newspaper article. He snorted as he picked out a paragraph quoting a certain well-known actor with saying that the thing he detested most in women is their vanity.

"*That* pouter pigeon should talk about vanity!" laughed William. "Why, the fact is that he possesses more vanity himself than any twenty women rolled together!

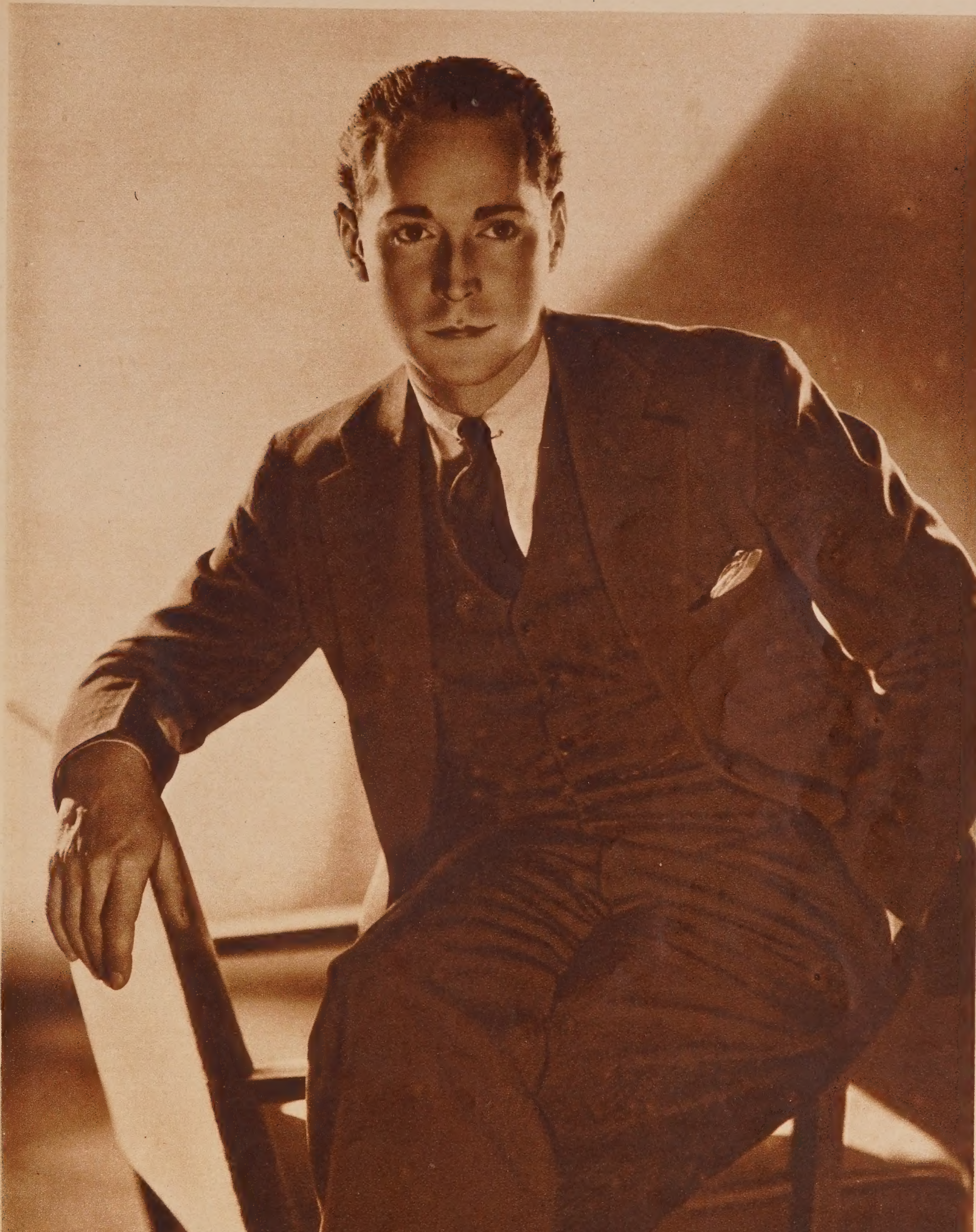
"As a matter of fact, although 'vanity' is one of the most frequent accusations men throw at women, the fact is that men beat women at that very thing. Men are even vain enough to believe, most of the time, that what they've accomplished has been due to their own masterful masculine ability—when the chances are that really it's the result of what some smart woman has made them do!

"You see, women shape men's lives. Men pride themselves and throw out their chests and puff up their ego with the fallacy that it's they who are the world's managers, the world's doers. If they'd admit the truth to themselves, they'd confess that it's the smart women behind the scenes who are really the motivating force, and that men are merely their means to their ends.

"Why, a smart woman is the best natural psychologist in the world. She can take a smart man or a dumb one, and make him say the right thing and do the right thing and make him ninety percent more successful than he would have been without her (*Continued on page* 86)

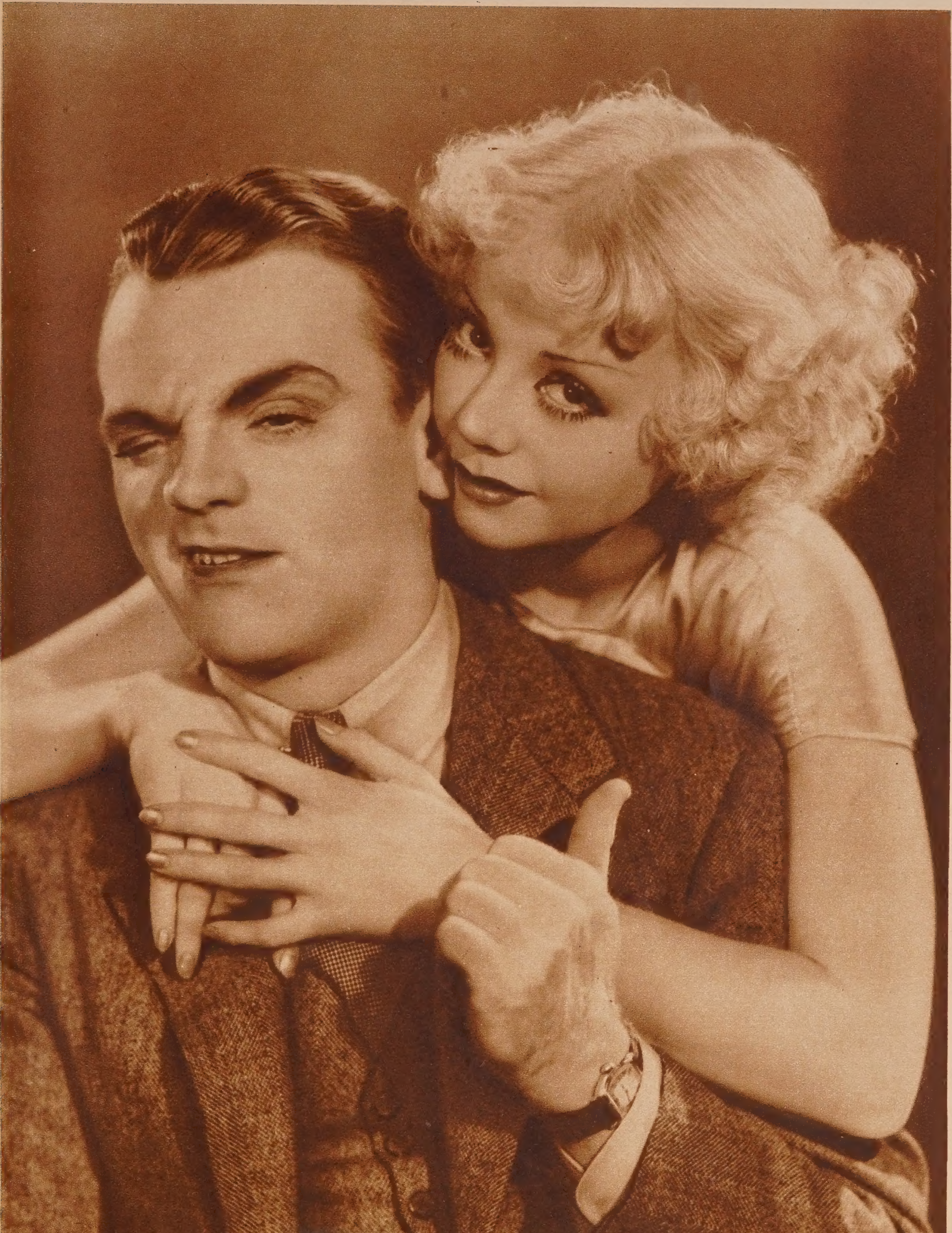


DID you ever see a more gorgeous picture of Sylvia Sidney? Strange, unfathomable Sylvia! Talk about glamour, mystery, sex appeal! Hollywood can't read what lies behind those inscrutable eyes. All it knows about Sylvia is that she was born in New York, answers to the nicknames of Funny Face and Brat, has a positive vice for collecting coffee percolators, and is a swell actress. Hollywood would like to know whether or not she's in love, but that she doesn't tell! You'll see her next in "Pick Up"

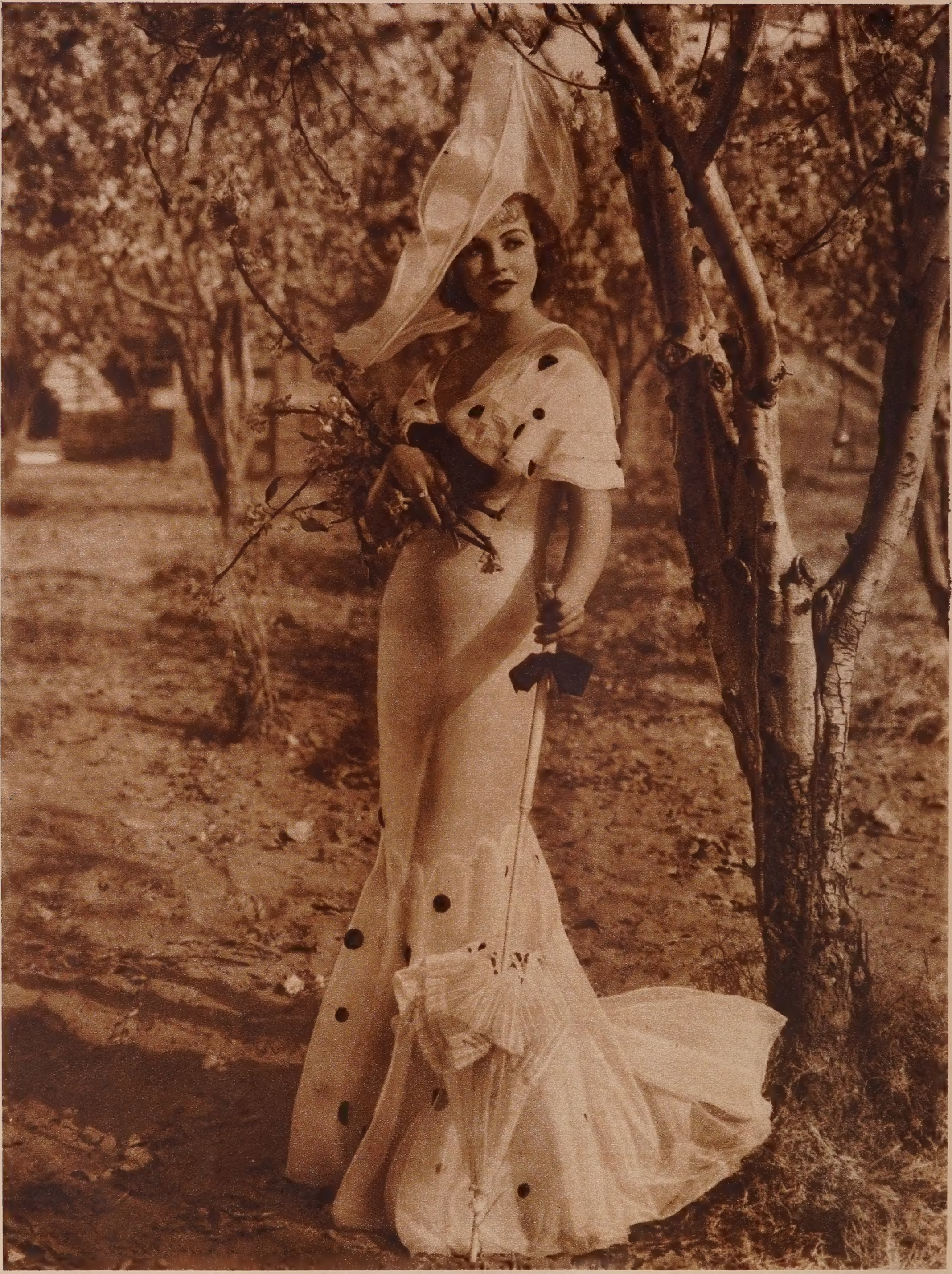


HERE'S the boy M-G-M is so excited about, Franchot Tone. Never heard of him before? You will, no doubt of that, you will. He's young and handsome and comes from the New York stage. He was a hit on Broadway and now he's a hit in Hollywood. His very first screen part is with Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." He isn't the leading man; Gary Cooper is. But the gossip is that he steals the picture! He's six feet tall, has light brown hair and hazel eyes, and his favorite sport is swimming

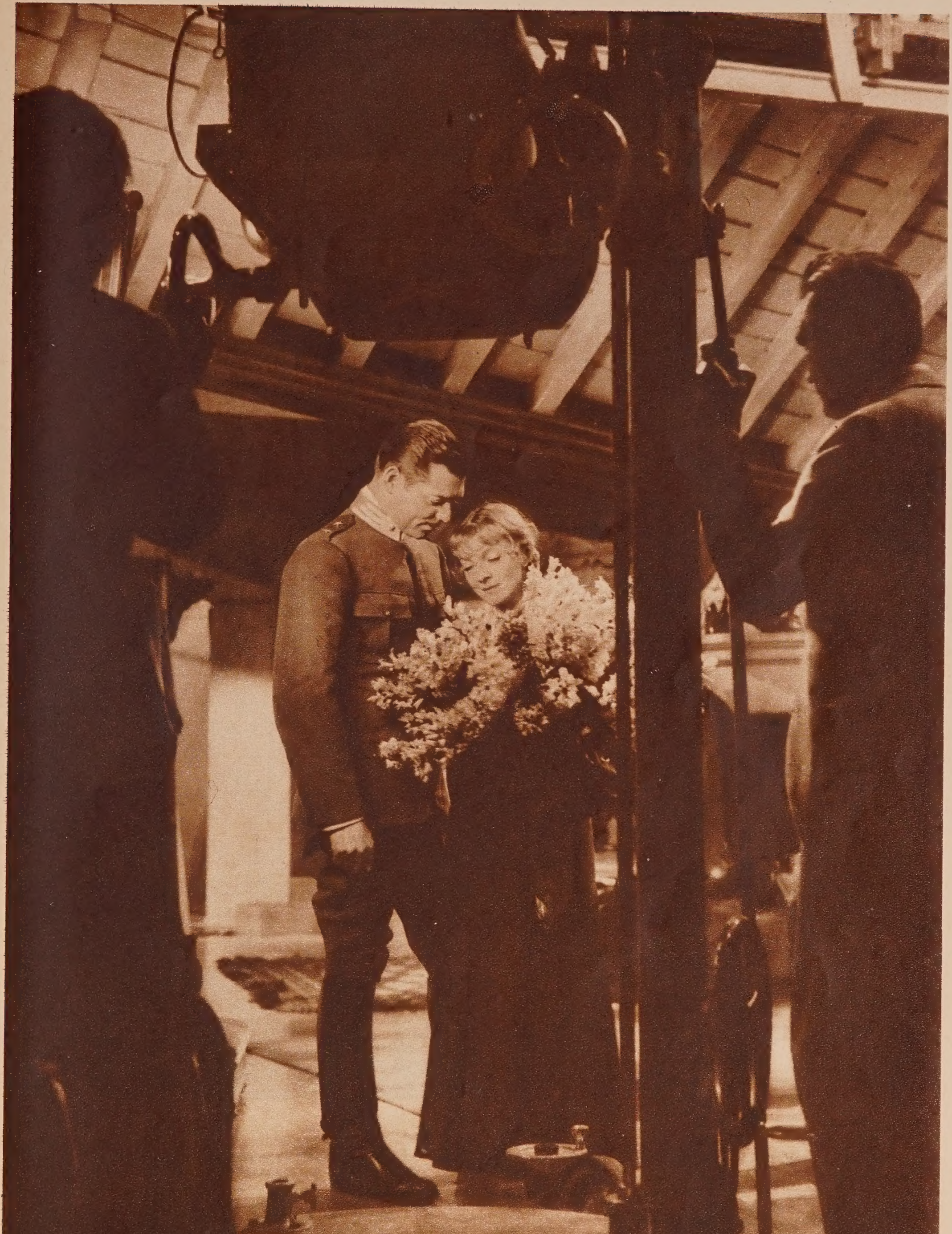
HERE are two of the handsomest people in the movies teamed together in one pitcha. They're Fredric March and Claudette Colbert, and isn't Claudette looking more stunning every day of her life? March and Claudette were such a popular box-office team in everything they did (remember "Manslaughter" and "Honor Among Lovers"?) that Paramount simply couldn't resist the temptation to team them together again in "Tonight Is Ours." And aren't you glad that Paramount listened to the song of the box-office?



NOW isn't that a typical Jimmy Cagney gesture? And doesn't it make you feel as if you just couldn't wait to see his next picture? Look at whom he's got with him, hey, hey! None other than our old pal who's come back to us again, Alice White. She's got a new nose but she's got the old pep. They're great friends, both on and off the set, Jimmy and Alice, and Warners' deserves a couple of medals for putting them together in "Picture Snatcher". Don't you think they make a marvelous team?



AND now you know that spring is really on the way. Isn't it lovely—the girl, the scene, those trees with their tiny buds? The girl? That exquisite Patricia Ellis. She's only sixteen; she's charming; she's grand (oh, those blue eyes!). She's already a leading lady at Warners'. But she has to go to the little schoolhouse on the studio lot three hours a day. Her hobby is collecting china dogs and cats. Her very first picture was "The King's Vacation," and her next is "Picture Snatcher"



HERE'S another one of Movie Mirror's trips to the studios, which gives you a chance to see "White Sister" in the making. Clark Gable and Helen Hayes will be a team to make movie history, don't you think? "White Sister" is one of those grand love stories that make you weepy and happy all at once. Do you remember it as a silent picture, way back almost ten years ago, with Lillian Gish as the "white sister" and Ronald Colman as her dashing lover? We can hardly wait to see Gable and Helen Hayes in those rôles

Hollywood Fashion "Tricks"

Little fashion touches that you've seen on the screen which you can copy for yourself

By EDWARD STEVENSON

Collars and Cuffs . . . !

—they're all the go in Hollywood, now, and you see them both in current pictures and on the boulevards and in the shoppes and smart cafés of cinemaland. And here Ed Stevenson shows you three different collar-and-cuff ideas—one in leather, one you can crochet yourself, one you can make from that old pair of lace curtains up in the attic trunk, if you want to! The sketch shows, too, a novel make-it-yourself monogram feature introduced by Madge Evans.

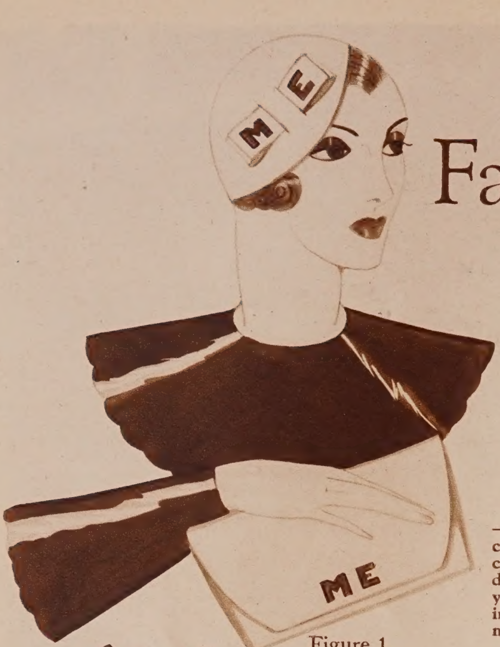


Figure 1

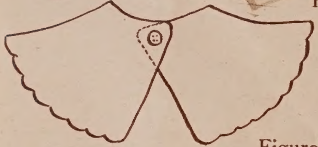


Figure 1A

Figure 1. The collar and cuffs are of patent leather, which you can buy at your store. And all you need do is to cut it according to your own wishes—so it hangs about the neck and stands out to whatever distance you wish. You can scallop the edges. No hemming is needed. The back is shown in Figure 1-A, which shows where the single button is to be placed to hold the collar in place. You don't even have to stitch around the buttonhole; leather won't ravel, you know. Follow a similar procedure with the cuffs. They may be tacked on to your sleeve, or a single button will hold them in place, if the leather is sufficiently stiff.

Figure 1 also show how Madge Evans added a make-it-yourself monogram to her purse, her hat. Madge made hers of felt—simply cut out the letters, and painted them with ordinary gilt paint. Then she glued the letters on her purse, and on a loop of felt to match her hat, the loop being simply passed through a double-slit arrangement in the felt hat.

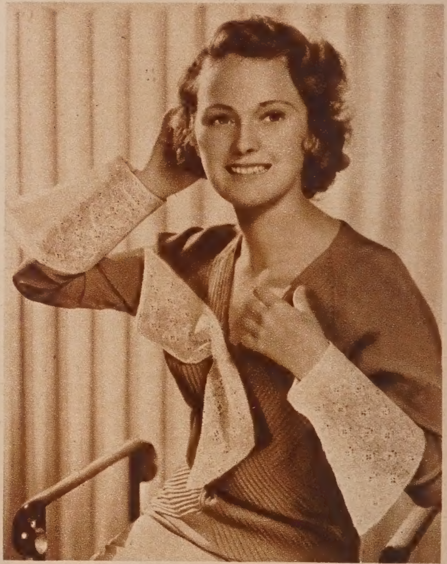


Figure 2

Figure 3. Genevieve Tobin introduced the crocheted collar-and-cuff set on a recent gown. So get out grandma's old crochet needles, if you haven't any of your own, and you can make yourself a set just like Genevieve's.

Designer Stevenson shows the crocheted set *laced* together, rather than buttoned. The lacing is so much more apropos to the crocheted articles than buttons.

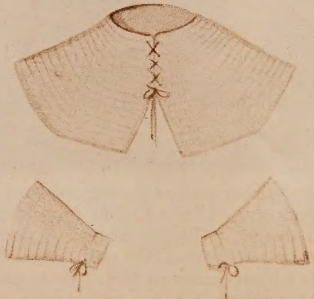


Figure 3

Figure 2. Here's pretty Dorothy Jordan, wearing a lace cuff-and-bow set which you can duplicate easily, yourself—provided you have a pretty piece of lace lying around unused.

Simply cut the material to form the cuffs as shown, and another rectangular piece to form the other item, which is merely gathered a bit at the middle and tacked onto the dress. The cuffs are sewn together and tacked onto the sleeves. Be sure to starch them enough to keep them neatly stiff.

How to "1933" Your Last Year's Evening Gown . . .

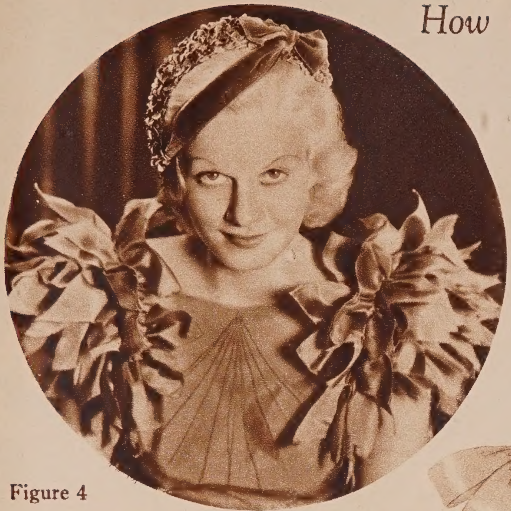


Figure 4

HERE'S a Hollywood hint on how, merely with a few yards of wide ribbon and some needlework, you can add a touch to that ultra-plain evening gown you've got hanging in the wardrobe, so that it looks new and has the 1933 touch at the shoulders and waist. . . .

Designer Stevenson has adapted the suggestion from the gown modeled in Figure 4 by Jean Harlow. At Jean's shoulders, you see huge flower-puffs of ribbon. These are rather intricate, elaborate, and require the work of expert needleworkers. But look at the Stevenson sketch—Figure 4-A—and you'll see how you can adapt the idea yourself.

Merely get some ribbon, say six inches wide, in a color to either match or contrast with the gown you plan to use it on—as you prefer. Of sixteen-inch lengths of the ribbon, make loops as shown in the sketch, stitching the ends together. Then gather these ends, and fasten them to the shoulder strap of your gown. You can use two, three or more loops on each shoulder, to suit your own requirements or wishes.

Suggestions: Taller, slender-shouldered girls should use taffeta ribbon. Shorter girls, less slender, would do better with velvet or ciré.

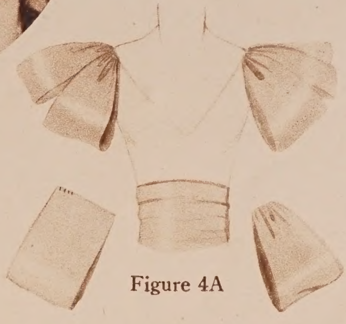


Figure 4A

Figure 6. So many times has Designer Stevenson been asked: "How do we keep these new off-the-shoulder evening gowns from slipping too far?" that he's broadcasting the answer here.

Take a short strip of ordinary adhesive tape, the one-inch width such as you buy at the corner drug store. Slip it under the lingerie-strap at each side of the neckline of the gown. Be sure, of course, that the sticky side of the tape is *not* against the gown.

You must be careful not to make the tape strips too long, or the corners may show above the gown-line.

Here's a hint: To remove the gum that adheres to the skin after taking the gown off, use a bit of cleaning fluid on a piece of absorbent cotton.

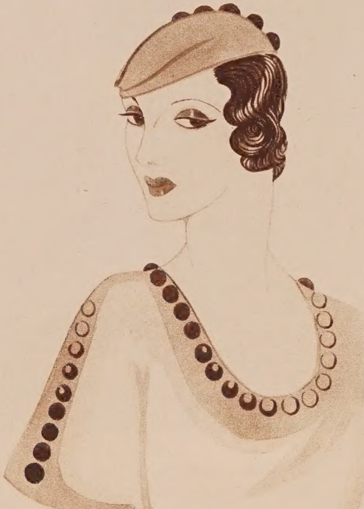


Figure 5

Buttons! Buttons!—Hollywood's Got Buttons . . .!

Figure 5 shows how buttons can be used to gain effects that will add distinctiveness to your outfit.

This sketch is Designer Stevenson's adaptation of two button-features noticed in Hollywood within the past few weeks, one worn by Boots Mallory, the Wampas Baby Star, and the other by Myrna Loy.

The "Mallory" touch is that row of buttons about the neck-line, and down the sleeves.

Now as for the hat. As introduced by Myrna Loy, it consists merely of a beret, across the top of which is sewn a line of buttons. As Myrna wore it, the buttons were covered with the same material and color as the beret.

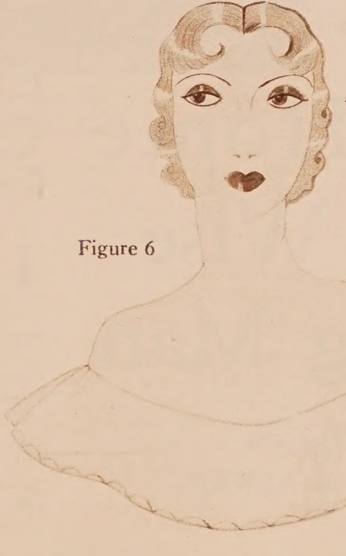


Figure 6

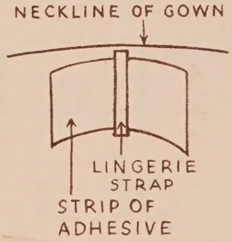


Figure 6A

Bob Montgomery and his lovely non-professional wife having tea in a sheltered nook out-of-doors. Bob doesn't have to flee to any expensive retreat to "get away from it all"! He's away from the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood right in his own home

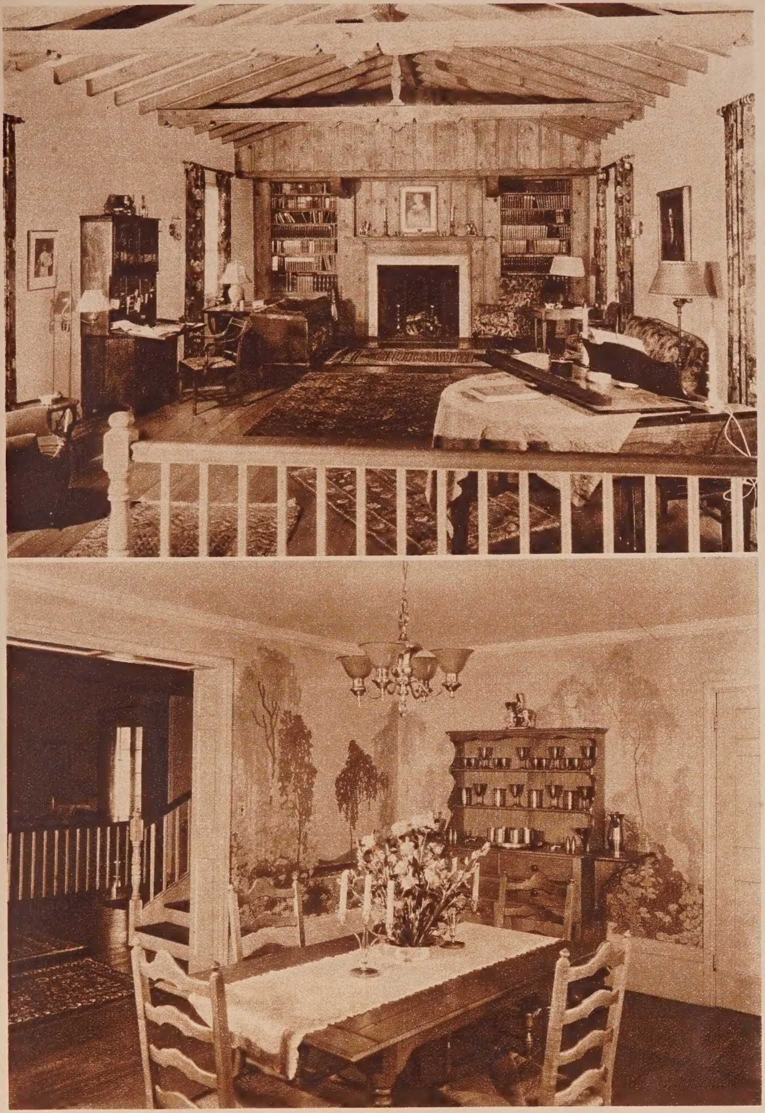
The Home of a Wise Young Man

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

If You Had a Career of Your Own and Were Married to a Lovely Woman Who Made Your Home Her Career, Would You Live as Bob Montgomery Does?

"I HAVE exactly the kind of house I want and I live just as I want to live," Bob Montgomery says. "If I were making three times as much money as I am making now—this would still be the way in which I should want to conduct my life."

The home life of two people, one of whom is in pictures and one of whom is not, is of necessity a delicately balanced affair. Bob's profession is a bizarre and a trying one and precautions must be taken to assure his comfort and his peace of mind. On the other hand, to be the non-professional wife of a handsome sought-after motion-picture actor is a difficult situation in which to find one's self. The Montgomerys have tried to solve all this by keeping their home and the studio as far



At the top, Bob's living room, panelled and beamed in knotted pine, with a fireplace flanked by book shelves. Bob is a bookish young man, you know! Above, the dining room, gay with landscape panelling in silvery grays and greens

apart as possible. By treating Bob's job very much as if it were any other kind of a job, making necessary concessions, of course, to the peculiar demands of a picture career.

The studio is Bob's office to which he goes every day in the pursuit of their living. In trying to keep out of the Hollywood razzle-dazzle (a difficult task!) and trying to insure for his wife the privacy to which she is entitled, Bob almost overdid the thing a year or so ago. Rumors arose that they did not like to be seen together. A few appearances at openings and at the Cocoanut Grove squashed those reports and they resumed their quiet and unexciting way.

Theirs is a casual, comfortable, unpretentious home. A rambling, early California house, white stucco with a green, shingled roof. There is a narrow lawn in front and a tiled patio and a garden at the rear. The garden boasts one of the finest pepper trees in Southern California and is Bob's particular pride. There is a gold fish pond wherein dwell two distinctly baritone frogs and an aviary containing a dozen or so parakeets.

"Some of the birds escaped," says Bob. "I hope they're having fun!"

There are balconies and sheltered nooks for out-of-door breakfasts and lounging in the sunshine. There are roses and palms and flaming bougainvillaea. But not a sign of a swimming pool, a tennis court or a ping-pong table . . . those almost inevitable adjuncts to all Hollywood homes.

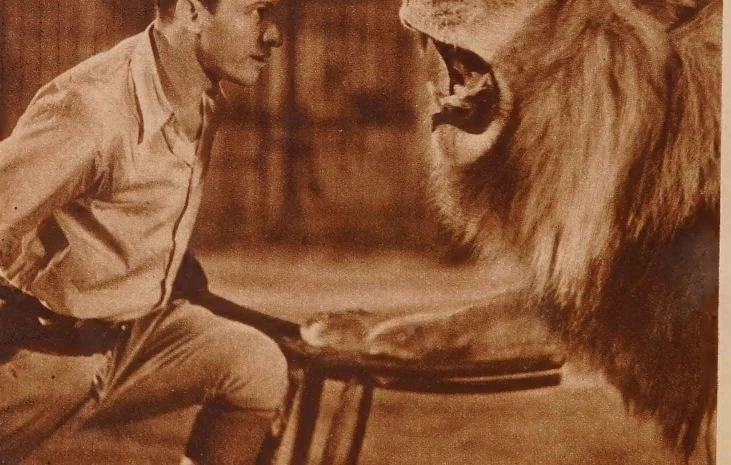
Inside, the house is bright and informal. The early American mood, with its quiet dignity, prevails throughout all the rooms.

A railing and two steps separate the hallway from the long living room which is panelled and beamed in knotted pine in its natural shade. The wide fireplace is framed in Spanish tiles and flanked by open book shelves, laden with a hodge-podge of old and modern volumes, all of which show signs of having been read. Lady Jane Seymour looks down in somber primness from above the mantlepiece.

There are bright chintzes at the windows and on chairs and divans. Small Oriental rugs are strewn about the floor whose wide boards have been rubbed to a waxy and satiny smoothness. There are fat cushions and low lamps and soft, squashy chairs and lots of ash trays. A grand piano and an interesting antique desk. A comfortable, cheerful, informal room. Nice!

The dining room opens off the other side of the hallway and is gay with landscape panelling of graceful design in silvery grays and greens. The woodwork is painted a dull cream and there is a quaint chandelier above the table, suggesting old-fashioned, shaded gas jets. The furniture is early American walnut and the dark-stained floor is bare. Rows of pewter goblets display their subdued gleam in an old-fashioned sideboard and branched crystal candle sticks brighten the narrow dining table.

The table will enlarge to accomodate twelve and the Montgomerys never entertain (*Continued on page 73*)

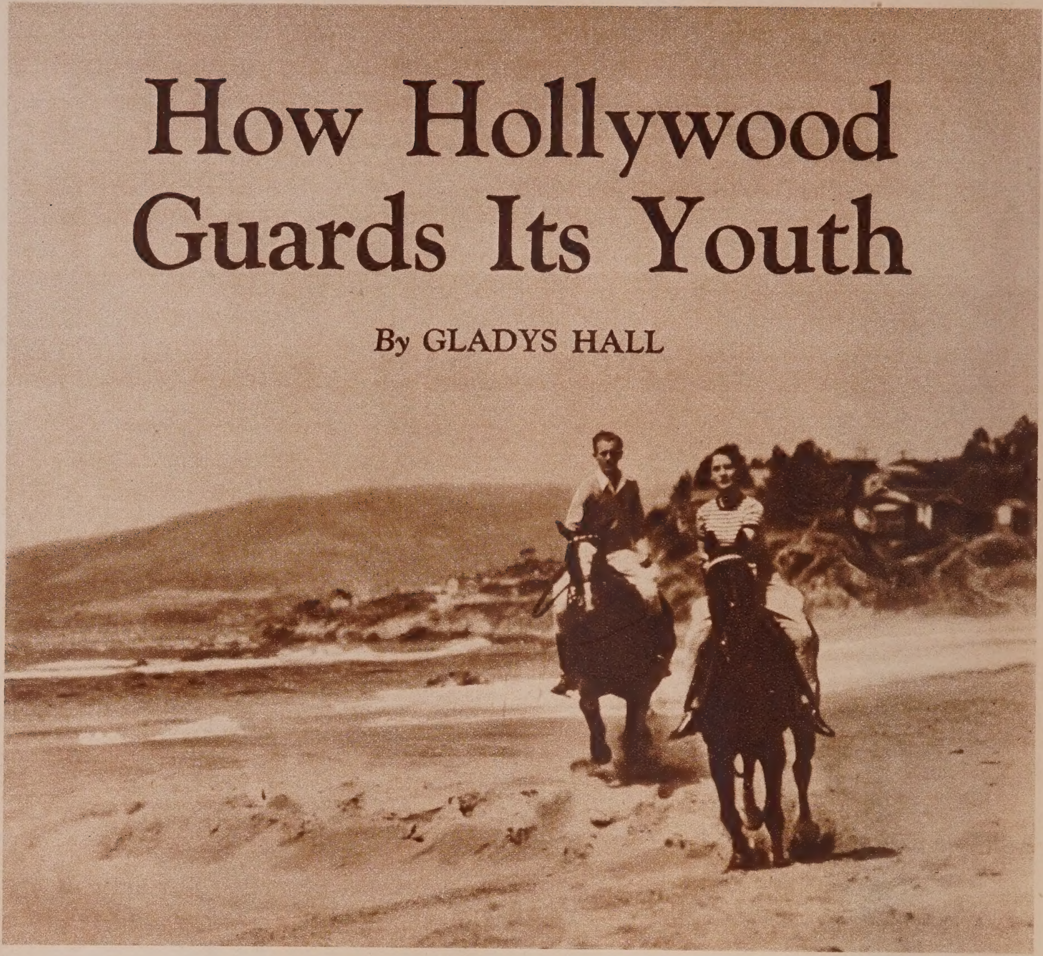


THE thriller of thrillers! That's Universal's special circus production, "The Big Cage," and we'll tell you why. Clyde Beatty, the real star of the picture, has been a wild animal trainer almost all his life. In "The Big Cage" he appears in a caged arena with 43 jungle-bred lions and tigers, something no one has ever attempted before. And how he trains them! How!!! He works only with a very small chair, a whip and a revolver loaded with blank cartridges. The revolver's to get the attention of the beasts. He holds the chair in one hand, the whip in the other. You can see from the picture on the left that Beatty is working so close to the lion it throws a shadow on his face—which is mighty close!

HEY, hey, and a couple of more hey-heys, here is that marvelous girl you saw in "Bill of Divorcement," Katharine Hepburn, in her next picture, "The Great Desire," and don't these stills look swelegant? The actor sharing the big moment with Katharine is Colin Clive. Everybody's been wondering whether Katharine Hepburn's next picture could possibly give her a rôle to equal that of the heartbroken girl in "Bill of Divorcement." Well, we've read the story of "The Great Desire" from the novel "Christopher Strong," and we can tell you right now it'll make one swell pitcha. In it Katharine'll play a motor-race driver and aviatrix, the great passion of whose life is speed and more speed, danger and recklessness, till the one real love of her life comes along. He believes in safety first; she believes in safety last; but oh, what a change in one's life a little thing like love can make! Can't you imagine Katharine as that girl, free, modern as tomorrow, with a courage that dares everything and a love as great as that courage? Oh baby, is Movie Mirror ajitter about that picture!

How Hollywood Guards Its Youth

By GLADYS HALL



You, Too, Can Keep Youth and Health By Following the Stars' Rules

IF it is your job to wash dishes, pound the typewriter, teach school, bring up your children or be a moom pitcher star there is one thing and one thing only that you *must* have—*health!* And there is one thing you yearn to keep—*youth.*

There isn't a screen star who doesn't realize the vital importance of health; who doesn't do something, either mentally or physically, to insure the perfection of health. And by that means they retain their youth years longer than the average woman in the average community.

You must all have looked at the vigorous Marie Dressler on the screen, realized her age, the tremendous amount of work she has done in her life and is still doing—and you must have wondered *how* she does it.

You must have looked at such contrasting ladies as Louise Dresser, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and so on and wondered how each, according to her age, manages to keep so fit, so young, so unvaryingly beautiful.

Well, Marie Dressler talked to me the other day and told me, emphatically, what *she* does about it:

She said, "My rule for keeping healthy and vigorous can be given in three words—*recharge your batteries!* There are a lot of women, and I am one of 'em, who get caught in a treadmill that keeps us going day and night, night and day. There never seems to be an hour when some demand is not made on our energies! Well, we may not be able to stop for an hour in our average, overly rushed days, but—*we can most of us stop for two days at a stretch.* And that is what I do. That is my most vital and most important 'secret' of health. 'Secret'! Ha! I'd like to shout it from the housetops so that more women in their sixties could feel like girls in their 'teens. I simply stop for two solid days once a month or so and recharge my batteries. I go to bed. I disconnect my phone. I am not at home to anyone. I do not read. I do not even think. I just *lie* there. *I DIE for forty-eight hours.* I am out of the world and out of my life for that length of time. Any woman can 'die' for two days if she has a mind to—even if she has to crawl away and die in a tent.

"*Diets are the bunk.* The mental effort they require does more harm than any physical benefits that might be

Norma Shearer swims—oooh, how she swims! She spends a great deal of time on the beach, too, with her baby

derived from them—even if there were any to be had. *All* diets are the bunk. Don't listen to 'em. Forget 'em. I *love* food, good food, rich food. And I eat *everything.* But—*I eat very sparingly.* I will sit down to a mammoth platter of Southern fried chicken and biscuits and I will take only *one* piece. I have whatever I want to have but I am moderate about my servings.

"Every afternoon I drink a glass of buttermilk—and I eat a great deal of bran. When I feel like having something sweet I always have a supply of bran cookies or bran muffins on hand and I eat 'em. Try the buttermilk and bran each day—they do things to you!

"Three times a week I have an osteopath come to my house and give me a thorough work-out. I believe that by keeping the muscles supple and loose I keep fit and healthy. I have facials when I feel the least bit tired or cross. And I always have them done with the upward and circular motion. If I do say so as shouldn't, my skin is as soft as a new-born's.

"There is one other 'secret' I can impart to you—*never worry about your face and figure.* If you do, you may possibly keep your figure but you are almost sure to *lose your face.* I, of course, have never really had to bother about the things other and beautiful women give so much time and thought to. I was born the Ugly Duckling of my family and I've been the Ugly Duckling of the stage and screen ever since. Which is one major reason why I am as healthy as I am—what I never had I couldn't lose and so I've never lost an hour's sleep over it nor gained a worry-wrinkle. Just *don't worry,* you other women, no matter how many lies your calendars may tell you. Keep healthy and you'll get a kick out of life and have a face that serves you very well no matter where you are on the way to the century mark. I can honestly say that I feel as young as I did twenty-five years ago. And I attribute it all to the three points I have made—that I recharge my batteries every month or so; never diet and never worry about my face or figure. Worry certainly wouldn't have changed my face or figure—*it won't change yours.* Face lifting and all the other modern hocus-pocus may change your face if you are silly enough to go in for it—but the change will *not* be for the better. Take my advice for what it is worth and you'll stay in your 'teens forever."

NORMA SHEARER said to me: *"Regularity is my keynote of health and youth.* A perfect regularity of all my habits. I walk five miles every day, rain or shine. And when I walk, I *walk,* swinging my arms and my hips, bringing every muscle into play. I never just 'stroll' or dawdle along. I swim a great deal. I spend a great deal of time on the beach with the baby. Very

Joan Crawford used to be a dancing daughter, till a doctor told her to cut down on her dancing, and up on her diet

"If you're caught in a treadmill," says Marie Dressler, "take two days off for complete relaxation every once in a while. You'll feel like a new person"

Louise Dresser's three secrets of health are Milk, Gardens and Housework, and she lives up to all

often I push the baby in his carriage when I take my five mile walk. That helps even more than walking alone. Pushing a carriage is good for the arms and shoulders.

"When I am working I have a masseuse on the very few days when I am not able to get in my walk. I always follow the massage with a rub-down and a steam bath. *I never have facials.* And I always wash my face with good plain soap and water. Occasionally, after a motor trip or a train trip I cleanse my face with a regular cold cream, a cleansing one and—*I never use towels on my face.* I never *rub* it. I always have a supply of little squares of absorbent cotton and I *pat* my face dry with them. I shampoo my hair every two weeks and on the alternating weeks I have a dry shampoo.

"I eat every food on God's green earth. And what is more I eat *three good solid meals a day.* I eat cereal and eggs and toast and butter and fruit for my breakfasts. I eat salads and drink tea, if I feel like it, and have sweets for my luncheon and I eat a normal-sized course dinner every night of my life. It is far more injurious to health, I am sure, to worry about every mouthful you eat than it is to just go ahead and *eat.*

"I never eat between meals. It is my opinion that a constant tax on the stomach, a sort of stuffing process, irregular and spotty, all day long is far more harmful to health than any other form of indulgence.

"I never take naps. I can't plan to nap every day at a set hour and to take one just now and then would upset my idea of regularity and the effort to try to plan for a nap would offset any benefit I might derive from it. I do try to get eight hours sleep every night that it's possible and *I get up early every morning.* I believe that lolling about in bed half a morning (*Cont'd on page* 82)

STUDIO GATE
HOFFMAN

The Perfect Ingénue

By RUTH RANKIN

Illustrated by Irving Hoffman

LET us survey the Perfect Ingénue. . .
She never brings her mother or her dog on the set.
She knows the difference between being well-dressed and conspicuous
But retains, in spite of it, a high visibility.
She does not treat all extra girls as if they were a loathsome and communicable disease
And build up a rep for being democratic by chatting with the prop boys.
She answers with perfect composure the most fantastic and impertinent inquiries of the press,
And does not tell all of them the same personal anecdotes.
Neither does she wax intimate with revealing detail, to let out shrieks of anguish and wholesale denial when the story appears.
Realizing that any original is better than a poor imitation, she refrains from masculine tweeds, going remote, or walking in the rain.
A harassed publicity department utters prayers of gratitude for her gracious cooperation with its most incredible inspirations.
She meets train-loads of visiting Elks at 8 A. M., makes speeches at Women's Clubs, kisses babies in hospitals, or poses in fur coats in July.
As soon as she gets a good break she does not run out on her contract,
Nor does she know more about writing, directing and producing than those hired to do it.
She does not quarrel, in the open, with her agent.
With faint praise, she does not damn her sister actresses.
She does not consider her creditors in the light of especially privileged characters because she owes them money,
And seldom has to be sued for it.
Her love-life is not blatant, but sufficiently interesting to keep the essential columnists intrigued.
She does not wear backless chiffons to luncheon and her ermine evening wrap on the slightest provocation.
She has read a book.
Her background is more definite than the nebulous and evasive 'society girl'.
If another pretty picture girl rates some attention at a social function, she does not get peevish or freeze up on the party.
She is a lady in her cups and cordial to old friends who knew her when.
Her house operates with order and precision, and she does not call the servants 'honey'.
She does not consider her diet an absorbing topic of conversation, or think she knows all about music because she recognizes Ravel's 'Bolero'.
She does not peddle studio gossip, and never gets arrested or raided.
If she is continuously in or out of love, she does not demonstrate publicly.
And she feels that a good intelligent performance is just as necessary to the picture as her hair, her make-up, her clothes, or her sex-appeal. . .
When she happens, she will be a boon and a blessing to the industry.

Movie Star Clothes *for* You *and* Me

You want beautiful dresses—so do I. Let's find out about these newest Hollywood Patterns

By BARBARA DEAN

WHAT clothes those Hollywood girls do have! I don't mean just oodles of clothes—they don't try to fill closets. It's what each dress does that counts—the glamour it gives, the beauty it adds.

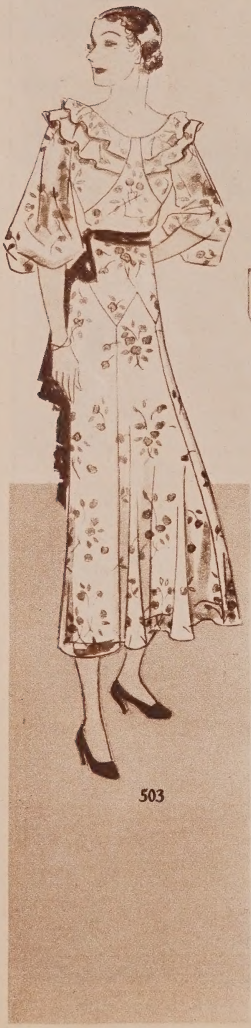
But what can we girls do, who have a shy five dollars to spend on a dress? A distinctive unusual dress—for five dollars? It can be done! Yes and for even less!

Hunt up your scissors and thimble, chase out to the store that sells these new Hollywood Patterns, and watch the silk and satin counters.

Look at these six designs. Read about them. Catch the spirit of beautiful clothes at low cost. If we can't make Hollywood salaries—we *can* make Hollywood clothes.

Fifteen cents buys a whole envelope of glamour that you and I can own. Look for Hollywood Patterns in the store where you bought this magazine.

Write me about your clothes—what kind of a party you need a dress for, what sort of help your figure needs from a dress. Hollywood Designs are for you. I can help you find the right ones to bring out your charm. I can't answer any letters personally—but on these pages I will answer the six problems of widest interest each month, and show the newest Hollywood modes.



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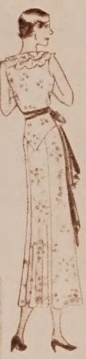
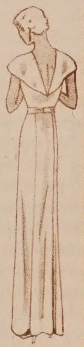


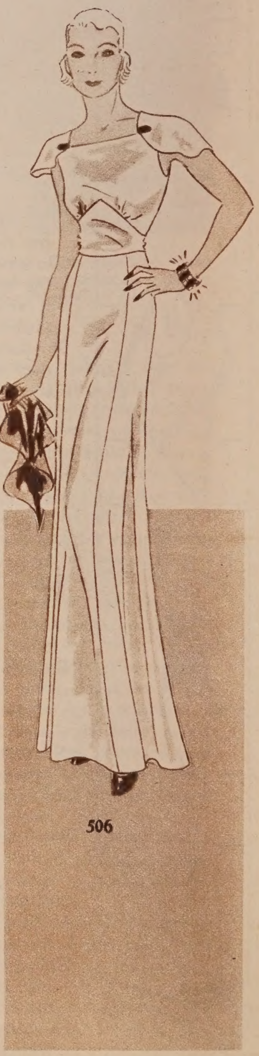
Frock 503—A flattering afternoon model for times when you want to be softly feminine. In printed chiffon, its little ruffles, puff sleeves, and ribbon girdle remind us of a very popular sweet young thing. Wear it for your next informal party. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.

Price 15 cents

Frock 506—All of us live up to our clothes. This evening dress will do wonders for you. Just knowing how chic are the covered shoulders, how becoming the moulded waist will lend an air. Almost any rich silk will make up well. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.

Price 15 cents





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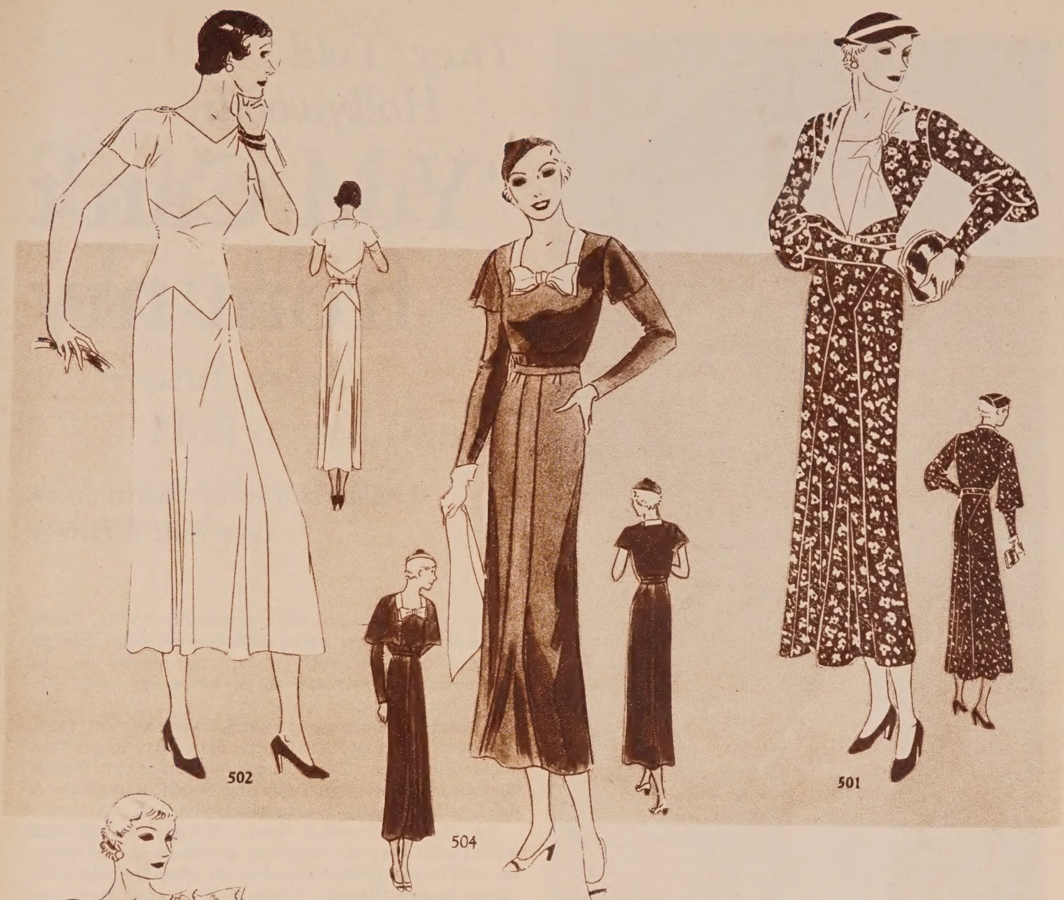
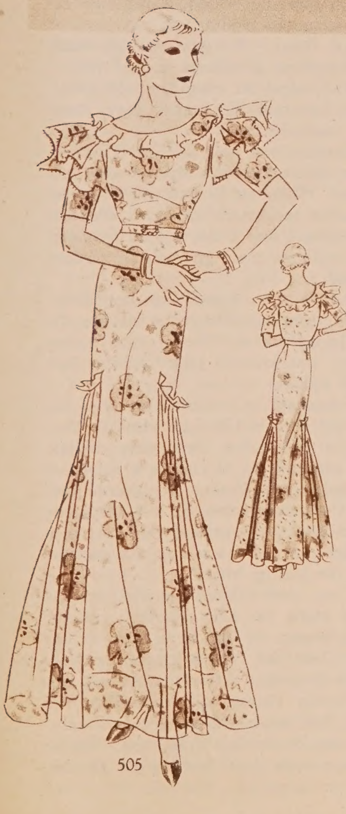




Frock 502—It's a wise girl who knows when to be simple. This little afternoon dress with its cute short sleeves is trimmed only by its very smart lines, jewel clips and buckle. You'll like what it does to your looks—and so will others! How about a plain sheer material? Sizes 32 to 40.

Price 15 cents

Frock 505—It might be for a bridesmaid or garden party. Or any one of those afternoon occasions that call for a dress-up look. And what a look it will be in this new dress. The circular frill at neck and armhole is extra smart with short sleeve. And wouldn't it be a dream in printed or plain organdy? Sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38.

Price 15 cents

Frock 504—Isn't this pert? For office, afternoons around town, or trips, it fits in any wardrobe. The double cap sleeve and touches of white are brand new. Wear it with the little cape for a grand spring outfit. I'd make it in a sheer woolen or flat crepe. Sizes 32 to 40.

Price 15 cents

Frock 501—This is one of those dresses everyone needs for general afternoon wear. It makes a slender girl look smartly dressed; it helps the older woman look slender in silhouette — it could be made of printed silk with solid color trimming. Sizes 34 to 44.

Price 15 cents

If you can't get Hollywood Patterns at the store where you bought this magazine, use the coupon below.

Hollywood Pattern Service,
8 West 40 Street, New York City

Please send me Hollywood Patterns.
No........ Size........
No........ Size........

Enclosed find fifteen cents (.15) in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

Name..

Street Address..............................

Town & State................................

Benita Hume

They Told Hollywood:

“You Can’t from my

The stories of two women love and a career

IF it hadn’t been for an airplane crash—a crash that cost the life of her sweetheart’s brother!—beautiful Benita Hume would still be in London, telling Hollywood “NO!”

Because it wasn’t until after that crash that the man she loved would consent to leave England. And as long as he stayed in England, Benita Hume stayed in England, turning down offer after offer from American film producers.

Love meant more to Benita than all the glamor of a Hollywood career. But now, Hollywood has her at last —you’ll be seeing her in M-G-M starring rôles—but it wasn’t Hollywood’s lure or Hollywood’s wealth that won her over. Instead it was Fate—and a love story.

Benita, brunette beauty, is the daughter of a London barrister who, despite her family’s objections, took up acting as a career. Unlike thousands of other girls, Benita made good—but in British films. Not that British films aren’t all right in their way and their place—but even the topmost rung of the British screen ladder isn’t comparable to the bottom of Hollywood’s. Benita admits it.

Anyway, by force of beauty, personality, ability, Benita forged her way to the top of British screen fame. Several of her films were shown in America—notably the one wherein she co-starred opposite Leslie Howard, “Reserved For Ladies.”

American producers, ever on the alert for new faces, new talent, went mad about her. They raced to get their offers before her. They thought of course that Benita, like virtually any foreign film star, would leap gladly at the first opportunity to come to Hollywood.

But Benita astounded them. To one and all—and virtually all the big American producers sought her—she said NO! Aghast, they asked her why. She told them, simply enough. Because, she said, she was in love. And she wouldn’t leave the man she loved.

They learned that this man was Jack Dunfee. That he was mad about aviation, and a patriotic Briton. He insisted on flying in Britain. With that British stubbornness that is quite unfathomable to Americans, Jack Dunfee stuck to England and Benita Hume stuck to Jack Dunfee. And Hollywood and its millions could go jump in a lake.

Then Fate took a hand.

Jack Dunfee’s younger brother, flying one day, went into a spin. His plane crashed, snuffing out his life. It did something inside Jack Dunfee. There’s that fierce British family-solidarity, you know. Jack Dunfee, for the time, was fed up on flying.

At this psychological moment, it chanced that M-G-M agents again approached Benita Hume, who at the moment was starring in a London stage play. What passed between Benita and Jack is, of course, a secret—and try to wring personal secrets from a Britisher! But the outcome is no secret—Jack Dunfee, at last, changed his mind. He agreed to come to America—to forget the grief that came to him in the crash that killed his brother and to be near the girl he loved.

And so Benita at last said “Yes” to Hollywood. M-G-M has marvelous plans for her. She’ll be introduced to American audiences for the first time in an American picture in “Clear All Wires,” opposite Lee Tracy, a sensational hit himself. After that there’s no telling what heights Benita Hume will hit. But she would have turned all this down for love. And only when love said “yes” did Benita say “yes” too. She’s starting on a new career—but she’s banking on an old romance.

Take Me Man!"

—and made Hollywood like it!

who had the choice between and won both

THE other side of this article, over there, is about an English girl American fans don't yet know so well. This half though is about an American girl—Aline MacMahon, so hard-boiled, ultra-practical on the screen you'd never suspect her of ever letting anything so soft and sentimental as love interfere with things like success and dollars.

Yet Aline MacMahon actually forced Warner Brothers to write her right to love her own husband into her contract, before she'd sign it!

It's there in black and white—at least five times each year, her employers have to give Aline time off to go from Hollywood to New York to be with her husband, Clarence Stein, noted architect.

And until Warners made that concession—a concession utterly unprecedented in Hollywood history!—Aline told them they could take their contract and their dollars and their fame and do whatever they wanted to with 'em. She told Hollywood, "You can't keep me away from the man I love!"

Let's go back and give you the background.

Aline MacMahon was a success on the New York stage before she ever came to Hollywood—before you saw her on the screen for the first time in "Five Star Final" with Eddie Robinson.

But being a success on the New York stage did not interfere with her love-life with her husband. And it's a real love-life, even though they're a rather startlingly assorted pair, these two. Aline, as you know, is tall. You might call her "rangy." She's modern, sparkling, active. Her husband is shorter. He's comfortably proportioned. He wears glasses. He's usually carrying a heavy, dry-looking tome about with him. He's a student. He's quiet. He's not at all what a casting director would select for the great-lover rôle. But that's what he is in Aline's domestic cast.

Then came the offer for Aline to come to Hollywood for "Five Star Final." It meant but a brief parting, and a chance at the films. Aline talked it over with hubby and accepted. And as soon as the picture was over, she hurried back to him.

She clicked so finely in that picture that Warners dangled a contract. Now a one-picture parting and a contract that would take Aline away from New York—where her husband's business forced him to remain—were two different things. But Warners thought fame would compensate Aline.

Aline MacMahon

"No," said Aline. Aline loved her husband, wouldn't leave him. Warners cajoled, blustered maybe, pleaded, offered inducements. Aline kept on saying no. She had her stage career and could stay with her hubby. True, Hollywood might probably bring her much more fame, certainly much more money. But poof for those things.

But producers are wily when they want personalities. Somebody got a bright idea. Maybe it could be arranged—well, say Warners promised her they'd let her see hubby once in awhile.

Aline laughed. You've seen her wise laugh on the screen. She hinted quite plainly that she knew what Hollywood promises were worth. Unless of course they were written on paper in contract form . . . ?

It was an unheard-of thing, Hollywood protested. Aline stood pat. Warners must have wanted her quite badly—for at last they gave in, wrote that time-off-for-romance clause in her contract.

Aline's making movies in Hollywood, but she says nothing will ever interfere with her love for her husband.

The KEYHOLE

A Warner Bros. Production

Starring Kay Francis and George Brent

Adapted by Robert Presnell from Alice Duer Miller's novel

Fictionized by Constance Brighton

Three years ago Maurice and Valentine had been a sensational dancing team at the Lido. Today she was wealthy, he was nothing

Cast

Anne	*Kay Francis*
Neil Davis	*George Brent*
Dot	*Glenda Farrell*
Hank	*Allen Jenkins*
Maurice	*Monroe Owsley*
Portia	*Helen Ware*
Schuyler Brooks	*Henry Kolker*

Maurice seized Anne in his arms and pleaded with her to stay. "After all we've been to each other you don't trust me?" he taunted

THE room was large. It smelled of the mustiness of ancient carpet, frayed upholstering, and tired furniture. It smelled faintly of food. It was nondescript and genteel.

A man sat at the old-fashioned desk in the corner, writing busily. An unpleasant smile curved the corners of his sensuous lips. The light from the desk sprinkled against the monocle in his right eye. His black hair was brushed smooth and glossy. He finished his writing, leaned back in his chair, one languid hand gently rubbing the lapels of his worn robe. His smile broadened as he read his note:

"Dearest Anne:

Life holds nothing for me but humiliation and poverty. I prefer to die by my own hand.

Maurice."

Still smiling, he opened the small middle drawer of the desk and drew out a bottle marked Poison. He began to hum a popular tune and, rising, moved with easy grace to the center table. Among the magazines on the table was a blotched leather book. He opened it, stooped, and with cynical enjoyment viewed a newspaper photograph of himself and a beautiful girl in costume posed for a dance. The caption beneath the picture read:

"Maurice and Valentine—Sensation at the Lido."

Beneath this photograph was another of the same couple in evening dress, dancing. The caption read:

"New York acclaims Maurice and Valentine, dance team de luxe at the Café Mirador."

Maurice bent closer to the photograph. His eyes narrowed. His face darkened. He studied the photograph of the girl as though she were a stranger to him. She was tall and of a rhythmical, willowy slenderness. Her deep brown eyes survived even the yellowed newspaper picture. There was pride and loveliness in her bearing, a clear beauty in the chiseled charm of her features.

The man straightened and with a sudden exclamation

"There's a certain man on this boat who has been annoying me," Anne confided to Davis. "Who is this man?" asked Davis, provoked at being used as a convenience

of anger dashed the book to the floor. He turned to the window, glowered down into the fitful darkness of the street. Sullenly he watched the traffic. A long-bodied town-car drew up before the brownstone front. A girl alighted hurriedly, not waiting for the chauffeur to open the door. She hurried up the steps of the brownstone front.

The man in the room above leaped to action. Placing his suicide note on the table, he went to the dresser and poured himself a generous drink of liquor. He drained the liquor in a gulp and, turning to the table, poured the contents of the bottle marked Poison into the empty glass. Assuring himself the door was off the latch, he mussed his hair, took a proper dramatic position and waited expectantly.

There was a sharp, quick rap on the door. The man allowed the glass to slip from his hand. It crashed to the floor. As if in answer to that crash, the door was pushed open. The girl of the photograph, Anne Valentine, stood on the threshold, smartly cloaked and hatted. She glanced contemptuously at the man crumpled on the floor before her, closed the door, and, walking to the desk, picked up the poison bottle and read the suicide note. Calmly re-folding the note, she said:

"Get up, Maurice, and stop acting like a fool."

He lifted a tragic face. "How can you say such things at a moment like this?"

She regarded him coldly. "You haven't the nerve to go through with this kind of a trick."

"Trick?" indignant.

"Yes—trick. It was the only way you could get me here, wasn't it?"

He rose, smoothed his hair, smiled: "I've tried to see you, Anne. I've phoned. I've left messages. You never answered."

"Why should I?" cuttingly. "I gave you ten thousand dollars six months ago. You promised then to go away—to stop annoying me."

"How time flies," he deplored. "Just think—only three years ago you and I were the sensation of this town," nodding toward the photographs on the floor. "The Lido—the Mirador—five thousand dollars a week. And now look at me—alone, penniless."

She disdained him and his self-pity. He poured himself another drink and smirked: "Nice of me to let you get away with it for ten thousand dollars, don't you think?"

Anne looked across the low partition between the balconies and her eyes met Neil's. "Are you, you?" she asked, startled

"You think it's easy for me to get ten thousand dollars?" Her temper mounted. "Well, it isn't. It means suspicion—lies. I can't go on doing it, Maurice, and I won't."

The man walked nearer to her. "I'm ready to settle it once and for all—for fifty thousand dollars."

She stared at him aghast. "Fifty thousand dollars!"

"I'd like to go back to Europe and retire." He was quite serious. "Fifty thousand dollars would just about see me through."

"But I haven't that much money!"

He smiled fatuously. "Anne Valentine hasn't but Mrs. Schuyler Brooks has."

"But I can't get the money," she expostulated. "Not without telling him what I want it for."

"That's your problem," leisurely.

"I can't do it! My husband—"

"Your what!" he sneered.

She flinched. "I—I—"

"Yes, you—you," he mimicked. His manner became threatening. "You'll arrange to get that money before I get it in a way that'd be most disastrous to you."

She considered him angrily. "How do I know you will keep your promise and really go away?"

They were falling in love, Anne and Neil, and neither of them knew anything about the other

"After all we've been to each other you don't trust me?" he taunted.

She laughed briefly, drummed on the table. Suddenly, she reached a decision. Opening her bag, she took from it a little gold notebook and wrote a telephone number on one of its pages.

"Here," she replaced the notebook in her bag, absently included his suicide note, "call me at this number Wednesday."

He shook his head, refusing to accept the paper. "You don't answer telephone calls—only suicide notes."

"This is my private number," impatiently.

He took the paper. "I'll give you one more chance. What time shall I phone?"

"Two o'clock."

His eyes roved over the chic, slender figure, saw the sparkling diamond pendant at her throat. He touched the jewel with his fingers. "Not bad," with the manner of a connoisseur.

Too late, she perceived his intention. As she tried to back away, he held her in a firm grip, slipped the chain into his hand. "Just for security," he mentioned.

The girl's face blazed with fury. "And now that you have your security I suppose I may go!"

His eyes glistened. She was very desirable. "I might give it back to you," seizing her in his arms, "if you would stay."

In a passion of rage, she slapped his leering face, sped to the door. "The next time you decide to kill yourself let me know. I'd love to help!"

The door banged after her. Maurice chuckled and caressed his tingling cheek with the diamond pendant.

IN the world of business, Schuyler Brooks was a power to be reckoned with. In the world of domesticity, Schuyler Brooks doubted his power, doubted the faithfulness of his young wife, the former Anne Valentine, doubted his ability to hold her vital beauty. Brooks was middle-aged, highly strung, arrogant. His marriage to Anne Valentine, a night club star of the dancing team of Maurice and Valentine, had created a stir in the social world and Schuyler Brooks had been happy in his possession of Anne, happy until suspicion of her every engagement away from him had begun to torment him.

He waited now, in his bedroom, waited for his wife to return home. They had dined with friends. Anne had left soon after dinner. She had given an aimless excuse and fled. Where had she really gone? Whom had she really gone to? Brooks glanced at his watch, stared forbiddingly at the closed door. He listened to the stillness, became tense. A door had opened, a lock clicked. Footsteps moved quietly about Anne's room. Brooks' mouth twisted. He tiptoed to the intervening door, stopped.

When Neil confessed who he was, Anne determined that her husband should have the evidence he had sought against her. Just before Schuyler came into her room, she deliberately flung herself into Neil's arms

For long minutes he stood, staring at the door. Abruptly, he flung it wide.

Anne looked up, startled. "Schuyler!" She reached for the robe on her bed, half-smiled. "You frightened me."

He watched her wrap the silken robe around her. "I didn't hear you come in."

"I've been in some time," smiling more naturally.

"What made you run away so suddenly after dinner?" He stooped and kissed the softness of her throat.

"I didn't run away, darling," seating herself at her dressing-table. "I was nervous and tired. I just went for a ride."

"A ride?" He ran his finger around her neck, demanded: "Weren't you wearing your necklace this evening?"

She was ready for the question. She answered: "No—I took it off."

"Tired of it?" frowning.

"No, silly. I love all my jewelry but I don't wear it all the time."

He deliberated over this, and, to her relief, smiled. "Well, that's logic. Good heavens," glancing at his watch. "It's nearly two o'clock and I've a busy day, too." He kissed her again and went toward his room. "Why not come down to the office and lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? I can't. I'm going to be with your sister."

"I—see." But it was apparent what he saw was not her being with his sister.

Anne stifled a sigh. This suspicion. This eternal suspicion. She said: "If I can drop in later, I will, dear. Good night."

Alone in his own room, Schuyler Brooks sat on the edge of the bed, reached over and took a leather bound book from the bedside table. Into this he wrote: "October 12th. Came in at two A. M. Check on necklace."

Alone in her own room, Anne sat up in bed, thoughtful. Moonlight streamed across her from the opened window through which she could see the distant flashing signs of New York. Her hand touched her bare throat. That necklace . . . That necklace . . .

Portia Brooks was as strong and sure a character as her brother Schuyler was weak and vacillating. She was a few years older than her brother, white-haired, gruff, outspoken. In her small, select social group she was accepted as leader. She was accustomed to confidences, to giving advice. Indeed, she enjoyed both avocations.

It was to Portia that Anne decided to confide her present predicament and it was Portia, resting amid a mound of satiny pillows, who lent an attentive and sympathetic ear to her beautiful sister-in-law's troubles.

"I was seventeen," Anne revealed, "when I met Maurice. He took me as his dancing partner. I fell in love with him. He could be very charming. When we became famous he asked me to marry him, and later we went to South America on tour. He began to change. He was unbearable and we quarreled constantly. After a particularly bitter quarrel, he said he wanted to divorce me. I was sick of him, sick of our tour, so I told him to get the divorce. I thought he would. I ran away and came back to America."

"And met Schuyler Brooks." Portia lit a cigarette, held it between long, gold tweezers.

"Yes," Anne answered, "and the rest you know."

Portia knew more than the rest. "Schuyler's my own brother, but I wouldn't want him for a husband if he was the only man living. Well, what of Maurice?"

"Six months after I married Schuyler, Maurice appeared. He hadn't gone through with the divorce."

Portia exhaled slowly. "And?"

"I paid him ten thousand dollars to go to Europe and get the divorce. He didn't do it. Now, he wants fifty thousand dollars."

"The wretch!"

(*Continued on page 77*)

HERE'S Movie Mirror's monthly best news of the month: Clara Bow is coming back from Europe, still full of the old pep and deviltry and with that new "umph" you saw for the first time in "Call Her Savage," and she is going to make more pictures. They're going to be good pictures too; Clara will see to that. She has two pictures to make for Fox, and Clara has to approve the stories before they can put her in the pictures. Fox wants her to do "Marie Galante," the story of a French girl in Panama, and it sounds like a hot peppery idea. What about it, Clara?

Four Tests for Personality

You'll Learn a Lot About Yourself From This Story

By JAMES MATTHEWS

Here, based on the experiences of one of Hollywood's ace directors, Sam Wood, are four tests whereby one can determine whether or not one possesses that fairly-indefinable quality, "personality"—

Ask yourself these questions:

1—Do I "stand out" in a crowd?
2—When at a party are people attracted to me?
3—Do I do and say things in a manner different from most people?
4—Do people remember or forget me after meeting me once?

"WAIT a minute! Wait a minute—CUT it. . . !" cries the director. Action stops on the street scene. The principals in front of the camera stand still. So do the several-score extras—girls, youths, assorted people—who have been walking up and down the "prop" street for the action background. They all look to the director, to see what he wants.

"I've got to have something in there to distract Mr. So-and-So's attention," he explains to an assistant. It seems the action calls for the eyes of one of the male principals to be drawn away for a brief moment, while the others exchange an object he's not supposed to see. But to have So-and-So look aimlessly away would be artificial. There will have to be something definite enough to cause him to look away.

"I've got it—a girl passes, attracts him. His eyes follow her for the moment necessary to the action," says the director.

Then he turns to the "mob" of extras standing about the set. He's looking for the girl for the "bit." There are quite a few pretty ones in the scene—but for some reason, the director's eyes turn unhesitantly to one out of the many. "Here, you!" he calls, and the girl comes over, and her check for the day's work is changed from $7.50 to $15.

Later on, you ask the director why he chose that one girl from all the others to do that bit. He tells you:

"Because she was the one girl who had what it would take to make the actor's eyes follow her as she walked by. She had—well, call it 'personality.' When I looked at that mob of extras for a girl who would attract more than usual attention, she stood out. That's all."

"Yes," you agree, "but exactly *what* quality or qualities did that girl have that you call 'personality'—that made her stand out?"

The director hesitated a moment, then he grinned. "I've been dealing with personality for years. That's my work; it's every director's work. But offhand, it's pretty hard to tell just what it is and why."

And that's how this discussion of PERSONALITY began, wherein Director Sam Wood—one of the ace directors of Hollywood, himself a discoverer of several outstanding personality stars of the screen—tells you some of the ingredients of that attribute. And also FOUR PERSONALITY TESTS—four analytical questions you can apply to yourself, if you want to, to find out whether or not you have some measure of the personality that makes for success, not alone on the screen, but in everyday life.

Test No. 1 is the very essence of the little anecdote that begins this article. *Ask yourself this: "Do I 'stand out' in a group?" If you do, then you have a measure of personality.*

"A good way to do it," says Director Wood, "is to dig up a family group picture, if you've got one. Show it to a stranger. Nine times out of ten, the stranger will point to one figure in the group, and say: "Who's that?" Well, whoever "that" is, that person has enough personality to dominate that group picture. And the interesting thing is this: that no matter how many people you show the picture to, almost invariably everyone picks out the same personality in the group! Try it sometime, and see.

"And if it so happens that you are in that group photo, and that you are the person upon whose picture the eyes of lookers rest, then pat yourself on the back—you've got personality.

"What factors make one person stand out in a crowd are indefinable. They vary too greatly. It may be simply physical attractiveness; it may be what's called a 'flair' for wearing clothes; it may be the way one carries oneself—it may be any of a number of intangible things, that you can't just put your finger on. But whatever it is, it sticks you out in a crowd like a sore thumb! Haven't you often gone to a football game, say, and looked casually at the crowd and been attracted at once to some particular individual in that crowd—and always afterward, every time you look at that section of the crowd, that person stands out? Well, that's personality."

For an outstanding example of how physical attractiveness alone can constitute personality in itself, Director Wood points to Joel McCrea. It was Wood who "discovered" McCrea at Pomona College, and induced him to come to Hollywood for movies.

The writer of this article can vouch for Wood's analysis.

Here is a typical scene at a casting bureau. Would you stand out in a mob like this?

This writer has seen Joel McCrea at parties—and he dislikes Hollywood parties. But despite that dislike, Joel, by sheer force of his magnificent physical presence, has always been the center of admiring groups at these affairs—and not always groups of women, either. Now, because Joel is a quiet, retiring, not-wisecracking person, there's nothing in his conversation to attract people to him at parties. Yet his physical personality makes him always the center of a group, never a "wallflower." And that brings us to—

Test No. 2—Ask yourself: "When at parties or with groups of people, are people attracted to me, or do they shun me? Am I the center of a group, or am I the one on the outside, on whom the others turn their back?"

It's not always the more intelligent person who is the center of a party. Nor is it always the brightest. But it always *is* the one with most personality.

Now Hollywood is a community where personality, of course, is nearly a drug on the market. And Hollywood parties, therefore, are fine proving-grounds for Test No. 2. There have been innumerable Hollywood parties where the center of the stage has been held by some actor or actress who had a load of personality, but not much else—while on the fringes of the party, and in corners, quite alone, might be persons who had achieved outstanding recognition in other fields—science, say, or writing, or exploration, or some other field wherein personality was not the key to success.

"The people at the party might very easily spend up to $5 to sit in an auditorium and listen attentively and interestedly to these very persons lecture—but throw them into a party, and they'd rather group around Cutie Kickup with the personality, or Charlie Charm, with physical attractiveness and a snappy line, than listen to the wise guy without the personality," says Wood. "The chances are that the wise one might say some deeply interesting things, while the 'life of the party' is saying things that have been said a million times before. But the answer is that the person with personality is saying the same old things in a *different* manner." And that brings us to—

Test No. 3. Ask yourself: "Do I say and do things differently than the mob?"

There's a test that gets right into the heart of Hollywood. Because it's the person with personality, who can and does say and do things with just that "different" touch, that gets the movie jobs.

"Look," says Director Wood, "at the outstanding stars, and how they do things. Take as a shining example Garbo. . . .

(*Continued on page* 75)

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

"Face in the Sky" proves that three good actors (Spencer Tracy, Marian Nixon, and Stu Erwin) can make a poor picture. The plot is hopelessly involved

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

MUSIC, gayety, sparkle, laughter—they're what you've been asking for, and there's a regular parade of laugh-hits this month. It's a grand month for comedy to suit all tastes. Some of the lines in some of the comedies are a bit indigo-hued, to be sure, so pick your entertainment carefully. If you're entertaining Aunt Sue from Oshkosh don't take her to see Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong" unless Aunt Sue is that sort of a person.

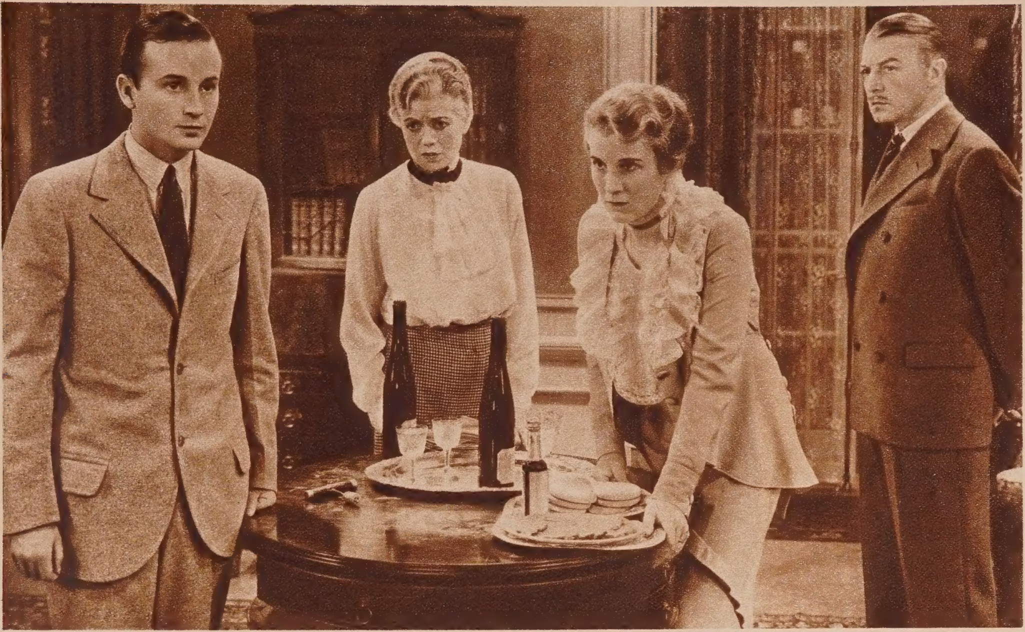
But just look at the variety in comedy this month—satire on the great game of bridge in "Grand Slam"; mystery melodrama to the accompaniment of plenty of laughs in "Whistling in the Dark"; a whirling, sparkling musical comedy, "42nd Street"; a hectic story of a press agent played as only Jimmy Cagney can play 'em, "Hard To Handle", and the two dizzy comedians, Wheeler and Woolsey, in their dizziest and funniest ha-ha film. It's enough to laugh away the depression, isn't it?

✓✓Grand Slam (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Paul Lukas, Loretta Young, Frank McHugh, Glenda Farrell, Roscoe Karns, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joe Cawthorne, Helen Vinson, Lucien Prival, many others.*
It's About: *The game of bridge, satirized in the story of a Russian waiter who is hi-powered into the position of a great bridge expert—and the Bridge Battle of the Century.*

The setting of "Luxury Liner" is gorgeous, but the story that is told in that setting is tripe. It involves too many people and too many situations

No, no, friends—no one would ever, *ever* suspect this of kidding the honorable Mr. Culbertson of the Culbertson System. Of course not—why, what on earth could there be of that sort in his story of Waiter Stanislavsky and the press-agent who manipulates him into fame as the originator of the Stanislavsky System of bridge playing, and up to that hilarious sequence that depicts the



"Cavalcade" is one of the most gripping and human stories ever produced, and it has a splendid English cast

Great Bridge Battle of the Century? Why tut, tut—but let's forget any argument (funny, how bridge *al*ways starts arguments!) about whether anybody's being kidded or not, and tell you that here is a swell picture about a modernly ultra-popular subject.

It's satire, and comical satire—which satire often is not. And it moves fast and furiously through situation after situation. Thank a great cast for that—thank, particularly, Paul Lukas and Frank McHugh.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're a bridge fiend, you'll like it. You'll like it even if you're not.

✓Hello Everybody (Paramount)

You'll See: *Kate Smith, Randolph Scott, Sally Blane, George Barbier, Frank Darien.*
It's About: *How a buxom farm gal, by becoming a radio star, gets the money to fight the grasping power company that's throttling a group of landowners.*

Never mind that synopsis of the story, though. Because it's merely a skeleton on which to hang Kate Smith—and as you know, Kate Smith *does* need a skeleton to be hung on. But what we mean is that "Hello Everybody" is Kate Smith's film *all* the way through—and the majority of it is Kate Smith (and occasionally some others) doing their radio stuff in person.

The film will delight those thousands of you who delight at the hefty gal's radio singing. Certainly, if you want to hear her sing, you'll get your money's worth of it in this. She sings a huge number and a great variety of songs—and in her top manner. She's not a screen beauty (although it's *not* true that they had to

Jimmy Cagney's personality was never better suited to a picture than it is to "Hard To Handle," a fast moving comedy about a hot-shot press agent; "Child of Manhattan" (bottom) is no epic, but it is romance and pretty entertaining romance at that use wide film to screen her) and they haven't made any effort to make her beautiful. All they asked her to do, when they made this, was sing her stuff. She did.

Your Reviewer Says: As you have gathered by this time, if you like Kate Smith's radioing, you'll like this. If you don't—well, you know . . .!

If you've been praying for musical comedies to come back, your prayers are answered in "42nd Street", the musical humdinger of the season, with a cast that'll knock your eyes out

✓Whistling In the Dark (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, Edward Arnold, Joe Cawthorn, Johnny Hines, John Miljan, Nat Pendleton.*

It's About: *The hilariously strange things that happen when a mystery-story writer and his fiancé are trapped in an old mystery house by a gang of crooks.*

If laughs are what you want to make you forget the income tax, or sump'n, then here you are—and thank especially a grand new comedy team entitled Truex-and-Merkel!

They're cast, these two laughmakers, as an affianced pair. He is a famous mystery writer. They're eloping, get lost, apply to an old dark house for aid. But it's a gang headquarters, and the gangsters recognize the writer, make him help them plot trick murders. How the Truex-Merkel combine outwits them, to a constant barrage of melodramatic situations that get roars of laughs, makes the kind of movie you've been asking for.

Your Reviewer Says: This is the sort of thing that'll make you go to theaters more and write fewer letters complaining about pictures.

✓✓42nd Street (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, George Brent, Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Lyle Talbot, many others.*

It's About: *The little understudy who wins the star's part, but so freshly done you don't need to worry about it's being an old plot.*

Here's the first of the "comeback" musical talkies and what a whirling, sparkling, dancing humdinger it is! It's backstage stuff dashed with underworld, loaded with romance and there's music, dancing and laughter animating all of it.

The story revolves around the creating of a musical comedy (on 42nd Street, of course). There's the musical comedy prima donna who is in love with her discarded vaudeville partner, whom the slave driving producer wants to get rid of; there's the innocent little country girl in the chorus among the hard-boiled gold diggers; there's the juvenile who loves and loves. All good enough, this, but what make "42nd Street" are its production numbers, the snap of its dancing, the lilt of its music.

When you see "Whistling in the Dark" (center) you'll become acquainted with a brand new and a grand new comedy team; "She Done Him Wrong" (bottom) is low-down comedy, but oh, how Mae West puts it over!

"Hello Everybody" is Kate Smith's film all the way through, and if you like her singing you'll like the picture. She plays a farm girl who becomes a radio star

You couldn't get on Broadway for ten dollars what this will offer you in your home town movie for fifty cents. When Ruby Keeler goes into her tap dance (and watch this kid, we warn you) she lifts your heart right out of you through sheer excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like songs and dancing, swift action, and eye-filling beauty, you'll get one hundred percent enjoyment out of this.

✓✓Hard to Handle (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Jimmy Cagney, Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd, Allen Jenkins, Gavin Gordon, Emma Dunn, Robert McWade, Matt McHugh.*

It's About: *The very hectic adventures of a hot-shot press agent, and his romance.*

Here's another picture in the latest "cycle" to hit the screen—the stories about the press agents. Radio's "Half Naked Truth" started the series with a bang, this continues it with just as loud and effective a bang!

Jimmy Cagney plays "Lefty" Merrill, a press-agent promoter who gets in wrong when the receipts of a dance marathon he staged are stolen. Being in wrong, he has to start whizzing to get out of the jam. And does he whiz? Or does he . . . ! ! ! You've never seen such stunts—you may have dreamed them, but certainly you've never seen them. Jimmy's personality was never more deftly fitted to a screen characterization than in this.

Two other people, though, run away with fat gobs of honors in this. One of them is Mary Brian, as Jimmy's sweetheart. The other is Ruth Donnelly, a wisecracking female who's going to be plenty popular on the screen if she keeps up the pace she shows in this film.

"Hard to Handle," you know (or do you?) is the first picture Jimmy Cagney made after that recent run-in of his with his bosses. If it's a sample of what sort of stuff he's going to do, Warners may pat themselves on the back that they induced him to return to the fold. And you can pat yourself on the back, too, because the lad's a swell movie entertainer.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll not regret seeing this.

✓She Done Him Wrong (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery, Owen Moore, David Landau, Gilbert Roland, Rochelle Hudson, many others.*

It's About: *The sex-adventurings of a Bowery dame of the nineties—and how she gets the man who always said "no."*

By *all* means, leave the kiddies home when you see this! It's utterly adult stuff—and the story is based purely on sex. Did we say "purely"?—better make it "entirely."

There are a lot of names in the (*Continued on page* 94)

"Blondie Johnson" (center) gives Joan Blondell a chance to be her usual wisecracking self; "Grand Slam" (bottom) is fast and furious satire which will entertain not only those who like bridge but even those who don't

Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

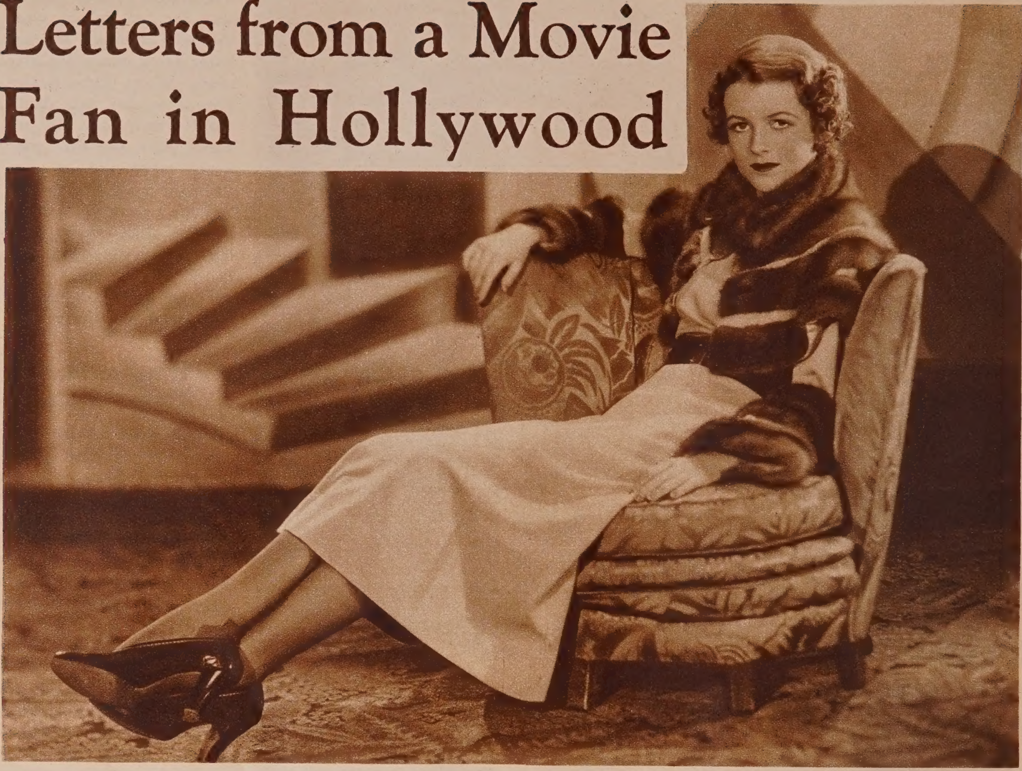


Figure 1—*Betty Furness, RKO starlet, shows you the right way to sit in a very low chair*

Wherein "Kathryn" Tells You How Starlets Learn to Be Graceful

RUTH, Dear—

Well, darling, I've been going to school. And I can just hear you saying: "And at *her* age!" Me-ow!!

But darling, it's a Hollywood kind of school I've been going to, and instead of teaching the Three R's we used to learn back in P. S. No. What-Was-It, I've been watching a lot of movie-stars-to-be learn their Three P's—Poise, Presence, Personality. . . .

And does that sound all frightfully bemuddled and vague to you, dear? Well, let me make it plain—because I think it's one of the most interesting things I've encountered here in this Hollywood, where I've learned you *never* can tell what's going to pop up next. It's simply this—that in each studio, they've got a department that teaches its actresses—and often the big stars, dear, as well as the young ones who are being trained—how *not* to do the wrong things. And because what they teach the actresses is so applicable to *all* of us, I'm passing it on in this letter to you, because I *know* you'll be interested. What they teach them is how to walk, how to pick up a telephone, how to sit in a chair according to its height (imagine!) how to hold a teacup—how to do, properly, all the many things we do in everyday life.

And darling, remember how we used to giggle at Mollie, who *never* seemed to know how to sit in these low, comfy chairs? You remember, dear, every time she sat down and crossed her knees, she gave the guests one of those anatomy lessons?

Well, that's one of the many things they teach you about, out here. In rooms fitted with chairs, dummy telephones, dummy doors, equipped with cups, tableware and all the rigmarole of everyday life. So that when they do everyday things on the screen, they'll do them well and not in such a way that the audiences will snicker. And because we're all of us, every day, playing to our own audiences of friends and acquaintances, here are a few things I've learned which I'll pass on to you.

That nice writer-friend of yours, to whom you gave me an introduction, had a

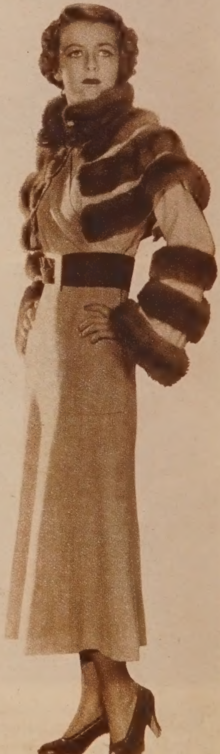


Figure 3—*This is the right way to stand when posing for a photograph—flexing the knee nearest the camera*

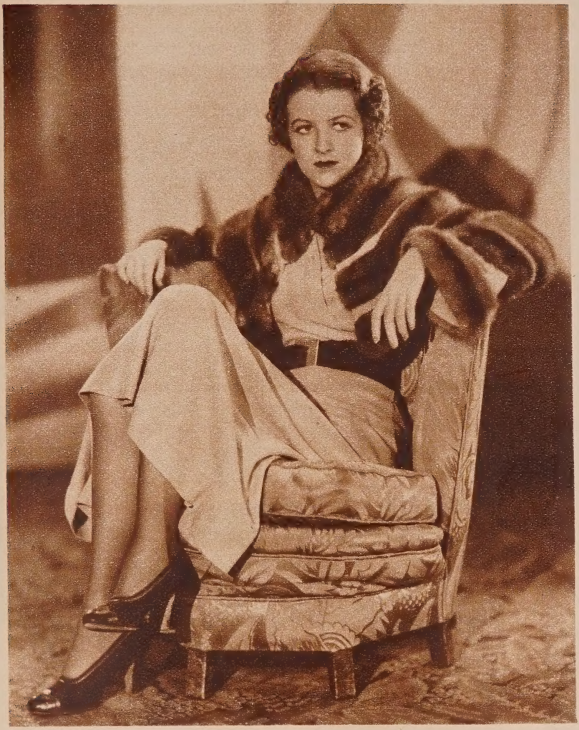


Figure 2—*Do you sit this way in a low chair? If you do, watch out! You're giving everyone a free biology lesson*

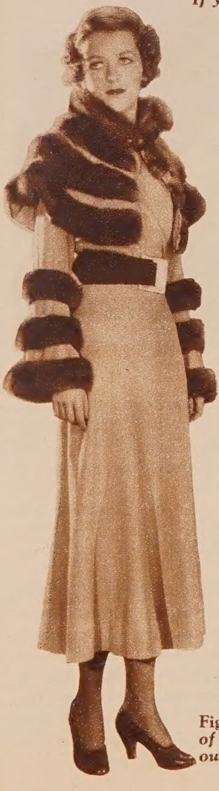


Figure 4—*This is the way most of us stand when we're having our pictures taken, and it's all, all wrong*

"pull" at Radio studios. He even got me some pictures of cute little Betty Furness, their star-to-be, illustrating some of these things. I'm enclosing them.

Let's get back to Mollie and that show-you-all pose of hers when she'd sit in a low chair. Know what Mollie's trouble was? Why, dear, simply that she crossed her *knees* instead of her *ankles!* It's all *too* simple. Betty Furness shows all there is to know in the pictures I've numbered 1 and 2. In No. 2, she sits like Mollie. I *did* hope we'd get a front view, but your writer-friend said that Betty didn't really know the photographer well enough. My DEAR! But you mustn't mind when I write these things—Hollywood doesn't mind talking that way, and I'm getting used to it. Well, anyway, honey—in No. 1 picture, she's sitting *properly* in a low-seated chair. See the difference? In the second picture, in addition to giving a free biology lesson if one's sitting in direct line, she also looks all hunched up, almost deformed, doesn't she? But in 1, she looks comfortable, relaxed, attractive. It's a simple thing—but then, honey, isn't so much of today's "attractiveness" on women's part made up of the simple things?

Now I remember there was always another thing we used to talk about when we'd see these movie actresses posing in fashion pictures for *Movie Mirror*. They'd always look so trim, so clever, so *distingué*—and isn't that a swell two-dollar French word? Ah, Ruthie, you don't know half how smart your li'l gal friend Kathryn is!

Well, dear, to get back—they actually teach them how to pose. It's not simple. You know you used to break out in a cold sweat when you used to go to the photographer's to have those Christmas photos taken? It's an ordeal for most of us, because we feel silly and *know* we look silly. At least, that's how I used to feel when the photographer was posing us. And I never *did* know how to stand when we posed for class pictures at high school. I wish I'd known then what I know now. It's all so *simple*, again . . .

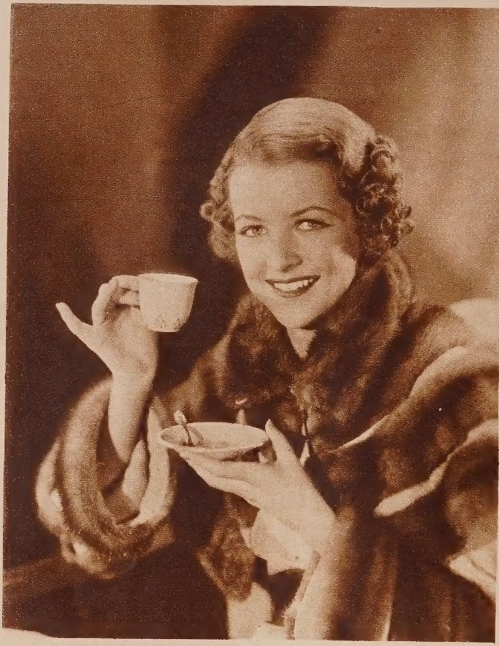
For instance, there's that little trick of flexing the knee nearest the camera. Look over the fashion pictures in the magazine, that stars have posed. You'll note that invariably they rest the weight on the leg away from the camera, flex the knee of the other leg. Trick No. 2—placing the hands on the hips helps. And Trick No. 3—throw back the shoulders, throw out the chest, as though you're really *proud* of yourself instead of being scared to death of the camera and the man behind it under the black cloth. I got pictures again—Betty Furness, swell gal and I know because I met her, posed them for us. I've numbered them 3 and 4 for you. No. 4 shows Betty as *we* pose—flat-footed sort-of, chest in like she needed a trip to Arizona, shoulders sagging as though she wished it were all over with. And doesn't she look *gawky?* Then look at No. 3, where she's doing the things I've just told you about—and isn't she swell? That's what I call putting SEX-APPEAL into a photograph, honey—and the best part of it is that you and I and Mollie, too, can do it.

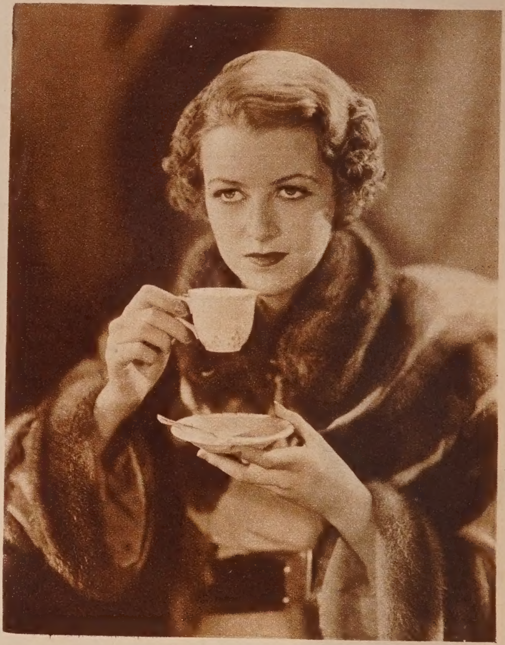
But honey, those other two pictures—the ones on page 66—are the best laugh of all. "Before and After Taking," you might call them. The one on the left is Before Taking a Lesson in How to Hold a Cup, and the one on the right is the After-Taking pose. According to one of the instructors in the studio, the gal who sticks out her little finger when she drinks out of a cup might just as well wear a label on her back saying, "Me, I come from T'oity-T'oid street an' T'oid av'noo!" It simply isn't done in Emily Post, in correct society, in good movies. And darling, remember the last time I had tea with you, you told me if I didn't pull in my little finger, I'd probably stick your eye out? Well, I'm cured.

Oh, I could tell you a lot of other things. For instance, how Oliver Hinsdell, who teaches them at M-G-M, says he tries "to teach girls to cultivate an outstanding walk—as though they were puppets with strings fastened to their chests." That gives distinction, he says. Or how they learn how to enter a room—the secret being something like this: Don't enter as though you expected nobody to care or to notice your entrance, but pull yourself up, straighten your back, throw up your chin, throw out your chest—and walk into that room just as though you expected the Prince of Wales to be just inside, watching for your entrance.

Isn't it all too thrilling? But that's Hollywood for you. There's always a fresh thrill, a fresh thing to see, a fresh thing to learn, each hour. And now let me tell you some chattery items that I've been saving up for you for this letter—

First of all, some of these clothes gadgets these movie girls sport. And do I know how you *love* clothes hints, honey. Well, I promised you I'd pass them on, and here are a few I saw. For instance, at the Brown Derby the other day, I saw Lilyan Tashman with a new wrinkle in bracelets. They were made of suede leather—in a color to match her gown—with a neat silver buckle. Simple, but it looked so spiffy, so *chic*, if you like the professional fashion-magazine language better. It's still "spiffy" to me, darling.





On the left is the way you never, never should hold a teacup. Don't be the kind of gal who sticks out her little finger when she drinks out of a cup. On the right Betty Furness shows you the correct way to drink your tea

And the very next day—but this is tough on the pocketbook, what I'm going to tell you—your writer-friend (no, he's just a platonic friend, honey—*yet!*) took me out to the Cocoanut Grove. And there was Claire Windsor, wearing not a corsage or a gardenia, but a whole *lei* of *orchids!* How's that for a kick at Ol' Man Depression? Same evening I noticed Hedda Hopper's compact, as I passed her table, and it had a tiny, tiny watch set into the lid! Ah, well, Ruthie dear, we always *did* say it must be swell to be a movie star. It *is*. . . ! ! !

And now here's a chuckle for you. You remember how mad you were the day you sailed into your office with that neat-and-clever new summer outfit you'd bought at what-store-was-it, and the saleslady had told you it was an "*exclusive* model, my deah!"—and when you got in your office, you found Lillian, your secretary, wearing the very *same* thing? Well, that happens out here, too. Dorothy Wilson and Julie Hayden—those two gals on the Radio lot, you know; Dorothy being the ex-stenog who graduated into the films, and Julie being the girl who looks like Ann Harding but hates to be told so—both came face to face with each other on the lot and found they were wearing *identical* blue sports outfits. Were their faces red!

And now I'll leave you with one thrill of envy—because guess whom I had one of those informal luncheons with not so many days ago. It was Sally Eilers who gave it, and how I was invited I'll tell you when I see you. But the thrill was that Sally herself *made* her favorite dish, it being a small luncheon. (Oh yes, it was your writer-friend I went with, if you *must* know. Jealous?) And she made creamed eggs and chili with rice. She told me how—take two cups of well-seasoned medium white sauce and add one teaspoonful of chili powder. You buy it in cans at the corner grocery. Cut six eggs in quarters and add them to the chili-ed sauce. Cook a cup of rice, arrange it in a border-ring around a platter. Pour the egg mixture into the center. It serves six, and honey, it's a honey!

Well, darling, love until I write you again. And if I stay in this gorgeous town much longer, I'll be walking, talking, sitting, eating and wearing clothes like a movie star myself. And don't you dare, you cat, ask me how I do it on the salary you're paying me!

Always,

KATHRYN.

P. S.—I've just received your letter asking me to find out Connie Bennett's secrets of charm and sophistication—that *how she gets that way business*. Okay, honey, I'll *try*. You know they say—those almighty Hollywood Theys—that La Bennett is so much more charming in real life, really has tons more personality than on the screen, if you can possibly believe it. Anyhow, I'll find out all for you next month and what do you bet that you don't even send me one extra dollar for it, pet?

TIPS ON TALKIES

Fredric March and Claudette Colbert (and isn't that a cute haircut on Claudette?) in Paramount's "Tonight Is Ours"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓ Cavalcade
Because it manages to combine intense human interest with that epic quality you're always hearing about. Usually "epics" bore me to death, but this one is thrilling, exciting, full of heart-interest.

✓✓ No Man of Her Own
Clark Gable in a rôle that fits him. He'll make women's hearts go pitter-patter in this, and how!

✓✓ Frisco Jenny
It's good melodrama, with Ruth Chatterton playing it to the limit. Sure, it has the same plot as "Madame X" had, but wasn't that a swell picture? So is this.

Also These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ Air Mail
- ✓✓ Animal Kingdom
- ✓✓ Central Park
- ✓✓ The Conquerors
- ✓✓ Farewell To Arms
- ✓✓ I Am a Fugitive
- ✓✓ If I Had a Million
- ✓✓ The Kid From Spain
- ✓✓ Madame Butterfly
- ✓✓ Night After Night
- ✓✓ Prosperity
- ✓✓ Silver Dollar
- ✓✓ Smilin' Through
- ✓✓ Strange Interlude
- ✓✓ Trouble In Paradise

✓ **AFRAID TO TALK** (Universal) What happens to a young bellhop who witnesses a murder. A scorching exposé of how politics and crime are mixed up. Eric Linden is very fine as the young bellhop. There isn't much for Sidney Fox to do. She continues to represent sweetness and light.

* * *

✓✓ **AIR MAIL** (Universal) War aviation has been glorified a lot of times, but here's the first big story about the men who fly the air mails. And is it thrilling! The oustanding player is Pat O'Brien, who easily steals the picture with the best performance he's given since "Front Page."

* * *

✓✓ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE** (Radio) One of the most beautifully acted pictures of the season, and no wonder! Just look at the cast—Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, Neil Hamilton and Bill Gargan. There are splendid, heart-rending performances from all of them and grand comedy from Bill Gargan. The story, that of a man who leaves the woman he has loved for years to marry another woman, has depth of heart-interest.

* * *

✓ **BIG BROADCAST, THE** (Paramount) If you're a radio fan, you won't want to miss this. It's got Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, and many of your other favorites. Stu Erwin adds to the fun; Leila Hyams supplies the romance. When it comes to the story the picture is so-so, but it's a radio fan's delight just the same.

* * *

BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE (Columbia) Though this is beautifully acted by Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther, it's a question whether you'll go for it. For it deals with a generally forbidden theme—a white girl who gets mixed up with a Chinese general. The ending is tragic and inevitable.

✓ **CALL HER SAVAGE** (Fox) A personal triumph for Clara Bow. By this time you must know that the "It" girl comes back, more Itty than ever, with a lot of "umph" and pep and dramatic vitality. As a half-breed girl who doesn't know what makes her different from other girls, she's superb. Gilbert Roland was a good choice as the half-breed lover, but the picture is all Clara Bow's.

* * *

✓✓ **CENTRAL PARK** (First National) They threw everything into this but the kitchen stove, and somehow it emerged good entertainment. There's the escape of a lion, a hold up in a café, a policeman who becomes a hero and a few other things mixed up with a sweet love tale. And it's all enacted by a grand cast, including such troupers as Joan Blondell, Wally Ford, Guy Kibbee and others. All the events take place in New York's Central Park.

* * *

✓✓ **CONQUERORS, THE** (Radio) Here's a picture with a message—and what a message! It's a soul-stirring story of America's pioneers. It's real movie entertainment. Richard Dix, Ann Harding and Edna May Oliver do a lot to make it a swell show.

* * *

✓ **CYNARA** (United Artists) Judging by the leading players (Kay Francis and Ronald Colman) and the story, this should have been a smash hit, but it emerges as just a good picture. Maybe that's because there's too much talk, too little action. Some of the scenes pack a punch; others are a little dull. On the whole, though, "Cynara" is worth your while.

* * *

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE (Paramount) Edmund Lowe, Wynne Gibson and Dickie Moore in an exposé of the auto-stealing racket. You'll find it fairly entertaining, but certainly no world-beater. Best scene: when little Dickie Moore is run down by one of the gangsters.

✓ **EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE** (First National) Another swell performance by Warren William places this in the class of distinctly good pictures. He's in his element here, as a ruthless slave driver who runs a mammoth department store. Loretta Young is the love interest, and Alice White does a sweet character job in a minor rôle.

* * *

EVENINGS FOR SALE (Paramount) A heavy-handed attempt at a light movie about a Viennese count who's lost his money and becomes a gigolo. Herbert Marshall is only fair and Sari Maritza, the romantic heroine, is much too coy and self-conscious. There is no suspense to this obvious story.

* * *

FAITHLESS (M-G-M) Once again Tallulah Bankhead gets a tawdry, unimportant story. If you like Tallulah, you'll want to see her in this, as it may be her last picture. We promise that you'll like her performance and Robert Montgomery's, though not the story.

* * *

✓✓ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A** (Paramount) Here is one of the finest pictures you'll see this year, distinguished in photography, in its heart-rending story and above all in acting. Helen Hayes is magnificent as the little English nurse in love with an American soldier. Gary Cooper, opposite her, does his finest acting. Four handkerchiefs will barely see you through this.

* * *

FAST LIFE (M-G-M) Oh, this is an all-right enough boat race story with Bill Haines and Madge Evans, and it's chuckly entertainment for

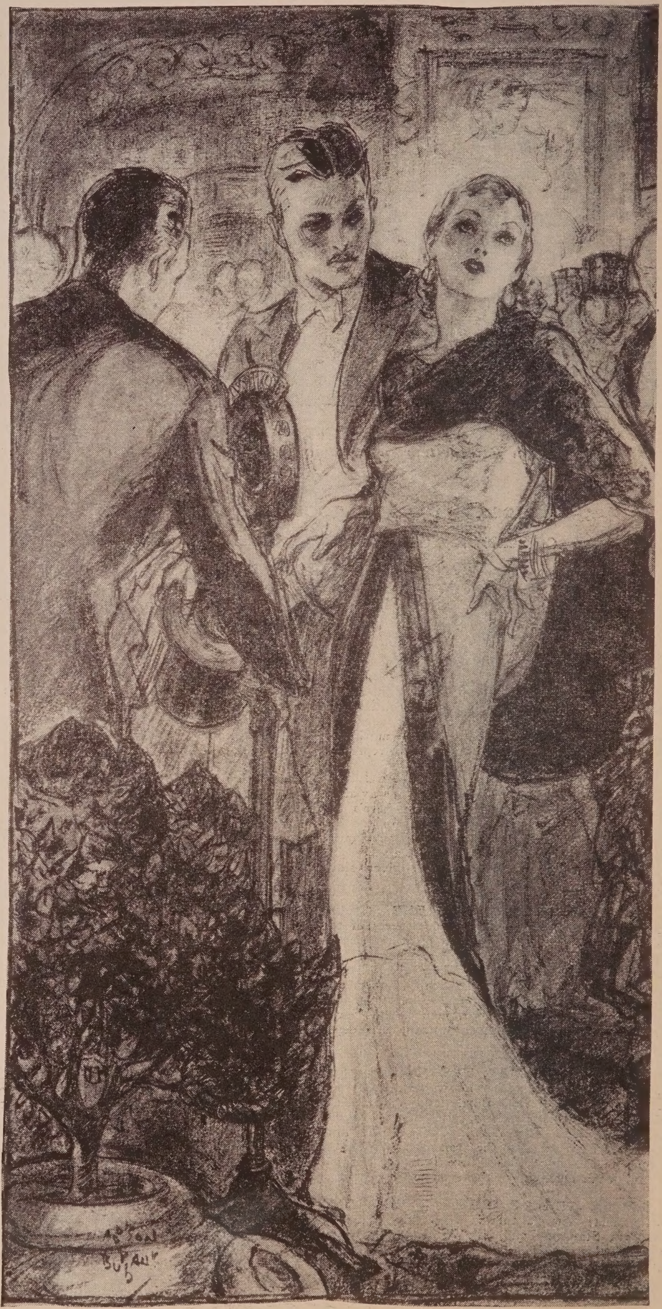
(*Continued on page 87*)

Smooth Lady

Julie Finds Everything She Sought in Hollywood Within Reach, If She Can Forget the Man She Loves

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

Illustrated by Addison Burbank



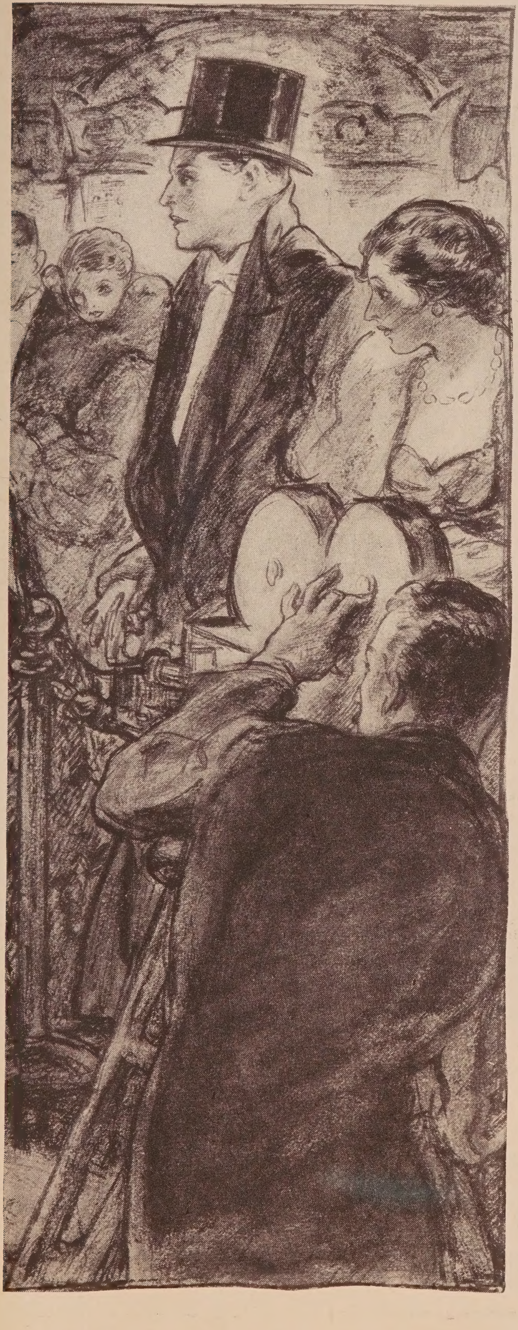
JULIE CARTER, typist in a smart Fifth Avenue fur shop, gets the opportunity, because of the regular model's lunch hour, to model an ermine wrap for John Squires, young motion picture executive in from Hollywood. Handsome and ambitious, John Squires notices Julie, her beauty, her lovely freshness, and invites her to a speakeasy for lunch. Julie has the time of her life. She tells John Squires of her ambitions, he tells her of his. They get very friendly over cocktails, and when Julie goes home that night her regular boy friend seems to her very dull indeed. Squires is leaving the next day and she does not see him again, but feels secure enough in his promise to help her if she ever comes to Hollywood to give up her job, her family and her stuffy suitor and journey to the town of a thousand dreams. She is determined never to fall in love with John Squires, but most certainly to use him to get the things she wants from life.

Arriving in Hollywood, Julie can't go on with her romance with John Squires for the good and perfect reason that she can't even get in to see him. From the gossip columns of the newspapers, however, she learns John is all but engaged to Mabel Brady, the hatchet-faced daughter of P. T. Brady, the owner of the studio where John works.

After almost starving to death, Julie finally gets in to see John Squires, and they find that they are as much attracted to each other as ever. Through John she gets some extra work and attracts the attention of Tom Wallace, the director, so much that he gives her a bit to do. Tom, who is influential and wealthy and in the throes of getting a divorce from his wife, falls hard for Julie, and does everything he can to further her career. She waits for the proposition or proposal inevitably to follow, knowing that whichever it is she ought to say yes so far as her career is concerned. At a party in Hollywood, to which they have both been invited,

Tom proposes marriage to Julie. Julie is still in love with John Squires, but she knows how quickly Mabel Brady would ruin both their careers if John and she surrendered to their love for each other.

DOWN the garden walk came Rosita Rosano with her abundance of orchids, and Harry Morton, a feature writer on a local scandal sheet which had been known to suppress a story when the remuneration was adequate. Tom and Julie, seeing these two approach, drew away from one another.



As Julie turned to the microphone she became aware of John's eyes discovering her. She trembled inwardly

"Confound them!" muttered Tom, half to himself.

"Tom! Tom!" Rosita called, hurrying forward, "I simply had to come over and tell you that I think you're a genius . . ."

"A genius," said Tom, mellifluous now. "How's that, Rosie?"

"Last night," Rosita explained, leaning her cigarette to the match he held for her, "I saw your last picture. Thanks to your direction the Morrow comes closer to acting than I'd have believed possible. You're a genius, Tom. A genius!"

No one in Hollywood amused Julie more than Rosita Rosano. On general principles Rosita denounced anyone of position or authority and always in the frankest language possible.

"If it wasn't for Rosita's grand figure and her strange face," Julie once said to Tom, "she'd be a Red . . . shriek her epithets from corner soap-boxes . . . call capitalists by the names she now saves for studio Higher-Ups . . . spend her emotion and energy in rows with the police."

And Julie was right. At heart Rosita was a rebel. However, her hatred for Margot Morrow exceeded everything else. Margot's increasing elegance constantly infuriated Rosita, who had no pretensions of her own. Margot hated Rosita, too, but not so intensely, lacking the capacity for that much emotion.

Now Rosita tucked her arm under Julie's. "As for you," she announced, "let me say here and now, Julie Carter, you have a future!"

"Isn't she a honey?" demanded Wallace enthusiastically. He felt any compliment given Julie was also a compliment for him. He had, he allowed no one to forget, discovered her.

"She's that all right," Morton agreed. He turned to Julie. "See the paragraph I used about you in the last issue?"

Julie shook her head. "I'm sorry, I didn't. What did you say?"

"That you reminded me of Margot when she was younger," he piped in his slightly feminine voice, "except that you promised to develop into a real actress."

"You didn't really say that!" Julie protested. "Oh, you didn't! I'll be afraid to meet her."

Tom Wallace bent double with laughter. "God Almighty," he roared, "Margot'll be furious. Probably have apoplexy.

"I hope you gave me a credit line, Harry." He pinched Julie's arm. "After all I discovered this Baby!"

"Of course," Harry Morton assured him. "Of course, Tom."

"Don't you worry about the Margot marmot," Rosita advised Julie. "You can out-think her any old time. She's studying nights to be a half-wit."

Again the breeze brought them a drift of the dance music.

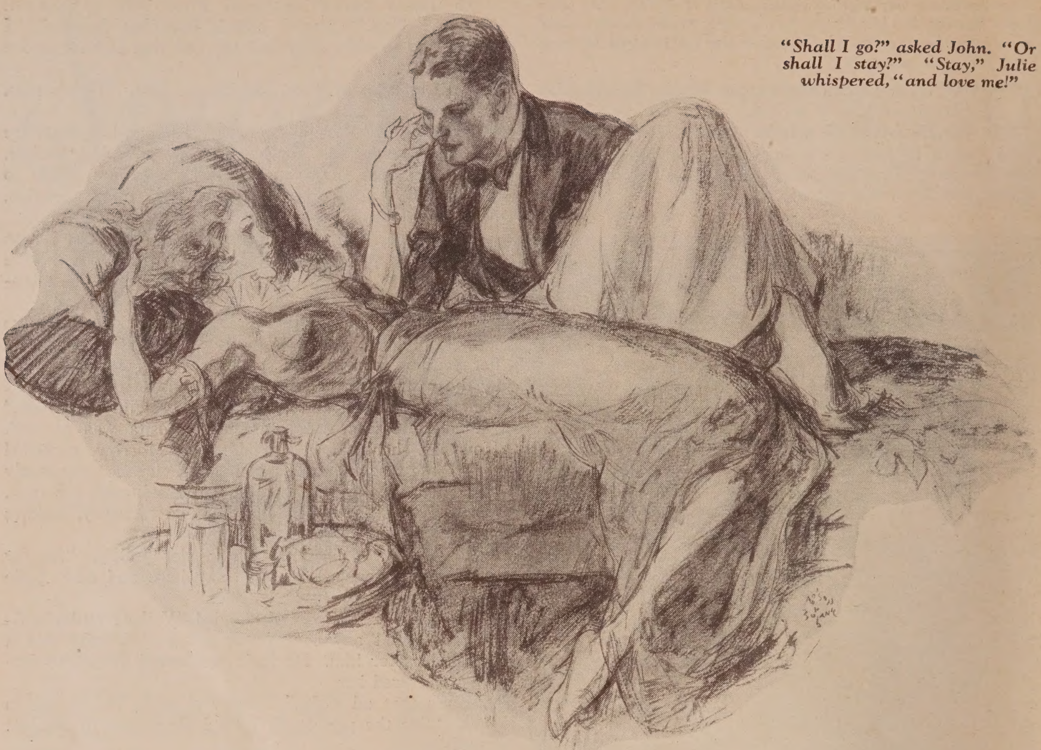
"Come along, Rosita, do come along," piped Harry Morton agitatedly. "It's the waltz you promised me."

Rosita, going with him, turned to wink behind his back and to slap herself insinuatingly on the wrist.

"I loathe that man," said Julie when Rosita and Morton were lost in the darkness. "And that he should make a living . . . a good living at that . . . writing gossip is too much. For like all old women, he simply dotes on gossip. I'll never ask him to any party of mine. Never!"

"Wait," Tom advised, "until you're famous. Then you'll find out what you'll do and what you won't do. Success is like dope. Once you've gotten used to it you'll do anything to keep it. And writers like Harry Morton have power."

Tom stepped closer and



"Shall I go?" asked John. "Or shall I stay?" "Stay," Julie whispered, "and love me!"

took Julie in his arms. "To go back where we were before," he said, "are you going to marry me, Baby?"

"Please," said Julie, "don't ask me to give you a definite answer now. We've known each other such a short time. And I want to be sure . . ."

She realized suddenly that as long as John Squires remained free she must not commit herself, that if John should come for her even if she was married she would go with him. And she knew that while because of Tom's ego it would crush him to be deserted by a fiancée or a wife he would be capable of slipping from her to another girl-friend without much difficulty. She knew Tom liked her, that he was proud of her looks. But not for one minute did she feel that he loved her, the way she loved John Squires, for instance.

Unless all rumors were false it seemed likely John and Mabel Brady would announce their engagement very soon. Then, and not before, even though this delay might cost her the security and luxury she would know all the rest of her life as Tom's wife, would Julie become engaged. Painfully and rapidly she was learning how the thing called love can enslave you.

Back in the studios Julie was glad to be busy. Working for an hour or two at a time, she would escape the restlessness that sent her wandering all over the studios in the hope of a chance meeting with John and kept her waiting, tense, for the telephone to ring even when there was no reason under the sun why John should call her.

She missed Tom Wallace, away on a location trip, in spite of his daily telegrams and the telephone calls he put through every time he rode into the nearest desert town.

Directly Tom had left Julie had moved into a small furnished apartment. The rent taxed her income but it was the manner of an address she now felt it necessary to have. However, even this experience which was the stuff her dreams had been made of a year before, lightened her heart but a little and only for a short time.

Julie was playing in a Margot Morrow production again. This time she and Margot were cast as sisters-in-law. Lacking any appreciable number of scenes, Julie realized she must manage to be effective enough when she did appear to keep audiences waiting for her to come on again. To this end she gave her characterization real thought and built up her interpretation carefully. She consulted with Hortense Lombard, the erstwhile stage star whom Apex had assigned to tutor her, regarding the business she planned and the way she wanted to use her voice for certain effects.

Hortense was enthusiastic. "Get that over the way you do here," she told Julie, "and you'll have something. But let me give you some advice. Don't be too effective in the rehearsals or Margot'll see to it that things are changed about. She's not one of the stars who realize the better their cast the better their picture and the better for them."

A scene with Margot in her bedroom Julie had counted on especially. It opened with Margot seated at a dressing-table while she was supposed to enter from a hall. As the set of this scene was designed, the juxtaposition of the door through which Julie entered and the dressing-table at which Margot sat made it necessary for Margot to turn away from the camera. They rehearsed it a dozen times.

"I'm sorry," Margot said at last, "but I just can't get it somehow. I feel awkward turning as I must when Julie comes in."

"I can see you do," Mac Sherman, the director, said. He slumped in his camp-chair and scratched the back of his thick neck. "I tell you what, Julie," he suggested, "we'll try it with you coming down to this side of the dressing-table. See how it goes.

"You can turn around a little while you're talking . . ."

This procedure meant Julie (*Continued on page* 89)

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Joan Crawford Plays Fairy Godmother

(*Continued from page* 19)

presented them with a collection they'd taken up—so they could buy shoes to replace what was left of the rags of leather they wore.

And then came the wave of the golden wand. It came hidden in a mystery which was to last many months. It came in the guise of a visit to the restaurant from a matter-of-fact man who would not give his name. He spoke to the boys.

"I represent," he said, "a lady who patronizes the shop next door. She has heard of you, of your hopes and your ambitions. She has money. She is going to make it possible for you to have what you seek . . .!"

The boys, dumfounded, asked the name of their benefactress. The emissary told them they should never know. The boys, fearing a trick, asked what obligation was entailed. The emissary smiled, said nothing other than honestly to do that which they wished—to go to school to learn.

Money was provided. Down in a place called Compton, Cal., some dozen miles from Hollywood, where there was a model Junior College, the boys were provided with a fine room in a good boarding house. Always, there came to them a regular allotment of spending money, for the necessities of life, for books, for supplies. But they never knew where the money came from.

And then came Christmas Eve—last Christmas Eve. To them, that night, came one of the grandest experiences of their lives. Early that day, the same man who had come to them months before came again.

"Tonight," he said, "you are to meet your benefactress. A car will call for you. You will be driven to her home. Be ready —and do not ask me any more now . . ."

Well, put yourself in those lads' places. Perhaps you can imagine how their hearts thumped that night as they waited, ready long before the appointed time, for the car that was to call for them. Perhaps you can imagine their feelings when they first saw it—a huge, resplendent limousine, fitted in a manner which they had never dreamed autos could be. They stepped in, the car drove off.

For miles it drove. Through the outskirts of Los Angeles, through Hollywood, out again into a suburban district, dotted with gorgeous homes. At last, the car drew up in front of one—a low, beautiful, Spanish house. "You are to go in," the chauffeur told them.

Let the boys tell you:

"It was like a dream. We had never in our lives seen such a house. It was to us what a fairy palace must have been to the poor little children in a fairy tale. We trembled so we dared not speak, had to clasp our hands behind us so we would not show our nervousness . . ."

The boys waited.

And then came the dénouement . . .! The greatest surprise, the greatest thrill that these lads had ever had—"probably the greatest thrill we ever *will* have," they say.

Down the stairs, gorgeously dressed—infinitely more lovely in appearance and manner than even the grandest of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy godmothers—came *Joan Crawford . . .!*

Hand outstretched to greet the boys, smiling, she walked straight toward them. "Don? Bill?" she asked simply. "I'm so glad to see you at last . . ."

The boys cannot yet find words to begin to describe the emotions that were in them. Don said: "My hands were trembling so that I could not even lift one to shake hands with Miss Crawford. I just stood there dumb."

Joan, all sincerity and graciousness, tried hard to make the boys feel at home, overcome their nervousness. "In that moment, I was sorry—almost—that I'd asked them to come. I know now that it must have been a trying ordeal for them."

Later in the evening, the jollity, the warm friendliness of the family party—for that's all it was at Joan's house that evening—broke through the boys' shyness. And when, at last, they left to be driven home again, Don spoke. "And he said something awfully sweet," said Joan, afterward. "He said, simply:

"'I'm glad—we're so glad—it was *you . . .*'"

Well, that's about all there is to the telling of the story. Joan does not wish to talk about it. "I'm doing it," she tells you, "because it makes me happy. I know, from experience, the awfulness of wanting an education and not being able to get it. Even today, I still hunger for what I never had in that way. It so happens I have had the good fortune to learn of these boys, and had the means to grant to them what was denied to me. It gives me happiness. I am doubly happy in that it gives them happiness, too. I have not told them how long I mean to continue this for them—but I will tell you that I hope to help them all the way through college. At least, as long as I have a contract in movies, I will continue to help them win the education they so courageously fought for."

The boys?—well, several weeks after that Christmas Eve meeting, they admitted they were still dazed.

"We had always held Joan Crawford as our favorite movie actress," they said, "and then to learn that it was she—*she,* of all persons!—who was doing this wonderful thing for us.

"We don't know yet how we can repay her. It's hard for two in our position ever to find the means to repay a person in Miss Crawford's. But some day perhaps the chance will come to us. In the meantime we are doing what we can to justify her faith. We will never let her regret it."

Strangely solemn words to be spoken by lads of 20, 22. Yet that's the kind of boys Don and Bill Donaldson are. Perhaps it is the experiences of poverty that have done it to them, perhaps it is just something innate—but it is true that in them there is a sincerity of purpose, an honesty of aim that one feels when one talks to them. They are not ordinary lads—and Joan's hopes for them have a great chance of coming true.

But aside from all that, isn't it a swell story? And isn't Joan Crawford one darned swell woman . . .!

The Home of a Wise Young Man

(*Continued from page* 41)

more than that many people at one time.

There is no "play room" in their house, equipped with the elaborate gambling devices which divert so many Hollywood groups. And no bar, built in or portable. They bought some jig saw puzzles once but Bob says they had to get rid of them because he couldn't let the things alone. "It got to be a vice. . . ."

The bedrooms are spacious and overlook the garden with its lacy, graceful pepper trees. They, too, preserve the early American feeling, with rough, cream plaster walls, gay chintz drapes and hand woven rag rugs. Mrs. Montgomery's room is dominated by a huge, four poster canopied bed, with an old-fashioned hand wrought coverlet. The furnishings are all authentic antiques, graceful and sedate.

Bob's room is slightly smaller and is similarly furnished. He has twin beds and a cozy, bed-side table with a lamp for reading in bed. The large dressing room is equipped with long racks for the extensive wardrobe which a young leading man must own.

Bob's study is probably more characteristic of him than any other room in the house. There is a big desk, deep chairs and a wide divan, upholstered in mannish monk's cloth. The monk's cloth drapes are striped with deep maroon. Here he has a clutter of what he calls his "junk." Cameras of all sizes and descriptions. Rolls of film. Books on photography. Riding boots in all stages of wear and tear. Guns, bridles, riding crops. On the walls are framed prints of horses and dogs—and a sizeable collection of photographs of Bob, himself, atop his favorite polo ponies.

Bob, you know, has given up polo. Partly because he thought it too expensive a sport to indulge in when people here and there are going without sufficient food. But there was a little pique in his decision, too. Despite the fact that Bob achieved a national rating in polo after playing but eight months, the Press never took him very seriously. They continued to speak of Mr. Montgomery's "laughable game of polo" and that, quite naturally, irritated him a little!

Bob does not own a house at Malibu, nor a mountain cabin nor a yacht nor an expensive retreat to which to flee "away from it all." Living as quietly as they do, the Montgomerys are under small necessity to flee! When Bob is not working they sometimes spend week-ends at ocean, mountain or desert resorts, according to the season. Once or twice a year they go to New York for shopping and to see the new plays.

Does this seem to you a dull life for an extraordinarily successful young actor and his non-professional wife? If you were in Bob's place would you want more of the excitement of the Hollywood whirlpool? The few experiments this couple have made with that whirlpool have not added to their happiness.

Those who Know in Hollywood say that Bob Montgomery is a wise, wise young man!

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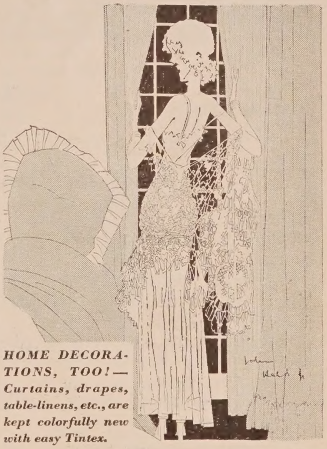
DRESSES AND FROCKS!—If faded, Tintex will restore their colors. Or will give them NEW colors, if you wish.



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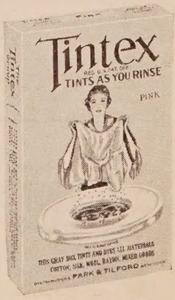

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We want pictures of the wide open spaces; where there are no desks, no jangling telephones, no trial balances.

The men who stride through the pictures were never seen on land or sea; the women—flimsy, lovely creatures—always being plucked out of snowdrifts or stranded upon desert islands. That's all right. We're sick of reality.

Through adventure stories I can taste the joys, sorrows and thrills that might have been mine and I can be weary, whose shoulders have never sagged beneath the weight of heavy packs; whose arms have never swung a machete through tangled underbrush or balanced a canoe. I can climb a mountain in the glory of the morning, or stand on the prow of a lurching boat and feel the sting of salt spray on my face.

Such a picture makes our trip to the neighborhood movie—a thrilling adventure.

—*James Mitchell,* Bedford, Virginia.

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

THE $10.00 LETTER

A Fan's Reviews

"One Way Passage"—An incredibly beautiful mood, perfectly sustained, and having the sensitive, haunting charm of an ancient Chinese poem.

"I Am a Fugitive"—Like making an entire meal of raw, red beef.

"Smilin' Through"—As cloyingly sweet as five pounds of French creams eaten at one sitting.

"The Half Naked Truth"—Extremely spasmodic, it jumps and jerks like a kangaroo with hiccoughs. Saved by Lee Tracy, who gets no cooperation from Lupe.

"Trouble in Paradise"—As delightfully sparkly and bubbly as your first glass of champagne; just as heady and just as inconsequential.

—*Irene M. Woodruff,* Charleston, Mass.

$1.00 LETTER

"The Conquerors"

It was ten in the morning, when admission fees are lowest. The picture was "The

(*Continued on page* 76)

Four Tests for Personality

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Whatever Garbo does, she does 'differently.' If one wants to analyze it a bit, one might say that the 'differentness' in the way Garbo does things is that she does *less* than other actresses. Yet she conveys as much or more than the rest of them.

"Her every movement—her way of looking at people, her walk, the movement of her hands, her body—all these are 'different' from the way those same things are done by your neighbor or the woman across from you in the streetcar or the other people you know. That's what 'personality' can be pegged in the case of Garbo.

"Norma Shearer has it, too, but in her case the 'differentness' is that she goes to the other extreme. She does everything a little *more* than most actresses. Her work might be called careful exaggeration. But once again, it's 'different.'

"Now there are two outstanding stars, two outstanding examples of personality. There are hundreds of actresses who do things efficiently, well, adequately. But they lack the 'different' way of doing those things—and it's that 'differentness' that has lifted Garbo and Shearer above the crowd."

Wood talked of other examples—Bob Montgomery, who certainly has personality-plus. "Bob does things on what might be called the 'Haines formula'," said Wood, "but differently. Both Montgomery and Haines are aggressively fresh—but Montgomery has a delicacy about his, rather than Haines' bluster.

"Take Gable. Gable's way of doing things is different than most men's. That's why women go crazy over him. He has arrogance enough and force enough to make him do things forcefully. Other men might *think* things, Gable *does* them.

"And it's because these people do things 'differently' than the mob that they stand out, so that, having encountered them once —be it on the screen, or in real life—you remember them afterward."

And that brings us to the final—and perhaps the most clinching—test of all—

Test No. 4— Ask yourself: "Do people REMEMBER me? Or do they, on second meeting, forget they've seen me before?"

If they remember you, you've got some measure of personality, you may be sure.

You've seen countless scores of screen actors and actresses in the many times you've gone to the theater, haven't you? Yet out of those scores, how many do you actually remember? Only a comparative handful, it's safe to say. And they're the ones who've got personality.

Now let's turn for a moment from Director Wood and step over to RKO studios, where Casting Director Schuessler may add a word:

"The two outstanding examples of personality among actors," he said, "are Maurice Chevalier and Jimmy Durante. Both of them, as actors, are utterly impossible. Chevalier can't act worth a hatful of mud. Neither can Jimmy Durante. Yet each, by sheer force of tremendous personality, has reached the top of the heap in the screen's list of ACTORS!"

Why?—well, once you've seen either of them, you certainly can't forget them!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL . . . by Timmins

SHE THINKS:
WHAT A GOOD-LOOKING MAN...NICE EYES. WISH I KNEW HIM—WHY, I DO!
HE THINKS:
THAT GIRL WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH ME.... HOW PRETTY SHE'S GROWN. HANG IT! THEY WON'T LET US TALK HERE
SILENCE
Hello there. I'm tickled pink to see you. Let's lunch together and have a chat. Jack
TWO WEEKS LATER
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AUNTIE? I BELIEVED IN IT..TWO WEEKS AGO! HAD LUNCH WITH THE MAN, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND—HE PROMISED TO PHONE BUT HASN'T
HERE'S AN IDEA..BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE HURT IF I'M VERY FRANK
THE WEEK AFTER
AUNTIE'S A DEAR—WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O." IN SUCH A SWEET WAY, THEN GIVING ME A PARTY—INVITING JACK
LIFEBUOY'S GRAND. NO CHANCE OF OFFENDING AFTER THIS

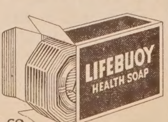
"B.O." ENDED—
JACK'S FALLING HARD!
YOU'RE LOOKING SIMPLY SWELL TONIGHT! HOW SOON CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?

It's a lonesome world for "B.O." offenders
(body odor)

THEY just can't seem to make friends. And the pity of it is they seldom suspect the reason—"B.O." (*body odor*). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

Lifebuoy's rich, abundant lather *deep-cleanses* pores of clogged impurities. Makes dull, sallow complexions freshen—glow with health.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

(*Continued from page 74*)

Conquerors," with Richard Dix and Ann Harding. In the row ahead of me, a middle-aged man and woman slumped disconsolately.

The picture swept on to the panic of 1893. Suddenly, I heard the woman's voice:

"Papa, Papa, see! We remember that time, eh? They told us we were fools to come to this country. But we come. We were not afraid!"

Then came that stirring scene, when the old pioneer and his grandson bank all they have on America's future.

"Oh, Papa, they were right, nicht wahr? Your job, what does it matter? Soon you find another."

"Ja, Liebchen. Sure. I tell you, America, always she goes on. And we—*we are Americans!*"

Who can gauge the tremendous contribution of a great picture to this country's morale?

—*Mrs. A. S. Troxwell,*
Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 LETTER

Etiquette for Movie Fans

Why didn't Emily Post include a chapter in her famous book on "Etiquette" pertaining to movie audience behavior? I am not a crank, merely a man who likes to enjoy a movie. But how can this be accomplished when the love-sick couple on my right are eating popcorn out of a paper bag? Behind me, a lady diligently explains to the man with her what is going to occur next. On my left, an infant in arms who objects quite lustily to the film is soothed by a mother who is in reality making more commotion than the child.

I suggest that someone prepare a pamphlet containing plainly worded suggestions on proper movie behavior. When anything obnoxious occurs an usher should present the disturbing element with a pamphlet.

—*Miller P. Phillips,* Olean, N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

From a "Little Mother"

May I reveal a grateful heart?

For two years now, I have been a "little mother" to a darling sister, Andre, who has been blind all her thirteen years. Her one greatest joy and entertainment is to hear and recognize the voices of her favorite "lovely ladies."

Need you wonder at my tears, when she grips my hands in her own frail ones and exclaims, "Mignon, it is Constance, is she not beautiful!" and "Ah, little Janet is so sad, is she crying?"

Thanks to Movie Mirror, I am well informed to answer Andre's innumerable questions concerning the "beautiful ladies" whom she has vividly portrayed in her mind.

—*M. Gordunas,* Waterbury, Conn.

HERE'S some "Inside Stuff" on the letters you send us, movie fans. We keep a careful list of the people you rave about and the people you knock each month. Nearly always Garbo, Crawford and Janet Gaynor get the most fan mail, and usually it's in just that order.... But not this month! This month Clara Bow ties with Joan Crawford in the amount of raves received. They're the leading gals of the month, with Shearer next because of her beautiful work in "Smilin' Through" and Garbo fourth.

Since Charles Farrell quit Fox, the Gaynor-Farrell team fans are broken-hearted, even more so than they are by Gaynor's separation from her husband. But what we'd like to know is this—do the private lives of your screen favorites make any difference to you when you come to choose your screen entertainment? Give us the lowdown. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 Street, New York.

$1.00 LETTER

Our Favorite Goofy Letter

I love fun, and I love laughter, 'tis really what this world is after, but how can anybody giggle at that crazy Chevalier's wiggle, with his cocky hat, and cocky grin, I'd like to punch him on the chin. When I want fun, and I want laughter, I know exactly what I'm after, I'll go see Eddie Cantor's show, he'll chase away my care and woe. Marie Dressler, and Zasu too, are true comediennes through and through. Oh, I could name you quite a few who'd show those Marx boys a trick or two, and Wheeler-Oozley or whatever's their name, have won a lot of unmerited fame, with their crazy grin and each crazy antic, I wish they'd cross the great Atlantic.

—*Mrs. G. A. Robinson,*
Wilkinsburg, Pa.

$1.00 LETTER

The Movies Offer Variety

There was never more variety in pictures than at the present time—yet so many people complain of the lack of it.

A neighborhood theater here showed, among others, the following pictures within two weeks: "Radio Patrol," an inside story of the police; "The Tenderfoot," with the inimitable Joe E. Brown; "As You Desire Me," a tender love story with photography like a lovely painting; "Week-End Marriage"—Can marriage and a career mix?; "Dark Horse," a political landslide of laughs; "South Sea Adventures," the lure and beauty of the tropics; "Lost Squadron," a fine, behind-the-screen story. Variety—and how!

—*Mrs. C. O. Magruder,* Los Angeles, Cal.

Unanswerable Riddles No. 1,543

Why are movie heroines dumb?

Why do they stand around and wring their hands while the hero is in a bad pickle?

I have just seen the picturization of Zane Grey's "Heritage of the Desert." While the hero fights for life itself with the villain's toughest henchman, the heroine occupies herself with moaning and fussing around a faithful servant who is dying.

Why didn't she wade in and help the hero, her boy friend? She could have at least kicked the villain's henchman in the slats.

Or wouldn't that have been ladylike?

—*Wetherby Boorman,* Belmae Park, P. O., Calif.

Does Anyone Agree?

I am becoming impatient at "comeback" reports.

Take the return of Alice White. Alice White, fluffy, blondined, stubby-toed slippered. (*Continued on page* 93)

The Keyhole

(Continued from page 56)

Anne leaned forward appealingly. "What can I do? I'm scared to death of Maurice and his blackmailing."

"Get the marriage annulled quietly somewhere out of the country."

Anne was dubious. "You don't know Maurice. He'd follow me anywhere."

"Then *that's* the solution," beaming.

"What?" perplexed.

"This Maurice person is not an American, is he?"

"No."

"Then, if you can get him to follow you out of the States I'll stop him from ever getting back."

Anne was excited. "You'll *stop* him?"

"Listen, my dear," Portia's voice was kind, "I haven't been in this social business forty years for nothing. One little telephone call to Washington will keep him from getting back into America."

A few days later, Anne casually suggested to her husband that she take a trip—perhaps to Havana. She felt so restless and nervous and fidgety.

Unexpectedly, Brooks consented without argument. "All right, my dear, I'll arrange it."

"And darling, book my passage as Anne Valle. I don't want anyone to know me. I don't want so much as to speak to a soul."

"As you wish," Brooks acquiesced.

But it was his secretary who arranged Anne's passage to Havana. Brooks arranged another little detail of the passage of which Anne knew nothing. He did not trust Anne. So that he would know exactly what she was doing with her time, Brooks called upon the Acme Detective Service and in the cheap, gaudy office of Mr. Weems he informed that shifty-eyed worthy he wished a special operator who would not so much shadow a woman but who would protect her.

Mr. Weems had precisely the operator.

Brooks agreed when a tall, handsome, rather cynical young man, Neil Davis, walked into the office and demanded:

"You wish to see me?"

"Yes, I—er," he brought out of his pocket a photograph in a morocco folder and showed it to Davis: "Do you know this woman?"

"No," bored. "That's one I've missed."

"She is sailing tomorrow evening for Havana."

"What for?"

"That," Brooks emphasized, "is the point."

Davis slumped deeper into his chair. "I see. And her name?"

"Anne Valle."

"Miss or Mrs.?" business-like.

"Er, Miss. In suite 12 C."

"I'm interested in this young lady," Brooks said, "and inasmuch as she is travelling alone I thought it might be well to send someone to—er—protect her from chance acquaintances, emotional accidents."

"—or find out whether she is capable of having one of those emotional accidents?" Davis ended, sardonic.

Brooks fumed ineffectively. "Certainly not! I trust her implicitly."

"Of course," Davis shrugged. "Whom do you suspect?"

"No one," angrily.

"Or everyone," and as Brooks started

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● Slip a Venida Hair Net on after "setting" your hair, and the wave will last twice as long.

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OIL SHAMPOO

An Oil Treatment with every Shampoo!

Oil is as necessary to the hair and scalp as food is to the body. All soap shampoos rob the hair and scalp of oil—and don't put it back.

The new VENIDA OIL SHAMPOO is unlike any shampoo you have ever used before. *It is a pure oil that mixes with water and rinses away without soap!* It contains no harmful ingredients to dry and brittle the hair—no soap, no free alkali, no alcohol!

VENIDA OIL SHAMPOO checks dandruff and corrects dry scalp. You will never know how much softer, more lustrous, and more manageable your hair can be until you use this amazing new shampoo. It is ideal for hot oil treatments, too—for it rinses out without the extra time and the extra expense of a separate shampoo.

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Venida Oil Shampoo and Venida Waveset are featured by drug and department stores at 50c. . . . large introductory sizes at all good 10c. toilet goods counters. If your store can't supply, mail the coupon.

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I enclose 20c in cash ☐ or stamps ☐, for which send me large introductory sizes of Venida Oil Shampoo and Venida Waveset.
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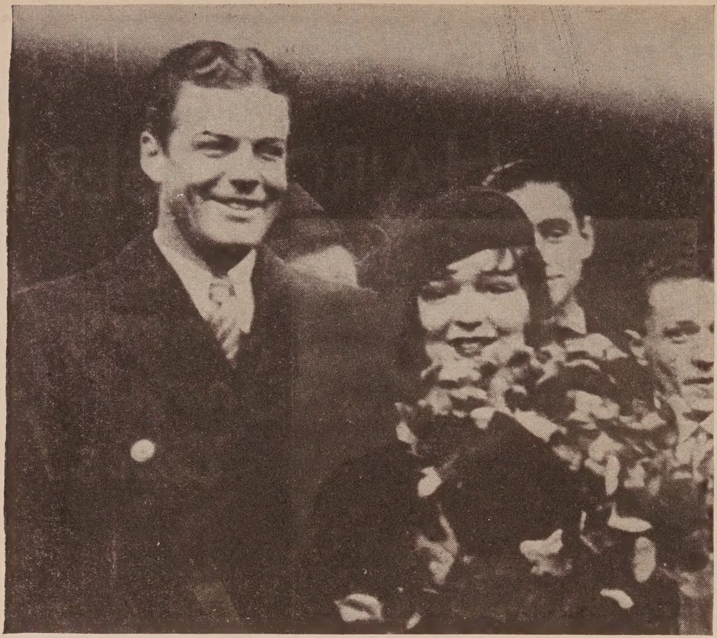

Did Clara Bow have an elegant time in Europe or did she have an elegant time? Well, here she is with Rex Bell in Paris, where they took in all the sights and such, and were nearly mobbed to death. It was the Bow-Bell gal's first trip abroad

to protest again he silenced him with a gesture. "I know. You want me to find out what you don't dare to think for yourself. All right, all I need is an unlimited expense account."

Brooks nodded. "You'll send me reports every day, of course? I'll give you my private address, and this," writing a check, "will cover your transportation and preliminary expenses."

Davis glowered at the check in his hand. "Schuyler Brooks." He jerked to his feet disgusted. "Schuyler Brooks—gentleman!"

THE miniature jeweled clock on the night table beside Anne's bed indicated a few minutes to two o'clock when Anne's phone rang.

"That's Maurice," Anne reminded Portia. "He was to call today at two."

"I'll handle Maurice." Portia seized the telephone. "Hello . . . Who is calling Mrs. Brooks?" As she heard the name on the other end, she raised her brows as a signal to Anne, who came closer to listen. "I'm sorry," Portia spoke into the mouthpiece, "but Mrs. Brooks is not here . . . She's sailing for Cuba."

With her ear close to Portia's, Anne heard Maurice reply: "What boat is she sailing on? I'd like to send her some flowers."

"On the Spanish Mail, the Santiago, I believe . . . Yes, that's right," and hanging up, Portia turned to Anne. "Your dear Mr. Maurice will be on that boat in person or I don't know my man!"

Portia Brooks did know her man, for Maurice was aboard the ship. Schuyler Brooks also knew his man, for Neil Davis was aboard the ship accompanied by his assistant Hank Wales.

Neil was occupied just before the boat sailed with smuggling a suitcase belonging to Anne into his stateroom. Later he picked up the suitcase he had filched from Anne's cabin and started for her door.

An irritated, worried Anne stared at him coldly, then her face lighted as she recognized her suitcase.

Neil placed it on the floor. "It got into my room by mistake."

"I'm so sorry to have caused you this inconvenience," she apologized.

"It was no trouble, only you can imagine my embarrassment when my valet opened it and—"

Anne laughed, amused, and Neil, with a friendly nod, closed the door after him. He went up on deck to be sure that Hank had obeyed his orders and had his deck chair placed next to Anne Valle's.

"Good," he murmured approval of Hank's reliability and with a sigh of content sank into the deck chair. It was a good boat. The girl was charming. The trip, after all, might have its moments.

Anne slipped into a stunning sport coat, tilted her trig little hat at a more rakish angle and, tucking a book under her arm, made her way along the corridor and up to the deck.

She had requested her deck chair be isolated. A faint frown pulled her shapely brows together as she saw the "man of the suitcase" seated alongside her chair. Neil Davis did not look up. To all appearances, he was engrossed in his book.

Anne asked: "Steward, isn't there some place where I could be alone?"

Neil looked up then and rose to his feet. "You may move my chair, steward. It doesn't matter where I sit."

Anne bit her lip in annoyance. "This will be all right," and as the steward tucked a blanket around her, she remarked to Neil: "Don't let me disturb you."

He resumed his chair. "Not at all, Miss," and looking at the name on the back of her chair, "Miss Valle."

Anne smiled reluctantly. "Thank you, Mr.," and read his name from the back of his chair, "Mr. Davis. This is twice that you've been very nice to me."

"Not quite." He made a show of being confidential. "I have a confession to make. The woman who sat next to me talked too much, so I had my chair moved. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," opening her book. "I prefer silence myself."

Neil resumed his book. "Then the score is even."

In the silence that settled between them, Anne's curiosity induced her to steal an inquisitive look at the man beside her. She saw a strong, clean cut profile, a well shaped head, broad solid shoulders. He was, she admitted, terribly attractive. He was young, too. Even in repose, he conveyed to her surety of self.

Neil's eyes gazed sideways at the lovely, dreaming face so near his. Beautifully chiselled features. A firm chin—a very firm chin. Not a girl to throw herself into a passing flirtation. He wondered what the devil she meant to a distrustful old codger like Schuyler Brooks.

Feeling his eyes upon her, Anne turned. Neil was a little embarrassed. The color surged to Anne's face. Stubbornly, they tried to read but the disturbance of each to the other was too much. Almost as if by a given signal they rose and again each startled the other, in discovering the unanimity of their action.

It was Neil who broke the awkward moment by inviting: "Will you join me in a cocktail?"

They strolled down the deck.

"Thank you, no," she declined.

Neil bowed and went into the bar. Anne strode on down the deck, a bit annoyed to realize she had wanted to join him in a cocktail. She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not notice the rather shabbily overcoated man who followed close behind her, his hat pulled low over dark eyes. She gasped in unfeigned surprise when he spoke:

"You didn't get away with it, my dear."

Anne stopped. Maurice stopped, smiling derisively. He asked: "What are you going to do now?"

She restrained a smile. If he only knew what she was going to do. Instead, she gestured, defeated: "I give up, Maurice. I'll pay you, of course. I haven't very much money with me, but as soon as we land I'll cash a check."

"Can I depend on you this time?"

"I'm cornered," her lips drooped pathetically. "What else can I do?"

Again he fell in step beside her: "We may as well enjoy this voyage together."

"I think not," emphatically. "You'll get the money when I land. Until then, I wish to see nothing of you."

Maurice watched her go into the bar. Anne sat down on the stool next to Neil Davis as Neil was ordering a martini.

"Make it two, please."

Neil brightened at sight of her. "So, you changed your mind. Do you do that often?"

"Often."

"What would you say if I asked you to have dinner with me?"

"I'd probably say no," and, as the bartender placed the martinis before them, Anne said: "I'll tell you the truth. There's a man on this boat who has singled me out as the object of his attention."

Neil's interest quickened. "Yes?"

"So if I seem to turn to you suddenly from time to time, it is merely to keep from being annoyed."

"Who is this man?" a little provoked at being used as a convenience.

"A stranger," she murmured.

"So am I," brusquely.

"Yes, but you are the lesser of two evils, Mr. Davis."

As they finished their cocktails, Anne saw, in the mirror behind the bar, Maurice entering. She turned squarely to Neil and in a deliberately raised voice inquired:

"Do you mind, Mr. Davis, if I leave you now and dress for dinner?"

Neil surveyed the newcomer and looked at Anne. She nodded slightly and ignoring Maurice, walked from the bar, Neil beside her. On the deck, he questioned:

"Are you dressing for the dinner we're not going to have?"

"Exactly." She smiled coolly.

But there were other nights and, after all, Anne was young and the attractive Mr. Davis did have a gratifying way of appearing when the tenacious Maurice threatened to become annoying. So Anne did finally dine with Neil and they did become friendly but she permitted no informalities. Neil was puzzled. A girl who could not be mellowed by moonlight and the seclusion of a shadowy deck was something new in his disillusioned life.

But Anne never talked of herself, nor did she permit personal questions. The day the ship entered Havana Harbor, Neil knew as much of Anne Valle as he had known when he first talked with her. Standing together at the ship's rail, he asked her: "Can't I take you ashore?"

She demurred with a smile.

"You won't even let me see you to your hotel?"

"No. You see, I'm going to visit some friends on a plantation south of the city."

"That's funny," he returned. "I'm headed for a plantation north of the city."

"Well," extending her hand, "this is goodbye then," and she waved a final adieu.

Behind Neil stood Hank Wales, bowl shaped derby perched atop his head. Neil gave him a dig with his elbow and Hank started after Anne, arriving in time to hear her instruct a baggage man to send her trunk to the Hotel Metropole. Neil lingered on the pier with Hank and then followed to the Hotel Metropole.

Anne was charmed with her suite. French windows opened to a balcony and beyond was a charming view studded with palm trees, green velvet lawns, and beneath her balcony the terrace gardens of the hotel. At the dinner hour she ordered a small table be set on the balcony. Anne stretched at ease on the lounge waiting for dinner to be served. The telephone rang. Now who . . .

It was Maurice. Anne made a moué upon learning he was around the corner in a cheap hotel where he would always be

I'D LOVE TO COME TONIGHT, BARBARA. BUT I KNOW I'LL BE TOO TIRED TO MOVE. WHATEVER MADE YOU PICK WASHDAY NIGHT FOR YOUR PARTY
YOU OLD-FASHIONED THING! WOMEN DON'T LET WASHDAY SPOIL THEIR FUN ANYMORE. SEND RIGHT OUT AND GET YOURSELF A BOX OF RINSO
OH YES—THAT'S THE SOAP MY SISTER'S BEEN RAVING ABOUT. SHE SAYS IT'S GREAT FOR DISHES AND SO EASY ON HANDS
TRY RINSO IN YOUR WASH-TUB IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING REALLY WONDERFUL! IT FLOATS THE DIRT RIGHT OUT—ALL YOU DO IS RINSE. YOU'LL COME TO MY PARTY FRESH AS A DAISY
D'ALTON VALENTINE

THAT EVENING
WELL, HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SCRUBLESS WASHDAY?
BARBARA, I'M THRILLED. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL—YET I HUNG OUT THE WHITEST WASH EVER. RINSO IS GRAND

See how much longer clothes last this way!

CLOTHES cost entirely too much to scrub ragged against a washboard. *Change to Rinso!* Its rich, lively suds *soak* clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter—*safely.* Clothes last twice—three times—as long!

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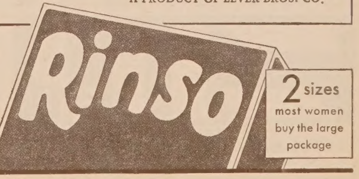
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Every woman may not approve of smoking, but no woman can deny the subtle grace, the arresting whiteness of the fingers that hold this cigarette.

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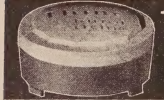

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near to her call. Now as to the money. She interrupted with:

"It's impossible for me to cash a check that large, but I've another plan. I just sent a cable to New York and I should have the money in less than a week."

She slammed up the receiver and hurriedly wrote a cable to Portia Brooks: "Everything worked as expected. I am stalling him until I hear from you. Anne."

A few minutes later, Hank hurried into Davis' suite which was next door to Anne's and breathlessly informed him of the cable Anne had sent to somebody in New York. "I couldn't get the name," he admitted.

Neil glanced at his watch and strolled out on the balcony as Anne, a cigarette between her lips, sat down at the table on her balcony. The waiter served her. She looked across the low, fence-like partition between the balconies and met the smiling eyes of Neil.

"Are you, *you?*" startled.

"I'm afraid I am," laughing.

"I don't believe it," she retorted. "You're supposed to be on a plantation visiting friends."

"They went fishing," he replied, "and won't be back for a week. Where did your friends go?"

"Fishing!"

They laughed, enjoying their duplicity, and Neil lightly vaulted over the low partition and joined her at the table. Brazenly, he lifted the cover of one of her dishes. "Terrible!" shoving the dish upon the bewildered waiter. "Take it away."

Anne's brows lifted. "Leave it here," she counter-ordered.

Neil investigated another dish. "Awful. Take it away."

Anne laughed helplessly. "You idiot, what am I going to do with you?"

"Have dinner with me," and before she could protest, he ordered the waiter to move the table to his balcony.

It was a gay, delicious repast and in the intimacy of their tête-à-tête, in the moonlight with the murmurous lilt of music in the distance, the formality of acquaintanceship became the informality of friendship. And later, standing close together at the balcony rail, Neil stooped and gently kissed the round, bare shoulder so near his lips. Anne's eyes flew to his eager face. She moved away from him, frightened by his eyes.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I had to do that, Anne."

"Because you happened to be on the balcony of my room—"

"No," passionately. "Because you are lovely. It would have happened anywhere."

She shook her head. Her hands were restless on the balcony rail. "I don't think this is going to work out so well."

He placed a restraining hand on her arm. "Don't go. Please don't."

"No, Neil—please—" she retreated from him, her hands holding him off.

She slipped into the doorway of her drawing-room. "Good night, Neil. I've *got* to go."

He kissed the small, fragrant hand she extended to him, reluctantly let her withdraw it from his close clasp.

In the blissful, companionable days that followed, they roamed the picturesque city together, and for both the danger of proximity was a sweet, tantalizing danger. For Neil, it was shadowed by his responsibility to Schuyler Brooks. There was the struggle of being true to his job at Anne's innocent expense, of sending nightly cables to Schuyler Brooks, giving him a crisp itinerary of his and Anne's activities of the day. For Anne, there was the overpowering charm of Neil and the increasing struggle to remain loyal to her husband. Then came the cable from Portia Brooks:

> "Everything is all set. He will never get back in America. Come home when you feel like it. Love."

Anne, her plan successful, arranged her return passage to New York. The day before she sailed, she and Neil went picnic-ing together on the beach. And here, Anne told him she was sailing the next day and confessed:

"I haven't been very honest with you, Neil. At first it didn't matter much, but I can't go on playing a masquerade any longer. There are women, I suppose, who can be married to one man and play around with another and think nothing of it, but I'm not like that."

"Are you married?" hopelessly.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"Schuyler Brooks. And now," suddenly impassioned, "you understand why I must go back, alone, to formal stiff dinners, boring teas, society, and—my husband. I'd much rather stay here," wretchedly. "I've found something here I've always been looking for."

Deeply moved, he lifted her hand silently to his cheek. He could not speak. He could not think, except to remember he had cabled Schuyler to fly to Havana and see his suspicions of Anne verified.

Back in Anne's suite, she told Neil about Maurice and the reason for her trip to Havana.

Neil paced the floor distraught. "So I owe meeting you and falling in love to a rat named Maurice and a rotten blackmail plot. Sounds like a nightmare."

She agreed. "And you understand, now, why I tried to be alone?"

Neil stood before her. "Why," intently, "do you trust me?"

"I just do," simply.

He passed an unsteady hand over his eyes and then excused himself and went to his own room to see if there were any messages for him. There was a cable from Schuyler Brooks. He read it: "Arriving 6:30 this evening by plane. Brooks."

Neil glanced at his watch. It was 6:45. He hesitated and returned to Anne's suite, went to her, gripped her hand in his. "Anne, read this," giving her the cable he had received from Schuyler.

She read it in growing amazement: "But he doesn't know you—or does he?"

He groaned, caught her tightly to him. "I can't go through with it. I love you. I—"

"But Neil," releasing herself, staring at him wonderingly.

"Don't you realize what I am?" he cried. "Can't you see that I've been following you since New York? Don't you understand?"

Despair dawned in her eyes. "Neil," brokenly. "Not—"

"Yes," grimly. "All the while we've been together I've been a paid spy in the employ of that man. I was sent to follow you, to make your acquaintance, to report your actions, to tell him what kind of a woman you really are."

With a sob, she buried her face in her hands.

Neil plunged on: "There'll be a knock on that door in a few minutes. He'll walk in and I'm supposed to take you in my arms as he opens the door. That's what he paid money to see! But I can't do it, Anne. I love you. I—"

There *was* a knock at the door. Neil returned Anne's tearful gaze steadily and with a motion to forget his presence, slipped out on the balcony. Anne opened the door. Before her stood Maurice.

Neil darted into his own room and down the corridor toward the elevator. The elevator door opened. Schuyler Brooks stepped into the corridor.

"Davis! Where is my wife?"

Neil gazed at him in stupefied amazement, but pulling himself together replied: "She's in her rooms."

"Tell me—quick," seizing his arm, "is it too late? Did you—"

"No. You've been mistaken about Mrs. Brooks."

"Thank heaven!"

Neil walked with him to his door. "However, I have a few things to talk over with you. If you'll just come into my room a moment."

"Later," Brooks frowned. "First I want to see my wife."

Neil, however, was insistent. To Brooks, he explained he had to tell Anne why they could not dine together as they had planned. That much, out of common decency, he owed her.

"Five minutes with her is all I ask," Neil said.

Anxiously, he walked to Anne's door. Who was in her room? Who had knocked on the door? Her door was ajar and Neil, without announcing his presence, slipped in to see Anne standing defiantly before a surly threatening man he deduced was Maurice.

Maurice was saying: "How many tomorrows do you think I'm going to listen to your alibis, while you run around with that fellow you met on the boat? I want everything you've got right now!"

Neither Anne nor Maurice was aware of Neil's entrance into the room.

"You're drunk, Maurice," she cried "You—"

"I'll take these to start with," and he tore the rope of pearls from her neck.

Instinctively, Anne's hands flew to her throat to protect herself.

"That'll be enough of that," Neil snapped, stepping to Anne's side.

"Neil!" She threw herself into his arms, terrified.

Maurice laughed, ugly. "So that's the way it is, eh—your lover?"

"Who is he?" Neil held Anne at arms length. "Is it—"

"Yes," frightened.

"I thought so. Listen," he whispered, his lips at her ear, "your husband will be here in a few minutes. He's got to find you alone." He spun around on Maurice. "You get out!"

"Why?" leisurely.

Neil changed his tactics. He shrugged and lit a cigarette. "Then don't. Stay. But if you were smart you'd realize if Mr. Brooks catches you here it's all over as far as your little game is concerned."

There was a rap on the door.

Neil leaped to his feet. "Now you know I wasn't bluffing. Quick, this way."

Maurice looked around wildly and with a muttered expletive sped to the balcony after Neil who pointed to the ledge and the trellis of vines.

"Down that vine. Go on—it's a cinch."

Fearful, Maurice started to climb over the ledge and Neil rushed back to Anne's room with:

"Now let Schuyler in. Take him downstairs to dinner as soon as you can."

Anne reached out and took Neil's arm, and called: "Come in."

As the door opened, she threw her arms around the astounded Neil and kissed him. Schuyler Brooks stopped short at sight of the two locked in each other's arms.

Anne looked toward him: "This was what you paid your money to see, wasn't it? I wouldn't disappoint you for anything."

Brooks gaped at her. "But it can't be so. My sister told me everything. I've come to bring you home."

She smiled disdainfully. "I'm not going back with you, Schuyler. You've destroyed what little there was between us. I've tried to be fair and good but you've hounded me and spied on me."

"But Anne," Brooks faltered, "you're my wife. You—"

"If your sister told you everything," she interrupted curtly, "you know that I'm not your wife, thanks to the trick Maurice played on us both."

"My lawyer can arrange all that," Brooks declared, "and I'm willing to forgive everything. I—"

"Then you don't believe in evidence?" she drawled.

"Evidence?" bewildered.

"What you saw when you came into this room? I wasn't acting, Schuyler."

Neil stepped up to Brooks. "Mr. Brooks—"

"You stay out of this," angrily. "I'll pay you off, only get out!"

"You don't owe me anything," Neil exploded. "So long as Anne has told you she wasn't acting, then I'll tell—"

Brooks shouted: "Shut up." His face purpled with rage. He turned viciously to Anne: "I picked you up out of nothing and for all I care you can go back to nothing!"

The door slammed after him. Neil swept Anne to him, crushed his lips to hers. She struggled against him, then slowly her arms crept around his neck.

A police siren shrilled. Anne drew back in alarm. "It—it's—Maurice."

It was Maurice. He had fallen from the trellis and had been instantly killed.

Neil smiled comfortingly into Anne's distressed face. "Darling, you are a widow. And now, where are those papers of yours? The police will be here any moment and we'll have to have an explanation."

Anne pressed the papers upon him and Neil opened one or two before he found a small, tightly folded paper. He opened it. It was the bogus suicide note Maurice had written in New York. Neil read it. Anne glanced at it over his shoulder. He smiled, kissed her, and patted her hand encouragingly as the police arrived. Quietly, Neil handed them the suicide note: "Life holds nothing for me," Maurice had written, "but humiliation and poverty. I prefer to die by my own hand."

The case of Maurice was ended, but as Anne nestled in the security of Neil's arm, she knew her case was just beginning.

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How Hollywood Guards Its Youth

(*Continued from page 46*)

through is de-energizing and unhealthy for anyone.

"Whatever I do, I do regularly. If I cannot be sure of regularity, I do not plan things. I routine my physical life as carefully and almost as exactly as my baby's life is routined. And the result is that I am never tired, never 'low' and a good match for my small son any day! Do what you can about health rules and regulations and what you cannot do—*forget!*"

LOUISE DRESSER admittedly is not a young woman. She's been married for twenty-five years. You'll be seein' her in Fox's "State Fair." Louise says that she has three 'secrets' of health—milk, gardens and housework.

"I don't care *who* the woman is," Louise of the milk-white skin told me, "I don't care what her job is—housewife, stenographer, waitress or actress, if she will keep those three elements in her body and in her life *she will be healthy*. It is probably harder for most actresses to give time to housework and gardens than it is for women in other branches of work—but no matter what a woman does she should drink milk, she should dig in the earth and she should do some of her own housework.

"I drink glasses and glasses and then more glasses of milk every day. I drink two to three glasses every night before I go to bed. I eat whatever I feel like eating, in any amount. I have a garden and I *work* in it. I don't mean that I put on gardening gloves and stand, picturesquely, on the edge of a flower bed cutting rosebuds. I mean that I get down on my knees and, with my bare hands, root about in the soil. I do a certain amount of my own housework, too. I make beds, a perfect exercise for keeping the waistline supple and graceful. I wash dishes. I dust. I move furniture about. I sweep and I even scrub a bathroom floor when I see a bathroom floor that looks deserving.

"And because I do these things I never need a facial because, after gardening, I have to *wash* my face in soap and water and so I cleanse the pores better than any bottled astringents and hot towels could do it. I never have to take eliminatives nor run to osteopaths to keep my bodily organs functioning. Scrubbing floors and digging up obstinate bulbs under a splendid sun will take care of that sort of thing for you. I never worry about how I look because I haven't *time* to worry.

"I certainly can say to any woman of fifty that if she has a job to do and if she will drink milk, work in a garden, and do some housework she will forget that she is fifty—and so will the world."

JOAN CRAWFORD has Ideas about health because she so nearly and so completely ruined hers. By *diets*. There was a time, a very few years ago, when anyone could tell her about any diet and she would try it. There was the almost-fatal time when she lived on mustard and crackers for months. Three meals a day, breakfast, luncheon and dinner, Joan subsisted on nice hot mustard spread thickly on nice salty crackers. And even so, and after the loss of the first few pounds, Joan found that she was not losing weight but was remaining stationary. She went to the doctor and he told her that she would never lose any real weight *while she was dancing*. The more she danced, he told her, the more muscular she would become and the heavier she would look, and be. If she would cut down on her dancing and up on her diet she would lose weight.

Today, Joan is rabid against diets, any kind of diets, and equally rabid against too much exercise. Now she doesn't have to lose any weight. She has only to remain where she is, both in point of weight and in point of physical fitness. And this is what she does about it: She eats everything there is to eat with the exceptions of sweets, potatoes, bread and butter. She varies her diet daily. She has nothing but fruit juices and coffee for breakfast, mainly because that is all she feels like having. For luncheon she eats either a green salad with plenty of French dressing or a fruit salad with the same. Occasionally she has a cup of tea or coffee with her luncheon and puts both sugar and cream in 'em. Every night she eats a regular course dinner omitting only the desserts. And she never exercises now. She has come to realize that she is the born nervous-energetic type and that she doesn't need exercise. Every motion Joan makes is an exercise in itself. She never sits still. She never stands still. When she is talking she is pacing up and down the floor, gesticulating, her whole face and body in motion. She dances for pleasure now and then, of course. She plays some tennis. But she does these things casually now and not for a Purpose.

Joan's advice to girls of her own age is this: "Never diet strenuously. There are other ways of reducing and you must suit the way to the individual need. Never listen to the well-meaning diets of well-meaning friends. If you do—well, I nearly served as a horrible example. Never go ahead blindly and do what someone else has told you *she* does—the only other secret of health, which *is* beauty, is to be *interested* in things, lots of things, above all, the one thing—self-improvement."

This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle

■	G	A	B	L	E	■	■	A	B	A	S	E	■	■	B	A	L	E	R	■
M	A	R	I	O	N	■	A	L	A	B	A	M	A	■	L	I	O	N	E	L
O	R	■	D	O	U	G	L	A	S	■	H	I	S	T	O	R	Y	■	G	O
O	B	I	■	P	R	O	■	S	T	O	A	T	■	A	N	Y	■	T	I	N
R	O	C	S	■	E	L	M	■	E	R	R	■	E	N	D	■	D	O	S	E
■	■	E	T	A	■	F	A	I	R	B	A	N	K	S	■	T	R	Y	■	■
O	F	■	A	P	T	■	R	A	■	■	■	I	E	■	S	H	E	■	H	O
M	A	N	N	E	R	S	■	N	A	G	E	L	■	C	H	E	S	T	E	R
E	N	O	W	■	O	E	R	■	D	E	N	■	C	O	O	■	S	O	M	E
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L	A	R	K	■	R	E	D	■	E	E	L	■	E	L	L	■	R	O	T	A
A	S	K	■	B	A	A	■	A	T	T	I	C	■	A	I	D	■	W	A	R
I	T	■	B	E	N	N	E	T	T	■	D	A	U	N	T	E	D	■	N	E
R	O	B	E	R	T	■	D	E	L	V	E	R	S	■	E	L	I	S	S	A
■	R	E	N	T	S	■	■	S	E	A	R	L	■	■	R	E	P	A	Y	■

For this month's new puzzle turn back to page 6

Two People Who Were Too Much in Love

(*Continued from page* 13)

stuck out of the sides and upholstery, there was no rear view mirror so Lew had cut a hole in the top through which he used to stick his head and look around to see what was coming.

Once we drove out to Lola's swanky apartment in that dilapidated *fiacre,* both of us dressed like bums. When we got upstairs Lola was dressed like the proverbial million. She was going shopping and we offered to drive her downtown. Lew was the chauffeur and I was the footman. If she'd had a dress with a train we'd have carried it. As we drove along, the elegant looking girl between two unshaven, disreputable looking tramps, people turned to stare at us.

Then Lew had an idea. "Let's call on all the snooty people we know and leave this wreck parked in front of their houses while we go in."

"Marvelous," Lola agreed.

Her shopping was forgotten and the day was an unqualified success.

A week later something else had come up and they weren't speaking again. Then Lola had a nervous breakdown and everything was forgotten as Lew rushed over to the sanitarium to see her. Two weeks after that they were married.

For a short time they were ideally happy, but both of them are people of such intense emotions it could not last. Lola doesn't know how to love halfheartedly. She cloaked Lew in a stifling affection. She wanted to be with him every moment. Lew once said to me, "Nobody has enough personality or originality to hold a person's interest when they're together that much. When we're apart we're always so eager to get back to each other, we ought to be apart more if only for those homecomings."

Despite the charges in the divorce suit that he remained away from home for days at a time, they were only separated twice in the year they were married. Once they'd had a spat and Lola went up to Del Monte for a week. The other time was last summer when Lew went on a fishing trip with Bing Crosby and Nick Stuart. The expedition was to last a week or ten days. Lew got so homesick for Lola he left the party after two days.

When they were first married they agreed that one night a week Lola should go out with her girl friends and Lew would go out with his men friends. They tried it out for a few weeks and then decided they had more fun together.

But the very thing Lew had feared happened. From being together so constantly they were getting on each other's nerves. The bickering was becoming more and more frequent. They were too much in love for the scenes to last long but they were always coming up.

One night last fall they had a scrap that made the fight scene in "Private Lives" between Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery look feeble. I don't recall what started it but suddenly Lola faced Lew with flashing eyes. "You think you're so good," she sneered and gave a tug at his shirt. She tore the sleeve out.

"Oh," said Lew. "So that's how it's going to be. All right, then." He gave a yank at her dress and ripped it in two. Lola threw a slipper at him and for half an hour the battle raged. Suddenly they looked at each other and laughed. Five minutes later they were downstairs in the kitchen drinking milk and ten minutes later they had sung "Let's put out the lights and go to sleep."

Neither of them ever had anything before they went into films. Lola was one of a family of seven children and Lew one of three. Both of them have known the grinding pinch of poverty but it has reacted on them in different ways. Lola, as she swept and washed dishes, used to dream of the stars—their fine clothes, handsome cars and retinues of servants. As she began to make money she wanted to get as far away from her early drab surroundings as possible.

Lew, on the other hand, has a fear amounting to a phobia of having to live again on fifteen cents a day as he did for weeks once. His one idea is to save as much of his salary as possible so that when he is through in pictures he will be able to live on his income.

One of the chief arguments between them was Lew's passion for old clothes. He is obsessed with the idea that he is more comfortable in them.

Lola has an unfortunately sensitive disposition that reads slights and insults into actions where they were never intended. Lew would kid her and her feelings would be hurt. In the heat of the moment she would say things she didn't mean—like a child attempting to slap back.

In November in one last effort to salvage their marriage, Lew gave Lola a month's trip to New York, thinking the separation would make them see and appreciate each other in a new light when she returned. She hadn't been in New York a week before she wired him she missed him so much she wanted to come home. Lew was just as lonely without her but he said, "If we miss each other so much after only a week's separation, think how much happier we'll be to see each other after a month. You stay there and have a good time."

For a few days after she returned everything was as it had been when they first met. But it didn't last.

Shortly before Christmas they decided the best thing to do was call quits. Yet they were still so much in love that, knowing they were going to be divorced, they gave each other the most elaborate Christmas presents and none of them were things they had just gone into a store and bought. All of them were things that had required a great deal of time and thought.

The divorce has been obtained and the settlement arranged without bitterness on either of their parts. To the lasting credit of both of them let it be said that neither has ever given the other the slightest cause for jealousy.

They may be—possibly will be—happier apart but all the divorces in the world could never convince me that either of them will ever really care for anyone else. They were simply too much in love to be happy together!

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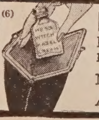

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Love Makes the World Dizzy

(*Continued from page 29*)

Minna's father was born in Germany; her mother was born in the United States of German parents.

And it was from these two parents, honest, hard-working folks, that Minna learned that there was a Santa Claus and a law of compensation and that honesty was the best policy and that faith was always justified.

They did their best to bring her up to be a good *hausfrau*.

"But from childhood," says Minna, "I had the wanderlust. I don't know where I got it from—perhaps from my mother, who had longed to go on the stage and couldn't go. But I always burned the steak or didn't put enough salt on it. I showed every sign of being anything but a good *hausfrau*.

"My parents wanted me to marry and settle down. And there was one boy whom I really loved . . . But the feeling of wanderlust I had was stronger."

At sixteen Minna went to New York to visit some cousins. And heard through them of a part that was open in a road-show. Fifty girls tried out for the part. Minna got it and started the stormy career that was to lead her to Hollywood and some degree of fame and heartbreak.

She married twice. Two bitter, unhappy marriages. The first time, when she was very young, to a producer. It wasn't his fault; it wasn't hers that the marriage failed. He fell in love with another girl. The second time she gave her faith and her trust and her heart to a man who took them all from her. It was a bitter pill to swallow. But Minna learned. She learned to rewrite the old proverb that Virtue is Its Own Reward to Virtue is Its Only Reward.

Fifteen years ago her father died of cancer.

Three years ago, Minna, after years on the road and in stock companies and a few years on Broadway, had finally gotten to the place where M-G-M was talking about signing her to a contract.

Then Minna heard that her mother was sick. She rushed down to Baltimore. In New York she was assured that her mother's illness wasn't critical. But in Baltimore—the doctor the family had called on couldn't bear to talk to her about it. His assistant, Bill, smiling a funny little smile he didn't mean, broke the news to her brutally: "The only chance of saving her life is to operate on her for cancer. If we operate on her, she may die anyway. But if we don't, she is sure to die."

Her mother sat in her favorite rocking chair in the living room of their home, rubbing her feet together. The leather of her shoes creaked in the otherwise ghastly silence. She had refused to be operated on—and now she had to decide again. Yes—she decided.

Minna, as she watched her mother's dear form, felt a stabbing, heart-tearing intuition. She knew . . .

At the hospital they told Minna that if the operation lasted a long time, there might be hope. It was over in twenty minutes.

For three months Minna nursed her mother. For three months she saw her wasting away. Her mother. Who had been everything that was kind and good. And was this the reward of it all? To die this kind of lingering, long-drawn death?

They would pretend to each other, Minna and her mother, that she was going to get well. And Minna, watching her mother do little things, thought in the heartbreaking silence, "Perhaps this is the last time she will do this." They played their game together to the end, these gallant two. They played the game of pretending that Minna's mother would get better.

At the end of three months, Minna's mother died. Minna, completely exhausted, her nerves shattered, her heart broken into little pieces, wanted only to get away from everything.

She returned to New York, where she starred in "Nancy's Private Affair." Later she appeared in the same play in Chicago. Then Henry Duffy offered her a chance to play the part at the El Capitan Theater in California, and she took it gladly.

In California, Minna Gombell met Harry Wurtzel, the agent, who told her, "Have you ever thought of going into the movies? Given any kind of break, you ought to succeed at it."

"I haven't a photographic face," protested Minna.

"Give me six weeks," he said, "and I'll get you a break in the movies."

Six weeks came and went. But no movie studios clamored for Minna.

"My dear, was I crushed!" she told me.

She went to St. Louis to play a stock engagement. And in the meanwhile Harry Wurtzel actually got a movie studio interested in Minna. They offered her the part of Joan Bennett's mother in "Doctors' Wives."

To this day Minna thinks that she was terrible in that picture. But after it was finished, she was asked to coach several of the young hopefuls at Fox—girls like Virginia Cherrill, Maureen O'Sullivan and Cecilia Parker. It almost slew her. Fox offered her a contract as coach and actress. They gave her a pass to the studio that read: "Diction teacher and actress." After she had achieved her big success in "Bad Girl" and other pictures, they wanted to take the pass away from her and replace it with something else, but Minna wouldn't let them. She treasures that pass.

Part of her job was to sit on the sidelines and watch the New York tests. She sat one day with Frank Borzage, the director, and watched the tests being unreeled for "Bad Girl." It was her job to read the lines from the side. And as she watched the tests of other girls for the part of Dot's hard-boiled friend, she couldn't contain herself. "Please Frank," she begged, "let me take a test for the part. It's right down my alley."

You remember what she did with the part of Edna. No one who ever saw that picture can quickly forget her rich, salty characterization. "Bad Girl" rocketed Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn to fame, and made Minna Gombell an actress to be reckoned with. She no longer has to coach ambitious young hopefuls, although up until November of last year, she actually continued to do that between pictures.

She's one of the most popular actresses on the Fox lot, and she's made fourteen pictures in the year and a half she's been in Hollywood.

Minna has perfectly gorgeous vitality and is enthusiastic about many things—old furniture, books, plates, the out-of-doors, her wire-haired dog, Bonzo.

She rents a cottage at Laguna Beach, where she and Anna Q. Nilsson, one of her best friends, fixed up the curtains and made the interior something to go mad about.

"I like to walk in the rain," she laughed. "I know it sounds silly, but I actually do. But I don't sing in the rain. I can't carry a tune.

"I believe in every known superstition. I know it's terribly unintelligent to be superstitious, but I am. I wouldn't dream of putting a hat on a bed. They say it's bad luck and I'm not going to take a chance. I wouldn't walk under a ladder to save my life. And above all, I believe in following my hunches."

When Minna had to ride on the outside of a six horse drawn coach in "Wild Girl," she had a hunch that an accident would happen. But she rode anyway. "It was my job and I did it," is the way she puts it. "And wouldn't I have looked silly if I had refused to ride because I thought there would be an accident, and nothing had happened?"

During the filming of the picture the whipple-tree or whatever it is that keeps the horses together broke and one of the horses went wild and started to run away. Minna was hurled to the ground. For a moment she thought that this was Death she was facing—and she was not afraid.

"They say," she told me, "that during those last few seconds when you're dying or think you're dying, your whole past flashes before your mind's eye, but mine didn't. All I thought of as I lay there was to wonder how the coachman was going to manage those horses."

"Minna has more real friends than any one I know," a friend of hers told me, "and she has lost only one friend in fifteen years —and that girl was not a real friend to begin with."

Some of her best friends in Hollywood are Dolores Costello Barrymore, Thelma Todd, Irene Purcell and Catherine Hunter, a former script girl.

I think the most revealing thing about Minna is an autograph book she keeps. "Oh that," you say; "loads of stars keep those." But Minna's is different. In it are the names only of people she likes. She would never let anyone sign his name there, no matter how great he was, if she didn't like him.

Minna laughs the old clichés and proverbs to scorn, so perhaps she would laugh at the old saw which says, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." But it's true of Minna just the same. I am sure that at any cost to herself she would go to bat for a friend at a moment's notice. And they would do the same thing for her.

Her colored maid, Della, worships the ground she walks on.

"You'll tell them, won't you," she said to me, "that my madame is the sweetest in the world?"

Okay, Della.

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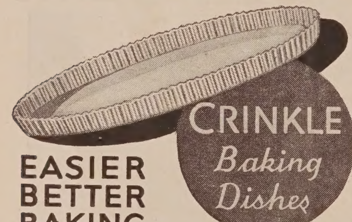

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Warren William Talks on Women

(*Continued from page 31*)

influence. And she does it with that fine touch that leaves the man colossally happy in the conviction that it was *he* who said and did the right thing."

Warren William paused for breath, about here, and your interviewer squeezed in with:

"But what you've just said is a very pretty but very *general* generality. It's a lovely tribute to women, but isn't it just words?"

"I'll tell you a secret, then," came back William. "It may be, as I've put it to you, one of those 'glittering generalities,' but now I'll make it specific. It was women—I'll enumerate three for you—who absolutely shaped my own life. I admit it."

He sketched, then, his family background. Now you may be shocked, but this barrymorish figure was born in Minnesota, in Aitkin, Minnesota. His father ran a newspaper, and wanted Warren to be a newspaperman, too.

"And because I was a reasonably dutiful son, I'd probably have done just that," he told. "But then came the first woman to shape my life—this time, it was one of my sisters. She was smart enough to know that I didn't want to do newspaper work. And it was her prompting, her support, that finally induced me to say no to my dad's wishes, and take up the study of acting in a dramatic school. Acting was what I really *wanted* to do, but I don't think I'd even have made the break if it hadn't been for a woman's influence.

"It was another woman—she was in the family, too, but a smart woman—who realized that as an actor, I'd be terribly handicapped under my own family name." (It's really not "William," you know; it's Krech.) "It was this second woman who had sense enough to get me to assume my middle name as my professional surname.

"And it was the third woman who got me my biggest start in the theatrical world—who won for me the rôle that first brought me acclaim and success. And do you know how?—merely by advising me to grow a moustache. Up to then, I'd gone about bare-lipped. She hinted, in that complimentary way women have of getting men to do things, that although I was really very handsome even then, I'd be still handsomer with a moustache.

"So, just as countless other men have before my time and as countless others will after my time, I fell for her wiles and grew a moustache. And believe it or not, it was that moustache that won me a part in one of Clare Kummer's plays—yes, again a woman—which turned out to be the first successful stage vehicle I ever appeared in, and the thing that led directly to any success I've attained.

"Now do those pages from my own past make you realize why I say that smart women influence men's lives far more than the men, usually, will admit?"

Now, there's nothing cynical, nothing wise-cracking, none of that pseudo-man-of-the-world-and-experience attitude about Warren William when he talks about women. He admires them, sincerely. Maybe it's that very quality—that sincere admiration he has for them—that gets across from the screen, makes women, in turn, like Warren William.

He likes them all—the business woman—the housewife, each.

He said so, in detail, right after he'd pointed out two other paragraphs in that newspaper article. One paragraph quoted a certain actor as complaining that he disliked the idea of women going into business. And right after it, followed another's complaint that "women are always puttering about the house."

"You see, these fault-finders-with-women haven't even the advantage of being unitedly consistent," smiled William. "Personally, I admire both the woman in business, and the woman who 'putters around the house.'

"If a woman wants to be economically independent, more power to her. Certainly she has as much right to go into business as any male, hasn't she? And the trouble with most males who complain is that they've probably been worsted by a woman in business competition. Women in business so much more frequently make a go of it than men, if you'll check the records. They have greater mental agility, keener wit, and they have as sound a judgment as most men. The mere fact that they frequently don't go about doing things in the way a man would doesn't affect the picture at all.

"But the *real* successes of the world are not the women who have achieved business or professional recognition or fame. The *real* successes—(and forgive me if this sounds maudlin and old-fashioned, but I just *can't* wisecrack about this!)—are the women who live their lives in obscurity, being successful wives and mothers, helping by their doings and their guidance the menfolk of the family who get all the public acclaim for what success is achieved. These are the women who are most admirable of all. They stay in the background, washing the spinach that helps their boys grow up into big men, telling their husbands what to do and say in that way that a good wife has, without the husbands knowing it. And they die without their families even realizing that to those mothers and wives should go the real credit for the successes of the family.

"Does that sound awfully tripe-y? If it does, I'm sorry. But I mean it."

And just then, the lights and cameras were ready, and Warren William was called to act. He had to stand by the side of a hospital cot, where the girl he loves (in the film-story, you know) is lying, mortally ill. The girl is Connie Cummings. The director calls for action. Warren William goes into his lines . . .

"But I tell you I've always been a failure. I've never been any good . . ."

The woman on the bed, sick unto death, finds the strength, the courage, to give her man what he needs. "It's not true. You *can* do it. You *can* make good . . ."

That's the way the lines ran—something like that. And of course, hokum though you may call it, the story goes on to show how this woman's encouragement sent the man out into the world, to find success after all.

And wasn't it coincidence, or was it, that those lines, that action, should come after what Warren William had been saying about women?

Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 67)

the children. But it follows the usual formula and so there isn't much suspense to the story. A fair picture, that's all.

☆

✓ **FLESH** (M-G-M) One of the finest character performances Wallace Beery has ever given makes this well worth your while. He's splendid as a lovable but utterly dumb German wrestler who falls in love with a girl who has been double-crossed by another man. Karen Morley as the girl proves that she's of star calibre.

☆

✓✓ **FRISCO JENNY** (Warners) Hurrah for Ruth Chatterton in a down-to-earth, emotional story that'll make her fans forgive her for some of her bad recent pictures. It's a "Madame X" type of story with trimmings. James Murray, who made "The Crowd" something to remember him by, comes back again in this.

☆

✓ **HALF NAKED TRUTH, THE** (Radio) Whizzing Lee Tracy in a fast moving story about a press agent who has more brilliance than discretion. Laughs, speed, a few smoky gags and a lot of Lupe Velez, without too much covering on. If you're squeamish don't go. If you're not, you'll have a beautiful evening.

☆

HANDLE WITH CARE (Fox) For children this is a honey. Adults who like to watch the cute antics of a couple of bright kids (Buster Phelps and George Ernest) will get a kick out of it also. Apart from that it's just a mediocre romance, with Jimmy Dunn giving a routine performance and Boots Mallory sweet and saccharine.

☆

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount) Small-town gossip almost ruins the life and love of a good gal (Nancy Carroll) but she wins her man in the end! You can skip this picture without missing much.

☆

✓✓ **I AM A FUGITIVE** (Warners) Yes, this is brutal, this is harrowing, but you'll never forget it. *Never!* You'll feel as though you've lived through the ghastly horrors of the chain gang system this shows. Paul Muni is magnificent here. It's not for those with weak nerves, but every thinking adult ought to see it.

☆

✓✓ **IF I HAD A MILLION** (Paramount) You'll get a variety of entertainment out of this one. It's composed of a series of episodes showing how eight different people react when given a million dollars apiece by an eccentric millionaire. The best of the episodes are those dealing with George Raft and Charles Laughton.

☆

✓ **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, THE** (Paramount) A top-notch horror picture about a scientist who transforms animals into half-human beings. If you like that sort of thing, this will give you a thrill. Tremendous is the performance of Charles Laughton as the mad doctor. Be prepared to lose a night's sleep after this.

☆

✓✓ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE** (Goldwyn) Well, it's about time, Eddie Cantor, that you gave us some more of your gorgeous tomfoolery. In this idioticly delicious story about a fugitive from justice who pretends to be a famous bullfighter, Eddie, you're great. And so is Lyda Roberti and your collection of gorgeous gals and tuneful ditties. Hallelujah!

☆

✓ **LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT** (Warners) This isn't Barbara Stanwyck's best picture by any means. Somehow the character she plays, a hard-boiled gang girl who goes soft when love comes into her life, isn't convincing. Only Barbara's splendid performance saves it from being just one of those things. Lyle Talbot and Preston Foster are the men in the picture.

☆

✓✓ **MADAME BUTTERFLY** (Paramount) What a gorgeous performance Sylvia Sydney gives in this! Truth is, the story itself would seem a little dated and old-fashioned if Sylvia and Cary Grant didn't give this one the works. Their acting makes up for the time-worn plot.

☆

✓ **MATCH KING, THE** (First National) If for nothing else, this is notable for being so timely. It deals, of course, with the rise and collapse of a financial giant who builds his fortune on matches and trickery. Star Warren William is supported by a swell cast, including Lili Damita, who does a garbo all over the place.

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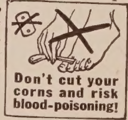

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

✓ **ME AND MY GAL** (Fox) Spencer Tracy as a cocky water front cop steals this picture away from Joan Bennett, who's cast as a tough, pert little waitress. The story's just routine stuff, but it's been given such a nice production and Tracy does such a swell job, you won't mind.

☆

✓ **MUMMY, THE** (Universal) Boris Karloff is rapidly becoming the best actor at horror stuff on the screen. "The Mummy" is nearly all Karloff, and he puts it over. The picture deals with an old Egyptian mummy that miraculously comes to life. Those who love eerie horror stuff will find "The Mummy" another big moment.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT** (Paramount) The picture that makes George Raft a star! With his suggestion of something sinister behind his suavity, he looms up as one of the big bets of the year. The speakeasy proprietor he plays is George Raft. He lived this rôle. And oh, what love scenes there are with Constance Cummings!

☆

✓✓ **NO MAN OF HER OWN** (Paramount) This is practically all clinches, and is it hot! Gable has a rôle that fits him like a shirt fits Gandhi. If you ever liked Gable in anything, you'll love him in this. The story is about a card sharper who marries the beautiful blonde on the toss of a coin. Carole Lombard goes through the picture looking breathless from the moment she meets Gable, but then who wouldn't?

☆

✓ **NO OTHER WOMAN** (Radio) When it comes to portraying the deep, heart-felt kind of love, Irene Dunne has something that practically no other actress has, and she proves it again in this. She makes what might otherwise have been an ordinary triangle picture seem heart-rending. Charles Bickford and Gwili Andre are the other angles in the triangle.

☆

✓ **PARACHUTE JUMPER** (First National) If action is what you've been yelling for, just get a load of this. Doug Jr. and Frank McHugh are two fliers who get jobs as parachute jumpers. Afterwards Doug Jr. becomes chauffeur to a hot mama, gets tangled up in gangland. And there's lots more. Frank McHugh gives you a laugh a minute, Bette Davis is the romantic interest, and isn't that sump'n?

☆

✓ **PENGUIN POOL MURDER** (Radio) In which the movies discover that murder can be mixed with laughs aplenty. The mystery of who committed the murder in the aquarium is solved to the accompaniment of lots of fun. Wait till you see James Gleason and Hoss-Faced Edna May Oliver as a *romantic* team!

☆

✓✓ **PROSPERITY** (M-G-M) Maybe it's mostly slapstick—this "Prosperity"—but Marie Dressler makes it seem pretty wonderful. Polly Moran is in the picture, too, of course, but it's Marie who gives us the most gorgeous laughter and a few tears. The marriage scene between Polly's daughter and Marie's son is a riot!

☆

ROCKABYE (Radio) No picture in which Connie Bennett appears is ever a total loss to the Bennett fans, because at least they can admire her charm and the gorgeous gowns she wears. But that's just about all they can admire in "Rockabye." If you belong to the handkerchief brigade, you may get a few tears out of this.

☆

SECOND HAND WIFE (Fox) This is what is known as a woman's picture. Women will get a tremendous heart-thrill out of this Kathleen Norris story about the stenographer who becomes a "second hand wife." Sally Eilers is a beaut as the stenographer, and Ralph Bellamy a good choice as the man. Men may be bored to tears, but some women will be moved to tears.

☆

✓ **SIGN OF THE CROSS** (Paramount) You'll either want to get up in the aisle and whoop about this, or you'll think it's just too much of everything—too many spectacles, too much acting, and too much piling up of the horrors endured by the early Christians in Rome. That's the background for a love tale between Elissa Landi and Fredric March. Charles Laughton does a swell job as Nero.

☆

✓✓ **SILVER DOLLAR** (First National) The best historical picture since "Cimarron." Vivid, dramatic, colorful, it gives a brilliant picture of Colorado, in the eighties when fabulous wealth came from the silver mines. Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels are great. You'll get a high powered kick out of this.

✓✓ **SMILIN' THROUGH** (M-G-M) Norma Shearer moves triumphantly through the smiles, the tears and laughs of this. Norma plays a dual rôle and is breathlessly beautiful. What leading men she has too! Fredric March and Leslie Howard, no less, and are they great opposite her! Here's a clean, glorious romance.

☆

✓ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE** (M-G-M) Ramon Novarro fans will be a bit disappointed in his rôle in this. It's really Helen Hayes' picture, and without her splendid acting, there's no telling what it would have been. For somehow the story of this doesn't seem convincing, or the Chinese characters either.

☆

✓✓ **STRANGE INTERLUDE** (M-G-M) One of the most courageous experiments ever attempted on the screen. You not only know what the characters are saying; you know what they are thinking. Norma Shearer gives the best performance, far overshadowing Clark Gable.

☆

✓ **TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY** (Fox) Janet Gaynor has a lot more than Charles Farrell to do in this re-telling of the well-known story of the girl who gets into trouble when she and her father help a girl-mother whose lover has been murdered. For Gaynor fans, this is another sweetness and light epic. Other moviegoers will find the story too old-fashioned.

☆

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal) Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville not quite so amusing as usual in this comedy about a wife who compromises her husband to win him back from a vamp. Oh, you'll get a few laughs out of it, but not as many as that team usually rates.

☆

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners) Too many stories woven into one keep this from being top-notch entertainment. A grand cast has been wasted on this. It's a shame that such players as Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Warren William should have been put into a mediocre picture.

☆

✓ **TONIGHT IS OURS** (Paramount) Here is something light and gay and heart-fluttery. And why shouldn't it be, with Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in the cast? Claudette plays a queen in love with a handsome commoner. It's a thin plot, but well done.

☆

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox) Even Will Rogers doesn't like this. You can't blame him either. The picture, from the story "Jubilo," is feeble. Will Rogers' performance as a hobo is somewhat monotonous.

☆

✓✓ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE** (Paramount) Here's something as light as a feather, as fragile as a bubble, but so gaily is it directed by Lubitsch you'll laugh and chortle and howl and blush and giggle while Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall plan to rob a rich and lovely widow. And because the lovely widow is Kay Francis, you'll be kept in suspense.

☆

✓ **20,000 YEARS IN SING SING** (Warners) A morbid but powerful film set against a prison background. You'll have to decide for yourself whether you want to see this kind of thing or not. The climax is the electrocution of the main character. Spencer Tracy gives a shuddery-grand character performance.

☆

✓ **UNDERCOVER MAN** (Paramount) A better-than-average racketeer picture. George Raft, a young racketeer, becomes undercover man for the police to discover who murdered his father. After that, his spine-tingling adventures keep you in suspense to the very end. Nancy Carroll is pretty nifty in this one.

☆

✓ **WAX MUSEUM** (First National) How's this for a gruesome idea? A madman builds up a wax museum by using bodies stolen from the morgue, pickling them in wax and dressing them as famous historical figures. If you like horror stuff, this'll thrill you. The picture's beautifully photographed in technicolor and competently played by Lionell Atwill, Fay Wray, Frank McHugh and others.

☆

✓ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL** (First National) The high spot of this is Joe E. Brown going into thinking interludes à la "Strange Interlude." He plays a poor nut who's mistaken for a swimming champ—and tries to live up to that title, because of a gal, Ginger Rogers. The swimming match he takes part in is probably the funniest ever shown on the screen.

Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page* 70)

must play the greater part of the scene with her back to the camera. She stood hesitant and rebellious for a second, smarting under the injustice of this change. Then, realizing there was nothing she could do, aware that any protest on her part would be brushed aside, she walked over to the door to await her cue.

"That's much better," Margot said when they had tried it the new way.

"Good!" agreed Sherman. "We'll take it. Silence! Lights! Camera! Action!"

The scene over, Julie joined Mary Lou Brown, the comedienne, on the side-lines where Mary Lou sat knitting. She didn't mind Mary Lou seeing her with tears in her eyes. Mary Lou was a good friend. The day Julie had moved into her apartment she had arrived with a basket of flowers from her garden, her four-year-old twins, and a package of salt. The salt, she had explained, would bring luck.

"Well," Julie said "that's that . . ."

"There wasn't anything you could do about it," Mary Lou told her sympathetically. "I wonder if Margot happened to see that item Harry Morton used comparing the two of you. I have a hunch she did. She's afraid of you, obviously. And when cats are afraid, Julie, they sharpen their claws."

"Recess for luncheon," bellowed the assistant director. "Be back at one-thirty sharp!"

On her way to her dressing-room Julie's constant searching for John Squires was rewarded. She saw him hurrying across the lot in the direction of the cafeteria and, turning, she flew after him.

"John," she called. "Oh, John! Wait a minute!"

He heard her. Turned, grinning.

"Take me to lunch," she said, blandishingly, "I'm terribly blue."

John tucked her arm through his. "You shouldn't be blue," he told her. "Just this morning I was thinking how close you are to the things you want. You've a chance of getting somewhere in the studios certainly. And I know how Tom Wallace feels about you. You shouldn't be blue, Julie."

In the cafeteria they found a remote table for two.

"What's happened to upset you?" he wanted to know.

"It's the Morrow," she said, "or, as Rosita would say, the Margot marmot. She's just taken my best scene away from me . . ."

"And there's nothing in the world that can be done about that!" John announced finally. "This is Margot's heyday. Having her on our program helps us sell our other pictures. And she knows it!"

"I know it too," Julie told him with her slow, wide smile. "It's silly of me to get so upset. But you know how serious young actresses are about their work . . ."

"One day maybe you'll be a star," John said, "unless you give up the screen. Settle down. Have a family."

"I'm not married yet, you know," Julie reminded him gently.

"I know," he said. "But Mabel tells me you're planning to join Tom when he goes to France in a month or so . . . that

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Do you like wistful, appealing stories? One of the finest of this sort which Love Mirror has ever printed comes next month in the story of little Emmy Lou, a school teacher with a hope chest and a home all ready for her big romance. But the future was so different from her dreams. With the fragrant, nostalgic charm of Maytime, Marjory Stageman has written a little classic in

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you're going to marry him over there when his divorce becomes final."

"That's the rumor," Julie answered a little sharply. The idea of John and Mabel Brady discussing her irritated her exceedingly.

"Nevertheless," said John, "I notice you don't deny it!"

"And why should I?" Julie wanted to know. "People believe what they want to believe!"

"I believe it because it seems so likely," John said. "Tom's well off. Influential in the studios. And I know how ambitious you are. After all, Julie, you forget how frank you and I have been with each other."

"You aren't very flattering to Tom," Julie accused him. "It doesn't seem to occur to you that I might marry him because I was fond of him."

"How would you like it if I should suggest that you're going to marry Mabel Brady because her father controls Apex . . . because as his son-in-law you'll go far? How would you like it if I reminded you of your ambitions?"

The emotion between them—Julie's at any rate—was too intense to be forced into a casual, friendly groove. Denied its natural outlet, it overflowed in anger.

An assistant director approached. "Sorry, Miss Carter," he said, "but you're wanted on the set immediately. They've changed the shooting schedule."

"I'll be right there," Julie assured him. She stood up. So did John.

"Thanks for the lunch," she said very coldly, "Sorry not to have been a more agreeable companion . . ."

And then, before John could stop her, experiencing strangely mixed emotions, Julie walked away.

* * *

Tom's car crawled a distance about equal to its own length, then stopped. With hundreds of other cars it was jammed in traffic. However, no car was as impressive. Tom had bought it with the proviso that it be delivered in time for this grand première of his desert picture. A Rolls Royce, cream colored, it was upholstered in dove broadcloth, and appointed with vanity and smoking accessories of black and gold.

Realizing the occasion Tom felt this opening to be, aware of the way he looked forward to arriving at the brilliantly illuminated marquee, being flashlighted, and invited to say a few words over the radio, Julie had been extravagant in her purchase of a new gown. It was pale blue satin, the blue of deep aquamarines, made simply, with a small train. On her shoulder were Tom's orchids. She looked very young and very lovely. But by her eyes it was evident that she had lived to suffer disillusionment and to experience a hunger that does not cry for bread. If anything, however, this enhanced her beauty and lent her the added interest of mystery.

"Mind you, Julie," Tom scolded, "I'm not saying you carried on with Squires. Get that straight. I'm only telling you that you can't even lunch with him without it reacting against you.

"As I've told you before, he's Mabel Brady's man. And she's jealous of you. What woman wouldn't be? She's got it in her crop that there was something between you and John in New York . . ."

"But Tom," said Julie while the car crawled another length, "doesn't it stand to reason that if there was anything between us the Apex cafeteria is the last place in the world we'd have lunched? Can't Mabel Brady see that?"

"Evidently not," Tom said. "All I know is that she's undoubtedly complained about you to her father. The old man wasn't sure he wanted to exercise the option on your contract. I had to talk to him like a Dutch uncle.

"You can't afford to be let out now, Julie. Other companies would be leery of you, think you'd been a flop or too damn difficult to be worth training . . ."

He caught her hands. "Forget it," he said. "Announce our engagement! That will shut Mabel up, once and for all."

The car drew to the curb. A functionary sprang forward to open the door.

"Don't be so anxious to end your freedom, Tom," Julie parried, laughing. "For when I say 'yes' I'll mean it for all time."

Crowds pressed on both sides of the red velvet carpet leading from the street into the lobby. The police had difficulty in keeping the lane open. Tom's impressive Rolls had created a stir.

"Mr. Tom Wallace, the director responsible for the epoch making production being shown tonight . . ." it was announced through an amplifier. Then, as Tom turned to help Julie from the car, "And his latest discovery, Miss Julie Carter!"

"Christopher Columbus was a piker," called a wit. "He only discovered America." Whereupon laughter trickled through the crowd.

"Hi there, Tom," they called familiarly. "Hello, Julie!"

In the lobby the master of ceremonies signalled frantically for Tom and Julie to come over to the microphone while he described their arrival.

Tom, cock of the walk, beamed. Julie stood beside him while he told the listeners-in how delighted he was to be there and expressed the wish that the distinguished audience filing into the theater might like his new and, to his mind, best production.

John arrived with Mabel Brady. It was the first time Julie had seen her since the Smithers-Lovely party. Tonight she looked more attractive and less hawkish than Julie had ever seen her look before. It was the first time she had seen John since their quarrel in the cafeteria. The pulse beat in her throat. Her heart trembled sickishly. She marked the importance with which John walked and the confidence with which he smiled and she loved him more than ever.

Mabel Brady was wearing the ermine wrap. Julie remembered John admiring her when she had modelled that wrap for him. "I wonder," he had said, "if it will ever seem quite so beautiful again?"

"Come on, Julie," said Tom. "It's your turn to say something."

It was as she turned to the microphone that she became aware of John's eyes discovering her.

WHEN Apex were informed that another company was interested in Marguerite Du-Bois, the French star they contemplated putting under contract, they insisted Tom Wallace leave for Paris at once.

"The minute my divorce is final, I'll cable," Tom told Julie, who went down to the train to see him off.

Regretfully she kissed him good-by. She knew how she would miss him. "Good luck, Tom dear," she said. "I'll be seeing you."

Julie had taken a tiny bungalow at Malibu for the end of the season. It was a rare bargain and with her maid cost her only a trifle more than the apartment in town. She enjoyed driving back and forth in the second-hand roadster she was buying on time. And living at the beach, she found it easier to keep her leisure hours filled. There were tennis matches and tennis teas. Groups swam together. Julie dropped in on the Tashman-Lowes, the Warner Baxters, the Neil Hamiltons and they, in turn, dropped in on her. She felt far more at home in this gracious, easy pattern of living than she ever had felt back home in Elmhurst.

However, it did not look as if Julie would find it necessary to return to the old life again. Slowly but surely she was getting somewhere in the studios. Her first interview had just appeared in a motion picture magazine. It was called, appropriately enough, "Smooth Lady." With her instinctive feeling for showmanship, Julie had confided to the interviewer how she had been poor, how she had slept at night in an empty house left open for inspection. And the interviewer had made the most of it. She described Julie, in summation, as young and lovely, poised and smooth. She compared her to a beautiful white swan but reminded her readers that the swan must work tirelessly and skillfully beneath the surface in order to achieve its seemingly effortless progress.

Julie was thrilled with the story and the illustrations, one of which showed her with Tom Wallace, but her joy in this and everything else died when she opened a new issue of the scandal sheet that arrived in the mail.

An item in Harry Morton's column read:

"John Squires has been in a huddle with a Los Angeles jeweler about the proper setting for a big square cut diamond. We also have it on excellent authority that B. T. Brady is about to issue invitations to a swanky dinner dance at which he will make an important social announcement. This announcement, we might add, will be no surprise to any of the hundred guests who are to be invited."

For a long time after Julie had finished that paragraph she lay in her beach chair looking out over the blue stretches of the Pacific. There was no longer any reason for her to postpone giving Tom a definite answer. Once John's engagement was announced there was no chance that he would come seeking her. He would be too occupied being a dutiful fiancé and prospective son-in-law. He would be too busy lining his pockets with gold.

She went inside, changed into simple yellow brocaded pajamas, brushed her hair until it shone, slipped into bright blue slippers, and traced the full lines of her trembling mouth with a dark lip rouge.

At the big writing-table beside a window she sat down to write to Tom and her mother. In her letter to Tom she would commit herself. Marriage, she hoped, would prove an antidote for the love which had brought her nothing except pain. It would, in any event, guarantee her security for the rest of her life.

She determined Tom would never have cause to regret their marriage. She would give her life to being everything he wanted his wife to be. Always she would look as lovely as possible. She would seek the people it would please him to know. She would preside over his home efficiently and graciously. If he wanted children she hoped she would give him robust sons.

"Dear Tom," she wrote in letters strong and bold upon the page:

"Cable me when your divorce is final and the minute I finish my picture I'll come flying, by air to New York and then, after a day or two with my mother and father, by the fastest ship sailing.

"I miss you horribly. You're a dear. While I write this I keep hoping that together we're going to find happiness enough to last us all our lives.

Your devoted . . ."

Interrupted by a knock at the back door the tail of Julie's final "d" whipped across the paper and onto the blotting sheet. The rear of the house faced the road. Neighbors came across the beach and arrived at the front door.

She ran to answer that knock.

"It's John, Julie," came a call. "John Squires."

She flung open the door.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" she said, forgetting that the last time she had seen him they had parted coolly. "Whatever are you doing way down here? Aren't you going to the Metro opening tonight?"

"I thought I'd drop in and give you the script of your new picture," John said, "so you would have an opportunity to get acquainted with your character of Daisy . . ." It was as if with this excuse he sought to cover the great urge that had driven him to seek her.

Julie's eyes went tender. "You're sweet," she told him.

But John shook his head. "Analyze this visit and you'll find I'm downright selfish," he insisted with his mocking smile. "I came because I wanted to come, because I had a feeling I'd feel better for coming. I've hated not seeing you since we almost quarrelled that day . . .

"And when I read that interview with you in the magazine this morning and realized how you'd been up against it when I might have helped you . . . believe me, it didn't help any."

"You look tired," Julie told him, changing the subject. "You've been overdoing."

"I've a vile cold," he said. "I'd give anything to go home and pile into bed. But I've got to go to that damn opening."

Julie lit the lamps and drew the wine colored curtains across the windows.

"Why don't you telephone," she asked, "and explain you aren't up to anything like that tonight?"

John didn't answer. He moved over close to where she sat on the sofa.

"I'm terribly glad you aren't cross with me any more," he said.

"I'm glad too," she whispered.

"It's grand being here. I feel better. Really I do."

"Telephone you can't make it tonight," Julie begged softly. "There's a steak in

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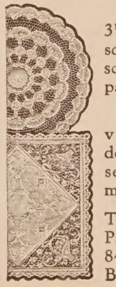

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Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

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the ice-box. Ethel's away until dinner time tomorrow but I'm a good cook. Truly. While I get dinner you could have a little snooze.

"I'll send you home early. So you'll get a good night's rest and feel fit."

He took her head between his hands and turned it so her eyes met his eyes. "Do you very much want me to stay?" he asked her.

"I can't bear it if you go," she answered.

Once again the swift currents dangerous to their ambitions swirled about them.

John went to the telephone. Even though it took fifteen minutes to get his call through from isolated Malibu he insisted upon holding the wire. Julie knew he did this so Mabel would not suspect where he was calling from.

She gathered by his half of the conversation that Mabel was disappointed but John repeated nothing that she had said.

"Lie down," Julie told him, "while I get things ready."

She fixed the pillows under his head and lit the kindling the maid had laid under the logs. "With the sun gone you'll be glad of this," she said, quietly, contentedly. "It gets chilly down here now that it's September."

She threw a light covering over him, and, meeting his indulgent smiling eyes, she was suddenly so happy that she wanted to sing and had to discipline her feet in order that she walk, not dance, into the kitchen.

Julie was aware that this interlude with John might cost her dearly. Should Mabel Brady learn of it there wasn't a chance in the world that Apex would keep her on. And by the time the story reached Tom it was likely to have assumed a color and proportion that might also cost her the security and gracious living she would enjoy as Tom's wife. Nevertheless, it never occurred to her to send John away.

Not until the last minute did Julie go in to lay the table which stood at one end of the living room. John was asleep so she walked softly. The evening paper he had been reading lay in a heap on the floor.

In that moment Julie realized how it had been possible for her mother to be happy going about her household tasks while her father dozed. In that moment Julie knew the happiness love implants within you, a singing happiness not influenced by external things, a happiness that finds it enough that a loved one is there, within easy reach of your hand.

She loaded a tray with a bowl of ice cubes, a siphon of soda and a bottle of Scotch. For high-balls before the fire. A high-ball would be good for John's cold.

John stirred and then, seeing Julie with the heavy tray, he sprang up, took it from her, and set it on the little table.

He sniffed appreciatively, like a small boy who finds his way into the kitchen on baking-day. "Does something smell good?" he asked. "And am I hungry?" He dropped ice into the tall glasses, measured out the jiggers of Scotch, and then siphoned the glasses full of soda.

Julie sat on a big ottoman beside the hearth, her head cupped in her hands. The firelight cast dancing shadows on the soft silk of her pajamas, on her shining brown hair, on her throat and on the smooth planes of her face.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 76)

She doesn't belong in this time of trial and depression.

Contrast her with Helen Vinson. There's a girl with fire, healthy, with a complexion that looks as if it could stand the light of day. Helen and Frances Dee; they're the type that will doom the decadent, attenuated Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, the cardboard Alice Whites. They might be popular in a world jaded with well-being but for a sick world we need clear-eyed, fine, robust girls like Frances Dee and Helen Vinson.

—*Margaret Perkins,* San Pedro, Cal.

Why Hepburn Is Popular

We admire Katharine Hepburn because she has the courage to be herself. Anyone who is so self-sufficient and independent as to be indifferent to public opinion deserves admiration.

—*"Ophelia,"* Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Reporter's Questions

I used to laugh at the old gag about the postman who went for a long walk on his day off. But here am I, a reporter on vacation and out for information. I should like to know—

Who conceived the idea of changing an excellent title like "Phantom Fame" to "The Half Naked Truth."

What has become of beautiful Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Rocque.

Why some smart producer doesn't team Herbert Marshall with his charming wife, Edna Best.

When we will see that marvelous team of Crawford and Gable together again, and

Where Lee Tracy has been all my life.

—*Margaret L. Feickert,* Belleville, Ill.

"Fugitive" Argument

What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the institution of slavery, Paul Muni's interpretation of Robert Burns' great book will do for the inhuman and cruel chain gang system of punishments. "I Am a Fugitive" has done more than all other forces combined to dispense with a great evil.

Muni, Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson and others have made Burns' book a personal appeal for justice.

—*R. J. Hubbard,* Little Rock, Ark.

There is justice—but Robert Elliot Burns and the producers of "I Am a Fugitive" haven't had their share by a long shot. This is the cheapest and most untrue story ever transferred to the celluloids.

Gang mates of Burns have sworn that every accusation made by him against the guards and gangs are false, and that prisoners live an ordinary everyday life. Georgians and Southerners know, too, that chain gang prisoners are not brutally treated, as Burns and the Hollywood folks would have us believe. Why doesn't some survivor of a certain prison fire in the north tell us of how "pleasant" that was?

—*Wm. H. Fletcher,* Carrollton, Ga.

A Salute for Lee

I salute the best, cleverest, fastest-moving, wittiest actor I've ever watched—Lee Tracy!

I like you, Lee!

—*Betty Perry,* Utica, N. Y.

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

cast—but really, the picture is all Mae West. And say this for her—low-down as the comedy is, with Mae playing the rôle of a saloon gal of the old days who knew what (and whom) she wanted and went out and got it, she puts laughs into lines and situations that might in other hands be merely bad. Same goes for her songs—they smoke, but you'll laugh when she puts them over.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want 100 percent "clean" movies, you'll stay away from this. But it is amusing otherwise.

✓Child of Manhattan (Columbia)

You'll See: *Nancy Carroll, John Boles, Buck Jones, Clara Blandick, Luis Alberni.*

It's About: *How a flirtation between a dance-hall gal and a very rich young man develops into an affaire, finally into true love.*

If it's romance you want, here it is. It starts with the meeting between the dime-a-dance Cinderella and the rich man, who is investigating dance hall conditions. He drives her home. The acquaintance develops into one of those things that has everything but marriage. When the stork hovers near, the rich man offers the girl his name, but she, suspecting he's only trying to be "kind" while she really loves him, flees, tries to find escape via another suitor—Buck Jones from the west where men are men, poddner! But in the nick of time, the rich man finds her, convinces her he really loves her, and happy ending . . .!

Nancy Carroll's work as the dance girl is one of the neatest jobs she's turned in recently. John Boles, as customary, is restrained but effective as the rich romancer.

Your Reviewer Says: This is no epic, and it won't have mobs storming the theaters, but it *is* pretty good film fare.

Luxury Liner (Paramount)

You'll See: *Zita Johann, George Brent, Vivienne Osborne, Alice White, Verree Teasdale, C. Aubrey Smith, Theodore von Eltz, Frank Morgan.*

It's About: *"The Grand Hotel of the Ocean"—romance, trickery, intrigue, human emotions as they manifest themselves in the day-in-day-out doings aboard a modern steamship.*

Here's another of those "big" pictures that seems to have toppled over from sheer overweight. Mind you, this review is written from a preview showing of the film. By the time it comes to your theater, it may have been doctored enough to make it more cohesive, more entertaining. But at the time this reviewer saw it, it lacked both cohesion and entertainment.

The setting is gorgeous—a glamorous background of one of these ultra-modern magnificent transatlantic steamers. But the story that is told in that setting doesn't match. It's involved, without being gripping; it's too far-flung, it involves too many people, situations. This all sounds like a lot of over-emphasized criticism, but after all, *one* story, well-told, is infinitely more entertaining on the screen than a group of stories, half-told.

From the names in the cast, you'd expect better work than they do. It may be that they, too, felt handicapped by insincere story. Alice White, C. Aubrey Smith, in not-leading rôles, actually give the best performances.

Your Reviewer Says: If you think this is another "Grand Hotel," you're going to feel cheated.

Face In the Sky (Fox)

You'll See: *Marian Nixon, Spencer Tracy, Stuart Erwin, Lila Lee, Sam Hardy, Sarah Padden, Russell Simpson.*

It's About: *What happens when a kind-hearted sign-painter tries to rescue an orphan girl from a family of ignorant mountaineers.*

Probably what you'll say when (and if) you see this will be something like: "That film was cuckoo." Some of you may also hold that it's good film entertainment, but a lot of you won't.

Consider the yarn, which is even more involved than it sounds: Spencer Tracy and Stu Erwin are two itinerant sign painters. In the hinterland, they come upon Marian Nixon, a beautiful orphan who is being held in virtual captivity in a mountaineer family's shack because they want her to marry the son of the household, brutish lout that he is! So Tracy and Erwin "rescue" the gal, are pursued by the mountain gang, threatened with nothing less than Mann Act prosecution. To save them, the girl promises to go home and marry the other guy, but in the nick of time (amazing, eh?) a sympathetic woman of the mountain family abets her second escape, and so she goes to the Big City to find happiness with Tracy.

The picture is expensively produced, and has a good cast. But the cast seems to get all bogged down in unbelievable situations.

Your Reviewer Says: If Tracy and Erwin are among your favorites, you'll be disappointed with what becomes of them in this.

✓So This Is Africa (Columbia)

You'll See: *Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, Raquel Torres, Henry Armetta, Esther Muir, Eddie Cline and Spencer Charters.*

It's About: *The adventures of Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey in the clutches of a tribe of very amorous Amazons in Africa.*

It seems that Wheeler and Woolsey (the darned fools!) are kidding the recent flood of jungle pictures. This one, you see, shows them as members of a movie troupe filming a film in darkest Africa. W and W stray away, get violently involved with a mob of ultra-affectionate native women. Things get even more complicated when the two W's, seeking to protect themselves by disguising as women, get themselves kidnapped by even more affectionate apemen . . .!

You've probably gathered, by this time, that the story, as such, isn't exactly what you'd be telling little Willie and Nellie. You're right. You're so much right that it's a pretty good bet that your local censors will decide that you shouldn't see quite a few portions of this movie. But it'll be your tough luck if they do, because whatever else it is, it *is* funny! And anyway, so much blue stuff is getting across nowadays in melodramas that there's no fairness in saying that the comedy-filmsters shouldn't get away with a bit of it themselves, is there?

Your Reviewer Says: This is good entertainment for grown-up minds, particularly if you like Wheeler and Woolsey. It's one of the best they've done, for laugh-content.

Nagana (Universal)

You'll See: *Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas, Miki Morita, Onslow Stevens, others.*

It's About: *Passions, superstitions, life in the jungle—and how they complicate science's search for the germ of sleeping sickness.*

"Nagana" is supposed to be the native word for sleeping sickness. In this picture, a group of scientists—one a Japanese, the other two white—set into the jungle to isolate its germ. A heartless adventuress enters the picture, causes one to kill himself. The other two press on, the white one getting in turn involved with the gal.

Then comes all sorts of traderhorn stuff—jungle deviltry, creeping animals, menaces, blacks—you know. Eventually, the germ is found, but not until the heroic Japanese, in science's interests, gives his own life to find it. Mix in a few other items like the death of a native king, and the orders of the king's son to feed the white girl to the crocodiles, and you have a picture full of something or other.

Inasmuch as it's pretty unbelievable stuff, and not very consistent, it's pretty tough for the players to do themselves proud. But anyway, they work hard.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're hungry for studio-synthetic jungle stuff, this may give you moments of high thrills. Otherwise, it's just another movie.

The Secret of Madame Blanche (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill, Una Merkel.*

It's About: *That old, old mother's-sacrifice theme—a mother, her identity unknown to her son, attempts to take the blame for the son's crime.*

Here's one of these heavy, emotional melodramas that just, somehow, seems to miss "clicking." Not that the cast—good actors, all of them—don't do their darnedest, but simply that the picture lacks that convincing quality that makes or breaks a film.

Irene Dunne gets another chance to display that amazing ability of hers to portray the same woman in youth and older age. She is the girl with whom a rich youth falls in love. His father breaks up the romance. Later, she bears a son. The father takes the child from her, through legal trickery. The years pass—and it so happens that in the shady hotel she has descended to operating, her own son commits a murder. She tries to take the blame, but in a courtroom sequence, the truth comes out. There's a sort of happy ending, for at the finish, mother and son are planning to sail to America (this has all happened in Europe) to begin life over again when the lad has served his term.

Phillips Holmes makes his début as an M-G-M player in this, but hasn't much to do.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't expect too much of this, or you'll be quite disappointed.

✓Blondie Johnson (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Chester Morris, Claire Dodd, Allen Jenkins, Earle Foxe, Mae Busch, Joe Cawthorne, Toshia Mori.*

It's About: *Gang-stuff again!—but with a difference. This time it's a gal—and she out-Caesars them all until she has to put her sweetie on the spot.*

Oh, so you thought the cycle of gangster films was over, did you? Well, here's one that shows it isn't. And it gives Joan Blondell a grand chance for her particular type of wisecracking characterization. And you may as well know this: if it weren't for Joan's brilliant work, particularly in some of the high-spot sequences, this picture wouldn't be half as good as it is.

Chester Morris is her sweetie. Together, they organize a gang of racketeers, Joan being the driving influence because she's sore at the world because it never gave her a break. They rise in the underworld until they're at the top—and then comes the break, Joan's sweetie is to be put on the spot, Joan turns woman.

The picture is mostly thrill-and-suspense stuff, with a few laughs thrown in.

Your Reviewer Says: Just an ordinary gang-picture, made a little better by Joan Blondell's good work.

✓✓ Cavalcade (Fox)

You'll See: *Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Ursula Jeans, Beryl Mercer.*

It's About: *An English family, the Marryots, and how the events of the past thirty-two years affect them.*

Here's a picture you'll talk about, think about for a long time afterwards. In a way it's a history of the glories and pageantry of England and then her decline, but it's made human and compelling because it's also the saga of a family you get to know and love and care about.

Right at the beginning of the picture you're introduced to the Marryots. It's New Year's Eve, 1899, and Robert (Clive Brook) has to leave for Africa to join the Boer War. From that moment you're let into the deep heart-secrets of the Marryots, their triumphs, their tragedies, their daily lives.

Perhaps one of the things you'll remember longest is the honeymoon trip of Edward and Edith, on an ocean liner. They are deliriously happy together, and Edith says that though the world may end that night for them, life has been perfect in that moment. As they turn from the rail, you get a glimpse of a life buoy on which is painted, "S. S. Titanic"!

All the performances are so fine that it would hardly be fair to single out any individual performance. Diana Wynyard was lucky in being given the leading rôle, but every member of the cast is magnificent.

Your Reviewer Says: This is one of the most important pictures of the year. It's great because it's human.

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 25*)

Who's Whose

—Grant Withers going places with Lilian Bond.

—Raquel Torres and Actors' Agent Charlie Feldman very much that way, and if Raquel's flu hadn't interfered, they'd have been married by now.

—Barbara Weeks being seen here and there and where with Lyle Talbot.

—and Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins getting themselves seen in pairs.

We Retail a Choice Last-Word from Hollywood

The *Hollywood Reporter,* trade paper which always has its ears places, tells about the woman writer who had had a long, long battle over one of those studio pests—a supervisor—and finally lost out.

She slammed out of the office. But woman-like, she found the last word: "Anyway," she yelled, "know what I'm going to do? I'm going home and have another baby, and try to supervise *that!*"

Answer to "What Makes an Actor See Red!"

Maybe it was inevitable, but even so, it's an awfully mean trick they're playing on Dick Powell these days . . .

Dick, you know, is the lad who's been vying with Buddy Rogers for first place in the affections of Mary Brian. One day, it'd be Buddy who'd be taking Mary to lunch, next day it'd be Powell. And so on. It even got so that Powell tried to match Buddy's prowess at musical instruments, for Mary's edification, because Mary used to love to hear Buddy play so many instruments. He can play seven, you know. That was where Powell was licked; he could only manage five. But it was announced he was learning three others so he could outtoot Buddy.

That was too much for the kidders. They got together and know what they did? They've started calling Powell "Buddy"!!

And does it make him mad? *Does* it . . .!

Call him "Buddy,"
And Richard Powell
Sets up one
Tremendous howell!

Not that it matters in the slightest, but Regis Toomey is Hollywood's champion pipe-collector. He has more than 150 of them.

Wham! Goes Another Nice Friendship!

Up until just a little while ago, there was one of those warm, cordial studio friendships out on the Warner lot. It was between Makeup-Wizard Perc Westmore, about whom you've often read in Movie Mirror, and Actor George Arliss, who was always so appreciative of Westmore's fine makeup work on Arliss.

But the friendship is no more. It so happened that Mister Arliss read an interview which Westmore had given out. And in it, appeared the line, credited to Perc, that "next to Joe E. Brown, George Arliss has the biggest mouth in movies."

So Arliss isn't talking to Perc, any more. "Even so, he *has!*" insists Perc, however.

No Faking

It happened at Columbia, while they were shooting "Fever." The script called for Lilian Bond to slap Jack Holt's face. And for Holt, in turn, to spank Lilian on the spanking-spot. Usually, actors and actresses "pull" their slaps. But Lilian, anxious to make the scene good, did *not* pull her slap. And was Holt's face red? But he got square. He didn't "pull" his spank, either. And was Lilian's place red?

Here's an Inside Tip on What's Ahead

You've probably noticed, recently, quite a few pictures being made around radio personalities. There's the Kate Smith film, for one, and there are plenty of others on the way.

It's not just another of these "cycles," according to the insiders in Hollywood. Instead, it's likely that you'll see more and more films with radio stars. And at the same time, the knell of the famous old "western" film is sounding, according to these same insiders. It seems that the western films no longer draw the patronage they used to, while, on the other hand, the lure of radio people packs theaters, especially in the smaller towns.

So You'll be Seeing More —and More—of Mr. Crabbe

These beautiful-body boys are clicking like nobody's business in movies, these days. Weissmuller, McCrea—and now Buster Crabbe, Paramount's "King of the Jungle," has had his option taken up. Know what it was that made Paramount do it? No?—well, it seems that the executives made a test. They had 100 of the girl workers on the lot—secretaries, etc.,—see the previews of the film. And when 75 of the 100 raved about Crabbe's boo'ful bo-hody, Crabbe got the contract.

Playing these 90-percent naked rôles is all right enough when it comes to impressing the gals—*but* not when it comes to appendicitis . . .! For days, Crabbe played his rôle in "King of the Jungle" suffering from appendicitis—because an operation-scar was not part of the script. Finally he collapsed on the set, had to be rushed to a hospital for treatment. Not however, until virtually all the sequences in which he runs around with nothing on but that Gandhi-gadget had been shot.

It was on a Hollywood golf course. Preston Foster and J. Carroll Naish were playing. Between shots, they swapped those nice friendly digs golfers do. It climaxed when, after a long drive, Foster turned to Naish. "How do you like my game?" he asked. Answered Naish: "I still prefer golf."

Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page 92*)

"I'm terribly glad I stayed," John said.

"So am I," Julie told him.

He insisted upon helping bring in the dinner. He ate hungrily of the steak charred a little on the outside and rare in the middle. He demanded to know why hostesses never had steak and potatoes diced in cream and great slices of beef-steak tomatoes at their dinner parties.

As certain music will sometimes, their love awakened both of them to the particular magic of every minute . . .

When they had taken the dishes into the kitchen they sat on the sofa to have their coffee. John's arm went around Julie's slim silken waist. Julie's head dropped to John's shoulder.

When she moved her head that she might see him, it brought her mouth beneath his mouth. Their lips met, clung. The clock ticked, a log broke and fell in a shower of sparks, a dog barked, the night wind tried the windows. But they saw or heard none of these things.

Always because Julie never had relaxed in Tom's arms when he held her in an embrace, she had been aware of the weight of his body against hers. In John's arms it was different. It was as if neither of their bodies had weight but flowed one into the other.

Even when they kissed no longer John's arms did not loosen and Julie moved as if she would get closer to him, lay her heart on his heart, lay her thigh against his thigh.

"Julie," John whispered. "My beautiful, beautiful Julie. In all the world there is no one like you. Kiss me . . . Sweet, kiss me . . ."

Beneath his coat Julie's hand felt for the fine muscles in John's back that gave him his lean swift grace.

"Julie," he cried out. "Julie . . ."

"I love you," she whispered.

Beneath the yellow silk of her pajama jacket frogged to the demure little turn down collar at her neck Julie's breasts rose with her emotion.

John lifted her in his arms and laid her on the low sofa. He knelt beside her. And when for a brief space he found sanity, he asked:

"Shall I go? Or shall I stay?"

"Stay," Julie whispered. "Stay. And love me!"

When a fire that has burned low for a long time is rekindled it flares quickly and is soon beyond control. It was that way with their love.

* * *

The hands of John's wrist-watch marked a phosphorescent wedge that indicated it was exactly three o'clock. On the hearth live embers were all that remained of the roaring fire.

"John," said Julie, stirring in the embrace in which he held her even while he slept, "John, dear, wake up. Something's wrong. I can hear people talking . . . running by . . ."

She got up, went over to the window, drew back the curtains.

Down the beach where the shore curved to become a crescent a leaping tongue of flame cleaved the smoky darkness.

"John!" Julie called excitedly. "John! There's a house on fire!"

He started for another window but she stopped him.

"Stay back," she told him. "People are on the beach. They might see you. I'm going to put on a warm dress . . . pack some things in case it comes closer."

In an incredibly short time Julie was back, dragging a huge hand trunk.

"Give me that." He sounded cross and nervous. And when he looked at her it was as if he looked at a stranger.

"Sh-h-h," she said. "Someone's coming . . ."

There was a knock at the door.

"Hurry," she whispered, giving John a little push and running to throw the cover from the sofa into a closet. "Hurry. Hide!"

She waited until he was out of sight, then she opened the door.

"*Hel-lo!*" said Harry Morton. "I'd begun to think you weren't going to let me in."

"*Hel-lo!*" said Julie, dismayed.

Usually Harry Morton dropped in on people more important than she. Anything he might discover about them he could use to better advantage, editorially and otherwise. Why then had he come? Did he suspect something?

"They got things under control," he assured Julie. "Malibu's saved this time. Be a lamb and pour me a drink. I'm all in."

He didn't sit down but roamed about the room.

"Nice little place you have here."

He looked curiously towards the rear of the house and a dozen excuses for calling him back if he started through the door entangled themselves in Julie's mind.

Pouring the Scotch, her hand trembled. "Say when," she called to attract his attention.

"Okeh," Morton told her. "Now a bit of soda. Thanks."

Julie curled up in a corner of the sofa and lit a cigarette. He must not see that she was anxious to be rid of him. That would make him suspicious. And Julie knew how easy it would be for him to do both John and her irreparable harm.

"I'm surprised to find you alone," he said. "I saw a car out back and judged you had a guest."

Now his visit was explained. He had taken advantage of everyone's preoccupation with the fire to do a little snooping.

"I'll have to post a 'No Parking' sign," she joked lightly. "I can't have strangers leaving cars in my back yard."

If Morton recognized that car as John's, why didn't he say so? Julie felt he had her trapped in a dark corner.

He drained his glass. "Thanks," he said. "I'll be running along . . ."

She watched him disappear. A pale gray dawn hung in the sky.

"John," she called when she dared. "John . . ." John would know the best thing for them to do. "John . . . Where are you?"

There was no answer.

When he wasn't in the bedroom and when he wasn't in the kitchen Julie went to the back door to look for his car. For a second she seemed incredulous, then her mouth curved in a bitter smile. John's car was gone too . . .

(*To be concluded*)

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He Gets Away With It

(*Continued from page 26*)

in the hands of the arbitration committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. When the smoke cleared away, Radio had given Tracy a check for $1,750, and had promised to pay him the rest, in addition to his salary, when he made another picture.

"And," pleaded the executives, "won't you make the next picture right away?"

"I'm sorry," said Lee, "but while this was going on, and everybody said I was through, and nobody'd have me, Universal signed me to a contract for 'Private Jones' at *twice* the salary you've been paying me. And, furthermore, gentlemen, I'm very tired. I am so tired that I don't care whether or not I ever see the inside of another motion picture studio again, and so I'm going to go away from here and take a nice, long rest.

"Really, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Making me do eight pictures in seven months, or seven pictures in eight months, or something like that. Think of me, crippled and worn and beaten and nervous and just a shadow of what I once was, all because you people worked me so hard. The reason I didn't come to work regularly was that I was just too tired—too tired. And here's a certificate from my physician stating that I should have stayed away longer. That he ordered me not to go to work and I went anyway. You should be mortified—mortified—"

Whether he left the executives in tears or not after this speech, is not recorded. But he did go away. And he was ill when he left. He returned after several weeks with a coat of tan, fifteen more pounds and a wide smile. He went to work at Universal City in "Private Jones," worked day and night because he liked the director, Russell Mack, and everyone in the company.

"They say I'm independent and that I don't like Hollywood. That's the bunk. I'm in love with Hollywood," he asserts.

"They say that I go on benders and bats and things like that, and that's all untrue, too. I'm an ambitious young man. I work hard for my bread and butter. I always have. Why, say! From the very beginning of my career, I let nothing stand in my way. I looked the world over. I studied all the rackets and decided that acting was the easiest to get ahead in. You know, the biggest percentage was with the house of Tracy. So I went to it, and I stuck at it, and look where I am today. Just look where I am today!"

And Mrs. Tracy's little boy has gone quite a way at that. The blond young man who hasn't any great looks, but who has a personality which has the turnstiles clicking almost as fast as he talks, is getting right along in the world—and is making the film capital sit up and take notice.

Lee is a hard young fellow to keep track of. The main reason is that he lives alone, very quietly, and has a very unassuming air which gets him by in a crowd without detection. But don't think the producers aren't picking him out of a crowd.

Lee is 34 years old. He was born April 14, 1898, in Atlanta, Georgia.

His early life passed without a breath of scandal. He attended grammar school in Louisville, Kentucky, and Kansas City, Missouri, and then went to St. Louis with his parents and entered a high school there.

"I did very well," he explains, "until I socked the principal of the high school over the head with a chair and was asked to leave. Now, you might gather from that that I have a temper. I haven't a temper. I'm slow to wrath.

"I'm deliberate. It's a long story and I won't go into it, but it took me weeks to get mad at that man and then I thought about breaking a chair over him for a long time after that. No, when a man thinks a thing out as carefully as that, you can't say he's quick tempered. Or, maybe it was the gang I went around with. They were all older than I was. Anyway—"

He went to Western Military Academy, developed into a baseball player and a cadet officer, and was graduated. He next appeared at Union College, at Schenectady.

"Everybody was going to war and I wanted to do the right thing, so I went to war, too," he relates. "I emerged from Camp Lee, Virginia, a second lieutenant of infantry, but never got sent overseas, because the brass hats wanted me to stick around this country and teach a lot of ninety-day generals to do squads left. After the war was over, I went home and sat around the house for six months, thinking what a great guy I was.

ARE you following Kathryn's letters from Hollywood? Next month's letter will be about Connie Bennett's secrets of beauty and charm. What would you like Kathryn to write about next? Tell us and we'll tell Kathryn. Kathryn will also answer all questions about beauty, etiquette, and whatever you wish to know about Hollywood—except how to get into the movies. For a personal answer send a self-addressed envelope to Kathryn, care of Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 Street, N. Y.

"Having checked up on all the rackets, I went for acting. I got into a dramatic vaudeville act and drew $35 every week, went into stock at Mount Vernon, N. Y., and Baltimore, Maryland, and Syracuse, N. Y., and ended up on the road with 'The Cat and the Canary'. Then I got a ride into Broadway and broke loose in 'The Show Off', $100 a week for fifty-two weeks and I didn't have a dime. I'd lost my health, my money, my charm, my girl—

"What girl? What did we fight about? Why did I lose her? Well, I guess it wasn't very important. Anyway, I took on a reform, decided to make good, saved my money and at the end of 17 weeks I'd saved $690 and had another girl. It was in my next show that I started to talk fast. I was a book salesman. Did you ever see a book salesman who couldn't talk fast? You know, shove your foot in the door so the woman can't close it and TALK.

"And don't ask me what became of the $690 and that girl, either. I guess my family was too generous to me. You see, I was an only son, and you know how that is. The governor was a great guy, and anything I did was pretty hot. Of course, my acting sort of broke up my mother at first, but the governor could talk her into almost anything. Anyway—"

Lee was a book salesman in "The Book of Charm," then appeared in "Glory Hallelujah," "The Wisdom Tooth," "Broadway" and "The Front Page." He was with "The Front Page" on the road when Fox gave him a contract in 1929, and he did "Big Time." Following this, he and Paul Muni drew $1,500 every week.

"And we relaxed the rest of the time. I had second leads in 'Born Reckless,' 'Liliom,' with Charles Farrell, but I didn't set the Hollywood Hills on fire. Muni and I were pretty sore, not because we got so much dough, which is fun to get, but because we never showed on the screen. I beat it back to Broadway when the contract was up and worked for Sam Harris in 'Oh, Promise Me'. Then I went fishing in Florida, all by myself, for four months, and that's my idea of a swell time. Went down for one month and stayed for four, and would have been there yet if I hadn't had to do 'Louder Please'. After that, Warner Brothers signed me and I had to work for a living."

The story from here on is what started the story off.

"Marriage?" asks Lee. "What do I want with marriage? I've looked the racket over from all angles, and you can't win. Look at the responsibility! Why, when I was on the road, and could spend my money the way I wanted to, I used to see these poor guys running all over the country, acting for fifty bucks a week, and sending it all home. All responsibility and no fun. And then, when the season closed, could they take things easy? No, sir! Right back to the old grind so that mama and the kiddies could have new clothes. Not for mine!

"I like my independence. I like to do what I want to do. And now, after all these years of being my own boss and not having somebody to burn me now and then, I'm getting selfish. I guess I'll always be single—do what I like—go where I want.

"Besides, you've got to think of my career. I've been so wrapped up in my career that any woman married to me would feel, well, sort of orphaned. And I like women—I'm nuts about 'em—so why should I want to make one feel like an orphan? Also, women are bum fishermen."

The telephone rings.

"Yeah? What's that? Oh, he wants me to come to work, does he? Well, I'll be there. Right now."

He bangs up the receiver.

"Sorry, but I've got to run along. I've got to go over to the sound stage and be a guy who doesn't want to go to war while a tin-horn looey with a rattling sabre tells me I've got to go fight Germany. Life's a funny racket. Fourteen years ago I was the tin-horn second looey telling a lot of thugs that they ought to be glad to get a twenty-five hundred mile boatride so as to preserve democracy and make our homes safe for women and children—

"S'long——"

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